

✓ 34718



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

CONTENTS OF VOLUME 163

June, 1931 — December, 1931

- Adamic, Louis—The Land of Promise, 618
- Adams, James Truslow—The Tempo of American Life, 439
Wanted: Perspective, 257
- Aiken, Conrad—Bow Down, Isaac! *A Story*, 175
- Allport, Floyd H.—This Coming Era of Leisure, 641
- ANIMALS IN A MACHINE AGE—Clarence Day, 217
- Anonymous—A Social Background for Our Children, 478
- Banning, Margaret Culkin—On the Wagon. *A Story*, 11
- BASKET, THE. *A Story*—E. Clement Jones, 575
- BEAUTIFUL AND DUMB, THE—Lillian Symes, 22
- Beebe, William—Two Citizen Crabs of Nonsuch, 680
- Beems, Griffith—The Pearl Fishers. *A Story*, 201
- BEST CELLAR—Fairfax Downey (*Lion's Mouth*), 119
- BIG-FOOT SAL. *A Story*—Walter D. Edmonds, 137
- BIOLOGY AND OUR FUTURE WORLD—Julian Huxley, 403
- BLACK AND WHITE, Harry Kurz, 664
- Bond, Horace Mann—The Negro Looks at His South, 98
- Borden, Mary—The English Boys Go Off to School, 744
The Englishman Himself, 449
- BOW DOWN, ISAAC! *A Story*—Conrad Aiken, 175
- Boyle, Kay—The First Lover. *A Story*, 33
- Breckinridge, Mary—Is Birth Control the Answer? 157
- Breuer, Bessie—Portrait of an Actress, 164
Week-End. *A Story*, 412
- Bromley, Dorothy Dunbar—Perjury Rampant, 37
- BRYAN, THOU SHOULDST BE LIVING—Gerald W. Johnson, 385
- CANE AND THE SCHOOLBOY, THE—Geoffrey Layman, 48
- Carlson, Avis D.—Drowning in Oil, 608
The Wheat Farmer's Dilemma, 208
- CASTLE IN ITALY. *A Story*—Leonard Hess, 313
- CEREMONY IN WHITE. *A Story*—Fleta Campbell Springer, 456
- CHALLENGE TO ISRAEL, THE—William Orton, 653
- Chase, Stuart—A Ten Year Plan for America, 1
- Colton, Arthur—The Commodity of a Good Name (*Lion's Mouth*), 249
- COMMODITY OF A GOOD NAME, THE (*Lion's Mouth*)—Arthur Colton, 249
- CONCERNING MR. WICKERSHAM (*Editor's Easy Chair*)—Edward S. Martin, 637
- CRISIS IN MEDICAL SERVICE, THE—R. L. Duffus, 468
- CRISIS IN REAL ESTATE, THE—Arthur C. Holden, 671
- Curtiss, Philip—Dalmatian Days (*Lion's Mouth*), 759
Sun Bath. *A Story*, 284
The Tin Velasquez. *A Story*, 523
- DALMATIAN DAYS (*Lion's Mouth*)—Philip Curtiss, 759
- DANGER OF BEING A GENTLEMAN, THE—Harold J. Laski, 367
- Davis, Elmer—Happy Days Will Come Again, 513
Posterity and Mr. Priddle. *A Story*, 700
Repressible Issues, 189
- Day, Clarence—Animals in a Machine Age, 217
- De Voto, Bernard—The Real Frontier, 60
- Dobie, Charles Caldwell—Fried or Scrambled? (*Lion's Mouth*), 762
- DOCTOR MARTINO. *A Story*—William Faulkner, 733
- Downey, Fairfax—Best Cellar (*Lion's Mouth*), 119
- DROWNING IN OIL—Avis D. Carlson, 608
- Duffus, R. L.—The Crisis in Medical Service, 468
- Eastman, Max—Poets Talking to Themselves, 563
- Eckstein, Gustav—Polly, 341
- Editor's Easy Chair—Edward S. Martin
Concerning Mr. Wickersham, 637
Encyclicals, Present and Past, 381
Three Important Lives, 253
Trying to Help Europe, 509
Wanted: Needles That Point North, 765
What of the Night? 125
- Edmonds, Walter D.—Big-Foot Sal. *A Story*, 137
- ENCYCLICALS, PRESENT AND PAST (*Editor's Easy Chair*)—Edward S. Martin, 381
- ENGLISH BOYS GO OFF TO SCHOOL, THE—Mary Borden, 744
- ENGLISHMAN HIMSELF, THE—Mary Borden, 449
- Faulkner, William—Doctor Martino. *A Story*, 733
Fox Hunt. *A Story*, 392
The Hound. *A Story*, 266
- Faÿ, Bernard—The French Mind and the American, 706
- Ferguson, Charles W.—The Predicament of the Clergy, 306
- FIRST LOVER, THE. *A Story*—Kay Boyle, 33
- FOR IGNOBLE PACIFISM—Gerald W. Johnson, 727
- FOX HUNT. *A Story*—William Faulkner, 392
- FRENCH MIND AND THE AMERICAN, THE—Bernard Faÿ, 706
- FRIED OR SCRAMBLED? (*Lion's Mouth*)—Charles Caldwell Dobie, 762

- GEOMETRY OF MIND, THE—
Gardner Murphy, 584
- Gerould, Katharine Fullerton
—Jessica and Al Capone, 93
- Guedalla, Philip—Wellington
at Paris, 296
Wellington at Waterloo, 146
Wellington: The Last Phase,
487
- Hamilton, Alice—What About
the Lawyers? 542
- HANDOUT MAGNIFICENT, THE
—Ward Shepard, 594
- HAPPY DAYS WILL COME
AGAIN—Elmer Davis, 513
- Hartley, Roland English—
Postscript to a Career. *A
Story*, 83
- Hess, Leonard—Castle in
Italy. *A Story*, 313
- Hoffman, Arnold—A Russian
Interlude, 241
- Holden, Arthur C.—The Crisis
in Real Estate, 671
- HOMES, SWEET HOMES (*Lion's
Mouth*)—B. K. Sandwell, 120
- Horgan, Paul—In a Winter
Dusk. *A Story*, 357
- HOUND, THE. *A Story*—Wil-
liam Faulkner, 266
- HOW TO PAY THE WAR DEBTS.
(*Lion's Mouth*)—B. K. Sand-
well, 376
- Huston, McCready—Jour-
ney's End, 379
- Huxley, Julian—Biology and
Our Future World, 403
The Vital Importance of
Eugenics, 324
- Hyde, Agnes Rogers—Oh,
These Times (*Lion's Mouth*),
247
Where the Money Goes, 688
- IF OWEN D. YOUNG WERE
NOMINATED—Charles Merz,
275
- I'M AN ANIMAL, TOO (*Lion's
Mouth*)—James Rorty, 123
- IMPENDING RADIO WAR, THE—
James Rorty, 714
- IN A WINTER DUSK. *A Story*—
Paul Horgan, 357
- INCOMPLEAT ANGLER, THE—
Brendan Lee, 109
- IS BIRTH CONTROL THE AN-
SWER?—Mary Breckinridge,
157
- JESSICA AND AL CAPONE—
Katharine Fullerton
- Gerould, 93
- JEWS GO TO COLLEGE—Harold
A. Woodruff, 418
- Johnson, Gerald W.—Bryan,
Thou Shouldst Be Living,
385
For Ignoble Pacifism, 727
- Jones, E. Clement—The Bas-
ket. *A Story*, 575
- JOURNEY'S END (*Lion's Mouth*)
—McCready Huston, 379
- Kurz, Harry—Black and
White, 664
- LAND OF PROMISE, THE—
Louis Adamic, 618
- Laski, Harold J.—The Danger
of Being a Gentleman, 367
Why Don't Your Young
Men Care? 129
- Layman, Geoffrey—The Cane
and the Schoolboy, 48
- Lee, Brendan—The Incom-
pleat Angler, 109
- Leighton, George R.—Thanks-
giving Proclamation, 1931,
750
- Levy, Newman—The Mer-
chant of Venice (*Lion's
Mouth*), 505
- Lion's Mouth
Best Cellar, Fairfax Downey,
119
Commodity of a Good Name,
The, Arthur Colton, 249
Dalmatian Days, Philip Curtiss,
759
Fried or Scrambled? Charles
Caldwell Dobie, 762
Growing Pains, Selma Robinson,
379
- Homes, Sweet Homes, B. K.
Sandwell, 120
How to Pay the War Debts,
B. K. Sandwell, 376
I'm An Animal, Too, James
Rorty, 123
Journey's End, McCready Hus-
ton, 379
Merchant of Venice, The, New-
man Levy, 505
Messenger of Evil, The, E. R.
Witmer, 632
Oh, These Times, Agnes Rogers
Hyde, 247
Say This for Rudeness, Philip
Wagner, 506
Train Time, Elizabeth Myers,
634
Travel Snobs, J. B. Priestley,
629
- Lloyd, Clarkson—The Roe-
bucks Convene, 332
- Mackaye, Benton—Townless
Highways for the Motorist,
347
- Martin, Edward S—(*Editor's
Easy Chair*), Concerning Mr.
Wickersham, 637
Encyclicals, Present and
Past, 381
Three Important Lives, 253
Trying to Help Europe, 509
Wanted: Needles That Point
North, 765
What of the Night? 125
- Maurois, Andre—Three
Stories, 57
- McFee, William—The Oxford
Goes to Sea Again, 72
- MERCHANT OF VENICE, THE
(*Lion's Mouth*)—Newman
Levy, 505
- Merz, Charles—If Owen D.
Young Were Nominated,
275
- MESSANGER OF EVIL, THE
(*Lion's Mouth*)—E. R. Wit-
mer, 632
- Mumford, Lewis—Townless
Highways for the Motorist
347
- Murphy, Gardiner—The Ge-
ometry of Mind, 584
- Myers, Elizabeth—Train Time
(*Lion's Mouth*), 634
- NEGRO LOOKS AT HIS SOUTH,
THE—Horace Mann Bond,
98
- NICE PEOPLE—Betrand Rus-
sell, 226
- OH, THESE TIMES (*Lion's
Mouth*)—Agnes Rogers
Hyde, 247
- ON THE WAGON. *A Story*—
Margaret Culkin Banning,
11
- Orton, William—The Chal-
lenge to Israel, 653
- OXFORD GOES TO SEA AGAIN,
THE—William McFee, 72
- Parsons, Alice Beal—Should
Parents Tell All? 533
- PEARL FISHERS, THE. *A
Story*—Griffith Beems, 201
- PERJURY RAMPANT—Dorothy
Dunbar Bromley, 37
- POETS TALKING TO THEM-
SELVES—Max Eastman, 563
- POLLY—Gustav Eckstein, 341
- PORTRAIT OF AN ACTRESS—
Bessie Breuer, 164

- POSTERITY AND MR. PRIDDLE. *A Story*—Elmer Davis, 700
- POSTSCRIPT TO A CAREER. *A Story*—Roland English Hartley, 83
- PREDICAMENT OF THE CLERGY, THE—Charles W. Ferguson, 306
- Priestley, J. B.—Travel Snobs (*Lion's Mouth*), 629
- REAL FRONTIER, THE — Bernard De Voto, 60
- REPRESSIBLE ISSUES—Elmer Davis, 189
- Robertson, W. Graham — Whistler, Sargent, and Others, 550
- ROEBUCKS CONVENE, THE — Clarkson Lloyd, 332
- Rorty, James—I'm An Animal, Too (*Lion's Mouth*), 123
- Impending Radio War, The, 714
- Ross, Virgilia Peterson—Think of the Stars. *A Story*, 603
- Russell, Bertrand — Nice People, 226
- RUSSIAN INTERLUDE, A—Arnold Hoffman, 241
- Sandwell, B. K.—Homes, Sweet Homes (*Lion's Mouth*), 120
- How to Pay the War Debts (*Lion's Mouth*), 376
- SAY THIS FOR RUDENESS, (*Lion's Mouth*) — Philip Wagner, 506
- SHALL I LET MY CHILDREN FLY?—Henry Kitchell Webster, Jr., 231
- Shepard, Ward—The Handout Magnificent, 594
- SHOULD PARENTS TELL ALL? —Alice Beal Parsons, 533
- SOCIAL BACKGROUND FOR OUR CHILDREN, A—Anonymous 478
- Springer, Fleta Campbell — Ceremony in White. *A Story*, 456
- Stearns, Myron M.—Two Miles Up, 429
- Stoddard, Lothrop — What's the Matter with Australia? 498
- SUN BATH. *A Story*—Philip Curtiss, 284
- Symes, Lillian—The Beautiful and Dumb, 22
- TEMPO OF AMERICAN LIFE, THE — James Truslow Adams, 439
- TEN YEAR PLAN FOR AMERICA, A—Stuart Chase, 1
- THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION, 1931 — George R. Leighton, 750
- THINK OF THE STARS. *A Story* — Virgilia Peterson Ross, 603
- THIS COMING ERA OF LEISURE —Floyd H. Allport, 641
- THREE IMPORTANT LIVES (*Editor's Easy Chair*)—Edward S. Martin, 253
- THREE STORIES—Andre Maurois, 57
- TIN VELASQUEZ, THE. *A Story*—Philip Curtiss, 523
- TOWNLESS HIGHWAYS FOR THE MOTORIST—Benton Mackaye and Lewis Mumford, 347
- TRAIN TIME (*Lion's Mouth*)—Elizabeth Myers, 634
- TRAVEL SNOBS (*Lion's Mouth*) —J. B. Priestley, 629
- TRYING TO HELP EUROPE (*Editor's Easy Chair*)—Edward S. Martin, 509
- TWO CITIZEN CRABS OF NON-SUCH—William Beebe, 680
- TWO MILES UP—Myron M. Stearns, 429
- VITAL IMPORTANCE OF EUGENICS, THE—Julian Huxley, 324
- Wagner, Philip—Say This for Rudeness (*Lion's Mouth*), 506
- WANTED: NEEDLES THAT POINT NORTH (*Editor's Easy Chair*)—Edward S. Martin, 125
- WANTED: PERSPECTIVE — James Truslow Adams, 257
- Webster, Jr., Henry Kitchell—Shall I Let My Children Fly? 231
- WEEK-END. *A Story*—Bessie Breuer, 412
- WELLINGTON AT PARIS—Philip Guedalla, 296
- WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO—Philip Guedalla, 146
- WELLINGTON: THE LAST PHASE—Philip Guedalla, 487
- WHAT ABOUT THE LAWYERS? —Alice Hamilton, 542
- WHAT OF THE NIGHT? (*Editor's Easy Chair*) — Edward S. Martin, 125
- WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH AUSTRALIA?—Lothrop Stoddard, 498
- WHEAT FARMER'S DILEMMA, THE—Avis Carlson, 208
- WHERE THE MONEY GOES—Agnes Rogers Hyde, 688
- WHISTLER, SARGENT, AND OTHERS—W. Graham Robertson, 550
- WHY DON'T YOUR YOUNG MEN CARE? — Harold J. Laski, 129
- Witmer, E. R.—Messenger of Evil, The (*Lion's Mouth*), 632
- Woodruff, Harold A.—Jews Go to College, 418

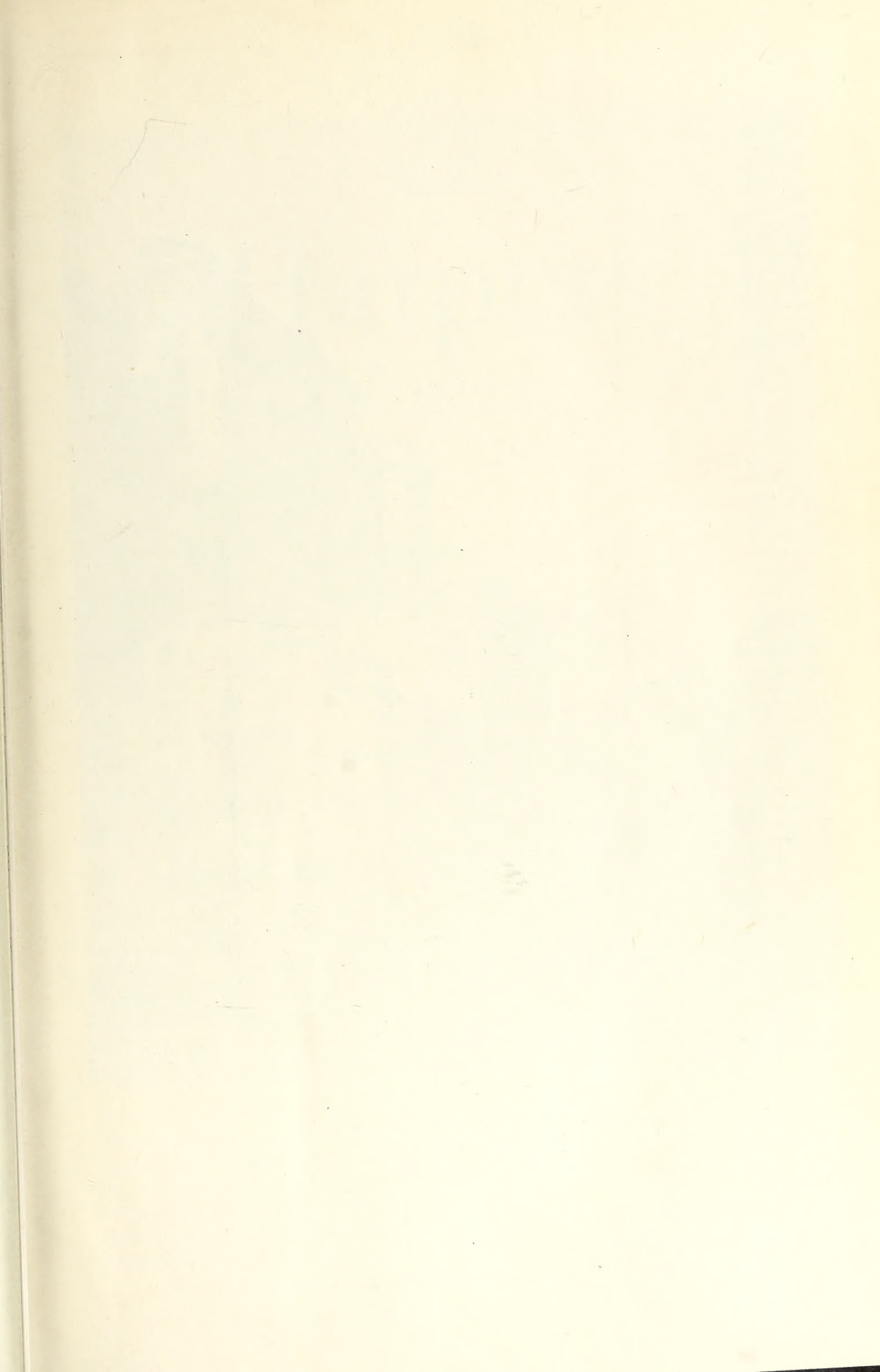
VERSE

- CERTAINTY—Dorothy Seager, 663
- Corbin, Alice—No Spring, 156
- Davison, Edward—One Voyage More, 593
- GHOSTS—Dorothy Seager, 305
- GRASS HERITAGE—Helen M. Salisbury, 216
- GROWING PAINS (*Lion's Mouth*) — Selma Robinson, 379
- Hall, James Norman—Youth in These Days, 549
- Hay, Sara Henderson — Sic Transit, 207
- HE THINKS OF HER—Susanna Valentine Mitchell, 477
- Hicky, Daniel Whitehead—Old Men on Park Benches, 670
- HIGHEST GIFT OF THE GODS IS LAUGHTER, THE—Dorothy Seager, 200
- Hubbell, Lindley Williams—On the Shore, 705

Johns, Orrick—Pure Space, 240
Reversal, 56
Keller, Martha—Some Day
When You've Forgotten Me,
583
LISTENING HORSES, THE—Lee
Andrew Weber, 174
MIDSUMMER MEADOW—David
Morton, 375
Mitchell, Susanna Valentine—
He Thinks of Her, 477
Morton, David — Midsummer
Meadow, 375
NO SPRING—Alice Corbin, 156
OCTOGENARIAN — Lee Andrew
Weber, 71
OLD MEN ON PARK BENCHES—
Daniel Whitehead Hicky, 670
ON THE SHORE—Lindley Wil-
liams Hubbell, 705
ONE VOYAGE MORE—Edward
Davison, 593

Prokosch, Frederic — The
Stranger, 713
PURE SPACE—Orrick Johns,
240
RATIONAL MAN, THE—J. C.
Squire, 274
REVERSAL—Orrick Johns, 56
Robinson, Selma — Growing
Pains (*Lion's Mouth*), 379
Rodman, Selden—Sonnet: His-
tory, 497
Salisbury, Helen M—Grass
Heritage, 216
Seager, Dorothy—Certainty,
663
Ghosts, 305
The Highest Gift of the Gods
is Laughter, 200
SEASON—Clara Shanafelt, 749
Shanafelt, Clara—Season, 749
Sketch for a Portrait, 82

SIC TRANSIT—Sara Henderson
Hay, 207
SKETCH FOR A PORTRAIT—
Clara Shanafelt, 82
SOME DAY WHEN YOU'VE
FORGOTTEN ME — Martha
Keller, 583
SONNET: HISTORY — Selden
Rodman, 497
Squire, J. C.—The Rational
Man, 274
Winter Gone, 225
STRANGER, THE — Frederic
Prokosch, 713
Weber, Lee Andrew—The Lis-
tening Horses, 174
Octogenarian, 71
WINTER GONE—J. C. Squire,
225
YOUTH IN THESE DAYS —
James Norman Hall, 549





MANHATTAN, OLD AND NEW

By Samuel Chamberlain

Courtesy of the Schwartz Galleries

Samuel Chamberlain



Harper's *Magazine*

A TEN YEAR PLAN FOR AMERICA

BLUEPRINT FOR A PEACE INDUSTRIES BOARD

BY STUART CHASE

ONCE upon a time, before installment selling became as common as filling stations, when our family expenditures tended to run chronically ahead of receipts, we were advised to institute a household budget. Sometimes we did. Sometimes it even worked. For once in our lives we knew where we were—when it worked. To-day our national, our international housekeeping is only a jump or two ahead of the sheriff. With seven million unemployed in the United States, and perhaps three times as many in the entire domain of mechanical civilization; with industry functioning at thirty per cent below normal here, and still more rheumatically in Europe, the times call, if indeed they do not shriek, for economic therapy. Replies have ranged all the way from the imperturbable optimism of the White House to a revolution a week from Thursday by

our brethren on the left. Somewhere midway, a gathering chorus of persons whose intelligence we can usually respect is demanding a budget on a continental scale, a master plan to guide the economic life of America. Save, perhaps, for the programs of Mr. George Soule and Mr. J. Russell Smith, the specifications I have seen to date are couched in general terms. We ought, it is said, to plan. God knows we ought. Is it too soon to go a step farther and actually formulate a plan for national planning? This I have tried to do in the pages that follow. My program may be fissured with ill-digested suggestions but, even so, it provides a specific target for better men to shoot at. And it has, as will presently be disclosed, a historical precedent of some importance.

In beginning a budget it is well to look round the house for assets to

salvage. Accordingly, we mount the creaking ladder to the national attic and, after a preliminary flourish with the duster, view with a ruminative eye a large, somewhat disheveled piece of furniture moved here a dozen years ago, and known at the time as the War Industries Board. Yes, under the fraying linen, here it is complete: the priorities section, the conservation and conversion departments, planning and statistics, the price-fixing committee, requirements division, and the sixty commodity sections controlling three hundred and fifty specific industries. "Never before was there such a focusing of knowledge of the vast field of American industry; never such an approach to omniscience in the business affairs of a continent."

The dust is thick, but for all the indignity of its hasty consignment to this murky loft, it remains a most impressive pile. How would it look in the master's bedroom to-day? It needs a deal of tinkering and paint; but men do not often construct such furniture as this. Standing in the gloom amid the cobwebs, we marvel that in this land of sturdy individualism it could ever have been made at all.

Let us drag the contraption nearer the window and strip off some of this dusty wrapping. Hullo! Here is an epitaph or two, affixed with rusty tacks. "A machine that was our own, and that articulated with the decentralization that characterizes the Republic economically and politically, and that fitted like a glove the national devotion to individualism. . . . Roped the wild horses of economic tradition and tied them into a mechanism of purposeful control. . . . Business willed its own domination and policed its own subjection. . . . The commodity sections represented the highest type of administrative organization the United States has ever seen. It was order on a huge scale without a single

taint of bureaucracy. . . ." Strong words. . . . Fits American individualism like a glove. . . . Not a hint of bureaucracy.

Here is where Bernard Baruch sat, clear at the top, the court of last appeal. And here sat Daniel Willard, Howard Coffin, Julius Rosenwald, Samuel Gompers, Leonard Replogle—a total staff of fifteen hundred business men, economists, engineers, statisticians, map makers, running the country. And the country lay down and purred. The Board had no real legal sanction, its powers and duties were never adequately defined, the generals and the admirals swelled with indignation until the buttons came bursting from their uniforms, but nobody but the War Industries Board knew the budget figures and consequently where the nation was going or could go. It grew out of a great national need; its form changed from day to day, but always in the direction of more exact knowledge, more expert industrial co-ordination.

Consider the gravity of its initial problem. Five million men were to be withdrawn from industry and delivered overseas, together with fifty times their weight of steel, artillery, shells, barbed wire, woolen socks, canvas, wheat, canned goods, and Y.M.C.A. secretaries. Nor could they swim. Bottoms must be borrowed and built. As the War opened, departments of the army—quite uncorrelated—and departments of the navy—ditto—and the Allied purchasing agents and the domestic purchaser—ditto—were all on the market screaming for billions of dollars' worth of orders to be delivered instantly. To make matters worse, ninety per cent of the orders were being placed in the northeast corner of the United States, until freight cars were dumping their consignments in open fields thirty miles from the terminal. Factories were being depleted of their man power by

the draft, while orders mounted to the skies. Prices followed them. Copper shot from fifteen cents to thirty-seven. Speculators, profiteers, shoestring operators, "fixers" swarmed amid the chaos. Corners and monopolies began to coagulate.

A wilderness roaring with contrary orders. It is safe to say that many of the orders would be yet unfilled, and hardly an armed soldier would have arrived in France, had it not been for the War Industries Board. It stopped the whole pandemonium with clearance orders. Then it started an orderly process moving with priority orders. It found out from the army, the navy, the Allies what their requirements were; it inventoried industry to determine how far those requirements could be met. It transformed specific industries to help meet them; it silenced non-essential production; crippled the luxury trades; made secret processes common property if they stimulated output anywhere, and set up a regional form of industrial planning to prevent one section from becoming over-congested or over-prosperous. It made enormous technical improvements in output through simplification and standardization ("the 'can'ts' of business were found to be 'had-not-been-tries'"), it re-allocated skilled and unskilled labor; and forecast, if you please, the exact day of the Armistice by virtue of its study of raw material absorption in Germany.

All this it did without taking over a single factory or making any serious inroads into industrial profits. This I know from my own experience, for I was trying to help regulate the profits of the great meat packers at the time, and with a magnificent lack of success. The Board did not care about profits so long as it could direct the movement to schedule of physical material. It fixed prices of certain raw materials and knew that undue profits would be partially

recaptured by means of the stiff corporate income taxes prevailing at the time.

What the War Industries Board really did was to allow one-third of the productive man power of the country to be lifted from the map and turned into soldiers and munitions makers, to stimulate millions of tons of new sorts of materials for their equipment and for the annihilation of Germans, and to keep the domestic population fully and purposefully employed at a higher standard of living than it had ever before enjoyed. In brief, it so organized the nation that two men did the work of three, and did it better. This is the kind of thing a master plan can do if it has a chance to function.

Business surrendered to the War Industries Board primarily on the plea and psychology of patriotism. The flags were flying, the drums beating, and a band was playing "Over There." To-day no flags fly and no bands play, but seven million workless men upon the streets are a greater menace than were the Germans in Lorraine.

II

With the outline clearly before us, suppose we draft a *Peace Industries Board* to function in the present crisis—and hopefully for decades to come. Its job shall be to draft a Ten Year Plan for the United States and to supervise the execution of the Plan when accepted. To make the target more concrete, let us say a minimum family wage of five thousand dollars by 1943. We already have the physical plant to provide this figure. It is a figure, furthermore, to give our friends in Russia pause. These Slavs seem to think that they discovered national planning; that unless one knows Papa Marx backward he cannot locate an industry near its source of raw material or untangle a problem in cross-hauling.

With the highest respect, it would do these gentlemen in smocks no harm to take a look round this attic. They would find machinery which we created in 1917 and put to use which they have not yet thought about, and which might prove of the highest use to them.

The objectives here to be achieved are physically simpler—if psychologically more complicated—than in 1917. It is easier to make a dwelling house than a tank, a plow than a field gun. The old Board had to create the vast paraphernalia of the wastes of war, both in man power and materials, while at the same time raising the standard of living. The new Board need concentrate only upon the latter. The old Board sought to win a war—a glorious thing as history records events; but in the light of the last decade the victory has lost its glamour in the economic misery and bitterness which have overwhelmed both conqueror and conquered. The new Board faces no such pyrrhic climax. It is challenged with the opportunity to abolish the human misery which flows from economic maladjustment, to liquidate the agony of unemployment, to keep both men and machines steadily employed raising the standard of living in line with the growth of the technical arts, to conserve the precious natural resources of America, to stamp out poverty itself. Men gave the very best they had in them to the old Board, both in energy and brains. Yet to the sensitive imagination here is an adventure far more thrilling, working to an incomparably nobler end.

Too many of us still think that stimulation of the national appetite by one means or another will suffice to get the great ill-assorted meal of fabricated goods eaten and digested by an undernourished population. Buy now, say the faith healers, and the wheels of industry will begin to accelerate and the vicious circle to rotate

in a virtuous direction. No. The problems will not solve themselves so easily. It is as if a hundred cooks, each in a separate kitchen, were preparing a banquet with no knowledge of how many guests would come or what the menu were to be. One can work up a fair degree of sympathy for the cooks. If there were someone to assign each manufacturer his task and recipe and quota of consumers he could light his fires with intelligence, economy, and even enthusiasm. This information is, indeed, the essence of the industrial co-ordination of which our economic critics are talking.

You want to make overcoats. How many overcoat-wearers are there in your district, and how much do their overcoat budgets allow them to spend? What sizes do they wear? What weights does the climate call for? How many other factories want to make overcoats, and what is your fair share of the market and of the tailors? From what mills are you to order your cloth? All these questions have to be answered now, by guess or by God, for every factory in the country every year. Trade associations help, charts and indices help. But even a trade association, in the total picture of national production, is as one mechanic screwing one bolt. The car has not yet been designed.

Master planning is conceivable only in three dimensions—geographic, economic, political. What area shall be included, what kinds of economic activity shall be comprehended, what shall be the nature of the planning group? Let us elect the United States, even as did the War Industries Board. Theoretically, this may be an area at once too big and too small. The movement of men and goods—to say nothing of liquids—across the largely imaginary line which divides Canada and the States is so intimate that to take that line into account in making a

planning zone seems the height of romantic nonsense. On the other hand, the only kind of master planning that will ultimately take root and come to be respected and cherished by the underlying population is *regional* planning. In America at the present time there are probably a dozen natural economic regions (Mr. J. Russell Smith can furnish the exact boundaries) which have unique problems and common interests, and about which one's imagination may be stirred, one's emotions aroused. The nation is too big to be called home; but New England is not, or the prairie country, or the cotton belt, or the Coast. I think, accordingly, it will be very wise for the Peace Industries Board to make it an early order of business to delimit these regions with some exactitude, and set up local units therein, delegating to them wide powers. The War Industries Board, you will remember, did precisely this.

So much for area. Next as to economic effort. Shall the Board undertake the supervision of industry down to peanut stands and worm-hole borers, or try to draw a line across the economic landscape? It must, I suspect, like the War Industries Board, draw a line. The charts and tables in the Division of Statistics must comprehend the whole story right down to the peanut stands—every sort of occupation, every kind of industry. But when it comes to actual supervision or, in the first stages, advice as to improved procedure, the chief concern must lie with the major industries, particularly those intimately connected with natural resources, allowing the little fellows and the emerging industries to waste and experiment unhindered. In short, the Board will try to determine the margin between the area where unadulterated *laissez faire* does more harm than good and the area where it may do more good than harm. Coal and oil will be

most emphatically included in the control zone; Tom Thumb golf courses will probably not be. Perhaps as sound a test as any would be to take the budget of the average family, classify the items under food, shelter, clothing, fuel, recreation, education, health, and scale them according to importance. Prime essentials at the top of the lists would be the first candidates for possible control, followed by reasonable comforts, with gadgets and luxuries left for later consideration, if any. This would give us a point of departure in the field of consumers' goods. These in turn must be translated into raw material and producers' goods, and industries dealing in the latter included. Without presuming upon the work of the Board's technicians, we might make a tentative grouping as follows:

1. *Industries which certainly should be subject to supervision:* coal—oil and natural gas—lumber—iron and steel—copper—other non-ferrous metals—cement—cotton—wool—telephone and telegraph—postal service—munitions of war—wheat—corn—essential chemicals and drugs—nitrates—central power—railroads—highways—waterways—airways—banking and brokerage—insurance—alcoholic beverages.

2. *Industries which might be included:* automobiles—helium—rubber—glass—manganese—pottery—paper—radios—shipbuilding—agricultural implements—jute, hemp, and cordage—silk—flax—felt—hides and leather—boots and shoes—meat packing—flour milling—sugar—milk—food canning—standard electrical appliances—garment making—bricks—other building materials—standard house furnishings—machine tools—hardware—large-scale truck gardening.

3. *Industries which might be disregarded* (save for raw material requirements): toys—books and magazines—organized sports and equipment—

travel services—the arts—toilet articles and cosmetics—millinery—soft drinks—street railways—jewelry—musical instruments—trick devices of all kinds; “novelties”—hotels and restaurants—tobacco—candy and chewing gum—movies and talkies.

Let us emphasize again that the Board must know statistically all about everything. The industrial structure is so interwoven and interlocked that planning, even in highly restricted areas, is a game of blind man's buff without such knowledge. This is the first great lesson which the War Industries Board was forced to learn. The latter had sixty commodity sections dealing with 350 specific industries. I doubt if, initially, we should need so many. We should not be bothered with the problems of shipping, munitions, shells, rifles, poison gas, and tin hats which so obsessed our prototype. Nor, fortunately, should we be under the same enormous compulsions of speed. When the reserve of 75 mm. shells, under the melting influence of the 1918 drive, dropped in France from 30 million to 13, the steel industry in the United States had to forsake all other business. Rolling mills, railroads, and ocean lines were cleared for 75 mm. steel. In three weeks from the original warning bell, the War Industries Board had it flooding into France.

A formidable and puzzling problem would be the extent to which distribution should be comprehended. To-day the wastes and leakages of the marketing system—I flatter it with the name—are a national scandal. While the man power per unit of output to the factory door goes steadily down, the man power per unit of output from factory door to consumer goes steadily up. Obviously here is a particularly luxurious field for planning. The difficulty is that after leaving the factory or the farm the product passes through so many hands—so many small and slip-

pery hands—that the organization and simplification of wholesalers, jobbers, commission men, and retailers is a far more prickly task than getting the oil men or the steel men together. Fortunately there are already on foot a series of far-reaching studies on consumption and distribution which will be of the highest importance in guiding the Board through its preliminary delimitations. Mr. Robert Lynd, Mr. Evans Clark, Mr. Wesley C. Mitchell, among others, should early be called upon the carpet of the Distribution Division.

Incidentally, there is a wealth of statistical and research material in this country which has never been put to constructive use. Patient and competent students have compiled it to be buried in the files of universities, foundations, industrial research departments. The Board must become the medium to give this priceless material tangible expression.

In the field of investment and finance there is unlimited work to be done. The War Industries Board refused credit to non-essential and parasitic industries, stimulated investment in essential industries. We cannot go so far in mandatory power without, one suspects, reaping a whirlwind. But the Finance Division can render an initial public service by broadcasting continually and accurately the credit situation in each major industry; pointing out those which are overbuilt and those which are underbuilt; following new technical inventions susceptible to large-scale financing; and always stressing the needs of industries which furnish family budget requirements as against those which promise to be profitable merely by virtue of astute advertising or capitalizing a current fad. Nor should the eye of the Division ever stray far from the drain on national resources made by this industry and that. Bank loans will have to be more carefully allocated. Stock

values must not pitch up and down like a canoe on the heaving level of market quotations. Mr. William Z. Ripley may well be requisitioned to assist this readjustment, also Mr. Thomas Lamont. Keep them in separate cubicles if necessary. And far more information must be released as to the safety and advisability of American money invested in foreign countries. At the present time the size of the bankers' commission seems to be too often the determining factor in the flow.

III

We come now to the third dimension, that of politics broadly defined. Shall the Board be a composite part of the Federal government; shall it be set up by trade associations with no government participation whatsoever; a combination of the two; or a combination with added representation from labor, organized farmers, organized consumers—if any can be found? Shall its powers be those of a virtual dictatorship, or purely advisory, or mildly regulatory? How shall the staff be organized? Mr. Norman Thomas would doubtless favor the Federal government; Mr. Benjamin Javitz stoutly maintains that business can introduce industrial co-ordination by itself. Mr. Thomas, it seems to me, is correct in insisting that the government as the representative of all the people has the broader social interest, while Mr. Javitz is correct in pointing out that there are to-day more brains in business than in politics. Unfortunately the Board demands both social vision and brains—a rare combination at the moment in the Republic. It flourished, however, in 1918—and in 1776 for that matter. It is not necessarily alien to our temperament.

Failing a revolution or a first-rate war, I do not see how it is possible to clothe the Board in the haberdashery

of the dictator. The best that we can hope for, if we are not to leave the plane of reality altogether, is to follow the War Industries Board as far as circumstances permit. The Board was a partnership of government, industry, and technician. It was not a bureaucracy; it enforced its will by argument, conference, the showing of facts, and only in the last resort bared its teeth. Two sharp teeth it had, however, constituting its only claim to dictatorship. Occasionally an irate Forsythe rose in his boots and refused to carry out an order. A word was said to the Fuel Administration and another word to the Railroad Administration. Mr. Forsythe found himself in about twenty-four hours without any coal to fire his furnaces, and without any cars to move his product. If he was a real hero he could, of course, quit. There was no power to force him to continue operations. Usually he absorbed his lesson and co-operated.

The old Board, you see, was staffed at the top primarily by business men. They had come to Washington in a great public emergency to offer their services to the nation. For a year or two their brains and their citizenship made common cause. No longer did they need to goad themselves with the whips of a dubious "Service." They served; and by and large they served remarkably well. I suppose that for many of them it was the happiest period they had ever known. A nation was their master, not a balance sheet. Working with them was a powerful labor leader, a medical man, an engineer, while the divisions and sections were filled with college professors, doctors of philosophy, lawyers, engineers, accountants, statisticians, scientists. For all I know, there may have been a parson, or even a publicity man.

The new Board must, I think, follow the same course. It should be headed by a small group of official board mem-

bers—not more than ten—representing the government, industry, labor, the farmer, the professions. There must be at least one engineer in the group, and I should like to see him chairman. The divisions and sections need the same staffing by competent technicians, with a plentiful sprinkling of business executives, as in 1917. We might make a preliminary organization chart as follows:

THE PEACE INDUSTRIES BOARD

(Seven Members)

Divisions:

- Planning and statistics
- Investment and banking
- Conservation and waste
- Labor relations
- Distribution
- Legal department
- Public health and sanitation
- Publicity
- Industrial psychology

Sections (twenty or thirty to begin with):

A commodity section for each major industry, charged with knowing all the facts (the investment, the turnover, the labor supply, the technical progress, the requirements of raw material, credit, transportation), the extent of overproduction, trade association organization, the chief individuals in the industry, the very gossip of the industry.

It is high time we put psychology to active use—hence the last Division. Its duties are two: first, to gather and apply material on industrial psychology—incentives, relations between man and management; problems of rhythm, monotony, fatigue; lighting, ventilation, safety; second, to formulate ways and means to keep the Board itself functioning harmoniously, both internally and in its relation to the public. One can conceive of no more fascinating challenge to the dawning science of social psychology; and here we might steal a long march on the old Board.

For many months the total energy of the Board would be devoted to the formulation of the Ten Year Plan.

Thereafter it should continue to serve as the co-ordinating, driving force to put the Plan into tangible operation. It might even take over the powers of the Federal Reserve Board, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Power Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, all the bureaus now gathering industrial statistics. Certainly it will have to work very closely with all these agencies, and with the American Federation of Labor, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the trade associations, the National Industrial Conference Board.

I have on my desk a few figures worked out by Mr. C. H. Chase, based on the computations of the Council of National Defense. They serve to show the type of cardinal, and, to many minds, exciting data with which the Board would deal. The Council took the Ogburn family budget and proceeded to calculate therefrom what the minimum requirements of the total population were. Mr. Chase balanced these requirements against actual production in the year 1921, as follows:

<i>Commodity</i>	<i>Percentage of Requirement Produced</i>
Fresh milk	91%
Wheat flour	95
Potatoes	92
Sugar	85
Beef	95
Men's suits	83
Boots and shoes	85
Coal	83
Petroleum	90
Housing space	60
Commercial building	110
Motor cars	125

Thus, with prime essentials below the requirements of the minimum budget of health and decency, skyscrapers and other commercial buildings were ten per cent overbuilt, and automobiles twenty-five per cent. Again, with an acute housing shortage in 1919, lumber production fell to 80 per cent of the

1916 output. Again, a New England town, with a shortage of 5,000 dwelling houses, started to build new factories requiring 10,000 additional workers, with no housing program at all. Again, with the textile industry in New England suffering from overproduction, the entire plant was almost duplicated by new factories in the South. . . . There is no end to the evidence of the waste and cost of a rudderless economy.

The Division of Planning and Statistics must have a large room with one whole wall of frosted glass. Behind the glass will be a solid plane of tiny electric-light bulbs. Electrical engineers will perfect a mechanism whereby bulbs may be lighted in series to throw upon the wall the map of the United States or any region thereof, superimposing upon the map—preferably in different colors—any variety of economic data. Thus the Board may study the articulation of transportation to wheat or corn areas; the proposals for new power lines in reference to hydroelectric developments, of new pipe lines in reference to gas and oil fields; the arrangement, both current and proposed, of cotton fields, textile mills, and markets; the growth of chain stores and of branch banking. This will be a difficult mechanism to design but not so difficult as an automatic mill for the construction of automobile frames I saw not long ago in Milwaukee.

IV

What the Board's Ten Year Plan would provide, no man knows pending its completion. But being in a speculative mood, we shall try, in conclusion, to foresee some of the main provisions.

Two basic things must be done or the whole project becomes no more than an amiable gesture—like Mr. Hoover's conference of industrial leaders following the stock market crash.

The national income must be more equitably divided so that purchasing power may be maintained. Second, ways and means must be found to steer the investment of new capital into something more enduring than the swamps of excess plant capacity and overproduction.

In respect to the first, the Board will probably recommend a steadily increasing wage scale which releases purchasing power in sufficient volume to buy back the products which the mills and mines are capable of producing. It will recommend progressively lessening hours of labor as an offset to technological unemployment, and to provide additional leisure for the consumption of leisure-time goods. (I look on this latter argument with considerable alarm but I fear it will be made and carried.) As an additional safeguard, the Board may recommend stiffer income and inheritance taxes in the higher brackets; not to deprive Junior of his Rolls Royce, but to keep desultory reinvestment of private income within bounds, and to build up more mass purchasing power.

In the wage program, the Board has a function of the utmost value. If it had been in existence and caring for this one point only in 1929, we might have had a far less serious depression. American business men as a group give lip service at least to the doctrine of the economy of high wages. All want to enjoy the sales which high wages bring. But when it comes to a choice between maintaining purchasing power for some brother business man or going into the red, the average manufacturer is no philanthropist. He lays off his men or cuts wage scales or both, hoping to profit from somebody else's philanthropy. Everybody admits high wages in principle—or nearly everybody; nobody dares stick to the principle in a downswing—or almost nobody. Thus we come to a full stop.

If business had a referee, brimming with facts and always good for a front-page story, a referee who threatened to roar from Maine to California whenever a business man broke the ranks, the ranks might hold. Purchasing power would hold. Cyclical unemployment would not develop. Depression would not come, at least from that cause. The Board, by guaranteeing that all shall live up to their principles or suffer the most grievous publicity, could perhaps liquidate the whole unfortunate situation.

While the purpose of the Board would not be to release men for more important jobs, as in wartime, its economies would probably have the effect of reducing forces for an equal or a greater output—accelerating technological unemployment, while eliminating the cyclical variety. This result must be fully anticipated by national employment bureaus on the wartime model, by unemployment insurance, by reduction in hours at the same rates of pay. The Plan would certainly include a noble program for public works, going far beyond court-houses and playgrounds to a vast

afforestation project, perhaps even to a slum clearance project. We have too few trees and too many tenements. Private capital is not competent to cope with either problem. Both call for public capital invested over decades. Yet nothing could pay better dividends to the nation in the long run.

The Plan will undoubtedly amend the Sherman Anti-trust Law, allowing industries to combine, and thus bring joy to oil and coal operators. Industrial co-ordination is impossible without more freedom in this respect. But for the rewards and profits of combination, business must accept regulation which guarantees the public against monopoly profits. The simplest regulation, of course, would be an income tax on *excess* profits.

The light is almost gone. Our notes grow blurred and indistinct. We stumble towards the attic stairs. But before we go we give a solid kick to the piece of furniture in front of which we stand. Yes, it is real. To-morrow we will try to move it down into the living room. It will have to be remodeled, but there is a place for it.





ON THE WAGON

A STORY

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

ONCE again Katie Casey had been drunk and disorderly.

She woke to a diffused memory of having taken the drink she knew was one too many, which had led to other drinks that she had been too exhilarated to count. She knew that she must have been very noisy. She had talked back to the policeman, and that had really made the trouble. Vaguely she began to recall that she had refused to go home, that quite a crowd of people had been watching, and that she'd had a terrible fight with Pat.

Slowly and unwelcomed these memories of having affronted her friends and the public and the law came back to her. It was a messy recollection, not clear in detail and entirely depressing. She felt as if the opening of her eyes made her head black and blue.

However, there was nothing to do but face the day and whatever consequences it might have in waiting, so she pressed the ivory button by her bed, and Alma was not long in coming.

"Good morning, Miss Katherine," she said.

"There's no chance that it will be a good morning, Alma," answered Katie, "but thanks for the wish. Is this clock right?"

"Yes, Miss Katherine. It's nearly noon."

"Who's telephoned?" asked Katie, and it was characteristic that she did not ask if anyone had. That was assumed.

"Mr. Ames said to tell you he'd called. And Mr. Patrick Wheeler wanted to know if you would lunch with him at the Town Club at one-thirty."

"How forgiving of him," murmured Katie.

"And Miss Everman telephoned about ten minutes ago."

"Sally's up, is she? She would be," said Katie, "she's got lots of news to spread to-day."

Alma knew that these comments were not for her. They were asides, thoughts in the O'Neill manner.

"Will you have your breakfast now, Miss Katherine?" she inquired. "What would you like?"

Katie sat up and reached for an extra covering of pale-blue silk that lay on the nearest chair. Her dark hair was completely undisciplined, and she had not taken off her lip rouge when she went to bed, but she looked the prettier for those reasons and for the traces of fatigue around her violet eyes. The shadows of weariness made them seem mysterious and somewhat pathetic, which was better luck than they deserved.

"I want something cold and some black coffee and no nourishment," she said, "no toast. I'm far too frail for toast. You know, Alma."

Alma knew. She very much admired Katie's awakenings. When she went to motion pictures with her

young man it sometimes gave her a thrill to see the stars waking to tragedy or romance in beds that looked like Katie's, in similar ensembles of silk and linen and down. Alma had a histrionic sense which Katie satisfied.

"I'll bring your tray right up."

"Nobody else telephoned?" Katie's mind was clearing rapidly and she knew that there should have been another call. "Nobody telephoned without leaving a name or anything?"

"Only a woman who wanted to see you about an exhibit of clothes."

"All right, thank you. Oh, Alma, plug this telephone in before you go downstairs, will you, please?"

She put the other pillow on the bed behind her and checked up. So he hadn't even bothered to call up, as he'd said he would. Probably he was disgusted. He'd certainly been very agreeable and devoted during the first part of the evening. He was a very attractive person, that John Murray, when he wanted to be. Of course he might be more or less of a prig, like Ford Ames, who was always giving advice away. Poor Ford must have had a bad time last night. The telephone call from him this morning had undoubtedly been another effort to make her stop drinking. He could save his energy, because she was going to do it anyway. I'm going on the wagon, thought Katie. That's what I'm going to do. And in the same moment she saw a mental picture of herself at the next party—probably in that new green chiffon—refusing to take a small silver goblet from a tray. "No, thanks," she could hear herself say casually. Everybody would be astonished. They would all get quite excited. John Murray would glance at her in that appraising, amused way he had. He looked as if he'd seen a lot of girls and could decide about them without taking advice. I'll surprise him, reflected Katie. He'll imagine

that I'm always the way I was last night.

At that point curiosity as to just how she had been became very strong. She lifted the white telephone from its stand and gave the operator a number.

"Is Miss Everman there?" she asked after the necessary interval, and almost immediately, "Hello, Sally. This is a drunken bum."

Sally seemed quick in identification, either because of the voice or the description. The conversation proceeded.

"Was I as bad as all that?" asked Katie. "Well, I knew I shouldn't have taken that fourth cocktail. You can't be sure of what's in the things any more. Now Fernando used to be able to mix them so that they never seemed to have an effect like that. I'm frightfully sorry if I ruined the evening for everybody. . . . Oh, was I really so funny? I don't suppose John Murray thought so. When did he go home? Was that before I got in wrong with the policeman? . . . Just before? Of course I remember the whole thing. As a matter of fact, no policeman has any right to be as fussy as that at that hour of the night. Even if I was speeding a little I was perfectly in control of the car."

Sally had something to say on that point.

"I know Ford wanted to drive, but that was no reason for letting him," replied Katie, "and that policeman was awfully ill-tempered. When you think of how corrupt the police force is. . . . I know I told him all about it. I meant to. It must have been quite a sight when we all trailed into the police station with Pat so merry and Ford so righteous. Was it Ford who fixed things up? I must find out what it cost him. And who finally drove me home?"

Her friend told her and added a few other details.

"I thought that judge, or chief of police, or whoever he was, was sweet," said Katie. "I don't remember exactly what he told me but I'm sure it was what every girl should know. I can just remember his fat face staring at me. His glasses weren't in the right place over his eyes. . . . Oh, did I tell him so? I seem to have kept nothing back!"

Sally asked a question.

"No, I haven't talked to Pat, but he called up and asked me to lunch at the Town Club to-day so he's in the forgive-and-forget fraternity. I didn't say anything too terrible to him, did I? Of course I may have pointed out one or two of his faults. It's just as well. It's my last chance, because I'm swearing off. Going on the wagon. . . . No, really. I'm absolutely off the stuff. It isn't worth it. I'm not going to take a thing. . . . Well, I certainly do mean it! You wait and see. Here's my breakfast, Sally. I'll have to ring off. Good-by. Tell the truth about me when they ask you."

There was a large glass of very cold orange juice and a small silver coffee-pot and two thin slices of toast after all. Katie did not resent them. She ate them both thoughtfully. Then she called up the Wheeler Grain Company and left word for Mr. Patrick Wheeler that Miss Casey would meet him at the Town Club at one-thirty and got up to see what a cold shower would do to her memories, regrets, and resolves.

She did not look dissipated when she went into the Town Club an hour and a half later. She was wearing a crêpe de chine suit of the color that some dress-maker with imagination had called shell pink, and an innocent-seeming matching hat, which turned back ingenuously from her forehead and demurely down over her ears. It was Pat who displayed signs of wear. He was thin and blond and, as Katie had once remarked, every spot showed up

on him. To-day he looked tired and in need of either rest or stimulus.

"Hello," he said, "I shouldn't be speaking to you but I am. Did you mean those things you said to me or did you have some other fellow in mind?"

"What things do you mean?"

"I don't remember exactly but I know I was deeply hurt."

"Poor, sensitive Pat—"

"Let's edge down to that nearest card-room," he said. "There's no one in there, and I'll get you your favorite Baccardi. And then how about some brook trout? Mattson says it's good to-day."

"The trout's a grand idea. I adore it the way they fix it with almonds. But no cocktails, thanks."

"No cocktails? Why not?"

"Oh, I've just stopped."

"Stopped drinking?"

"All but the softest beverages."

"Don't be silly," answered Pat, "you were all right. You don't want to take last night as seriously as all that. I didn't mind what you said to me. Come along. You'd better have something quick if you're as low as all that."

"No. I don't want it. I'm really going on the wagon, Pat. I'm on it now. I'm practically driving it."

He frowned and winced. She knew his head must ache.

"You go ahead and have one yourself if you like, Pat. I'll wait for you upstairs. I'll eat an olive and wait for you, or botanize on celery."

"I don't see why you're acting like this. Who's been after you? Has Ford Ames been preaching?"

"Nobody's been after me. Ford certainly couldn't tell me what to do. I just decided myself."

She suddenly looked very detached and indifferent. For John Murray was coming along the hall where they were talking, and she preferred not to notice him until he was close upon her. He was a noticeable person, tall, ugly in an interesting way and with a

manner which seemed to suggest that under no conditions or circumstances would he tell everything he knew.

"Oh, Murray," called Pat, "here's news. What do you suppose?"

"What do I suppose?" Murray stopped, but as if he didn't intend to linger. "How are you to-day, Katie? You look almost as if you had a soul."

"I have a very beautiful soul," she said. "You've never seen it."

"But do you know what she says? She says she's stopped drinking."

Murray remained unexcited.

"Have you, Katie?" he asked rhetorically. "Pat, have you seen Mattson around anywhere? I've a bunch of engineers coming on from Pittsburgh and I want him to get up a good dinner. He can do it if he tries."

"He certainly can. But what do you think of this woman climbing on the old water-wagon?"

"What should I think?" answered Murray. "Oh, there's my victim. See you later."

He went off to intercept the club steward, and Katie looked after him though she didn't want to. She felt rather affronted. She didn't give up alcohol every day, and that was no way for anyone to take big front-page news. Apparently it had made no impression on him.

"Come on, Katie," urged Pat, "you know you won't be yourself until you have a little cocktail."

"No, Pat. I really mean it. I'm not drinking."

"You're silly. But you'll get over it. All right, I'll meet you upstairs, then, in three minutes."

Katie well knew that three minutes would be ten. She did a little work on an already perfected complexion and went up to the ladies' dining room, hoping that she would happen, just by chance, to meet John Murray again and show him what indifference really was when handled by an expert. But

he was not in the room. Instead she saw a number of her friends and her critics, and among them Ford Ames, lunching with his mother and some other elderly woman. His expression changed at the sight of Katie, and he left his table almost immediately to come over to the one by the window which Pat had reserved.

"Did you know that I called you up this morning, Katie?"

"Alma told me when I woke up."

"I just wanted to be sure that you were all right. You're looking lovely."

She smiled up at him, though she knew that her smiles disorganized his whole life. "You must tell me about that fine you paid for me last night. How much was it?"

"Nothing to speak of. It's not the fine that matters. May I sit down here for a moment?"

"Until Pat draws the chair from under you," she said.

He sat down and regarded her gravely. One of the things that Ford did best was to show that he had principles and ideals. They were very becoming to his orderly features and deep-set eyes. But sometimes they deluded plain and serious-minded girls into false hopes.

"How much do I owe you for keeping me out of jail?" she persisted.

"You don't owe me anything."

"I can't take fines from men," said Katie. "I just take flowers and books. You know the rules for good girls. Though I may have to give you an I. O. U. until the parents get back from Europe. They seem to have forgotten that I use money, and I'm not sure where to cable them. You'll have to trust me."

"Please don't talk any more about the fine. You weren't any more responsible than anyone else."

"Except that I did the driving and gave the sauce to the policeman. The hard sauce."

"Katie, I wish you wouldn't let yourself get that way. You shouldn't."

"Why?"

"It submerges the real you," he told her sententiously. "I couldn't sleep last night when I got home."

"You didn't have time enough, did you?"

"I kept thinking of you in such a place as the police station with an insolent officer talking about you in the way he did. You might have been a woman of the streets from the way he acted! That fellow's certainly going to lose his job if I can fix it."

Katie stared.

"How perfectly ridiculous, Ford!" she exclaimed. "You wouldn't do anything as absurd and unjust as that. He was just doing his duty. Why shouldn't he have arrested me? I was probably galloping along at seventy miles an hour."

"All of that. We all might have been killed. And you wouldn't let me drive."

"Oh, we were safe enough. I drive with the part of me that doesn't get drunk."

"The whole thing was pretty bad. Honestly, Katie, I've thought about nothing else all day—of nothing but you."

Katie saw nothing out of the way in that method of spending a day but she did not praise him for it. Instead she said, "I think you take it much too seriously."

"No, I don't. When I think of a girl like you, with the character I know you really have underneath, letting yourself in for situations like that one last night, it disturbs me terribly. I wish you'd stop drinking altogether."

"Altogether?"

"Isn't that the best way? I really don't think it would be so difficult."

"Not difficult at all. As it happens, I've already done it."

He stared and then his open astonishment changed to the glance that so

many girls wished they could get from him.

"You mean that you're cutting out alcohol entirely?"

"I shall stick to tomato juice," she said, "and possibly pop. I've always had a real fancy for pop."

"You don't think this is just an impulse?"

"I don't know. It feels like a firm determination. There doesn't seem to be a crack or a soft spot in it."

"I haven't heard anything in years that means as much to me, Katie."

"Funny. It wasn't you that was doing the drinking. You're a one-highballed man."

"It's because you mean so much to me. You don't know how much I care about everything that concerns you. This makes me sure that we really have the same standards."

"I wouldn't count on that," she warned him, but he paid no attention. He was beaming proudly on her.

"I know it's not going to be a simple thing to do," he told her, "with all the liquor there is around and most of your friends drinking it."

"That's my problem."

"I'd like to help you with it. I wish you'd promise me not to let anyone argue you into changing your mind."

"Oh, let's not make it as personal as all that."

"But it is personal with me. I feel that I know you in spite of yourself. A lot of people don't understand you, Katie. This morning John Murray was talking to me and he said—"

He was interrupted. Pat was at his elbow.

"Who's sitting in my chair?" he asked.

Ford stood up. He always met jocosity rather stiffly.

"I was just filling in the time until you came, Pat. My mother's over there. I must go back. Good-by, Katie."

He went, and with him went the rest of the quotation about what John Murray had said that morning, presumably about her. Not for worlds would Katie have detained him to remind him that the sentence had been unfinished. But curiosity steamed in her, kept hot by a rather angry imagination. So John Murray talked about her to other men. What did he know about her anyway? He hadn't been in the city six months, and just because he'd been invited about a lot and had that savor of romance which mining engineers who had lived all over the world always had, he thought he could gossip too, did he? He hadn't seen her more than a dozen times. He didn't know in the least what she was like! She'd never shown him. It was rotten taste to talk about her. He was cheap to do it. A decent man who'd seen a girl drink a little too much didn't go around talking about it the next day. And how was she to find out what he'd said?

"I told you you'd be cross if you didn't have a cocktail," said Pat.

"I'm not cross."

"You looked as if murder was your idea of a merciful act. All the wild Irish was sticking out of you. You might have been looking at your favorite policeman."

Pat was feeling much better himself. Katie could see that as far as he was concerned the colors of the world had brightened and its movement become faster since he'd had a drink. But things were rather at a standstill for her, and Pat very shortly guessed it.

"You're not going to like it, you know," he said shrewdly.

"Like what? My lunch?"

"This state of salvation you're going in for."

"Oh, I may."

"There's not a chance. It's a much more cheerful world with a little stick in it. And that's what you're used to."

"I'll get along all right."

"You'll break my heart. What am I going to do when I'm lit and you're sober? Who's going to play with me?"

"I can still do that."

"Who's going to fight with me?"

"I'll do that too."

"The fire will go out of you. I tell you, Katie, you want to sleep on this idea of reform."

"I did sleep until noon. And my mind seemed all made up when I came to."

"You won't have any fun. You don't know what the alcoholic content of your life has been."

"That's what I want to find out."

"Won't you even drink champagne at our wedding?"

"I haven't promised you any wedding."

"No—but I've been hinting for one. Say, Katie, you aren't going to get so sober that you'll take up with an oyster like Ames, are you?"

"How can I tell?"

"You've got to promise me—"

"I won't promise anybody anything," she said, decidedly.

He sighed fondly at her.

"A grand fighter like you can't keep up your strength on tea. It isn't that I want you drunk, Katie. I just want you merry."

She knew all about that. It was always the reason. There had to be gaiety, and often it seemed impossible to get it, to be sure of it, or to hang on to it without the help of intoxicants. Katie was twenty-two years old. She was beautiful, chaste, and amazingly informed. She knew things that it had taken her grandmother twenty years of life with a drunken husband to find out and she took them as lightly as her grandmother had taken them seriously. Katie could remember her grandfather. It had been quite a problem to put a good front on his existence, and everybody but his wife had been relieved,

under a decent grief, when he finally died. He couldn't stand liquor in any quantity. It always made him sing and fight. His family had tried to keep that weakness a secret, but his granddaughter had no such reserves about herself. Everybody in Katie's crowd knew just what alcohol did to her. As they said, it was never wasted on Katie. She was a good deal like her grandfather in that.

She had been brought up in a prohibition decade that had managed to project and extend the excitements and constant debate of the War which had preceded it and she belonged by social affiliation in a group which was thoroughly used to drinking. She knew about bootleggers. Whenever her father replenished his supply the dinner conversation was subsequently on what the man had brought, what he had charged for it, and how bad the conditions were when you had to deal with people like that, and whether a change would ever be made. But that there had to be liquor was unquestioned. The Caseys were not hard drinkers, but their friends expected rather good wines on their table. They could afford to serve them. And, as it happened, by chance or through a filial delicacy, Katie's father and mother had never seen her drunk. But it hadn't happened many times, and someone always sobered her up fairly well before she went home.

Katie had cocktails at home and in other people's houses and at clubs and once in a while at hotels, and when she went to New York the men she knew took her to very expensive speakeasies, where there never was any sunlight and not much air and they drank at a bar before they lunched or dined. She saw men in all sorts of conditions and sometimes it seemed funny and sometimes she looked away. As for herself, she claimed that she knew what she should take. But once in a while

she did take more and then there usually was a good story to tell afterwards.

She didn't mind. Sometimes she told the stories on herself. If people didn't like what she did that was their hard luck. She didn't have to care, because so many people liked her, because so many men made love to her, because everyone wanted to have her around. She had loved herself in the reflection of her own popularity. It had only been lately, during the last six months, that it had gradually been growing different. It was only since John Murray had been at so many of the parties she also attended.

He, too, had liked her at the start. She remembered with unfading distinctness that first night when they had danced together. That was during the Christmas holidays when everything was gay and glowing and she had worn a pale-blue velvet evening dress for the first time, one that made her eyes so much more blue that the dress was like a soft echo of their color. That night she had had a queer time. It had been partly happy and partly miserable. She had grown dissatisfied with everything. She was tired of having Ford Ames pay her heavy compliments and just as tired of the light insults that were Pat's form of flattery. She felt as if she were trying to break through the whole thing to something else.

Perhaps that first night they had gone a little too far, she and John Murray. He had been frank about himself as he'd never been since. It happened almost as soon as he met her. He had given her the feeling that theirs was a romantic meeting, that they were on the verge of a great friendship—or more. He had stayed with her, monopolizing her dances and her attention, at least until supper was served. They had champagne with supper, for the Sibleys always did things well, and Katie had made

several toasts, very amusing ones they told her the next day. One was a toast to John Murray.

But John Murray had never been quite the same after that. He still paid her a good deal of attention. She could always count on his cutting in on her at dances, and he was often a willing skating or swimming or bridge ally, according to the occasion and the season. He was ready enough to talk. But the talk never seemed to get anywhere. Last night was the first time she had felt that again she was breaking down his deliberate reserve. For he had said, "Do you suppose that I could come to see you some time when there isn't a party in the back-ground?"

"Of course," she told him.

"When?"

But someone had cut in just then and he had said, "I'll call you up in the morning."

He hadn't called. Shortly after that brief dialogue the whole crowd had adjourned to Tony's Caviar Shop, and it was there that she'd had the extra cocktail and the others and there that she'd fought with Pat. Then came the ride and the police station. Of course it was all a mess. But, thought Katie, tolerantly, it was the sort of thing that might happen to anyone. If John thinks I shouldn't drink, why doesn't he come out with it? Why doesn't he say so? Why doesn't he ask me not to, instead of standing off and enjoying his critical abilities? She wondered again what he had said to Ford Ames and began planning certain demonstrations.

There was a good deal of excitement in that first week of being on the wagon. It was the end of the summer season, and things were crowding. House-parties gave way reluctantly to country-club dances, and those were only adjourned for weddings. There were teas where everything was served but

tea. There were swimming parties and motor-boat excursions. And always and everywhere, like punctuation in the proper places, there were shakers and flasks and bottles and glasses. Katie had plenty of chances to display her abstemiousness.

"No, thanks," she said regularly and often, "I'm not taking any."

Just at first that declaration broke up nearly every group into two schools of thought and gave Katie plenty of limelight. There were always those who tried to tease or cajole her out of her decision. Pat played it up. He said that he had to drink for two and usually did it. One night at the Wellses' house, when they had reached the highball stage, he brought in a glass of hot milk for Katie. Ford heard the laugh go up and saw what was happening. He went over to Katie and when he could get her attention he said softly and possessively, "I'm so proud of you. Don't let them kid you out of it. Stick to it for my sake. You're wonderful."

Katie looked at John Murray who was standing near. He didn't seem to have noticed the incident, and she had an irresistible desire to force his attention. She smiled devastatingly at Ford and carried her milk over to show it to John.

"Look at what those idiots brought me."

"Milk, isn't it?" he said.

"Funny for me to be drinking milk, isn't it?"

"Don't you like it?"

"I might like it on oatmeal," she answered, "if I liked oatmeal."

"Then why drink it?"

"I've got to drink something. And don't you think I ought to give up alcohol?"

He glanced at her in his alert way, and she realized that he was probably the most sober man in the room, not even excepting Ford. People often

forgot that John Murray drank so little because he never made a point of it.

"Well, you're getting a lot of fun out of it," he said, "aren't you? It's certainly one way to get a new sensation, as well as the center of the stage."

She felt anger heat her quickly and something else that felt like shame made her furious with him.

"You think I'm doing it to attract attention?"

"I didn't say that. I said you were getting attention."

"You're pretty insulting," she answered. But she said it rather quietly, not as she might have said it a week ago to Pat at that hour in the evening. It was John who flushed and would have spoken if she had not quickly left him.

If temperance was a sensation, it went the transitory way of all sensations. After a week or two nobody cared whether she drank or not. But when it was thoroughly established that she would not, she could feel her role changing. She did not amuse the crowd as she used to with her excitements and tempers and gusts of wild gaiety. She seemed pitched in a lower key. She found herself talking soberly while other people were talking nonsense. So she tried staying at home.

But there was curiously little to do at home. Her parents were still abroad, cabling now and then about the possibility of taking a villa in Italy for the winter. Mrs. Casey had found friends from home in Italy, and her neuritis was better. Mr. Casey was escaping the financing of prohibition. They wanted Katie to come if they stayed over, and Katie tried to believe that she wanted to. But she held decision off. The prospect of a winter abroad did not tempt her any more than a summer abroad had five months ago.

Nothing seemed very interesting. Certainly Ford Ames, taking credit to himself for the change in her, was no

temptation. He hung about her persistently, praising her, bearing down upon her with a heavy passion that was like a weight. There was the difficult occasion when he asked her to marry him, point-blank.

"You know I was always sure that you had character," he said as he worked up to it, "but it's wonderful to see it proved."

"Who's been proving such a thing?" asked Katie.

"You have, dear, with this stand you've taken on drinking. Of course you've always been attractive to me, Katie. You've been the girl of my dreams."

She shuddered slightly.

"But I hardly dared ask you to marry me when you were drinking so much."

"Why not?"

He should have been warned by her tone, but Ford rarely heard any accents except his own measured ones.

"A man has to think of his principles," he said, "and his ideals. He has to satisfy them. They're the most important thing in life to him. And you satisfy every one of them now, Katie."

"Do I really?"

"Will you marry me?"

"I should say not," she answered, "I wouldn't think of it."

"But Katie—"

"Why, I couldn't possibly live with your ideals," she said. "I know they'd drive me to drink! Of all the disagreeable, bumptious things, they're the worst!"

The dénouement of that was most unpleasant.

It was the next day that she called up Pat, who had ceased to call her, and asked him if he wanted to go to the cabaret supper that the Debutante League was sponsoring that evening. She hadn't intended to go, but all of a sudden she thought she would. There

was no use in getting moldy. Pat was delighted and instantly broke all other dates. She could tell from the way he talked that he had a start already.

"You aren't going to be all tied up with rules, are you?" he asked, "rules and white ribbons?"

"Oh, I don't know, Pat. Try me and see."

She didn't know. They were placed at one of the long tables with people they knew very well and watched the negro dancers and the tangos and danced some themselves while Pat was still graceful. There was liquor about unobtrusively because the occasion was semi-public. The men went upstairs. Hotel suites had been hired to house their supplies for the evening. Pat poured Katie a very dry Martini in a tumbler, under the casual cover of a napkin.

"That's what you've been needing for weeks," he said, a little shakily. "Excuse me a minute. I'm going to fill this thing up. I'll be back soon."

Katie held the glass in the circle of her hand. She saw John Murray not far away, sitting with a pretty blonde girl who was rather far along in her cups. She was acting like twenty varieties of fool and being very noisy. Nearly everybody seemed stimulated, careless, gay. It gave Katie a second's eagerness to be in the game, to have again that quick, unnatural reaction to everything that seemed so like happiness. And yet she didn't want that drink. She knew what it would do to her. It would change everything. She wouldn't know what she was like or what other people were like. She'd lose the reality she'd found in these last few weeks, and even if there had been dull and miserable hours, she had developed a taste for reality. If she got drunk again, she'd be like that fool of a blonde. And for no reason in the world she remembered her grandfather. Wild Mike, they'd called him, and he'd

kept her grandmother crying at intervals for twenty years.

Somebody came up and said to her, "I'm afraid Pat's passed out. They've just put him to bed."

"All right," said Katie.

For there were always taxis.

She woke rather early the next morning and even before her eyes were open she remembered what a wretched evening it had been. Virtue is very disappointing, she thought, and its reward is a gyp. Still she was glad she had left that cocktail on the table. She wondered vaguely who had drunk it in the end. Had it been a waiter, or had John Murray's girl made off with it?

She was about to press the button beside her bed and have her breakfast when the door opened softly. It was Alma to see if she was awake.

"Good-morning, Miss Katherine," she said, "there's a gentleman on the telephone. Will you answer?"

"Yes. Please plug it in, Alma." It was probably Pat, repentant, thought Katie. Poor old Pat, she thought.

It was not. It was a hesitant and yet eager voice that she recognized on the instant.

"Hello," said John Murray, "I called up to find out when I could come to see you, Katie."

"When do you want to come?"

"Now," he said.

"That's as good as any time, I suppose. But what's the matter?"

"I want to see you."

"It's easily done. Come on. But John—"

"What is it?"

"You aren't bringing any ideals with you, I hope?"

"Good Lord, no," said John.

He was bringing nothing, not even coherence. When he came in ten minutes later and she was standing in the living room in a sweater dress that made her look like a school girl, every-



THE FIRST LOVER

A STORY

BY KAY BOYLE

FOR over a month the music of their conversation had been gently rocking the pension to sleep. Out of the window behind their three fair heads rose the rocky hills of Beausoleil, so covered with little pink villas, with porcelain cats, and china turtles that the dignity of a bare rock rearing ugly as sin between the houses was enough to make the heart stand still. The three girls themselves were out of their own country with an elation signifying that everything that tasted unpleasant had been left behind. Such beautiful meals they were given in the pension, such fine things to eat, and the sunshine every day as lavish as rain.

This was a vacation-time for them. This was the miracle of repose their father had given them for a little while. They filled it with rich excursions, hot chocolate in the afternoon and cakes, and with such a wealth of conversation with mere acquaintances, but still it was in their faces that they could not forget. They could not forget the lean years that lay behind them and, if they were young, still they had lived long enough to remember what the years and the times had done to their father. Professor Albatross and his fiery heart had been extinguished. Their father had become an old man. It was only at certain sentimental hours now that they could write to him with open hearts in the same way that they had been accustomed to run to him

to dry their tears in the hairs of his beard.

This was what they recounted with their pure faces and their continuous letter-writing, and with their conversation about other things. If the eldest girl would look out of the window and say, "*Aber* father would certainly never have played chess after lunch on a day like this; he would have liked sitting in the casino gardens, especially now that they've changed the flowers again," this was a sign for the three of them to sit in silence after the first words of understanding had been spoken. "Father. Ah, yes. Father. *Jah.*" And the younger one would turn her handkerchief in her fingers. It was easy to see from what they said that they all loved their father very much.

When the Englishman stepped into the dining room one day at noon, surely the first thoughts of the three German girls must have turned to Professor Albatross. Here was a man about whom their father would have nodded to them in a concert hall if he had walked into it. Such a handsome man must surely have caught father's attention, and he would have looked from one to the other of them, beating his head and smiling as if to the sound of music.

When first he set foot in the room something sprang to life in every corner of it. The sight of this strange

young man standing there made the three cradles of the German girls' voices upset. Not even an "*ach*" nor an "*aber*" to meet the occasion. "An Englishman," they exchanged among them. The fresh, the sturdy, the golden cousin-ness of all gallant England filled them with dismay.

"Oh, I say . . ." remarked the young Englishman. He had looked carefully at every little piece of the room. "I wanted a table," he said. And the old lady gave him one in a minute or two.

But while he was waiting everyone had a chance to see it: the way his hair grew up and how his elegant head turned on his neck. He held his chin high, and his eyes were as blindly blue as if they had been extinguished with a red-hot iron. All the sun of the coast had seemingly descended upon his cranium and was dripping down over his brows. Little rays of it marched across the backs of his hands. Maybe this beauty is the toughest; it is now the purest left in the world, thought the eldest girl. For an Italian must wear a color about his neck or a ring in his ear, but this British beauty depends on nothing at all but fogs that would throttle you if they could and English rains that would not fall in any other place.

The Englishman sat down at the little table they had given him and began to crunch radishes like almonds beneath his teeth. He looked steadily out of the window into the porcelain eyes of the cats and the stony doves which ornamented the garden. It seemed as if he could not bring himself to look into the eyes of the human faces that were in the room with him. The three girls had a glance for every mouthful that passed his lips. When the fresh figs were set before him he ate them in the English way, rippling the skin back until the fig in his hands bloomed open like a flower.

There seemed to be nothing in any part of him that had survived a spectacle of pain. Surely, thought the eldest girl, he had never been beset, and if ever he had been sore in his heart for love or food, he had put that carefully aside. Everything on his plate he took for granted, even the salt in its shaker was the customary thing. He had never been touched at all, she was thinking, nor had he any idea that people sometimes had less or did without.

Everything that had ever happened to them, she would keep to herself. In her bones it would reside, and he would not know that for years they had been like mice lean for a crumb. Not a drop of his blood would ever sound the poverty of the years that ran behind them. They were in a new country of greed and plenty and they would forget, by turning their faces away, they would forget everything that had made their hearts like winter apples.

"*Lieblinge*," said the eldest girl to her sisters, "we must do our nails and behave like princesses."

They had to drop their lids to cover the jubilation in their eyes. This was the reward they owed Professor Albartross. What a recompense to the old man if his three daughters could between them bear back to him this evidence of health and prosperity, this assurance that all was well. Whether it was the state of his flesh or something else besides that gave the Englishman his temper of wealth and empire, they did not know. But his it was, and merely the sight of it would surely be enough to revive the old man's courage.

When the Englishman had finished eating he dabbed at his mouth with his napkin and then placed it in a little heap by the side of his plate. He had not tied it into a bowknot, as others had done, or made it into a butterfly. He had eaten well, but with such despatch. He walked out of the dining

room with his own standard set relentlessly upon him. He would recognize nothing short of health and austerity. Whatever he stood for had a name, and he would accept nothing less.

He walked directly out into the back garden after lunch, and from their window the three German girls could see him. They stood in their bedroom, behind the folds of the curtains, and relished the rosy backs of his ears and his narrow wrists crossed behind him as he walked. Suddenly he swung about and sat down in a wicker chair, and they started back from the window in fright. But his clear gaze and his short straight nose were pointing off towards Monte Carlo. Surely he did not even know the three girls were there.

A strange sort of defiance for one another was in their eyes, and the eldest knew that it was she herself who must say what was to be said. She turned from the window and picked up her embroidery hoop and its veil of work from the table. The prosperity of this cloth with a fresh skein of white silk to it was equally as far from anything they had ever known. They had never before had time for embroidery until they had come to this affluent land. Beyond the window they could see the Englishman with an ivory part running through his hair. He was reading the *London Times* in the sun, with his legs stretched out before him and his ankles in gray socks crossed like a silver chain. Suddenly the eldest girl ran to her sisters to hide her eyes and her blushes in the soft turn of their shoulders.

"He looks so *well!*" she whispered, and the wind of her breath in their necks made them shriek softly with laughter. "As if he had never been hungry!"

She was laughing, too, but her eyes were crying. She stood before them,

laughing, with her small hands covering her face.

He must have seen so many beautiful clothes, she was thinking. There was nothing she could wear that would catch his attention at all. She stood in the room with her two sisters, thinking of how she would speak to him. Not at dinner, for there would be too many people at the tables, but when he would perhaps walk out into the garden after having eaten, and she would throw a little scarf over her shoulders and follow him. In her mind she could hear the sound of her own tentative "*bitte, bitte*" following in his wake. But however she thought of him she could not forget the forbidding set of his jaw when he bit into his bread.

She would make up some kind of a fine story about their lives, which had remained at home while surely he was traveling everywhere. "Your countrymen and you, you are forever traveling for beauty" was one of the things that she would say. She would talk of her father—Baron Albatross; *jah*, why not a baron?—and of the idleness and poetry that had nourished them. With all of Germany suffering in one way or another, she would say to him, it was strange but true that they had never known any suffering at all. It was her father's high position that had protected them. She would say it so many times, over and over, that she would make it true.

"Do you ever come to Munich?" she would ask him.

By the time he came to Munich, she was thinking, by that time he would be in love. By that time his heart would be winged like an archangel, and he would not care if she were rich or poor. And if there were a moment of silence in the garden after dinner, or a pause of any kind between all the things they had to say, she would go on, "My two little sisters are with me. . . ." Suddenly she kissed their faces.

"Oh, don't even mention us to him!" they whispered. "He is to be for you. He is to be your lover. We want him to be yours."

She was thinking that she must carry herself like a rich lady, and that any plaintiveness at all must be kept out of her voice. No prithee, do, please, pray. No insomuch as, but "Indeed, you *must* visit our prosperous city. . . ." "If only I could wear four pairs of earrings at once," she was thinking. She looked at her wan face in the glass.

"I must smile," she said.

She crossed the room to the window to see if he were still sitting in the sun. The newspaper had dropped from his fingers and he was there, reflecting, dreaming, and pondering, deeply meditating. She wondered what dreams were in his head. And then suddenly the Englishman turned and looked up into her face.

If a blush had sought to shame him for his impertinence, it perished in the relentless pride of his race. He lifted one hand to shade his eyes, and then he got to his feet. The German girl was clinging, half-swooning, to the window-frame.

The Englishman cleared his throat.

"You're not by any chance . . ." he said, talking up from the garden, "I mean to say, I saw your names on the register a while ago . . . I dare say yours. Are you by any chance daughters of Professor Albatross of Munich? I must have studied with your father—physics—at least, if he is."

"Yes," said the German girl.

Her voice could scarcely be heard. Her fingernails had turned white upon the sill.

"Yes," she said.

Her face was so contorted that her sisters scarcely knew her.

"Professor Albatross," she whispered out of the window. "Yes."

The two sisters saw her face hanging in anguish at the window. They themselves were too stricken to summon a word of response. She was standing with her mouth hanging open. She could not make another sound.

"Fancy running into you here," said the Englishman.

Behind her hung the deathly silence—*grosse Seelen dulden still*—with now and again the whisper of her sisters' breathing like the flight of a mouse across the room. The Englishman was standing with one hand in his pocket, and the other lifted to shade his eyes.

"Fancy," he said. With this he gave a little nod of his head.

"I just stopped off for lunch here," he said.

He smiled up at the German girl in the window, and with this he walked into the house, leaving the three sisters to one another. They turned around upon one another in some kind of fury that had never possessed them before. Their eyes were warm, and their teeth were strung like pearls across their faces. They had so much to say to one another that they didn't know where to begin.



PERJURY RAMPANT

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

THERE may be heard in the land to-day a rising din of alarums and excursions which announce a breakdown in our system of justice. Many reasons have been given for this breakdown. Politically minded judges, corrupt court officials, negligent district attorneys, an outworn jury system—all have come in for their share of the blame. But little has been said about the weakest spot of all in our administration of justice—the impunity with which witnesses are allowed to commit perjury.

In these days when so few men fear punishment in the after life it would seem naïve to assume that the mere taking of an oath will necessarily influence a witness to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and still more naïve when one considers how that oath is administered. Sometimes the witness is told to raise his right hand as he is hustled up the aisle of the courtroom; sometimes a dog-eared Bible is held out to him while he listens to the clerk mumble a scarcely intelligible series of phrases beginning with "D'you swear . . ." and ending with something like "S'help-you god." The witness will hardly have had time to nod his head and murmur assent before the question is fired at him, "What is your name and address?" When these formalities have been duly complied with, all in the space of a few seconds, the witness takes the stand, presumably to help the court determine the facts but

actually, in the great majority of cases, to further his own or someone's else interests.

The comparatively few people who possess too much self-respect to commit perjury are unfortunately seldom seen in the courts. They are not often involved in litigation, and they are not likely to be sought as witnesses by those who are so involved. As distinguished from the rare witness who has high ethical standards, the average man on the stand feels no compulsion to tell the truth, first, because his conscience makes no such demands upon him and, second, because he has been given no reason to fear that he will be punished if he swears falsely. In all probability he has never heard of anyone who has been arrested for committing perjury, and he may not even know that under the laws of most of our States the offense is a felony, punishable by a number of years in prison. Or if he happens to be versed in the ways of the law, he will know that he could not be convicted of perjury unless the prosecuting officers of the State could convince a jury *beyond a reasonable doubt* that he had made a false statement as to a material fact under oath *willfully*. So the average witness fears only one thing as he tells his story, and that is cross-examination by a hostile lawyer. But when he comes to this ordeal he is protected by a friendly lawyer who whenever possible gets the court to excuse him from answering embarrassing ques-

tions. If the witness should, nevertheless, break down under the grilling, he may run to cover and correct an earlier statement and in this way save himself from a charge of perjury.

The ancients trusted to no such haphazard system of justice. Knowing that man is by nature given to deceit, they threatened perjurers with immediate and dire punishment. The Mosaic law of the Hebrews prescribed that a man who was found to have testified falsely against his brother should be punished for the same crime of which he had accused his brother—so that “those which remain shall hear, and fear, and shall henceforth commit no more any such evil among you.” The Egyptians counted perjury a capital offense, and the Romans summarily disposed of perjurers by throwing them from the Tarpeian Rock.

In later days perjurers were treated with less severity, although for many centuries they ran the risk of having their tongues cut out or of being condemned to the pillory or the whipping post. As these brutal forms of punishment passed away, the Ecclesiastical Courts in England came to rely chiefly upon man's fear of divine wrath, and they accordingly administered such elaborate oaths as “So help me God and all the saints,” “So help me God in his holy dome,” or “So help me God and these holy evangelists by me bodily touched,” while the witness was required to kiss the Bible. At the same time a system of trial by compurgation had grown up, which meant that a defendant could establish his innocence by a solemn oath if he could at the same time produce a number of friends or neighbors who would swear, not to the truth of his defense, but simply to his credibility. Trials of this kind were bound to give rise to perjury, and yet curiously enough they were fostered by the Ecclesiastical Courts. Blackstone

tells us in his *Commentaries* that trial by compurgation was a special privilege of the clergy as well as of the educated and upper classes who could claim “benefit of clergy.” He explains that privileged defendants who had been convicted in the King's Courts were turned over to the Ecclesiastical Courts where they were retried and almost invariably acquitted on the strength of the oaths of twelve compurgators, no matter how patent their guilt. Blackstone describes these proceedings as “solemn farces in which the compurgators, the jury, and often the bishop who presided were partakers in the guilt.” The sanctity of the oath was thus abrogated at times by the Church itself, and as the Middle Ages receded and men's dread of eternal damnation weighed less heavily upon them, perjury became an increasingly common offense. One writer recounts that professional perjurers were wont to walk in Westminster Hall with straws in their shoes to advertise their services, while the records of the Ecclesiastical Courts of the last of the 18th and the first of the 19th centuries contain a considerable number of cases where the judges declared that in their opinion some of the witnesses had committed perjury.

A recent controversy in the *London Times* suggests that perjury is not altogether negligible in present-day England, and yet the general consensus is that it is not so widespread there as it is here, perhaps because the English hold their courts in far greater respect than we do ours.

There can be no question of the prevalence of perjury in the trial courts of the United States. Mr. Samuel Untermyer frankly states that “perjury has become so general as to taint and well nigh paralyze the administration of justice.” Mr. Charles H. Tuttle, former United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, finds

that "the practice of perjury has come to be surrounded with a practical immunity—it sends honest men to jail and turns loose on the community predatory lawbreakers of every kind." Mr. Herbert Harley, Secretary of the American Judicature Society, gives it as his opinion that "perjury is one of the dark corners of judicial administration," and he adds that "the bar has learned to operate in spite of perjury, and to accept it." Voicing similar views Dr. John M. F. Gibbons, General Attorney of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, writes to the *New York Times* as follows: "After a broad and varied experience covering a period of twenty years within the courts of this enlightened country, I am only able to report two cases in which there was no perjury or subornation of perjury to be found or suspected. Moreover, in reaching this shocking conclusion, I have been most careful to distinguish between malignant false swearing and benign inaccuracy." Confirming Doctor Gibbons' opinion, the New York County Grand Jurors' Association, through its organ, *The Panel*, declares that "the crime of perjury is prevalent on one side or the other in nearly every lawsuit brought to trial," while the *Columbia University Law Review* finds that "there are literally thousands of civil and criminal actions as revealed by the *American Digest* in which witnesses or parties giving testimony have been impeached as being unworthy of credit, but rarely have the courts held such persons in contempt or committed them for prosecution for wilfully falsifying under oath."

Arrests for perjury are in fact rare, and convictions are still rarer. Mr. Tuttle tells us that the Federal Census Report of 1923 showed a total prison population, state and federal, of 109,075, out of which there were 16,500 individuals who had been sentenced

for burglary and only 171 for perjury. It is unfortunate that more recent prison statistics are not available, but the figures on arrests and convictions in our large cities afford ample proof that perjury to-day is punished only in isolated instances, or when searching investigations of the courts disclose it. In Greater New York there were 103 arrests for perjury in the years 1925, 1926, and 1927, but only fifteen convictions, and in Chicago, where perjury must be very rife indeed, the Crime Commission reports that there were only *three* people who received penitentiary sentences for this offense in the years 1926-1930.

Such a shocking state of affairs calls for diagnosis. Are the trial judges, before whom perjury is committed day in and day out, primarily responsible? Or does the fault lie with the laws as they are written and administered, or with lax juries that refuse to punish offenders, or indeed with the legal profession itself?

II

In most jurisdictions a judge of a court of record has the right to hold a suspected perjurer for arrest and recommend that he be tried for the offense. But this action is seldom taken for the reason that so many of our judges entertain an amazingly tolerant attitude toward perjury. A judge of the Supreme Court of New York said to the writer quite frankly, "We have reached the point where we merely try to find out which side is lying the least." He went on to say that he did not greatly blame a litigant for shading or distorting the truth in order to win his case or to save himself hundreds of dollars. But he expressed the greatest contempt for "people of education and professional standing" who prostitute their reputations on the witness stand. A year ago he was so outraged

by the flagrantly false testimony of a doctor in a malpractice suit that he had him and his colleague arrested for perjury. He is a judge of high standing, and yet his sentimental attitude toward the average perjurer as compared with his condemnation of "educated" perjurers can hardly be called consistent.

Still more shocking is the attitude of criminal judges who accept without question the testimony of officers of the law and send men and women to jail on the strength of it. When it was revealed in the recent investigation into the Magistrates' Courts in New York City that certain policemen had been "framing" women on immorality charges in order to extract hundreds of dollars from them, one of the magistrates who had heard a great many of these cases naïvely testified that he had thought all the policemen appearing in his court were "honest and upright," while another magistrate admitted that it would never have occurred to her to question a policeman's testimony.

Not all judges are so purblind, but in civil cases, at least, most judges look upon perjury in a very pragmatic fashion indeed. If litigants lie too blatantly, they reason, the jury will see through their ruse and punish them by handing down an adverse verdict. But juries are not always so penetrating, and their verdicts often fall short of substantial justice. Then again, the average judge is so pressed with work that he is loath to take the time necessary to arrest a perjurer, even when the offense is flagrant. In one case a defendant had admitted under cross-examination that the handwriting on a bank signature card was his but had stoutly insisted that an identical signature on a contract was not his. The judge examined both exhibits and decided that the handwriting was the same beyond a doubt. As a matter of discipline he held the witness for con-

tempt of court for a few hours but released him when he tearfully admitted that he had not told the truth.

Another New York judge allowed a still more shocking instance of perjury to go unpunished in a suit for heavy damages brought against the Consolidated Gas Company of New York. The plaintiff claimed that the explosion of her gas oven had given her such a severe nervous shock that paralysis had set in. She was brought to court in a wheel-chair and lifted to the witness stand, and her doctor testified that she had lost the use of her limbs. But in the course of her cross-examination she became so enraged at the searching questions put to her by the attorney for the gas Company that she forgot herself, jumped to her feet, and shouted to the jury, "That man is a liar and he is trying to make out that I am lying." The case was dismissed, but the soft-hearted judge refused to comply with the request of counsel for the defendant that both the woman and her doctor be arrested for perjury. Justice had not been defeated, he said, and, in short, no harm had been done. No harm—except that the court had wasted its time, the Gas Company had been obliged to retain counsel to defend a specious claim for damages, and the crowd in the courtroom had seen the boldest kind of perjurer escape punishment.

Too many judges are supine in the presence of perjurers. During the famous trial in Cleveland, ten years ago, of Chief Justice McGannon for second-degree murder, the court appeared "helpless and prostrate before palpable perjury," to quote the Cleveland Crime Survey. Miss May Neely, "star" witness for the State, had made a detailed disclosure incriminating McGannon at the first trial which had ended in a disagreement, but at the second trial she refused to answer

questions on the ground that she might disgrace herself if she did so. Puzzled as to her attitude, Judge Powell interviewed her privately and thereafter supported her refusal. It was manifest that she must have told him that she had perjured herself in the first instance, since no other excuse would have covered her refusal to repeat her testimony. Yet when he allowed the prosecuting attorney to examine Miss Neely fully in the absence of the jury, she swore that she had told the truth at the first trial. "Under such circumstances," the Cleveland Crime Survey concludes, "a court sensitive of its position would have known how to deal with such a witness." And it adds that "the fact that Judge Powell did not vindicate the dignity of the court is typical of the general attitude toward perjury."

Many of our judges hesitate to question a witness's credibility, or order him held for arrest during the course of a trial, for fear of being denounced later by an appellate court for having unduly prejudiced the deliberations of the jury. Such a timorous attitude on the part of our judiciary is an unfortunate result of the present tendency in this country to strip trial judges of all real power and reduce them, as compared with English trial judges, to ineffective bench robots.

III

If our trial judges were to assert their authority and arrest all suspected perjurers, convictions would not necessarily follow, since under our laws it is very difficult for the prosecuting officers of the State to prove a man guilty of perjury.

Most of our state laws, like the federal law, define perjury as a false statement made under oath (a) wilfully and (b) in regard to a material fact. Therefore, to get a conviction the prosecuting

attorney has to show "beyond a reasonable doubt" that the accused deliberately gave false testimony and that what he said was material to the issue, *i.e.*, of such a nature as to influence the decision.

Our courts also adhere to the common-law principle that perjury cannot be established on the strength of one person's testimony. That is to say, one man's oath against another's will not stand as proof of perjury unless it is corroborated by the testimony of another witness or by convincing circumstantial evidence. As a result of this precedent it is harder for the State to convict a man of perjury than of robbery or murder or a number of other crimes for which circumstantial evidence alone is sometimes accepted as sufficient proof.

Perjury may be more easily established if the State can show that a witness has contradicted himself under oath on two separate occasions, but the difficulty comes in proving when he lied and when he told the truth. This fallacy in the law makes it easy for the friends of criminals to reach key witnesses for the People and to bribe or intimidate them to tell a different story at the trial than the one they told before the grand jury. Any district attorney will tell you that this very thing happens time and time again, making it impossible for the State to convict criminals who are known to be guilty of the offense in question. The State is quite helpless as a rule, since it cannot strike back at the perjurer unless it can prove which of his two sworn statements was false, and that is next to impossible when his testimony is a matter of his own recollection.

The difficulty of getting a conviction for perjury on the basis of a witness's contradictory sworn statements may be illustrated by the following story. Miss Edith St. Clair, an actress, a number of years ago sued Mr. Abraham

Erlanger, the former theatrical producer, for having failed to fulfill the terms of a contract under which he had agreed to pay her, "for services unspecified," twenty-five thousand dollars in ten yearly installments. She was able to convince the judge and jury of the authenticity of her claim and accordingly won a judgment in the Supreme Court of New York, which ordered Mr. Erlanger to make the yearly payments. Subsequently, however, she appeared at the office of Mr. Erlanger's attorney and for some unknown reason confessed that she had lied about the contract, and that her attorney, Mr. Max D. Steuer, a New York lawyer whose name is now much in the public print, had put her up to the story. Her statement was reduced to an affidavit, and the judgment which she had obtained was accordingly set aside. As a result of Miss St. Clair's revelations, disbarment proceedings were instituted against Mr. Steuer by the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court at the instance of the New York City Bar Association. But when she was called as a witness she once again recanted and said that she had told the truth the first time and that Mr. Steuer had not been responsible for her claim against Mr. Erlanger. The charge against Mr. Steuer was accordingly dismissed, and the State's next move was to try Miss St. Clair for perjury. But the prosecution suffered from the disadvantage of not being able to prove at which time she had sworn falsely, and so the jury failed to convict. Here was a case where the courts were shamelessly exploited and yet no one was punished.

IV

When there is sufficient evidence to prove a man guilty of perjury he may still be acquitted of the charge, since juries are apt to think that the punish-

ment prescribed by law does not fit the crime.

In the States where perjury is a felony the maximum penalty ranges from ten to twenty years, with a somewhat shorter term of imprisonment in States where it is only a misdemeanor. In New York, where the penal code defines perjury as a felony, the maximum sentence is twenty years' imprisonment in cases in which the offense was committed in connection with a trial for a felony, and ten years in all other cases, while in Pennsylvania, where perjury is only a misdemeanor, the maximum penalty is seven years' imprisonment and a fine of not more than five hundred dollars.

The maximum sentence, however, is very seldom imposed. In New York State sentences as short as six months or a year have been given perjurers who have never before been convicted of a felony. Yet every jury that hears a perjury case is sure to be told by the counsel for the defendant that if they convict the accused they will doom him to a long term in prison.

Theoretically, a jury's only function is to determine the facts without regard to the sentence which may follow their verdict of guilty. But juries are very human and they are often of no higher moral caliber than the person who is being tried for perjury. The average juror, no doubt, would be capable of perjuring himself if he wanted to set aside an unprofitable contract or salvage a little property from bankruptcy proceedings. He would be equally capable of exaggerating an injury so as to collect large damages from a wealthy corporation, or of misrepresenting a material fact in order to help a friend or a relative win a case. This being the case, the average juror would naturally consider it a bad precedent to send a man to prison for an act that he himself might want to perpetrate some day.

It is a little harder to understand

why juries sometimes acquit, or at least fail to convict, perjurers whose testimony has been calculated to send innocent people to prison. Only recently a jury in the Court of General Sessions in New York acquitted Policeman Halpern of the New York Vice Squad on the charge of having committed perjury in testifying against a night-club hostess and an entertainer on an immorality charge. The District Attorney's office presented evidence to show that he had attempted to "frame" the two women and that he was well acquainted with the "unknown man"—actually a stool pigeon, whom he had discovered in their apartment. Judge Nott, in his charge to the jury, referred to this evidence as "refuting certain statements made by Halpern in Magistrate's Court," and yet the jury exonerated Halpern. Since then Policemen Tait and Ganly have been convicted on similar charges, while two others, Murray and Stiglin, have been acquitted. It remains to be seen what will happen to the five others who have been indicted for perjury. A few convictions, however, will not necessarily prove that juries have a sense of justice, but merely that they are sensible to public clamor.

In those States where the grand jury system obtains, and no defendant can be tried for a felony until he has first been indicted, witnesses who are arrested for perjury may be so fortunate as never to be brought to trial, since grand juries are frequently no less tolerant of perjury than are trial juries, and district attorneys for their part are not always zealous in pressing for indictments. In New York County, where the Association of Grand Jurors has for several years been waging a campaign against perjury through their organ *The Panel*, there were as many as seven perjury charges dismissed by grand juries in 1929 out of a total of sixteen cases that were presented to them.

V

It has been suggested that juries might be readier to convict if perjury in all of our States were tried as a misdemeanor rather than a felony. In line with this idea, a law has been drafted by the Statutory Crime Commission of New York State which would make "false swearing" a misdemeanor while it would reserve the felony charge for extremely grave cases of perjury. Such a change in the law would have the effect of reducing the maximum penalty in ordinary cases to three years, although as a matter of practice it would not materially lessen the comparatively short sentences which are now imposed in the great majority of cases.

The proposed law also provides that a man might be convicted of false swearing whenever it could be proved that he had contradicted himself under oath on two different occasions. Such a reform in the perjury laws is badly needed, since a witness who deliberately recants, as Miss St. Clair did, is most certainly guilty of willful misrepresentation of the facts, and there is no good reason why the burden should be on the prosecution to show at which time he or she swore falsely.

Should the proposed law be passed, indictments by the grand jury would not be necessary, and in cities of one hundred thousand population or over, cases of false swearing would be tried by a Court of Special Sessions composed of three judges and no jury. It is confidently expected that in New York City at least—where the judges of Special Sessions are noted for their severity—a much larger proportion of convictions would follow.

There is a good deal to be said for a change in the laws of all the States which would provide that in communities of every size persons accused of false swearing be tried by a judge or several

judges without benefit of jury, since juries have time and again proved that they have no real understanding of the gravity of the offense. Such a change could not be effected, however, in those jurisdictions where perjury is a felony, as under the laws of all our States a person accused of a felony has a constitutional right to trial by jury. Hence the argument for making it a misdemeanor.

Judges, it is true, have shown themselves surprisingly tolerant of perjury as it is committed in the course of one trial after another, but some of them at least are likely to be more severe when they come to try a man for the offense, since they must see in him and his kind the root and cause of the corruption and congestion in the courts. There appears to be little danger that a judge acting without a jury would unjustly convict anyone of false swearing since, in the absence of contradictory sworn statements, the offense would still have to be proved by at least two persons' testimony, or the testimony of one person substantiated by circumstantial evidence. It is conceivable that a corrupt judge might convict an innocent person, and yet it is not probable, since there would be no graft to be collected. There is a time-honored maxim which holds that "it is better that ninety-nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should be convicted." And yet a convicted person would have the privilege of appealing his case to a higher court, and the occasional injustice that might be done by judges acting alone would be as nothing compared with the wrong that is done to society by morally blind juries who refuse to punish perjurers.

The objection has been raised that a law making perjury a misdemeanor instead of a felony would tend to mitigate the gravity of the offense. But this objection is an academic one, as the new law would increase the number of

convictions and thereby have a most salutary effect. It is an open question whether the prospect of punishment acts as a positive deterrent to wrongdoing and yet, as Judge Joseph E. Corrigan of New York City points out, if a man sees his neighbor sent to prison for a year or two for having testified falsely under oath, he is likely to think twice before he commits the offense himself.

It has been further suggested by Dr. John M. F. Gibbons that witnesses should be warned by the judge before they begin to testify as to what constitutes the crime of perjury or false swearing and how it may be punished under the law. Some such exhortation would seem to be badly needed, since the oath has lost its force. Even if witnesses were sworn in more solemnly than at present, it is extremely doubtful whether the oath would have the desired effect, as men no longer fear punishment in the hereafter. Obviously it is necessary to put the fear of the law rather than the fear of God into witnesses' minds.

Such a warning should be backed up by some sort of machinery which would aid judges in detecting and investigating suspicious statements made by witnesses. A workable plan of this kind has been outlined by Mr. Charles Robinson, Vice-President of the New York County Grand Jurors' Association. He suggests that counsel for either side be permitted to appear before the judge of the trial court after adjournment and ask for an investigation of questionable testimony. If the judge considers the request a reasonable one it will be incumbent upon him to detail either a court attaché or a deputy sheriff to make the investigation, and he will at the same time set a date for a hearing on the findings. The person suspected of perjury will be invited to attend this hearing and given an opportunity to explain away any

inaccuracy. If he proves unable to do so, it will then be the duty of the court to refer the entire record to the District Attorney with a recommendation that the accused be tried for perjury. Such a procedure would fix the responsibility for initiating the investigation of all suspected cases of perjury, and it would relieve the judge of any possible criticism, since the witness's credibility would not be questioned until the court had adjourned. The only argument against a system of this kind is that it would add to the judge's burdens, and yet in the long run it would relieve the congestion in the courts since it would discourage the inception of specious suits.

Still another important measure, this one designed to forestall perjury, has been proposed by Mr. Edward Alexander of the New York Bar. He is of the opinion that witnesses to civil suits should be subpoenaed to appear for an examination under oath before the trial and as soon as possible after the beginning of the action, and their testimony made a part of the record, as is done in England. Under our present law a litigant may serve a notice on his opponent requiring him to appear for a preliminary examination under oath, and this notice must be obeyed unless the courts grant a motion to have it vacated; but there is no provision for summoning witnesses. If they could be made to appear for an early examination under oath they could not so easily conceal the truth at the trial by pleading that they do not remember, while dishonest lawyers would be given less time to fabricate evidence and "fix" witnesses. Such a practice would also make it impossible for either side to produce "surprise" testimony. That is to say, if the lawyer on one side had induced a witness to tell a cock-and-bull story, his adversary might, if he knew about this testimony in advance, be able to procure witnesses of his own to refute it.

VI

But no revision in the laws or their administration will wipe out perjury so long as the legal profession countenances and encourages it. If it is true—as lawyers and judges frankly admit—that perjury is committed by one side or the other in the great majority of court actions, why, then, it must follow that the great majority of lawyers are privy to perjury. It is conceivable that an occasional litigant might succeed in withholding material facts from his lawyer, but it is not likely that a lawyer of any astuteness at all would be unable to worm all the facts out of his client if he wanted to do so. Assuming, then, that a lawyer knows the facts, and assuming that they are unfavorable to his client's case, he will naturally be tempted to suggest ways and means by which the facts can be materially exaggerated and distorted, if not actually misrepresented. Should he yield to this temptation he will become guilty of subornation of perjury, which, like perjury, is punishable by a prison sentence. But convictions for this offense are even fewer than convictions for perjury, except when an infrequent investigation is held. In the great majority of cases the lawyer who coaches his witnesses to misrepresent the truth has nothing to fear and everything to gain.

A lawyer's fee, it must be remembered, is commensurate with his success in winning a favorable verdict, and this applies to lawyers of both high and low degree. But the lawyers who are the most desperately anxious to win their cases are those who work on a contingent fee basis in personal injury and other types of cases. The average lawyer of this school employs "runners" or ambulance chasers who gather news of accidents at the police stations and hasten to the victims to offer them their employer's professional services.

When the lawyer has been put in touch with the injured person he magnanimously offers to collect handsome damages for him without charging a cent for his services. He will only ask the victim to sign a paper agreeing to share the anticipated damages with the lawyer on a fifty-fifty basis. If the lawyer thinks the case looks like a particularly remunerative one he may advance money to his client in order to win his confidence further. A complaint is then entered and large damages are demanded. Should the street-car company, railroad, or other public service corporation refuse to settle the case for the desired sum and the matter comes to trial, the negligence lawyer will put the victim of the accident on the stand and have him tell a story pathetic enough to wring the heart of any jury; and he will have the story corroborated by a doctor in his employ. As a result of such machinations damages are frequently collected that are out of all proportion to the seriousness of the injury or the actual liability of the defendant.

Negligence lawyers became so bold in their operations in New York several years ago that an "Ambulance-Chasing Investigation" was initiated by the Supreme Court of the First and Second Departments. The outcome of this investigation was that sixteen lawyers were disbarred, eighteen were suspended, and thirteen were censured. A similar inquiry was held in Milwaukee not long ago, with similar results. But the ripples of such investigations soon subside, and the courts once again afford smooth sailing to negligence lawyers. As a result, "a negligence law suit without perjury is almost as rare to-day as a glass of good Pilsener," to quote Professor I. Maurice Wormser, Editor of the *New York Law Journal*.

There has been more than a little agitation for a law which would make the collection of contingent fees illegal.

But such a radical remedy might kill the poor patient, the public, since it would make it impossible for the man of no means to secure legal representation. In this connection, it is interesting to know that Abraham Lincoln took cases on such a basis. A far better remedy, as Mr. Wormser and others have urged, would be to place contingent fees under the supervision of the court so that no lawyer could charge an exorbitant price for his services. A canon making this recommendation was passed by the American Bar Association in 1908, but so far as the writer can ascertain no laws have been enacted giving courts the right of supervision over retainer contracts between attorneys and their clients.

Higher standards for admission to the bar would tend to purge the profession of that undesirable substratum of lawyers who have so little education and background that they cannot carry on a legitimate practice. But society would still have to reckon with the more reputable members of the profession whose consciences cannot all be as white as snow. There is in this country an eminent and unusually brilliant attorney—recently elevated to one of our highest federal courts—who in defending a contract case was heard to coach a witness while he was escorting him to the stand. "Remember," he said, "that your authority to purchase did not exceed one hundred barrels." One of the attorneys for the plaintiff, whom the writer knows, was positive that the purchasing agent's authority had not been limited as claimed, and he personally believes that his distinguished opponent was guilty of subornation of perjury.

Undoubtedly there are some members of the profession who practice as "gentlemen and officers of the court." A lawyer of this stamp should not only be above suborning perjury but he

should be quick to call the court's attention to any misstatements that his witnesses inadvertently make. One New York lawyer walked out on a negligence case when he discovered that his client was lying about the facts of an accident. This same lawyer declined to continue to act as counsel for a multimillionaire in a long-contested divorce suit that involved much questionable testimony. There are probably other lawyers like him, but, in the opinion of a cynical New York attorney of long experience, the greater part of these honorable practitioners of the law have had the good fortune to inherit or to marry money, although he admits that there are a few lawyers without a private income who have preferred a modest practice to a very large one built up by unscrupulous methods.

Some members of the bar condone if they do not defend the dubious practices of their fellows on the ground that lawyers are no worse or no better than any other group of business men. But that is beside the point, just as a similar defense of the present-day practices of certain members of the medical profession is beside the point. Lawyers, like doctors, are in an ideal sense trustees for society, and we have a right to expect that they shall represent a higher average of character and intelligence than the mill-run variety of business men. Chief Justice Cardozo of the New York Court of Appeals has said, "Membership in the bar is a privilege burdened with conditions. A member is received into that ancient fellowship

for something more than private gain. He becomes an officer of the court and, like the court itself, an instrument or agency to advance the ends of justice. His co-operation with the court is due whenever justice would be imperilled if co-operation were withheld."

That there are to-day comparatively few lawyers who give such co-operation to the courts was plainly implied by a former president of the New York State Bar Association when he said, "If the lawyers of this State would positively discourage false swearing on the part of their own clients and honestly endeavor to have it punished when committed by the clients of their adversary, the crime would grow suddenly less."

With such low standards prevailing in the legal profession, prospects for a reformation of the courts at the present time are not bright. In the first place there can be no revision of the laws governing the apprehension and punishment of perjurers without the acquiescence of those many lawyers of philistine philosophy who pack our legislatures. This class of lawyer is not likely to approve of a change in the statutes which would make chicanery hazardous for lawyer and client alike. If such a change could be effected in the laws, conditions would not be greatly improved unless the bar associations and the leaders of the profession would give up their *laissez-faire* policy and determine to discipline summarily all lawyers who soil their hands with perjury.



THE CANE AND THE SCHOOLBOY

A NOTE ON ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL DISCIPLINE

BY GEOFFREY LAYMAN

SHORTLY after Dicky, the elder of our two sons, who is aged ten years and is in the middle of his second year at what we call in England a "Preparatory" School, returned home for the holidays last summer, it became known in the family circle that during the previous term he had been whacked. John, aged six, has always looked up to his elder, as a younger brother should; but from that moment his respect merged into awe. Even Mary, aged fourteen, was impressed. I confined the expression of my emotions to placing a cushion on his chair next morning at breakfast. What his mother thought about it I'm not quite sure.

Although of course we betrayed no previous knowledge of the interesting event, it had, as a matter of fact, been communicated to us at the time of its occurrence by the Headmaster of the school. He had not asked our permission to beat our son with a cane; he merely informed us that he had done so, and why. He knew that we knew that corporal chastisement was a part of the system of discipline in that school, as indeed it is in 75 per cent of English Preparatory Schools and in all English Public Schools. If we had been the sort of parents who objected to corporal punishment we should have selected some school where the cane was not used. If, on the other hand, we had made no inquiry beforehand

and then had protested against the indignity to which our son had been subjected and had forbidden the headmaster to repeat the performance should occasion arise, he would have asked us to remove the boy from the school on the ground that you cannot have in the same school different boys subject to different kinds of discipline. In short, by sending the boy to school we have delegated our parental authority, for so long as he is at school, to the headmaster. If we dislike the manner in which he exercises it our only remedy is to remove the boy from the school.

The reason assigned by the headmaster for his assault upon our offspring was that his work was not as good as it might have been and as it ought to have been—in other words, that he was a lazy young beggar and that he wanted waking up. And it *did* wake him up. He was not in the least ashamed of having been whacked. On the contrary, I have no doubt that as he emerged from the headmaster's study, dry-eyed but rather white about the gills, he felt a distinct glow of satisfaction: he was, for the time being, a hero in a small way among the other boys, and probably made rather a parade for the next two or three days of not being able to sit down with any ease or comfort. He was quite proud of having had a licking; *but he didn't want it to happen again.* Having, for

the first half of the term, remained steadily near the bottom of the Form, he proceeded to go straight up to the top and remain there. He was moved up this term and now, as I see from his half-term report, is very near the top of his new Form. In short, having found out that idleness carries with it certain penalties, he has decided that it is worth while taking some trouble to avoid those penalties, and he has, therefore, ceased to be idle. It is a lesson which I hope, and believe, he will carry with him to his Public School and thence into the larger world, where the penalties for idleness, though not so sharp and immediate, are likely in the long run to be more permanent and more disastrous. And it is a lesson which I do not believe he would have learned so quickly or so efficiently by any other method.

II

At my own Preparatory School, as at Dicky's, the power of the cane was wielded by the headmaster alone, and usually in private. Only on rare and awful occasions was there a public execution. During the four years of my attendance only one such occasion arose: the victim, aged about twelve, was a boy of so incorrigibly unruly a character that eventually he had to be removed from the school, and his offense was that in a moment of irritation he had publicly applied to his Form master an epithet which I cannot repeat.

At most Public Schools the infliction of corporal punishment apart from prefects' lickings, which are a separate part of our subject, is limited to the headmaster and the House masters; but at my own, by a tradition which had endured during the four hundred years of its existence, every master had his cane and, if called upon to use it, used it in open Form. Among

those who regard corporal punishment as a degrading and brutal anachronism which ought to be banished from our schools it is apparently imagined that flogging is a daily, almost an hourly, occurrence, and that in every school, and at most hours of the day, the shrill whistle of the cane and the heartrending cries of tortured schoolboys are to be heard. This is not really so. At my Preparatory School I doubt whether more than two or three boys out of the whole five hundred got caned in a year. I myself, without, so far as I am aware, ever having been unusually virtuous, escaped wholly unscathed. At my Public School, with over six hundred boys, where every one of the thirty or so masters possessed and on occasion used a cane, I witnessed only one execution besides the one in which I myself took a prominent, if passive, part. But about twice a term the denizens of such and such a Form, emerging from morning school, would report that Old Hancock, or Uncle Bob, or Snuffles, or whatever other irreverent nickname the Form master enjoyed, had whacked Smith minor, or that cocky young ass, young Underwood; and the number of stripes inflicted, the comparative skill or inefficiency with which they had been applied, the nature of the offense, and the behavior of Master Smith or Master Underwood would be eagerly canvassed and discussed. The "form" of every master was known to a nicety. The aforementioned Uncle Bob was wholly ineffective in this, as in all other of his visible activities. He was incapable of preserving any semblance of discipline, and his Form, the Lower Fourth, was a bear-garden where no boy dreamed of doing any work. He was not a House master, and lived with his wife (they had no children) in the outskirts of the town. Whether he was happy at home I cannot tell; but his life in school must have been one long torment—the brutality of boys to

one another is as nothing to their brutality to an adult whom they despise and over whom they have the mastery. Once in a while, after a more than usually outrageous impertinence, Uncle Bob would announce to the offender that he had now gone too far and must be caned. Successive generations of Lower Fourths had evolved during the twenty-five years of Uncle Bob's purgatory a ritual for such occasions which was never varied. Whereas in all other Forms it was a point of honor to get through a licking without a sound, no such reticence was expected of the victim in the Lower Fourth, precisely because it was inconceivable that any boy, however tender, could really be hurt by one of Uncle Bob's lickings. While Uncle Bob was fetching his cane out of his cupboard the boy, already wiping wholly imaginary tears from his eyes with a handkerchief—his own and his neighbor's—in each hand and loudly imploring mercy, would proceed to the middle of the room, where Uncle Bob, unmoved by the most frantic appeals and promises of amendment, would order him to kneel on the floor and would then deliver six short flicks with the cane which would hardly have hurt a fly, ejaculating a loud "tchk" between each flick, while the victim gasped and moaned and ultimately returned to his desk, at which for the remainder of the morning he affected to be unable to sit.

It was a performance of which successive Lower Fourths never grew tired.

But Uncle Bob was unique. A caning by Snuffles was a very different affair. There was nothing wrong with Snuffles' discipline, and a caning consequently was a rare event in his Form. But when it took place the performance was brief, wholly unamusing, and highly efficient. Bent over a desk, so that the seat of his trousers was drawn

as tight as possible, the sufferer received four of the best, all on precisely the same spot; and the elapsed time from the moment when Snuffles said, "Come out here, sir, and be caned" until the moment when the offender had returned, white and silent, to his seat and the Form was getting on, very diligently, with its work, was about two minutes. We did not like Snuffles but we deeply respected him; and as the only offenses which he deemed to be worthy of the cane were offenses which we ourselves disliked or despised, we had little sympathy with the sufferers. In Snuffles' Form the ordinary kinds of indiscipline—noisiness, impertinence, or gross idleness—simply did not happen. During my seven years at school three boys were caned by him. In two cases the offense was cribbing in examinations; and while the English schoolboy has no objection to the use of a crib for the daily preparation of his work, the smuggling of slips of paper into the examination room, or the surreptitious overlooking of the next boy's work are among those things (or they were at my school) which are not done. The third case was in Snuffles' House—a House affair and not a Form affair; and as the House kept pretty quiet about it, and I was in another House, I knew little more than that it had taken place and that it was generally felt that the boy had deserved what he got.

III

I have suggested above that a caning ("flogging"—so frequently used in this connection—is really a wholly inappropriate word) is a far rarer occurrence in an English school than the perusal of stories of school life or the denunciations of those who wish to abolish corporal punishment altogether would lead us to suppose. It would, I think, be safe to say that even thirty

years ago, when I was at school, the great majority of boys went through the school without ever getting a taste of the cane: of the six hundred boys at my school at any given moment, four hundred at least would leave school without having experienced even a Prefects' licking, let alone a public execution in Form or a private chastisement in the House master's or Headmaster's study.

My own case was peculiar. I was, I imagine, a very average boy. At my Preparatory School, although of course I was pretty often in trouble of one kind or another and was not infrequently kept in or made to write out one hundred lines of "The Armada" (chosen because its lines are longer than those of any other poem in the English language; to this day I can repeat the first hundred lines of "The Armada" without a check or a fault), I was never within a mile of getting caned, and, being perhaps at that age somewhat unusually careful of my own skin, I took jolly good care not to come within a mile of it. And at my Public School, but for a piece of midsummer madness which descended upon me out of a blue sky, my career would have been similarly unadventurous.

What happened was this. Each boy had a desk in his own Form room where he kept his books; and as the next day's preparation was done in the House after school hours, it was necessary, at the end of each day, to carry from Form room to House such books as were required for the purpose of preparation. After school hours the Form rooms were locked up. If, therefore, one forgot a necessary book, one had either to borrow it from a friend in the House (other Houses were inaccessible) or go without.

On the occasion in question, I being at the time aged fourteen and one-half and in the Upper Fourth, I found, on

sitting down to my prep, that I had left my French book behind. I could not borrow another, for, being somewhat advanced in French, I was in a special class for that subject, and it happened that no other boy in the House was in the same class. I was unable, therefore, to do the set task—a thing which, boys being what they are, might happen, and in fact did happen to all of us at times. The French master was a strict disciplinarian (and in that respect was unlike any other French master I have ever known or heard of: at my Preparatory School you could hear the French class a mile away, with poor old Delacour's wheezy bellow—he had lost a lung at Gravelotte—vainly striving to make itself heard above a perfect babel of boyish voices). He was an Alsatian, named Schwarz, with more of the Prussian, I suspect, than of the Frenchman in his make-up: a bit of a beast, but a good teacher and reasonable enough unless he suspected that a boy was being defiant or insolent. Next morning I confessed my crime, and was duly condemned, as I expected to be, to do the lesson after hours and in addition to learn by heart twenty lines of Racine. All very usual and ordinary. But by an unhappy mischance I did precisely the same thing again next week. When Schwarz asked for my work, and I was again compelled to tell him I hadn't done it and why, he looked at me pretty hard. He had a harsh but good accent, and his English was excellent, but betrayed the foreigner (and especially the German) by its very precision. "I do not know, Layman," he said, "whether you are a very silly boy or a very insolent boy. You will do the work after school and you will learn fifty lines. But if this happens again this term you will be caned." And I'm damned if it didn't happen again the very next time! To this day I can't imagine how it happened: it was

simply, as I have said, midsummer madness—the kind of inconsequent thoughtlessness common enough to English and American boys, but quite incomprehensible to a precise, methodical, disciplined Teuton.

The moment I discovered, on sitting down to my prep, that I had again omitted to bring back my French book, I realized that, as certainly as the sun would rise next day, so certainly should I get a licking from Schwarz. I had no hope either of mercy or a miracle. And although Schwarz was not a star performer like Snuffles, a licking from him was known to be no matter for jesting.

It was a bad moment—as bad a moment, taking into consideration my tender years, as I have ever suffered—and the hours that followed were no better. I was frightened and miserable. But (and I am sure of this) it never entered my head to question either the justice or the humanity of the ordeal which I was doomed to undergo. And (and I am sure of this also) my fear was fear not of pain, but of showing pain. I was desperately and miserably afraid, not of the licking itself, but of falling short of the schoolboy code which (with reservations in the case of a licking by Uncle Bob) prescribed silence and a dry eye as the appropriate demeanor for the licked. Ninety-nine out of every hundred men who were in the War will remember the fear of being afraid.

The thing itself was neither worse nor better than I expected. I got four. They were extremely painful and each was a good deal more painful than its predecessor. I succeeded, with considerable difficulty, in refraining from making any sound. I remember that as I walked back to my desk I felt deadly sick. But I also felt very pleased with myself. And I certainly felt no atom of shame or disgrace.

IV

Just as, in school, discipline was maintained for the most part by the Form masters, and the Headmaster dealt only with cases involving serious moral turpitude, so in the Houses the maintenance of discipline rested for the most part in the hands of the House Prefects, and, while the influence of the House master was all important, and the whole House took its tone from him, it was but rarely that his direct intervention was necessary.

It is possible, and by no means uncommon, for a grown man to exercise complete authority over boys by force of character alone, without recourse either to the exercise or the threat of physical sanctions. Although I believe, for reasons which I shall state, that corporal punishment has a proper and salutary place in the upbringing of boys, I am very far from believing that the exercise of a due measure of control would be impossible without it, although I do believe that it would be more difficult. The exercise of authority by elder boys over younger is, however, a different matter. Assuming for the moment that it is right in principle that such control should be exercised at all, it is, I think, clear that it can be effectively exercised only if those whose duty it is to exercise it can either fall back upon a higher authority, *i.e.* can, in the case under consideration, report a delinquent, if necessary, to the House master, or, if they have the power, also in case of necessity, can enforce their authority, as governments enforce theirs, by physical means.

And as the first of these alternatives, the reporting of one boy to a master by another, is wholly outside the moral conception of a schoolboy, it followed that the House Prefects possessed, under prescribed conditions and within strict limits, the power of the rod.

Prefects' lickings were limited to

three strokes, to be delivered with a cane officially supplied for the purpose and kept by the House master, so that it had to be obtained from him on each occasion. They took place in the Prefects' Common Room, after tea, and could be inflicted only with the concurrence and in the presence of not less than three Prefects (there were six House Prefects in each House), each of whom, whether by actual rule or by mere tradition I could never discover, could inflict not more than one stroke. Each licking, with the name of the victim, the nature of the offense, and the signatures of the three officiating Prefects, must be inscribed in a book kept for the purpose, which book was open at all times to the inspection of the House master. (I never knew him to inspect it, but I imagine that he had a pretty shrewd idea of just how many lickings took place and who got them and what for. He was a man of few words and extreme quietness of demeanor, but he didn't miss much of what went on in his House.) And finally the culprit had a right of appeal to the House master—a right which in my time was never exercised. In my House, and, I have no doubt at all, in all the other Houses, these rules had the force of tradition, *i.e.* it was unthinkable by any of us that they should be violated.

The rules were never violated, but in one respect they were stretched. The only offenses for which a Prefects' licking could be inflicted were absence from games without lawful excuse (it was a lawful excuse that a boy had been kept in by his Form master; one of the most poignant of Kipling's *Stalkey* tales could not have been written of us), and kicking up a shindy during prep hours or after lights out; and those were the only offenses which were ever entered in the book. But we had our Common Law—the law of tradition embodied in the decisions of

successive generations of Prefects—as well as our Statute Law. Smoking was, of course, forbidden by the rules of the School, and the prescribed and invariable penalty for the offense, by whomsoever committed and whatsoever his eminence or dignity, was a House master's licking. But by our own rules smoking was permitted to any boy who was in the Sixth or had attained the age of seventeen years; and those who enjoyed the privilege saw to it that their dignity was not invaded by the lesser fry, under penalty of a Prefects' licking, entered in the book under the heading of "making a row after lights out" or "in prep hours" according to the fancy of the court. Other offenses against school-boy ethics, tradition, or the credit of the School or the House—gross and persistent uncleanness, deliberate disregard of certain traditional and wholly unofficial sumptuary laws, discreditable behavior in public and especially in the presence of boys from other schools, *e.g.* at a School match or on a Public Schools field-day, and such like—were similarly dealt with.

Undoubtedly Prefects' lickings were more frequent than Masters' lickings. In my House there were probably five or six a term; if they had been substantially more frequent in any other House I am sure I should have known. But they were inflicted with a real sense of responsibility. The idea that boys, having been licked themselves when young, look forward to licking others when they are older is, in my experience, quite untrue. When I became a House Prefect I and my colleagues were, I think, a perfectly normal and ordinary lot, and we certainly definitely disliked the infliction of stripes. We felt on the one hand that the discipline and tone of the House rested very largely in our hands—as indeed it did, though not perhaps to so great an extent as we believed—and

that, even apart from any question of our own personal dignity, we could not afford, by being too gentle, to let it down. On the other hand, we were definitely afraid of hitting too hard, to such an extent that we not infrequently held rehearsals among ourselves! In the twenty-five years since I left school I have met men from nearly every English Public School; and I have heard of a good many cases in which the Prefects' authority was too slack, but of none in which it was abused.

V

Well, there are the facts, as I knew them twenty-five years ago, regarding "flogging" in the English Public Schools; and from inquiries I have made I am satisfied that they are much the same to-day. What are we to say regarding them? Is "flogging" a relic of barbarism, or a symptom of sadism, which, in either case, should be wholly abolished in a civilized community? Is it, like the death penalty, an *ultima ratio* which should be reserved only for exceptional cases of extreme gravity? Is it, within proper limits, a perfectly normal and healthy method of exercising and enforcing authority over a herd of riotous young animals, full of high spirits and thoughtlessness, who need, as young horses need, to come at times sharply up against the curb in order to learn, quickly and effectively and once for all, that respect for duly constituted authority is an essential element in the life of a civilized community? Or is it finally, as I have heard it said, an indispensable ingredient in the high and holy ritual of the education of that godlike being, an "English Gentleman"—a creature who, I suspect, never really existed outside the pages of Ouida?

The most common accusation brought against the institution is that it is both degrading and brutalizing.

I might answer (and it would be a true answer) that I and most of my friends were brought up under it, and that I should be very slow to admit that we are either degraded or brutalized. After all, the question of whether an act or a penalty is degrading is purely relative; it depends upon the minds both of those who suffer it and of those who witness and inflict it. It is surely a mistake (and, if I may say so, a mistake to which the great American nation is peculiarly prone) to suppose that what may be true in one set of circumstances is necessarily true in all circumstances: nothing, for example, has done more harm in Africa than the firm belief of most missionaries that, because nakedness is open to certain objections in Europe and America, it is open to the same objections in Africa, and that, therefore, no native can become a Christian unless he or she puts on clothes. Corporal punishment is degrading where, and only where, public opinion so regards it; and public opinion in an English Public School definitely does not so regard it. The boy who has been caned and has got through it without a sound, so far from feeling degraded, considers himself, and is so considered by his fellows, as a bit of a hero; and the boy who blubbers is ashamed, not of having been caned, but of having blubbered. As for corporal punishment being brutalizing, that is largely a question of fact. If it were the case that masters and prefects enjoyed caning small boys and that small boys enjoyed seeing one another caned, then the sooner the institution were abolished the better. I can only say that in my experience caning gave no pleasure whatsoever to the inflicter and none (except in Uncle Bob's Form) to the beholder.

I do not believe that the infliction of corporal punishment on boys is, as such, either degrading or brutalizing.

That there may be exceptional cases I will not deny. There are some boys, timid and sensitive to an unusual degree, who are likely to suffer definite and possibly permanent harm from the infliction of a caning. But, assuming that their parents were unwise enough to send them into the rough and tumble of school life, it is extremely unlikely that they would ever commit the sort of offense which would render them liable to a caning; and if they did, there is a fair chance that the master, who gets to know a good deal about boys, would recognize the exceptional case and deal with it accordingly. It is true that, although I myself was by no means unduly timid or sensitive, the offense for which I was caned was precisely such an offense as such a boy, dreamy and other-worldly, might commit. I do not, however, think that any English master would have caned me in the circumstances I have related. Schwarz did not cane me because I had forgotten my books but because he thought I was attempting to defy him; and no English master would have made that mistake. I doubt whether any man ought to be given the power of severe punishment, implying as it does the necessity of real understanding, over boys (or men either) of another race and upbringing. But, admitted that, notwithstanding these qualifications, there may be exceptional cases, is there any human institution in existence that is incapable of making an occasional mistake? If, here and there, is a man who may have suffered harm from an unwisely administered chastisement in his youth, is there none who might have been saved from much suffering, his own and others', by a sharp and timely correction?

So much for the negative side of the question. I see no reason to think that caning, as practiced in the English schools, is harmful. But is it benefi-

cial? Does it contribute anything to the boy's education?

I believe that it does. My own boy was whacked last summer term for being an idle young beggar. And, so far as can be seen, he has, as a result, ceased to be an idle young beggar, at any rate for the time being, without visibly losing any of his other engaging attributes. Nor has this result been produced mainly, or even largely, by the fear of pain. He certainly does not want to get whacked again and will take a good deal of trouble to avoid it. But he has also learned, or has begun to learn, that this world is a place where no one can play all the time, that a certain amount of good honest labor is necessary if you want to keep out of trouble, and, above all, that working for a definite object is not at all unamusing. He is working hard now, and he is doing so not because he's afraid of another licking, but because, having got to the top of his Form, he wants to stay there and, having found that his mother and I are pleased with him, he wants us to go on being pleased. And he has achieved this change of outlook at the cost of six sharp flicks on his backside which gave him at the most half an hour's discomfort and unhappiness, and were not without a compensating glow of satisfaction—rather like that of the Indian brave after the trying ordeal of initiation. To have achieved the same result by any other means would, I am convinced, have been a long process, involving a great deal of trouble to his master and myself and a great deal of perplexity and possibly unhappiness for him.

I admit that this is an exceptionally favorable case. But even if nine cases out of ten are less fruitful of positive and (I hope) permanent results, I am convinced that it is a wise thing for children, and especially for boys, to learn at an early age that discipline is an essential condition of

an ordered community; and there is, in my opinion, no better, and certainly no quicker, way by which young boys can learn that lesson than by an occasional reminder, sharply impressed upon the seat of the trousers and thence conveyed to the mind, that the ultimate sanction of all discipline, in this imperfect world, is physical force. And if this is true of the infliction of corporal punishment by masters, it is doubly true of prefects' lickings. If any responsibility is to be delegated to older boys for the control of younger boys, it seems to me clear that you cannot expect that control to be exercised by moral ascendancy alone. It must be enforced either by tale-bearing or by the ultimate power of the rod, and I have no doubt at all that the latter, under proper conditions and

safeguards, is the better. It may, of course, be argued that the principle of delegating authority in a school from the masters to the older boys is wrong. To discuss that question would take us far outside the limits of this article. The principle is inherent in the whole theory of English middle- and upper-class education, which has never been directed solely to the acquisition of knowledge but always largely to the acquisition of capacity. The basis on which the prefectorial system is built is the delegation of responsibility; and we believe that it is worth while to teach our boys, while they are still teachable, that the acceptance of responsibility should be regarded as a duty no less than a prize, and its administration as a trust no less than a privilege.

REVERSAL

BY ORRICK JOHNS

THE earth with opening dies, with every flower
 Wastes substance like a mother giving birth;
 The sun grows fainter as each burning hour
 Steals off its golden shred and falls to earth.
 The hurrying day comes on to show its pride
 And runs the faster to a rosy death;
 The bridegroom is the assassin of the bride,
 Yea, lungs must perish by their darling, breath.
 But where her beauty comes all moments wait
 Till they are hours and mornings keep their dawn,
 And she holds every loveliness so late
 It leaves her half itself when it is gone.
 Now in this treasury my small chain of art
 I too may drop and richlier depart.



THREE STORIES

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

Translated from the French by Jacques Chambrun

THE HOUSE

FIVE years ago, when I was so very ill," she said, "I noticed I had the same dream every night. I would walk in the country and, from afar, would see a house, white, low, and long, surrounded by a grove of lindens. At the left of the house a meadow edged with poplars made a pleasing break in the symmetry of the background, and the tops of these trees, which could be seen from a distance, swayed above the lindens.

"In my dream I was drawn to this house and would walk towards it. At the entrance was a gate, painted white. Then I would follow a gracefully curving path, bordered by trees, under which I would find spring flowers, primroses, periwinkles, and anemones, which faded the moment I picked them. Then the path ended, and I was within a few steps of the house.

"In front of it was a large lawn, clipped like English turf, and almost bare, with only one long bed of violet, red, and white flowers, which produced a delightfull effect in this green stretch. The house, of white stone, had a huge roof of blue slate. The door, of light colored oak, with carved panels, was at the head of a short flight of steps. I longed to go inside the house, but no one would answer me. I was greatly

disappointed; I rang, I shouted, and at last I would awake.

"Such was my dream, and it was repeated month after month with such precision and fidelity that I ended by thinking I certainly must have seen this park and this château in my childhood. However, in my waking state I could not visualize it, and the quest for it became so strong an obsession that one summer, having learned to drive a small car, I decided to spend my vacation on the highways of France, seeking the house of my dream.

"I shall not tell you my travels in detail. I explored Normandy, Touraine, Poitou; but I found nothing. In October I returned to Paris, and all winter long I went on dreaming about the white house. Last spring I resumed my drives through the country about Paris. One day, while on a hill near Orleans, I suddenly felt an agreeable shock, that curious emotion one feels when recognizing after long absence people or places one has loved. Although I had never been in this region before, I recognized perfectly the country which lay at my right. The tops of poplars crowned a grove of linden trees. Through their foliage, still sparse, one sensed that there was a house.

"Then I knew that I had found the château of my dreams. Quite natu-

rally, I knew that, a hundred yards farther on, a narrow road would cut the highway. I took it. It led me to a white gate, and there was the path I had so often followed. Beneath the trees I admired the soft colored carpet formed by the periwinkles, primroses, and anemones. When I came out from under the arching lindens, I could see the green lawn and the small stoop, at the top of which was the door of light colored oak. I got out of my car, walked rapidly up the steps, and rang the bell. I was very much afraid nobody would answer, but almost immediately a servant appeared. He was a man with a melancholy face, very old, wearing a black coat. Upon seeing me he seemed surprised, and looked at me attentively without speaking.

"I beg your pardon," I said. "I am going to make a strange request. I do not know the owners of this house, but I should greatly appreciate their permission to see it."

"The château is to let, Madame," he said, "I am here to show it."

"To let?" I said. "What an unexpected piece of luck! . . . How is it the owners themselves aren't living in this fascinating house?"

"The owners did live in it, Madame. They left only when the house became haunted."

"Haunted?" I said. . . . "That certainly won't stop me. I did not know that in the French countryside they still believed in ghosts. . . ."

"I shouldn't believe it either, Madame," he said in all seriousness, "if I had not myself so often met at night in the park the ghost that drove my masters away."

"What a story!" I exclaimed, trying to smile, but not without a strange uneasiness.

"A story," said the old man with an air of reproach, "that you, least of all, Madame, should not laugh at, since that ghost was you."

THE CATHEDRAL

IN the year 18—a student stopped in front of an art dealer's window on the Avenue de l'Opéra. In this window was displayed a canvas by Manet, the Cathedral of Chartres. At that time Manet's work was known to only a few amateurs; but the passer-by had good taste, and the beauty of the painting made his heart beat faster. He went back several times to see it. Finally he plucked up enough courage to enter and ask its price.

"Dear me," said the dealer, "it's been here a long time. I can let you have it for two thousand francs."

The student did not have that amount, but he belonged to a provincial family of some means. When he was leaving home for Paris one of his uncles had said, "I know what a young man's life is. In case of urgent need, write to me." He asked the dealer to hold the painting for a week, and he wrote to his uncle.

This young man had a mistress in Paris who, married to a man much older than herself, was bored. She was somewhat vulgar, somewhat silly, but pretty. The night the student had asked the price of the Cathedral, she said to him, "To-morrow I am expecting a childhood friend from Toulon to visit me. My husband hasn't the time to take us around. I rely on you."

The friend arrived, accompanied by still another friend. For several days the student had to show the three women around Paris. As he had to pay for meals, cabs, and theater tickets, his monthly allowance was soon spent. He borrowed from a friend and was beginning to feel worried when he received a letter from his uncle. It contained two thousand francs. It was a great relief. He paid his debts and gave his mistress a present. A collector bought the

Cathedral and, a long time afterward, bequeathed his paintings to the Louvre.

The student is now a celebrated author. But his heart is still young. He is still capable of stopping, all thrilled, at the sight of a beautiful landscape, or woman. Often in the street, coming and going from his home, he meets an old lady living in the house next door. This old lady is his former mistress. Her face is disfigured by fat, her eyes—once so beautiful—have pouches under them, and her upper lip bristles with gray hairs. She has difficulty in walking, and it is easy to imagine her flabby legs. The author bows, but does not stop, for he knows her to be malicious, and he dislikes to remember that he has ever loved her.

Sometimes he enters the Louvre and goes up to the gallery where the Cathedral hangs. He looks at it a long time and sighs.

THE ANTS

A CERTAIN New York department store sold live ants in its toy department. Between two pieces of glass, held together by gummed paper, a community of little brown monsters moved about excitedly and worked. The salesman had given the ants a little sand in which they had traced converging galleries. In the center was a creature larger than the rest, almost always motionless. It was the Queen, which the workers fed respectfully.

"They give no trouble," explained the salesman. "All you have to do is put a drop of honey in this opening once a month. Just one drop, and the ants will take care of its transportation and distribution."

"Only one drop a month?" questioned the young woman. . . . "One drop will feed all these people a whole month?"

She was wearing a white straw hat and a flowered organdie dress. Her arms were bare. The salesman, who was young, looked at her wistfully.

"One drop is enough," he repeated.

"It's charming," she said.

And she bought the transparent ant-hill.

"Darling," she said, "have you seen my ants?" She held the thin, swarming glass case between her pale fingers with their tinted nails. Her husband, seated beside her, was admiring the curve of her neck.

"How interesting you make life, darling," he said. . . . "With you everything is new, varied. . . . Last night, that concert; the day before, Adler's lecture; to-day, these ants. . . . You cannot imagine how restful it is for me when I come home at night. . . ."

"Look, darling," she exclaimed with the childlike exuberance he loved (and she knew it), "Do you see that giant ant? That's the Queen. The others wait on her. I feed them myself. And, think of it, dear, one drop of honey a month is enough. . . . Isn't it poetical!"

He kissed her.

At the end of a week her husband and friends had all tired of the ant-hill. She, too, had tired of it. She put it in her room behind the mirror on the mantelpiece, so as not to see it again. At the end of the month she forgot the drop of honey. The ants died slowly of hunger. But up to the end they kept a bit of honey for their Queen, who was the last to die.



THE REAL FRONTIER

A PREFACE TO MARK TWAIN

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

THE Missouri in which Samuel Clemens's eyes opened was frontier, and that it was frontier is the whole truth about the works of Mark Twain, a writer of books.

But the word "frontier" has passed into the keeping of theory-makers, whose notions have marvelously distorted it. Current literary opinion fails to approve the frontier. On evidence not submitted, the frontier folk are now held to have been Puritans given to a rigid suppression of emotion, particularly sexual emotion, and given also to deplorable license in emotion which produced camp meetings, lynchings, and sexual debauch. Also, these pioneer-Puritans are held to have been disciples of Rousseau who had moved West with an idea of sucking at nature's breast doctrines of primitive perfection and finding in the wilderness an age of innocence conducted by the noble savage. The perceptible incompatibilities, however, cause no embarrassment, for it is also charged against frontiersmen that they offered no encouragement whatever to artists, neglecting to praise *Moby Dick* and *Leaves of Grass* a generation before they were written. They were extroverted, they suppressed individuality, they obeyed the dreadful compulsions of the herd, they were barren of art, they scourged their souls with Old Testament terrors. Above all, they were universally a repressed people who feared joy and pleasure,

living out their lives in gloom. And, further, the land they lived in was repellent.

These notions and the industry that has begotten them make laborious the effort to arrive at the real facts about Florida, Missouri, where Samuel Clemens was born, and Hannibal, Missouri, where he grew up: two drowsy hamlets whose life was umbilical to a great man's mind.

For a moment, the repellent land. Urban America, developing a generation of urban theorists, has found it convenient to condemn rural America. One wonders why an environment held to be commendable for Thoreau is thought unfortunate for Mark Twain.

Hannibal was a town. A gentry lived there; it was a port on the Mississippi; houses, even mansions, had displaced such shacks as covered the population of Florida; and, one day, a railroad would join it to St. Joseph. But though a metropolis compared with Florida, it was not sufficiently important to appear on John Banvard's panorama. Mr. Banvard was a New Yorker who believed himself kin to the Prisoner of Chillon, and who grew to manhood with an ambition of striking simplicity. He aspired to paint the largest picture in the world. Clearly, the largest river in the world was a subject appropriate to the desire; therefore, by 1846 he was painting the Mississippi

on three miles of canvas. He exhibited his masterpiece in the East, where Nat Willis conceded that America at last had an artist commensurate with the grandeur of its scenery. The panorama moved to England, where Charles Dickens commended its size. Banvard's painting had a nice realism in detail, but, on the scale of one to four hundred, it was unable to discover Hannibal.

The river was one side of the village; the other three were countryside, prairie, and forest. The actual border had withdrawn almost to the boundaries of Missouri, so that nowhere within those limits was a family endangered by starvation. There was no menace of attack by the noble savage, who entered Hannibal merely as a herb doctor, a beggar, or a horse-thief, and was usually one of the half-breeds whom a supposedly puritanical race had begotten. The frontier, as a line of hazard, was extinct; but as a condition of simplicity, isolation, and non-competitive society it existed in Hannibal till after Samuel Clemens had gone elsewhere.

The loveliness of prairie and forest suffuses American literature, to make our most authentic theme. It was not hidden from boys. Wilderness, tamed past actual menace, nurtured the memories of Samuel Clemens, out of which came five-sevenths of his books and those of men who were boys when he was. He and they had only to lope past the town pump and on beyond the shot-tower to step into enchantment. One could call one's sling-shot Long Rifle there; beyond Cardiff Hill, rehearsing the still young deeds of Boone or those of Davy Crockett, just then finding print. Bears and wolves had withdrawn westward, but a doe or her fawn was not beyond conjecture. One would remember the strut of turkeys and the drumming of grouse. Spring and fall brought the migratory

hordes, geese, brant, ducks, cranes. No one yet wasted powder on wild pigeons, since they could be knocked from trees with clubs, their eyes dazzled by lightwood fires. Samuel Clemens remembered flocks of them that hid the sun.

The forest sheltered the outlawry of Robin Hood. One might pass from that to make romance of Murrell, and Lafitte, and Captain Kidd, whose heroisms were popular in paper-backed literature. But enchantment was not solely the freedom to be Uncas or Friar Tuck or the Red Handed—though someone may yet find forest boyhood in America's buccaneering businesses in the last decades of the century. There was a deeper enchantment. The rural nation had isolation at arm's length; if transcendentalism had not crossed the sea, it must have developed here independently. American pantheism added solitude to German metaphysics, necessarily. Frontier mothers taught their sons astronomy, so that the planets made a map in the minds of boys as surely as spark plugs ignite carburetted gasoline in the minds of their great-grandchildren in 1931. One was a botanist and a mineralogist at ten, in outward expression of the enforced communion with the earth. One was bound intimately with the progress of the year.

It is all difficult to recover, now, the autumn fullness when one scuffed through fallen leaves after the nut harvest and the yarbs that would cure toothache or dyspepsia; summer dawns when one lay listening to Jackson's Island coming awake; the tracks of mink or foxes in snow that hid the underbrush; under a faint moon, ice on the river that creaked but would not break till the year turned and sap rose in the maples toward the tree-sweetenin' for next year's coffee. Difficult to recover, and easy to forget when a theory reads the machine age and the reek of

slums into a society that knew solitude and was not frightened by it.

Always a mile would take one into that quiet. Always, too, one was in touch with the crafts and handicrafts the wilderness had generated. If in Hannibal one wore clothes made from store-cloth, that meant one's family was affluent; there were neighbors who wove their own, and the drone of the spinning wheel would always seem to Mark Twain the most melancholy sound in the world. No one rived the beams for his ceiling, or quarter-sawed oak for his chairs; no one cared to be the wright of his own cartwheels or the cooper of his own barrels—but a hundred miles to the west one might find a householder doing all these things. A soap barrel stood in the dooryard waiting the leach of ashes which few to-day would be able to select; and if Hannibal no longer butchered its own beef, its outlanders had not degenerated. But these are routine crafts, items in the hundred skills the householder possessed as a matter of course, and hardly touched the forest. There, meanwhile, one read the signs as Boone and Girty had done, as Fontenelle and Bridger were doing some weeks' journey to the west. There was now no premium of survival on this skill, as there had been when young men in Hannibal were boys. It was reduced to a pride or pageantry, part of the enchantment. But, a vestige, it still lived, and the elders who drowsed along the waterfront were alive to tell about it because they had learned it in their time. The motion of a bough, the tone of a bird's cry that meant surprise, the direction of the wind and of growing moss, the not accidental posture of a stick, the sunbath of a turtle or a water moccasin, the flight of birds before a storm, the indelible markings of a man's voice or his unconscious ties, or a slave's or even a dog's—all this one grew from babyhood to read as a chap-

ter in the frontier's Bible. One would fill pages with such lore when one came to tell about the suspicion of murder in Arkansas or Dawson's Landing, or about the flight of a slave.

Charles Godfrey Leland managed to observe most of America that was incandescent in a long lifetime, and a good part of Europe. He was an initiate of strange secret cults; he knew empirically many things which celebrated people won fame for guessing about; and his competence was in all things amazing but principally so in the accuracy of his judgment. In Florence he met another American man of letters whose books he liked but whose finest works, he said, were invariably bound in silk or muslin and were called "The Three Daughters, or the Misses Clemens." The author of these works he found keenly American, a sharer in a literary quality which Leland knew was confined to the western shore of the Atlantic. "Mark Twain," Leland wrote in 1893, "has the peculiar Indianlike or American faculty of observing innumerable little things which no European would ever think of. There is, I think, a great deal of 'hard old Injun' in him." Mr. Leland confused the Indian's craft with that of his conqueror, which, to be sure, it created. The Indian in Mark was the Indian essential to a race which, for good or ill but to the despair of theorists, had occupied a continent that was all frontier.

II

The frontiersman neglected to behave according to the theories. Notably, he forgot to be joyless. Shooting matches, an ancient sport, became less common as marksmanship ceased to have a value for survival, but all bucolic contests abounded. Nothing is so clearly of hell, in Calvinism, as the theater; yet the tributaries of the great river, so far as there was draft, were the itinerary of

countless show boats. One heard a whistle bellowing in hoarse thirds above the bend; one shouted and raced for the landing, where a tug nursed the *Snow Queen* or the *Fanny Ellsler* in-shore and a uniformed band mounted the texas for a concert. She had been preceded some two weeks by another floating hippodrome and brought rumor of still another to come within a fortnight. Whatever orthodoxy said about pleasure, these could hardly have played to empty benches. Still less, the strolling players.

In the forties the itinerant actor was already a stock figure in literature. There is, furthermore, no limit to his wanderings. The paper-backs present him indifferently in Virginia and Arkansas, and at least one company got far enough west to suffer attrition from Indians. Libraries are filled with the masterpieces acted for the approval of Calvinists before smoky oil lamps in the lofts above crossroads stores. They are melodrama of the type that it has recently been held literary to revive. Heroines, for the most part, have been stolen at birth from noble cradles and are threatened by Englishmen; though Mexicans become villainous with the sharpening of the Texan crisis.

From 1835 on, the melodramas were amplified by the discovery that the stage-negro was laughable. The Main Street of Hannibal, familiar with the displays of circuses and menageries, had now, periodically, the glory of another kind of parade. An actor was more than ever magnificent in black-face, violet swallowtails, and saffron linen, swinging up the street behind a coon band which played the compositions of Dan Rice or Stephen Foster. That night the footlights would smoke before a semi-circle of starched bosoms which, in time, managed to create myths. The discovery that Sambo was funny was, in the main, a Northern one; for the writers of Southern humor

preferred the poor white. This observation may account for the atrocity of negro dialect—or coon talk—that fastened itself on literature. Mrs. Stowe merely lifted it from Christy's Minstrels, making it more abominable, as perhaps a saintly woman must. Christy and his competitors in turn had got it from Northern broadsides and newspapers, where Poe also had observed it; much later this barbarous convention worked back into the South, Nelson Page presenting it with a spurious nicety that passed as realism. Samuel Clemens and George W. Cable and Joel Chandler Harris, meanwhile, had written negro speech, but the convention ignored them, and of late, transferred to Harlem and the Caribbean, has again been accepted as realism.

Christy's eye was better than his ear. He and Rice and Emmett saw what was a common sight even to casual steamboat passengers, the slave dances. Roustabouts, between jobs, patted Juba and jumped Jim Crow; they skinned the Yaller Cat, cut the Pigeon's Wing, raised the hatch, turned Juba into a Jubal Jew, and manipulated the Long Dog scratch—flowing from codified steps to impromptu ones that might become traditional. Christy reproduced these dances to music fashioned by Rice or Foster or the anonymous Shuberts of the first tin-pan-alley. He added improvements of his own, a formality called the cake-walk, unrecognizable in the institution whose name it usurped, and the walk-around, a species of indoor parade. To the dances, which flowed on from him to the vaudeville stage, where they lived unchanged till the recent revival of Christy's sources, he added songs of many kinds. Some were merely the saccharine balladry of the day, others were ingenious burlesques of the operas then current in New Orleans and the East. And still others, contrived by

Foster or men who perceived what Foster had done, precipitated an American art. The jubilee, or spiritual, had numerous begetters. It is worth remembering that one of these was the contrivance of white men smeared with burnt cork, who sang slave songs as interludes between the buck-and-wing and conversation with Mr. Bones.

But first one must scrutinize another attribute of the frontiersman. Incurably musical, Americans working westward carried with them fiddles and a folk art. While the frontier was still a boundary of exploration, the wayfarer expected to find a fiddle or a banjo hanging beside the rifle in the shanty when he sought hospitality. The Calvinist could tune his instrument as handily as he could make hinges for his door; when it was smashed he could make another, one which would be no Guarnerius, truly, but which served its end. He would make a graduated series for his children, whose education included a rule-of-thumb harmony as universal as the astronomy that permitted them to tell time by the seven stars. Hamlin Garland's childhood near Dutcher's Cooly was tinged with the balladry of the Scotch border, sung to fiddles; there was a more native music at Vandermark's Folly, where Herbert Quick grew up; and, indeed, catgut strings were an article of commerce in the fur trade, that there might be music near the Three Tetons in the country of the Blackfeet.

A corn-shucking or a roof-raising would bring out the fiddlers from a day's riding. Contests among them were as common and as enjoyable as camp meetings. They were conduits for the music of the frontier. Antiquarians of our generation have threshed this lowly art, with a surprising yield. The songs the frontiersman sang ranged over a field hardly to be surveyed. The native genius for adaptability was nowhere more resplendent than in this

music, making improbable transformations in easy stride. The march time of a walk-around, intended for display in black-face, became a war tune and in time a sacred anthem, the inheritors of the lost cause having consecrated "Dixie." One of Watts's hymns was corrupted to the Log Cabin campaign. Mormon soldiers going out to crush the army of Albert Sidney Johnston adapted to their need "De Camptown Races," which Foster had composed for the minstrel stage. His "Susanna," of the same species, became a celebration of the trail to Oregon and, later, the gold in Alta, California, and the San Francisco passage of the *Sovereign of the Seas*. The folk seized upon fires, shipwrecks, and jail deliveries as promptly as their descendants make use of transatlantic flights. The resulting ballads worked westward with the migration and have sometimes been fossilized in their perfect state. More often they have incorporated immemorably old French songs that reached the Mississippi with Canadian voyageurs from the north, the *volkslieder* that crossed from Germany with the emigrants of the thirties, famine-redolent hoedowns from Ireland, and Spanish love songs that came northward from Taos or lingered on among the chivalry of New Orleans. A Montana cowboy, singing for amusement and the reassurance of his steers, might voice the melancholy of Oregon caravans, and through it, the anti-Catholic sentiments of Massachusetts, the desire of Count Zinzendorf to wash in the Lamb's blood, or the impeccable passions of opera under the Directory. And all of them would have been Americanized almost beyond identification.

Notably, there were the songs that made the American passage with seventeenth-century Englishmen, sometimes called Puritans. These journeyed westward with the frontier, and sometimes they lingered on, so that Nebraska

and Idaho as well as the poor-white mountains discovered Lord Lovel riding away on a journey that would keep him from his true love forever. In Missouri young Sam Clemens might hear about the cherry tree that bowed down for the Virgin (though Twelfth Night was not a Calvinist feast day), or about the cuckoo, a bird not discoverable in the woods beyond Cardiff Hill. Illiterate villagers across the width of the Great Valley sang about one Barbry Ellen, a heroine unknown to the native saga. She might be displayed in the native idiom:

She looked to the east and she looked to
the west

And she seen the corpse a-comin'.
Set you down upon this road
Till I git one kiss upon him.

The grammar of "Barbara Allan" had been a little alien to this conjugation. All along the Mississippi and Ohio, all through the backwoods, joyless extroverts were singing about "The Gypsy's Laddie," "The Wife of Usher's Well," "The Farmer's Curst Wife," and hundreds of other personages of an alien balladry, and were adapting tunes and words to their own experience. Milk-white steeds are perhaps a ridiculous concept for Hannibal, where steeds were only plugs. But very certainly they were mentioned there in songs now of interest to collectors, along with such other ridiculous formulas as snow-white breasts (snowballs with ripe strawberries stuck butt-ended onto 'em, Sut Lovingood was to make them), thorns and briars, red gold and yellow gold, castles by the sea, lords and ladies and magicians, nightingales, and whipped apple trees. The frontiersman could record:

Out of her breast grew a red, red rose
And out of his'n there grew a briar
with no awareness that he was committing an adaptation or grievously offending against a theory.

Children listened to this wide, rich music. So did the childlike race of slaves. Melody is not the genius of the jubilees, whose airs have been traced through all this complexity. Simply, the negro took a melody where he found it, but mainly from minstrel ballads or camp-meeting hymns, and then transmuted it. Rhythms beyond the attainment of whites and a genius for intricate harmonization were his portion from Africa. These he welded with the music he heard, and the most poignant American art resulted. There was, simply, no comparable expression out of slavery. A biblical mythology and a biblical immediacy overlay the ghouls and spirits of Africa, and with this alphabet the negro spelled the longing, the labor, and the terror of his estate.

By day, sometimes, the boy Samuel Clemens could hear a negro in the fields or in the kitchen, crooning something that sounded like a jig, something that made merry with Joshua or Zekiel. That was gay, but when night crept out from the forest the singing created something at once awful and sublime. Here the fables of Sunday School were given a tremendous reality. The Son of Nun shouted, and the walls came tumblin' down; bands of angels filled a sky swept with radiance from a chariot of fire; Daniel walked into a furnace, but the Lord delivered him and the blood came trinkling down. Moses smote upon the waters, the sea divided, and then ol' Pharaoh's army done got drowned. Meanwhile King Jedus came a-ridin' crost Jurdan to feed his lams. . . . Ecstasy lifted the songs above the fables till a race spoke, out of its sufferings, a poetry unequalled on this continent. Go down, Moses, tell ol' Pharaoh to let my people go! The white man's fables had become the slave's soul. I know moonlight, I know starlight—I lie in the grave an' stretch out my arms—I lay dis body down. A

motherless child, that's what I feel like, oh, yes, Lord, a long way from home. But I'm goin' to tell him the road was rocky, I'm goin' to tell God all of my troubles when I git home. The trumpet sounds within my soul: Swing low, sweet chariot. I want to cross over where all is peace. . . . A humble race, simpler than most, more joyful, more bawdy, finding expression for a labor and a sorrow not now to be comprehended.

The child listened, and the trumpet sounded in his soul. . . . Mrs. Charles Warner's brilliant playing yielded at last to the moonlight, and she left the piano, pinching out the candles so that the room might have only the silver from without. Hannibal had been buried under years extraordinarily crowded, and Hannibal meant nothing, anyway, to these careful, pleasant folk in Hartford. But the moon was full. And after a while Samuel Clemens stood up, and one could see the shadow on his hair. His eyes were closed and he began to sing, song after song, all jubilees, slowly, with an infinite sadness. One had an awed notion that Samuel Clemens was not here in Hartford, that Hartford had ceased to exist. Still he sang and, in the moonlight, his face was strained. "He put his two hands up to his head," Katy Leary said, "just as though all the sorrow of them negroes was upon him," and he began to sing, "Nobody knows the trouble I see." Nobody . . . nobody, surely, in Hartford. He ended the "Glory Hallelujah" with a great shout. But for the moment, in Hartford, Samuel Clemens was a motherless child, a long way from home. . . . He was always singing them. His children would find him at the piano in the Hartford house, singing about King Jesus on his white horse, or the wheel in a wheel, or about Moses or Joshua the Son of Nun. What made George Cable's smug piety tolerable, on that four

months' tour, was Cable's memory of the jubilees. They would sing them in cramped hotel rooms, in railway compartments, in deserted streets late at night—alone, or to Major Pond, who would secretly instruct the cab driver to take the longest route, so that he could listen to a poetry that had welled up in lost and nameless singers, in Hannibal, before the War. . . . Susy had died, and the world grew a more fitting habitation for the damned human race. He was in Lucerne, desperately trying to crowd work over the thought of her. Some of the Fisk singers came there, and he saw the well-known chords pierce the apathy of Swiss and Germans who sat behind their beer mugs prepared to be bored. Hannibal could come home to Lucerne, and he wrote Joe Twichell that in the jubilees America had produced the perfectest flower of the ages, and he wished it were a foreign product, so that she would worship it and lavish money on it and go perfectly crazy over it. "Away back in the beginning—to my mind—their music made all other vocal music cheap; and that early notion is emphasized now. It is utterly beautiful, to me; and it moves me more than any other music can."

It was Hannibal that throbbed in these songs, with their imperfect healing for a man who was aging and had lost his child.

III

There is no desire, here, to defend the frontiersman by writing an apologia on his behalf. He was, God knows, not a genteel person. A good many of his characteristics were deplorable. In the more literary suburbs of New York City to-day he would be unlikely to hold up his end of the conversation and he would certainly eat with a knife. Nevertheless, whatever may be thus conceded, the frontiersman was not in

any particular what the theorists make him out.

The Puritan is nowhere discoverable on the frontier, if the Puritan be a man who hates loveliness, fears passion, represses his instincts, and abstains from joy. The religion of the frontier was—the religion of the time. Evangelism is evangelism, whether one finds it in Lancaster, in Queen's County, or along Salt River. Evangelism racked the frontier with visions of hell and the major symptoms of hysteria—at certain periods, among certain classes. But to suppose that Peter Cartwright, a Savonarola of the frontier, succeeded in destroying dancing and jewelry and fornication throughout interior America is to behold the Rev. Billy Sunday making a Thaïs of a night-club hostess. The camp meeting was truly a harrowing experience to a possible one-fifth of those who attended it. It was also, like the Sunday services which the frontier attended unanimously, a social diversion, a commercial bazaar, and a focus of dynamic joy. Mr. Thomas Beer has recorded Mark Twain's remarks about camp-meeting babies, and the phenomenon alluded to is a commonplace.

For the sexual customs of the frontier, like all its customs, were freer than those of the seaboard. The notion of Puritanical abhorrence of sex is critical cliché and has no correspondence in fact. Its conflict with other clichés of the theory, the size of pioneer families (which were frequently large) and the ruthlessness with which a pioneer wore out a succession of wives (as sometimes happened), is obvious. The clichés must have been born of miracle, for the frontiersman was not often a hypocrite and made little effort to disguise himself. He suffered few inhibitions. Marriages clustered in the three months succeeding every camp meeting, and if young people were to suppress their instincts the dances, hoedowns, roof-

raisings, fanning bees, bobsled rides, barbecues, fiddling matches, and a hundred other kinds of parties were a singularly paradoxical way of restraining them.

Behold the sex-abhorring Puritan-Pioneer suppressing his instincts and abstaining from joy while he describes a girl whom he is courting: "She shows among women like a sunflower among dog fennel, or a hollihock in a patch of smartweed. Such a bosom! Just think of two snowballs with a strawberry stuck butt-ended into both of them. She takes exactly fifteen inches of garter clear of the knot, stands sixteen and a half hands high and weighs one hundred and twenty-six in her petticoat before breakfast. She could crawl through a whiskey-barrel with both heads stove out, while you could lock the top hoop of a churn, or a big dog collar, round the hugging place. . . . Her ankles were as round and not much bigger than the wrist of a rifle, and when she was dancing, or making up a bed, or getting over a fence—oh, durn such women!"¹

Simplicity is not precisely simple-mindedness. Mr. Carl Sandburg has lately revived a few of the tunes played for dances at such frolics as one that was to follow the wedding of Sicily Burns. Imitators follow him, and it is possible to recover Money Musk and Rocky Mountain and Ol' Dan Tucker and Weevily Wheat. Hundreds of others may be found in the glee-books, "singers," and "minstrelsies" that peddlers were solicitous to offer among those who abstained from joy. Other thousands have perished. But where are Sister Phœbe, Forked Deer, The Frog with a Fiddle—where are the thousand others to which a joyless race measured out its dances? They will be found, no doubt, but there is need for another kind of anthology. The

¹Sut Lovingood describing Sicily Burns. I have transliterated Sut's dialect.

joyless frolic itself should be restored. A barn or a threshing floor, the school-house-church, perhaps, with the slab benches shoved back, or merely an expanse of clay under the stars, well trodden down and watered, and trodden again. There was a platform for fiddlers and perhaps another for the personage who called the turns. There were saucepans of punch and an eight-gallon keg of whiskey. The farmwife's hearth, or stove if civilization had progressed that far, blazed for frontier cookery to feed the guests from twenty miles around. And, asking forgiveness, gentlemen, frontier cookery was not a matter solely of greasebread and fried pork.

They jolted twenty miles on horseback for a frolic. They were not, of course, dancing along Murray Hill. A beau's calfskin vest with the hair left on would offend the fastidious. Unaccustomed shoes might so irk a frankly nubile wench that, to sustain competition, she must take them off and dance barefoot. The cosmetics she had employed were no more sophisticated than thick cream, flour, and the juice of strawberries. Her bustle, though adequate, was probably extemporized from a cushion or even more forthright material. Her stockings, when she had any, were her own handiwork. ["Het Goins, stop tumblin' that bed an' tie your sock." "Thankee, marm, it's a longer stockin' than you've got—*look at it.*" . . . "Come here Suse Thompson, and let me pin your dress behind. Your back looks adzactly like a blaze in a white oak." "My *back* ain't nuffin' to you, Mister Smarty."] Their amenities composed a pattern: civilization constructed a code which possessed no refinement—and no inhibition.

The personage stood on a platform, or a log or a chair, and uttered calls. Jigs and reels were native to the frontier, and to them were added the manifold inventions of the slaves. There

appeared also gavottes that had traveled from Paris and boleros from Madrid, by way of Montreal, New Orleans, and St. Louis, and round dances that had the common man turning in waltzes and polkas inconceivable to the repressed. Whiskey and the punch in the milk pan had to be replenished. Breast of partridge, pigeon pie, conserve of wild crabapple, honey cake, and intricate confections of nuts and fruit in jellied homemade wines sustained them. The elders withdrew to the benches, where it is unlikely they occupied themselves with infant damnation. The marriageable danced on, withdrawing into darkness for what was neither a suppression of emotion nor the crudities of the pioneer's sexual life. There was meanwhile a boisterousness of buck and wing solo, of fighting, of extemporized drama imitated from the strolling players. Then when the seven stars had gone down, the common man rode homeward, his girl astride behind him, or slept on the host's floor in rows with a line drawn chastely between the sexes. . . . Simplicity, one insists, is not simple-mindedness; nor is it, quite, the bile of repression. Here is merely the common man, diverting himself with the means at his command—and doing so universally, invariably, with a persistence that would not seem to be native to Puritans.

IV

Three sides of the village were prairie and forest, where boys found an enchantment that was to become the very tissue of certain books. The village itself was the abode of the common man, and while it remained St. Petersburg, had the graces of leisure, and humanity, and sun. The actual frontier had withdrawn westward and northward: here remained an ease in its wake. Life was without pressure. There were no

castes, except the three constant ones, the respectable, the squatters, and the slaves. Neither wealth nor poverty really existed, for the earth was opulent to all and disproportionately enriched no one. The village was a little world, where an observant boy laid the basis for five-sevenths of his books, but a somewhat simplified one. It was a steamboat landing, a street or two, and roads leading into the countryside. Its traffic was outward-bound in hemp, tobacco, flour, pork, and lard; and, from without, products of the factories that had not yet reached Hannibal. There was coal at hand, but no one mined it; there was limestone, but kilns and quarries were important only to boys who played among them. A drowsy sunlight—and little more. There were courts and judges. There were stores and warehouses. There were "groceries"—thus, and as "doggeries," the frontier distinguished its saloons—and if the name of a stream in *Tom Sawyer* is evidence, a still-house. There were Sunday Schools and meeting houses, where slab benches and puncheon floors were still thought adequate. These fostered the embryo societies of women which were to become important in America and the uniformed parades that seduced boys into propriety. A newspaper—there was always at least one—printed the literature of Europe and the East, made a lyceum for the exhibition of local talents, and cannonaded opponents with the lyric fervor that has distinguished politics in America.

Joe Harper had been nearly to Coonville, and Becky Thatcher was a globe-trotter, having traveled the full distance from her home in Herculaneum. Rumor of distances but little disturbed the village—except by one medium at which we shall arrive in a moment—and the man who had visited St. Louis had led a full and rich life. The fantastic Senator Benton, like Hoss

Allen, came to commemorate the Fourth of July and brought with him mention of unbelievable places and activities as little credible as the romances of Walter Scott and Emerson Bennett which the village admired with an unprejudiced catholicity. . . . A drowsy sunshine—a village simple and not of the world, provincial, ignorant, and obscure. But, be very sure, not therefore repellent or contemptible.

The boy went among them, certainly, and was well content. The village came to have an impelling loveliness in his mind. It was hardly separable into parts. In Hartford, in New York, in London and Florence and Vienna he was always harking back to it, nostalgic for a known beauty. "I can call back the solemn twilight and mystery of the deep woods, the earthy smells, the faint odors of the wild flowers, the sheen of rain-washed foliage . . . the far off hammering of woodpeckers and the muffled drumming of wood pheasants in the remoteness of the forests . . . the oaks purple, the hickories marked with gold, the maples and the sumachs luminous with crimson fires. . . . I can remember the howling of the wind and the quaking of the house on stormy nights, and how snug and cozy one felt under the blankets, listening; and how the powdery snow used to sift in around the sashes, and lie in little ridges on the floor. . . . Fried chicken, roast pig; wild and tame turkeys, ducks and geese; venison just killed; squirrels, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, prairie chickens; biscuits, hot batter cakes, hot 'wheat bread,' hot rolls, hot corn pone; fresh corn boiled on the ear, succotash, butter beans, string beans, tomatoes, peas, sweet potatoes; buttermilk, sweet milk, 'clabber'; watermelons, muskmelons, cantaloupes—all fresh from the garden; apple pie, peach pie, pumpkin pie, apple dumplings, peach cobbler. . . . It was a heavenly place for a boy."

V

And on the fourth side, where the roads ran down—the Mississippi. Cosmopolis. For on the fourth side St. Petersburg opened on the world. Here the energy of America boiled violently, and here passed, daily, all that St. Petersburg was not. The village slumbered in its sun till smoke was black above the bluffs and someone cried “Steamboat a-comin’!” Then it woke and went to the wharves to touch the infinite. This was pageantry. For the rivers were the conduits of the national adventure, and the Mississippi was fable itself given life. The boats were objects of romance, but the greater romance was the bales and casks they carried, the trade route of Marco Polo spun out to touch a waterside village of the great river, and most of all, the men who drove the boats and the men they carried.

Here passed the world. A boundless vigor was making America something it had not been. The years were an acceleration. The border pushed farther to the north, the west, and the southwest. Marcus Whitman’s mission at Wailatpu prospered, and trains of white-tops crawled toward it endlessly. Up-river from St. Petersburg, Joseph Smith was dispatched to a final meeting with the God he had so often patronized, and the wretched Mormons moved westward to the Dead Sea. Wagons, too, left for Santa Fé and Taos, where trade was brisk; and of the white-tops that crawled toward Wailatpu some turned southwestward at the head of Raft River for the kingdom of Sutter the Swiss. The young Bostonian Francis Parkman, who traveled westward for health and adventure, saw them all, Texans and Mormons, the white-tops loosed for Oregon and California, the Taos trade.

The common man fled westward. A thirsty land swallowed him insatiably.

There is no comprehending the frenzy of the American folk-migration. God’s gadfly had stung us mad. “Westward,” Mr. Masefield says, “till all are drowned, those Lemmings go.” Their little brains, he thinks, are burned with the memory of a land westward from death. Poetry has no acceptance in seminars of history, but this is as adequate to explain the oestrus for an empty land as any reason historians have offered.

But westward they went, and the land drank them up. Meanwhile the rivers were their highways and the energy of their passing made an incandescence. And the fourth side of St. Petersburg was the Mississippi, along which the great world passed. Oh, quite all of it. There were the barges, the broadhorns, and the scows—the slow freight of the world moved by creatures of terror and romance. There were rafts of timber and of lumber floating from the forests to build the houses of democracy by the half-million. And the steamboats. Boats of the Cairo line and the Memphis line tied up daily at the wharf. So did boats from the Illinois River, the Red River, the White River, the Missouri, the upper Mississippi, the Ohio, the Monongahela, the Tennessee, the Cumberland, the Arkansas, the Yazoo. The “stately packets of the Orleans trade” seldom ventured this far—for this was the Upper River—or when they did, en route to the Falls of St. Anthony, stopped only on hail and for the convenience of passengers. But these sufficed.

When Samuel Clemens grew up and went tirelessly about the world, he found no one, he said, whom he had not met before on the river. He spoke the truth. The packets bore the democrat swarming westward, and with him all the life that flooded in his wake. From the four corners of America they came, and the corners of

the world. Here passed commerce, the factory system, the machine age—if one craves these tags—traders, drovers, farmers, homesteaders, tinmen, miners, masons, shipwrights, actors, minstrels, mesmerists, phrenologists, bear-leaders, circus men, gamblers, prostitutes, and prophets. All the world, quite all of it, paused at St. Petersburg while roustabouts hustled bales and cases down the gangplank to a coonjine song, and while Sam Clemens gaped, seeing strange clothes and hearing stranger tongues. He gaped—and the first of his writing that has been recovered recorded the passing of a strange creature from the world outside.

All the world moved down the Mississippi. And here was Hannibal, at the waterside. It was an idyll and a cosmos. The democrat possessed

America, and his incandescent energy was making it something it had not been. This was democracy or the New Jerusalem. The dilemma of democracy has been insoluble to more minds than Mark Twain's. Here, at least, was its lovelier horn, a waterside village drowsing in the sun between the prairies and the chocolate waters of the Mississippi.

One would record the idyll. One would make Hannibal into St. Petersburg with the forests and the river. Then, after a time, there would be something else. St. Petersburg would grow into Hadleyburg and Dawson's Landing, for the dilemma had another horn. And then Nigger Jim and Huckleberry Finn would put out on a fragment of a lumber raft, by night, and the current would take them southward through eternity.

OCTOGENARIAN

BY LEE ANDREW WEBER

FOR no good reason he tells again,
 "Last time I went back home to Maine
 I saw the first young apple shoot
 I ever planted bearing fruit,
 Last time I went back home to Maine."

His wife has troubles of her own.
 "Don't mind him; he's deaf as stone.
 We'll take him somewhere else some day
 To give him something else to say.
 Don't mind him; he's deaf as stone."

God knows the thoughts that old men keep,
For since he took the trip to Maine
The hours are gnawing at his brain,
And through the sleepless nights he sees
Rats at the roots of apple trees.



THE OXFORD GOES TO SEA AGAIN

BY WILLIAM McFEE

VERY little is heard now of the war on the sea, and at no time has there been much public curiosity concerning its operation and the evolution of the auxiliary craft which bore the brunt of most of the fighting while the huge, costly battle fleets lay behind their nets and breakwaters. There never was a war in history like the last one for the navies. Treaties and admiralty policies turned things topsy-turvy for the admirals afloat. But always there was an urgent, peremptory call for ships. Anything that floated came bucketing into far harbors to astound us beyond all our linguistic resources. Paddle-wheel ferries got across the Bay of Biscay and blew shrill toots on their whistles under the sterns of superdreadnoughts. Excursion steamers with decks like a heap of tea-trays reported themselves in the yellow delta waters of the Euphrates and sported obsolete guns for which they had no ammunition. Express cross-channel flyers with three screws and thirty knots suddenly acquired after-structures like car barns, and became the mothers of seaplanes, whose wings folded back like a grasshopper's. It was a matter of violent argument how some improvident side-wheeler, accustomed to crossing the Bristol Channel with Welsh school-children for a day in lovely Clovelly, managed to carry enough coal to get her down to Old Calabar in West Africa. It was reported that bunks and store cupboards were filled with coal, and the

chief engineer's wardrobe contained large lumps wrapped in copies of the *Western Morning Mail*.

Boiled down, it amounted to this: that we had returned temporarily to conditions of the Elizabethan era, when everything that would float as far as Ushant turned out to whip the Dons, who rolled up like a castellated archipelago from the south. In our need we turned to those pathetic fleets of old ships who had failed to keep up in the race for freights and mail-contracts. We were no longer proudly selective in our attitude. We made some astonishing discoveries. While the shipyards roared and vibrated with the turmoil of new construction, those who were grubbing around in ancient anchorages became the possessors of museum pieces, priceless examples of Victorian naval architecture.

The discoveries mentioned, however, were of more importance than the quaintness of some superstructure or the elegant figureheads flaunted by the sprit-bows of many old steamers. What astounded the men hunting for tonnage was the fact that these old ships, built in the eighties of Lowmoor iron, before the era of cheap steel, were as good as ever. Their frames and plates gave out such a ring to the hammer as no soft, cheesy, mild steel, blown full of carbon in a Bessemer cupola, ever produced. They had been retired during a period of soaring freights and hustling competition, when to be modish and fashionable was

all the rage, and a single-bottom ship, no matter how well built, had no more chance of employment than an elderly spinster in a Broadway chorus. Ships had to be fast, fashionable, and funnel-conscious, to use the jargon of the salesman.

As good as ever. In that time of bitter necessity, when "silken dalliance in the wardrobe lay," the condition of a ship's hull became of more moment than the rake of her funnel or the period of her paneling. The voice of the underwriter was heard in the land, and he, known as "Lloyds," proclaimed that an iron ship twenty years old was rated as good as a steel ship only eight years old. The tough, fibrous Low-moor or Staffordshire iron made a ship that, with care, defied the implacable corrosion of the sea. Forgings made of it came from the hammer with a black skin of extraordinary hardness and strength. There was neither welding nor drop-forging in those days, and engine shafts had to be built up of short coupled units because iron could not be made large enough to comprise the whole affair. Such iron, when machined and polished, showed its fibrous nature by black lines where the steam hammers had flogged the impurities into long twisted laminations. It had nothing of the silvery perfection of modern mild steel. But it had strength. Those rods and plates were like corded muscles, and they were amazingly resistant to the ravages of salt water.

These ships of the eighties, indeed, were in a class by themselves. They formed a now forgotten aristocracy, of iron steamships rigged for sails as auxiliaries, between the authentic clippers of Donald McKay and the great steel fleets of the nineties. There were old men in my day who would grow red in the face (which usually had white side-whiskers) if you suggested that a steel ship was a dependable

vessel. They swore by iron, good Staffordshire iron, puddled in blooms and hammered by Naysmith's famous steam hammers into shape by master smiths. They would have nothing of your soft, cheesy, mild steel, made in big cupolas like toffee, and rolled from ingots that had been cooked like bread in an annealing furnace. The battle raged; but steel won because steel was cheaper, and (unknown to the conservatives) was getting stronger every year. The old men with their side-whiskers, high-crowned hats, and farmerlike tail coats, passed on, and the ships they built and loved lay in dignified seclusion, tied up to the buoys in many a dock basin. Their day seemed over. All they had to look forward to was the last sad journey to some foreign yard to be broken up, or to lie as a coal hulk in a distant harbor.

And then the War, which meant death for so many new and beautiful things, broke in upon the moribund musings of those elderly Victorians. They found themselves towed into naval dock yards, their old ears were deafened with unfamiliar shoutings, and their rusty hawse pipes shrieked with the thunderous downward plunge of new steel anchor chains. Their ancient boilers hummed with the voices of surveyors who were babes in perambulators when those same ships were born. Their entrails and long-hidden secrets were pried into by tall strong men who understood the anatomies of quadruple-screw battle cruisers and the fearsome congestions of submarines. They were torn asunder, those Victorian steamers, and were assaulted with gun platforms, depth-charges, and other strange outrages. And with a coat or two of naval gray, or even a camouflage that resembled a cubistic nightmare, the poor old things went sobbing and wheezing out into seas that were shot with the swift bobbins of death.

II

One of the amazing things about the War was that most of these old creatures survived. Superb oil-burning liners, last word in engineering design and models of modern naval architecture, were launched one week, ran their trials, and went to the bottom the very night they left on their maiden voyages. Famous ships were gathering in Fiddlers Green, while the Victorian pensioners, cursed by their crews and the unhappy resident naval officers who had to use them, bore charmed lives. Take, as an example, perfect in every way, of an indestructible Victorian and one of the glories of her day, the old *Oxford*. She may fitly represent this group of noble dames.

She was built in 1882, of Staffordshire iron, and she had no inner bottom—which is to say, she was unlike the modern ship, which possesses two bottoms from three to four feet apart, between which she carries water ballast and liquid fuel. These divisions are called “compartments,” and the vertical transverse water-tight walls, or bulkheads, start from the outer bottom and extend to above the water line. The elderly Victorians of which I speak had holds like a rowboat—you could see their ribs or frames under the flooring. Being built low in the top-hammer, they did not need the formidable ballasting of a modern steamer with four or five decks, which often must have her double bottoms filled with water *before launching* if she is not to capsize the moment she takes the water. The *Oxford*, four hundred feet long, slender as a swordfish in beam, had a few tons of cement here and there in her limbers, sailed the seas with solemn security for thirty years, and was retired on a pension, when she heard the call: “Your King and Country need you!”

Her remarkable features, however,

did not end with her single bottom. She had, in her heyday, sails. Mighty yards swung from her two iron masts, and the sheets were carried to the winches through enormous triple sheaves built on the skew into her bulwarks. From these they passed through a snatchblock shackled to a ringbolt on the deck. She had a donkey-boiler on a tween-deck platform, an aged Scotch tank boiler whose flues were the devil to do anything with because of the small space in the combustion chambers. These sails were supposed to save coal by assisting an enormous compound engine which turned a propeller, like a Dutch windmill, some fifty revolutions per minute.

Thus equipped, in her youth the *Oxford* took many a proud official and his family to his work in India. She had room for perhaps five and twenty passengers. She was no doubt successful, for after seven years it was decided to change her engine to the triple-expansion principle. To her two mighty cylinders, piston rods, and cranks was to be added a third cylinder with a newfangled piston valve. The engine room was too short for the usual arrangement, so the valve gear of the new engine had to be operated by a gigantic cast-steel rocking lever. The noise she made in her old age, when going full speed, resembled a number of tractors falling down a rocky chasm accompanied by the shrill squeal of a thousand swine. There was also a dull thunderous roar from the forced-draft fan which had to be installed to generate enough steam for the enlarged engine. The fan was as large as a house; it was driven from a small engine on the floor below by a tremendous chain belt. The rumor of its passing and the roar of the fan made a nervous person think that he was about to be overtaken in a narrow tunnel by a herd of angry mastodons.

The engine room of that ship, indeed, deserves a more than passing mention. She was then, it must be remembered, a thoroughly up-to-date vessel. Her owners have always been aware of the latest inventions. She had Weir feed pumps and two air pumps. She had a dynamo, also driven from an engine by the belt; but that was mercifully removed before my time. She had an ash-hoisting engine, which may have been a wonder in its youth, but during the War had an extraordinary homicidal tendency to jib when the bucket was half way up the ventilator and forthwith to drop it on the fireman's head. But perhaps nothing, unless it were the turning-engine—a contrivance which was supposed to revolve the main crankshaft in port—so nearly resembled an instrument of torture as that chain belt of the fan-engine. The secret lay in its design, which was theoretically marvelous, but in practice and in our day, facilitated an unexpected and inopportune disintegration. It was about fifty feet long, and a foot wide, and it was composed of thousands upon thousands of tiny leather links, set on edge and hinged on long steel wires. The savant who discovered that the frictional efficiency of oxhide leather on edge is higher than the flat surface ought to have been with us to wrestle with that terrible old belt. When we were going into action and needed all the steam possible, we would hear behind us a loud shriek as the belt parted and struck the fan casing. Lucky for us if we were not in the line of fire to be hurled to the floor. Armed with a sack of links and another of pins, we would fall upon our enemy and painfully join the ends, the steam pressure dropping in an alarming fashion as we toiled. Our gallant commander, who had been drawn out of his retirement by the War, very much like his ship, used a mild form of Victorian nautical profanity to relieve

the tedium of waiting for the torpedo to blow us all to glory.

This, however, is to run ahead of the story, as though one were to omit a woman's nuptials and tell of her heroism during a fire. The remorseless march of time and commercial progress forced the *Oxford* from her proud place in the line to the East. Like many another of her rate and age, she was relegated to the shorter routes where passengers were less numerous and less exacting. During the reign of Edward VII she and her consorts made the pleasant rounds of the Mediterranean ports, taking out general merchandise and bringing back currants from Greece, olive oil from Italy, and the generous vintages of Spain. Her sails, of course, disappeared, very much as ladies of her age and condition abandoned bustles, crinolines, and bonnets. With her roomy cabins, opening upon the main saloon, the wall-panels of bird's-eye maple framed in Honduras mahogany and ornamented with hand-painted medallions of shells filled with English flowers, she was an ideal ship to make a lazy cruise to the Mediterranean in winter. She seemed to have reached a charming and useful middle-age.

But once again progress, this time in the form of competition, pronounced sentence upon the aging vessel. A period of high freights and government subsidies had brought new fleets into being, so that freights became low, and the battle for maritime supremacy was being fought all over the world. The new German mercantile marine was everywhere. One company had four hundred ships which encircled Africa. The Deutsche Levante Line was gathering up the cargoes of Asia Minor and the Black Sea. New fast freighters with modern winches and hatchways forced the old iron ships of the eighties into the discard. The old *Oxford*, after ranging the seas for thirty years, was



laid up to keep her out of the hands of alien competitors, her machinery was covered with tallow and white lead, and her house-flag hauled down.

Her dreams, we may imagine, as she lay there forgotten by all save ship-keepers and the office files, were those of any decorous Victorian matron who had led a respectable if unexciting life. Certainly she was not to be blamed if she failed to foresee the extraordinary career awaiting her from 1914 to 1919 and thereafter. One does not expect dowagers to be put in the forefront of the battle or to assist in the rescue of the Holy Land from Ottoman hordes. So we may with confidence believe that she dreamed only of her gentle and useful past, rich in sentimental passages across the Indian Ocean in fine weather, and of happy invalids wintering on her pleasant promenade deck in the quiet harbors of Spain and Italy.

It is not easy, at this distance, to extract from memory the first of her movements when requisitioned for war. That she was taken to Belfast and there conditioned and commissioned, seems certain; for all her men were implacable Orangemen with a distinct flair for insubordination. Certain, also, it is that at this time she became a mother.

Such a fantastic statement requires, of course, some elucidation and perhaps defense. But no one who has ever watched the slow inflation and emergence of a captive balloon, a "blimp" as it was called, from its parent vessel, can erase from his mind the notion of some appalling and superhuman parturition. There is something irresistibly reminiscent in a blimp's configuration of a primeval and not particularly successful experiment of Mother Nature, wavering blindly and blunderingly at the end of its umbilical cord.

Moreover—and it is not the fault of this observer so much as it is the peculiar humor of naval architects—the

impression of a slightly protracted maternity was confirmed by the novel waistline of the old *Oxford* herself. At the beginning of the War certain vessels of slow speed and even slower maneuvering ability, which were designed for use in submarine warfare, were provided with an outer shell from waterline to keel. We called them "blisters." They were merely curved plates on a light angle iron frame, and gave the ship the shape of a gigantic watermelon. The torpedo striking this outer skin, which had a number of subdivisions, exploded harmlessly, or was supposed to do so.

Another extraordinary contraption provided—the invention not of the devil as some of our harassed officers imagined, but of Admiral Sir Reginald Burney—was the paravane. This involved the *Oxford's* stem in a bulbous growth on the forefoot, well under water, a huge swelling in which some terrible cancerous growth seemed to have made a hole. Through this hole ran a giant steel-wire rope, to each end of which was a thing that resembled a cross between a torpedo and an atrophied airplane. A long cigar-shaped body carried short wings, and at the tail were lateral and vertical rudders controlled by pistons in the hull. When lowered into the water while the *Oxford* was under weigh, the paravanes swam outward on the ends of their wire. The air pressure within them was adjusted to keep them submerged by the horizontal rudder. Thus they and the ship's bow were joined under water by a taut steel rope forming an enormous acute angle. Should an anchored mine catch on this wire it was forced by the ship's motion out to the paravane, which bore on its head a savage, hardened steel jaw capable of cutting a half-inch wire rope like cotton. The mine was released and could be destroyed by gun fire. So the aged *Oxford*, thus horrendously equipped,

could sail through mine fields and flaunt her mature charms among the periscopes of submarines. She must have done so, for she floundered about in the North Sea in the very jaws of death. Her only accident was to get aground on Goodwin Sands and stick fast when her observation balloon was urgently needed off Zeebrugge. Her speed, of course, with that preposterous enlargement of her figure, was about five knots. The Grand Fleet, after mature consideration, recommended that she be reconditioned, changed into something else, say, a seaplane carrier, and sent so far away that she might never bother them any more.

Someone took the Grand Fleet authorities at their word. She went off down Channel, paravanes spread wide and her balloon under hatches, and turned up in Belfast again, where her welcome was not ecstatic. She became, in fact, something of a poor relation in her declining years. Nevertheless, the changes in her anatomy were proceeded with. The "blister" was taken off. It was obviously useless to protect a ship so effectually that she was unable to get anywhere in less than a week. The battle which she was to observe would be fought before she arrived in the vicinity. The blister came off, and her superstructure went up. To prevent her rolling over and expiring in a moderate sea, she had her bottom frames solidly filled up with stones and concrete. She had searchlights fitted and, in addition to her two anti-aircraft guns, she received a modern three-inch weapon on her stern. Her hydrogen gas-making plant was taken out and a fine workshop fitted up in an almost inaccessible part of the fore-hold between decks. Her winches were rearranged to hoist out the seaplanes which were to nestle on her decks. She was given a beautiful new dynamo. It was felt that a new dynamo would be a cheap price to pay for

getting rid of her. And in place of her balloonists, she received a horde of Royal Naval Air Squadron mechanics and warrant ranks, together with a wing commander, a photographer, an armament officer, an observer, and six schoolboys with the rank of lieutenant who were classed as pilots by their grateful country.

And so that ancient iron ship, now nearly forty years of age, a dangerous period for ships and women, set out upon her next odyssey. It would be conventional here to grow pathetic over her wanderings upon the face of the waters and to describe her last heroic encounter with the enemy, destroying the submarine before going down with the white ensign, "the meteor flag of England," at her gaff. The *Oxford* was not built that way. She was so tenacious of life that we had no doubt she would survive the last of the superdreadnoughts and remain as a lonely guardship off the Tower of London when the vast navies of the world had perished. To say that she bore a charmed life would be an understatement. We who toiled to renovate her vitals so that they might continue to function lost all hope of ever being lost. She had, in the popular phrase, an iron constitution. She never leaked a single cup of water. The copper suction pipes to her bilges were so thin we hardly dared to stop the holes with bronze bands lest we crush them flat.

For months, after an extraordinary pilgrimage, she lay in Port Said, while the naval authorities wondered what to do with her. She was everything they did not want. She was too slow to accompany a cruiser on a raid, she could not maneuver fast enough to deal with submarines, and she would be a positive menace to the trawlers if she went out to sweep. So she lay under her awnings in the harbor and was popular with the air squadron officers because of her well-stocked cellar and

homelike quarters. But when Lord Allenby descended upon Egypt like the army of Sennacherib upon Judea, the wind of his passing touched even the *Oxford*. Allenby, instead of sitting comfortably in Cairo at Shepherd's Hotel, proposed to march into Palestine. From El Kantara across the Canal and over the desert to El Arish the army engineers were pushing a railroad. New divisions began to collect from Malta, from Salonika, from India, and from Gallipoli. Allenby, when he was ready to move, demanded naval co-operation. He was going to march up the coast to Ascalon and Gaza, and he wanted a squadron off shore to take the Turks in flank.

We were a motley assembly when we steamed out of Port Said in the dead of night to take up our stations off Ascalon. There was the *Grafton*, our flagship, an almost prehistoric cruiser with six-inch guns. There was a French cruiser with six funnels. There was a British monitor with fifteen-inch guns in a squat turret. And there was the *Oxford*, whose planes were to fly inland and send back the range for the guns. Moving rapidly around us at some distance, destroyers kept watch for periscopes.

If anyone had doubted the utter impossibility of sending the *Oxford* to the bottom he would have been convinced at the Battle of Ascalon. Turkish raiders flew over us, swooped low, and dropped bomb after bomb as the *Oxford* waddled in a zigzag course at eleven incredible knots. And she was never touched save by flying fragments. Down in the engine room we heard the most alarming concussions, as the Turkish bombs burst on the water all around. During the second night, as we cruised slowly to and fro, waiting for daylight and watching the conflagrations behind the enemy flying towards Gath and into the land of the Jebusites, a submarine sank one of our

escorts and got in among us. But she could not hit the *Oxford*. That valiant Victorian arrived, extremely short of water for her boilers, in Port Said. The following Sunday her commander, a white-bearded and religious old shipmaster, preached a sermon to his giggling crew from the Book of Judges, the fourteenth chapter and the nineteenth verse, wherein it is written that "The Spirit of the Lord came upon Samson, and he went down to Ascalon and slew thirty men of them and took their spoil." He told us that he had prayed for victory in the heat of the battle; and the French admiral lost no time in sending over a *Croix de Guerre*.

III

With the passing of the Turkish menace from the Suez Canal came another transmigration of the soul of the *Oxford*. She was growing somewhat weary; the terrific strain of the week at sea had revealed an alarming number of "engine room defects," to use the jargon of the Royal Navy. It is almost impossible to depict even to a modern engineer the layout of that extraordinary engine room. But an effort must be made because, take her for all in all, we shall not look upon her like again.

She was indeed a chronicle of her times. Each new decade had seen her modified and enlarged and made more complicated. The back of her enormous main condenser, which was about the size of a box car, was like the rear of a telephone switchboard. Scores of pipes led to every conceivable part of the ship. Many days did the author of this veracious biography spend, flashlight in hand, following the bewildering array, like the serpents of Laocoön, which led above, around, and below, fore and aft and thwart ship. One half-inch pipe, traced to the upper fiddle grating—which is the one you see

when you walk along the boat deck—turned round and was detected entering the condenser again. If the reader imagines these expeditions were inspired by a love of sport he is mistaken. The *Oxford*, in spite of her large condenser, duplex centrifugal circulating pumps and duplex air pumps, carried no more than twenty-three inches of vacuum. It was agreed that there was a leak somewhere. The chief engineer stated violently that he had hunted that leak for years. It is a principle of engine-room practice, however, that two heads are better than one, that the job is much more important than any engineer's dignity, and that every man must make his own name. In an engine room at sea there is no room for what is known ashore as genius or brilliance. Watch-keeping consists, in the main, of intelligent anticipation, years of experience, and sleepless vigilance. These qualities eventually blend into something that is hard to define and still harder for the landsman to appreciate. It may be compared with the action of a trained thoroughbred bird dog or the instinctive digital dexterity of a good surgeon. Some men never acquire it, just as some dogs never know what to do.

The mystery had to be solved. A suspicious connection on the back of the condenser and without a valve—which is supposed to be illegal with all underwriters and governmental surveys—was marked and followed backwards and forwards in the engine room and detected sneaking behind the spare air pump bucket into the boiler room. The *Oxford's* boilers were obsolete in their overhead equipment and, after an hour following that pipe among the others, the detective resembled a sweep. The chase grew exciting because, in spite of the heat of the boilers, that pipe was *cold*. It fled eventually up the funnel, out into the open gratings above the ash-hoist, darted back into

the funnel casing, and in an almost inaccessible corner an open valve was found shrieking faintly as the air rushed inwards to destroy our precious vacuum. The valve was closed and the hunt was over.

This, however, was only a detail. Orders came that the *Oxford* was to go to Suez to refit to carry more planes and then join the fleet assisting the Arab forces far down the coast of the Red Sea. Allenby was in Jerusalem, but the Turks were still astride of the Mecca branch of the Berlin-Bagdad railway. We were to be under H. M. S. *Fox*, and *Fox* was to accept suggestions from the King of the Hedjaz. Colonel Lawrence, organizing the tribes of the interior, was probably the cause of our new assignment, which was to keep the Turkish forces from the coast villages and so drive them back upon the railway, where Lawrence's tribesmen were waiting for them. It was a peculiar business, and we on the *Oxford* listened with respect to our returned airmen, who sometimes discovered that the Turkish camp they had bombed was not a camp at all but an Arab village with whose tribe our Arabs in Loheija had a feud.

Nobody who was on that cruise will ever forget it. The heat of Port Said in the sultriest time of year, the heat of New York City in the dog days, the heat of the Niger River, the heat of the Straits of Malacca between Sabang and Singapore, the heat of Basra in the Persian Gulf—all paled into insignificance compared with the absolute ferocity of the heat in those shallow bays and inlets of the Red Sea in July and August. The salinity of the sea water, by reason of the tremendous evaporation in the noontide hours, rose far above the usual percentage of five ounces of salt to the gallon. The temperature of the water was close to a hundred degrees Fahrenheit. Under our triple awnings our unfortunate Air

Force lay gasping. In the engine room we varied from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and twenty-five degrees. Above the dynamo, which was in a deep recess over the auxiliaries, it was a hundred and thirty. Sometimes we lay for days in a state of absolute idleness and somnolence. On shore the heat was so great that the coast ranges wavered like the air over molten metal. We kept out of the sun. We had a number of breakdowns in the engine room. Some of the staff broke down too. In his cabin our captain washed his socks, sang hymns, and prayed that the sons of Esau might be smitten hip and thigh. The King of the country came on board with an astonishing entourage of black-bearded men with fierce eyes, jewelled daggers, superb robes, and green turbans. We stood at attention to be inspected, the sweat streaming from our bodies. Our captain, who had forgotten that his suspenders were not on his shoulders before he donned his tunic, stood before us in lonely grandeur, and we shook miserably to quench our laughter. But the magnificent Moslems thought the bright scarlet loops were part of his uniform and were pleased.

And then suddenly *Fox*, acting on instructions from an admiral, ordered us to get up to the Canal again. I believe there were no more Turks, or else the Admiralty had discovered that we were merely being used by Arabs to annoy other Arabs. We went up to Ismailia and anchored in the lake which forms part of the Canal. We lay there a month, forgotten of gods and men. We drank oceans of beer in the cafés of the town, we walked along the irrigation canal, and we gave trouble—some of us—to the military police. The *Oxford* in her declining years had an irresistible attraction for the misfits, incompetents, and alcoholics. We had more than our share of those elderly, glassy-eyed problems whose behavior

when they join is too good to be true. One of our officers, a pug-nosed little derelict from a score of ships, fell off a broken balcony in a fight with a *chasseur d'Afrique*, landed on the hood of a carriage below, and was miraculously unhurt. To balance this, our captain led a prayer meeting at a canteen and organized a revival among men who had been butchering the Turks in the wilderness of Judea. The town of Ismailia was relieved when the *Oxford* moved up the Canal, and we heard the extraordinary tidings that we were to load five hundred tons of twelve-inch shell in Number Three lower hold (under the aircraft men's hammocks) and escort a convoy for England.

There is a temptation to linger over that voyage which lasted weeks and weeks, though a tramp steamer does it in a fortnight. We herded our unwieldy convoy of merchantmen from port to port. We lay in each port, waiting for ships to join us. We crept from Port Said to Alexandria, to Malta, to Bizerta, to Gibraltar, where we stuck. A submarine fired a torpedo at us off Cape de Gata and interned herself in Almeria the next day, too discouraged to go home. She might have known that no mortal projectile would ever touch the *Oxford*.

At last we sallied out into the Atlantic. Rumors in Gibraltar said the Germans were cracking and that their navy was in mutiny. We chugged through the darkness and off St. Vincent, where all northbound ships roll their gunwales under, the *Oxford*, champion roller of the Fleet, seemed likely to roll clean over. It was a fine night, and one who shall be nameless was walking on the boat deck, smoking cautiously in the darkness. Suddenly he heard groans as of a ship in labor and he saw the funnel swaying ominously. The starboard funnel guys had worked loose, and the whole tall stack reeled drunkenly as the *Oxford* floun-

dered in the swell. There was no time to be lost. A hurried round of visits to the officers' cabins, and we were all out in our pajamas, rigging tackle and bending slings about the flying guy-wires, silently throwing our weight as the funnel nodded to starboard, finally getting the hooks snapped over the ends of the stretching screws. Phew! It would have been a long way to Tipperary without a funnel. It was all we could do to keep steam with the fan belt flying off twice a day.

By slow degrees, and as though we were sneaking in on a defenseless island, we reached first Pembroke, where they told us to go away, and finally, as the Armistice was signed, Cardiff. And there we lost her. We were ordered out of her. Her owners wanted her, for freights were soaring, a shipping boom was on, and instead of being retired on a pension, the *Oxford* was to be refitted once more for cargo and begin to earn her living. We left her, and our last glimpse of her showed us an army of navvies with rock drills getting that concrete ballast out of her old ribs. The owners did not approve of it.

IV

Only chance gives us one more glimpse of that imperishable old ship. Six months later in Smyrna, having a carpet to ship home, a sister ship of the *Oxford*, or rather a daughter-in-law, for she was young and pretty, accepted the freight in a friendly way, and it was only natural that there should arise inquiries about the *Oxford*. Did they know the *Oxford*? They certainly knew of her. She had done a most extraordinary thing. Would I like to hear the story? I certainly would. Now that I no longer had to brood over her innumerable engine-room defects I felt free to enjoy the agonies of my successors.

The chief engineer who told the

story had been there. He pointed to the gray in his hair and swore the *Oxford* had done it. Nobody who ever experienced such a thing would step on board of her again. The owners had taken the cement ballast out of her frames but they had not removed the extra superstructure. And one day, in a fine long swell off the Burlings—which are rocks near Portugal—she rolled slowly over on her beam ends, and remained there.

It was awful. He was lying in his bunk and he was unable to get out over the edge! The suspense! She lay there, calmly steaming along as before. What had happened? They clung to one another on the high side of the deck houses and debated. Cargo shifted? Impossible. All cargo was well stowed. There was no wind. How long will she last? And then suddenly, "Look out! She's coming up! Hold on there!" With a great sigh and a groan, that was perhaps her youth going from her at last, she rolled over on her other side. And lay there. The chief engineer's eyes popped as he fixed them on me and begged me to imagine it. There they were, clinging to what? What was the use of clinging to a ship that was losing her mind? He thought seriously of putting on a life-belt and dropping off. The feeling of helplessness was increased rather than assuaged when the *Oxford* slowly recovered her normal position. How long would it last? They stood gazing around vaguely. He himself wanted to go down into the engine room. They must be in a state down there. Look out! No, a false alarm, by Jove!

It was worse than the War, he assured me, and between two gales of laughter he received a cordial assent. He left the captain and mate hanging to a deck house and wrangling about the cause of the ship's behavior. He ran down the engine-room ladder, almost afraid to meet his second en-

gineer. How could one expect men to remain below in a ship gone crazy? His heart was in his mouth as he reached the platform, and suddenly the *Oxford* fell over so far it didn't seem she could ever come back. The racket of heavy metal slambanging and screeching over the footplates was appalling. They hung. It was as if the ship had simply tumbled over the edge of the earth, as if the laws of the buoyancy of solids in liquids and the principles of stability had been suddenly abrogated. They lay, as it were, on their faces against convenient projections, watching the coal slithering across the stokehold plates, and wondering what next?

For an hour, with intervals of a few minutes of repose, they endured this peculiar oscillating purgatory. The captain got her finally on a course head on to the swell, which would have taken her eventually to Tierra del

Fuego, whereas she was bound to Gibraltar. Once clear of the Burlings, the *Oxford* resumed her normal trim. Nothing remained save the nervous feeling, the apprehensive expressions on the officers' faces, and the extreme reluctance of firemen to go below.

When she reached home the crew stampeded ashore. Her fame ran like fire through stubble. There was no chance of shipping a new crew. Even the owners admitted such behavior was indecorous and bad for one's serenity. I asked, then, where is she now?

"Why, they were going to send her to the Knacker's yard," he said, "to be broken up, but the deal fell through. They had such a good offer for her. She's under the Greek flag now. They call her the *Eumenides* or some such name."

"And a very suitable one, too," was all I could mutter in reply.

SKETCH FOR A PORTRAIT

BY CLARA SHANAFELT

YOUR face has suffered none of the pathos of time,
 Like so many another I've seen in middle age,
 Chiseled with bleak inscriptions
 Like gravestones;

But like a fruit that hangs on a south wall
 In the warm sun's embrace,
 It extracts a richer color, a riper tang
 Of mirth and charm and ribald wit
 From time.



POSTSCRIPT TO A CAREER

A STORY

BY ROLAND ENGLISH HARTLEY

PROFESSOR BELTON, sitting on his spread-out newspaper on the lowest step scooped in the hillside, directly in face of the level grassy space that served as stage, could see by a slight turn of his head in each direction that there were as many as ten or twelve rows behind him, following unevenly the slope of the hill. A brisk rattle of talk and laughter came to his ears. They were a larger, more vigorous group than he had suspected, the Pen-and-Ink Club. He wondered if all their sessions were as lively as this one, or whether now they had caught some spirit of freshness from the mild summer evening and the open sky above them and the tall eucalyptus trees that hemmed them in.

He hadn't looked forward to coming. These social obligations that clustered about his Summer School activities were a constant irritation to him. Why couldn't they let a man *teach*, and gather in his leisure hours new forces for better teaching, instead of crowding him into corners where he must bow and smile and mutter nonsense like some mechanical toy? At home he had built up a fairly impervious system of defenses about him; but out here, confronted with the militant hospitality of the West, his evasions were less successful. From this present affair there had been no escape. Nearly half the members of his small class in story-writing were enrolled in

the Pen-and-Ink Club, and the course had scarcely commenced when he was assailed with urgent requests for his presence as guest of honor at this mid-summer gathering.

Sitting here now between Mrs. Totherwell and Miss Craig, giving only a part of his mind to the succession of singers and speakers, yielding himself much more to the charm of their setting—the bright little patch of green backed by the massive tree-trunks, like the columns of a temple, with the faint gray spread of the city visible between them and the misty line of the Bay beyond—Professor Belton was beginning to think that after all it wasn't going to be so bad. And then Mrs. Blake appeared, in her turn, on the stage, and he learned who she was, and his mild acquiescence in being here became at once an eager delight.

Her place on the program was immediately following that of a brisk little gray-haired lady who had capered somewhat embarrassingly about the green as she delivered children's play-songs of her own composition.

As he saw Mrs. Blake come forward onto the lawn—a good-looking, rather large woman in the late thirties, trimly clad and very sure of the impression she was going to make, yet throwing out with her smile a message of fellowship to include even the less important members of the assemblage—the guest

of honor set his shoulders to meet the onset of a "number" quite as distressing as the last.

Mrs. Blake read some verses. Her own, of course; for the Pen-and-Ink Club, as had been amply explained to him, included only those who were "really" creating. Beyond the first few lines he gave up holding his mind to attention and heard thereafter only the familiar ring of phrases about "the shining sky of blue" and a city "sitting proudly on its hills." Toward the close Mrs. Blake's voice took on the full, deep tones of prophecy and devotion. Her verses set a glittering halo of renown about this Western city and then died away into clamorous applause.

Before she could leave the stage, Mr. Larcott, the president of the Club, sprang forward and caught her arm. He had a pleasant little secret to tell the members. These stirring verses that had just delighted them had already been officially adopted by the Chamber of Commerce; a large number of copies were to be printed in neat booklets, just the thing to send to Eastern friends.

Another salvo of hand-clapping hailed Mrs. Blake's triumph. Beaming with satisfied love of homage, she raised a hand in a gracious little gesture of deprecation.

"She's one of our most active members," Miss Craig murmured warmly.

And from the other side Mrs. Totherwell informed the Professor, "We're awfully proud of her. She was Arnold Blake's wife, you know."

Professor Belton faced sharply about to her. "Arnold Blake's wife? . . . You don't mean Arnold Blake the writer, do you?"

She glowed happily at having found this way to his interest. "Why, yes. You must meet her after a while."

"I certainly *must*." He even made a slight move as if to rise and go at

once to where the lady had been engulfed in an ardent little group. But already Mr. Larcott was ushering onto the stage the next performer, a timid young man, whose hands trembled visibly under his manuscript. Professor Belton sank back in his place; but through the remainder of the reading and singing and speaking he kept his gaze to the right, as if fearing that Mrs. Blake might suddenly take her leave. In that event he would unquestionably have risen and gone in pursuit. To think of coming upon the traces of Arnold Blake away out here, and in a gathering like this!

By the time the program had reached its end and the Professor himself had been summoned to the stage, to inform the Pen-and-Ink Club of his deep satisfaction at finding so far in the West this stalwart outpost of the creative life, the trees had dropped deep shadows over the snug little amphitheater, and in the city below the lights were coming on. Guided by his two students and companions, Professor Belton now mounted the terraced hillside to the little plain on its crest where other activities were already going forward. A fire flamed brightly on an open hearth, with ranks of coffee-pots set before it; paper plates and cups of granite-ware were being distributed; young ladies were circulating with sandwiches. In rapid succession the guest of honor was provided with coffee, sugar, cream.

"Don't you *love* these outdoor parties?" Miss Craig demanded ardently.

"Delightful!" the Professor answered as he gently warded off with his sandwich a passing elbow that came perilously near to overturning his coffee.

He let his glance roam about through the shifting groups, lit so fantastically by the uneven firelight, in search of Mrs. Blake. Other members of the

Club were brought up to him and presented between mouthfuls; but Mrs. Blake, he perceived, was holding court of her own on the other side of the fire.

"You mustn't forget I'm to meet her," he reminded Mrs. Totherwell.

Her smile was so arch that he felt called upon to explain. "Her husband's work was one of my early enthusiasms."

"She'll be able to tell you all about *that*," his companion informed him. "They worked so wonderfully together."

And she later generously provided such full opportunity for this telling that the Professor and Mrs. Blake were seated side by side on a heavy wooden bench just on the fringe of the firelight, with its faint glow on their faces and the night closing in upon them from behind.

"I didn't even know he had come out West," the Professor said. "I just knew that suddenly there were no more of his stories; and then I heard that he was dead."

"We came out here," she said, "because they thought the change of climate might help."

"So it was . . . that."

"Yes, it was that . . . and the change came too late to do much good."

He shook his head slowly. The sense of loss was touching him as closely as if it were a death of yesterday they spoke of, and not of five years past. And then it came back to him how he had known this same sense of loss many years before while the man who occasioned it still walked the earth.

"There are many things about his work I have often wondered about," he said slowly. "You don't mind talking of it, do you?"

"Why, certainly *not*, Professor Belton!" She even turned on the bench to face him more fully, as if to show how completely she was at his disposal.

He looked away from her, off into the sinking flame of the fire. His voice was low, coming from far out of the past.

"You see, I've always been a student of writing. A critic, some people call it—though it's much the same thing. And that means that I go wandering through deserts of print and come rarely to an oasis. Pardon this rambling, won't you? What I'm trying to say is that when I came upon your husband's first book, I felt . . . vastly refreshed."

"You don't mean *Ways of Darkness*, do you?" she broke in.

"Yes," he echoed, almost reverently, "*Ways of Darkness*."

"Those horrible stories!" Mrs. Blake pronounced. Their eyes held together a moment over this clash of opinion, and then the Professor looked slowly back to the fire.

His companion seemed to feel that the obligation rested upon her of establishing her point of view, for presently she said, in a conciliating tone, "Don't you think those stories were very . . . harsh, and rather . . . drab and sordid?"

"I thought them strong and brave and true," he answered.

"But there's so much unhappiness in *life*," she protested; "why do we have to *read* about it?"

"Ah, you'll soon be starting me off on my pet lecture," he warned her. "One of the main points in it is that the sadness of our particular lives, which you speak of, is minimized for us by anything that helps us to see objectively the general sadness of human existence. Those first stories of Arnold Blake seemed to me to have a rare courage as well as a rare beauty."

"He wrote them before we were married," she remarked now in a tone of finality that put all personal responsibility far from her.

The implications of this statement

made it more difficult for the Professor to go on; but he was determined not to lose this chance of learning all he could of Arnold Blake; and presently he offered, "There was a considerable change in his later work."

"For the better, I hope," she put in briskly.

"Frankly, I couldn't feel it as such."

She laughed easily. "We don't seem to agree at all, do we, Professor, as to what constitutes good writing?"

Professor Belton was used to having his opinion in these matters deferred to, and there was a tinge of irony now in the smile that he turned from her toward the fire.

"I had often wondered," he said, "just what brought about the change."

The form of the verb he chose suggested that his wondering was now at an end; but his companion, ignoring this, undertook to enlighten him.

"Perhaps it was because he was happier himself."

The Professor's social sense enabled him to bow slightly in her direction and murmur, "Unquestionably."

"He had had a pretty hard time to begin with," she went on. "Never very well and strong, you know, and trying so desperately with his work and never getting anywhere. Then at last his book brought him recognition, and even a little money, and his social horizon broadened out; and then our marriage"—she gave a low, warm laugh—"well, marriage is supposed to be for happiness, you know."

This time the Professor's bow was not fortified with any audible comment.

"And then," she went on triumphantly, "success *really* began to come to him. You don't seem to think very highly of his later writings; but I wish you could have seen the letters that came to him from *everywhere*, telling him how much those stories meant to people. Don't you think it's

success to be read by *millions* and to mean so much in their lives?"

He met her enthusiasm with a friendly smile, but said, "I can't answer that or you'd be going about declaring me a cynic."

She settled herself back on the bench. "Well, I was very proud of him."

"Yes," he said, "I am sure you were."

They sat then in silence a while, watching the groups that formed and dissolved and flowed together all about the narrow open space flanked by the lofty trees. Mrs. Blake's face wore a quiet smile of contentment. Her way of greeting acquaintances that passed let the professor know how fully she was rejoicing in being seen in this close communion with him.

The warmth of her satisfaction with the present spread itself out to cover what she said of the past. "Poor boy," she suddenly began again, "he so hated to give up writing."

The Professor only nodded in silence and at once she went on, "*He* was quite convinced, you know, that at last he had come upon the right track for his work. We never even had to argue about it any more. He was *quite* convinced. And then, when his strength was failing, it was pitiful to see how—well, how he lost hold of all that we had captured together."

Professor Belton turned to her quickly, but his eagerness met only her reminiscent smile.

"He *would* keep on trying to write, no matter how bad it was for him; and of course what he did under those conditions . . ." She ended with the vague flutter of a white hand in the dark.

His eagerness now broke its bonds. "He *did* write something more, then?"

Again the white hand fluttered vaguely. "He kept on and on, even though we all urged him not to. And it was such a frightful waste of strength,

driving himself to do *that* sort of thing."

"That sort of thing?" he echoed dimly.

"Oh, I don't know why I've been speaking about it at all." She made a sudden movement on the bench, as if bringing herself wholly back to the present. "But you did seem interested," she threw out, to justify herself.

"I am very deeply interested, Mrs. Blake," he said gravely.

"I haven't spoken to anyone else of that last writing that Arnold did. It didn't seem quite . . . fair to him. When an artist turns out bad work, in illness or anything of that sort, I think the least his friends can do is to keep it from being known, don't you?"

He didn't answer her directly; only, after a moment, said slowly, "You still have this—this last work of his?"

"Why, certainly!" There was a ring of indignation in this. "I have every single one of Arnold's manuscripts that he wrote after we were married."

He paused a little longer now before saying, "Would I be asking altogether too much, Mrs. Blake, if I begged for a glimpse of that last manuscript?"

"Oh, it's nothing that would interest you at all, Professor Belton. You see, Arnold was really *quite* ill then; he didn't finish it till just a very short time before his passing. It's pretty badly scrawled, some of it; and I can assure you it wouldn't be worth your while to try deciphering it."

He could hear the tremor of eagerness in his words when he reminded her, "I have never been more interested in any contemporary writing than in that of your husband." And he felt at once her gratified response to the eagerness.

"Well, if you really *want* to, Professor Belton."

"I shall feel that a miracle has been offered me."

She laughed gaily and rose now from the bench with an air of once more assuming her proper position of importance. Details as to when he was to come to her for the manuscript were quickly arranged. He allowed his eagerness to be as breathless as it chose, for the pleasure that it obviously gave her. And now as the gathering was beginning to break up, and one after another of new acquaintances and older ones came to bid him good-night, he agreed smilingly with their merry comment, "You two have certainly been having a good long talk!" and even chimed in warmly when various ones pressed Mrs. Blake's arm and murmured, "I *must* tell you again, dear, how *beautiful* I thought your poem was!"

Mrs. Totherwell drove the guest of honor back to his quarters near the campus and on the way found it easiest to entertain him by telling him still more of Mrs. Blake. She spoke at fervent length of that lady's importance in the Pen-and-Ink Club, and only regretted, in view of his manifest interest, that he could not be present at one of their meetings when Mrs. Blake talked of her husband's work. This, it seemed, was one of the recurring features of their programs. "It is so—well, so *heartening* for our younger members to hear about it," Mrs. Totherwell explained.

These talks of Mrs. Blake, the Professor now learned from his companion's brisk reporting of them, were chiefly concerned with her own subtle share in the creation. "You know," Mrs. Totherwell told him—"or perhaps you *don't* know—his first stories were very drab and morbid. Then after he was married and began talking over the work with his wife, there was the most *marvelous* change in his writing! We tell Mrs. Blake that her name ought to have gone down with his as collaborator; but she is so very

modest about taking any credit. And yet from what she tells us of the way he wrote it's plain that the work was almost as much her own as his. Isn't it splendid when two people can work together and give the world such wonderful things?"

Sitting back in his comfortable dark corner of the sedan, the Professor found that only the briefest of non-committal responses were needed, to keep the lady at the wheel in the full flood of her presentation of this chief glory of the Club.

"Why," she exclaimed, "we almost feel as if we had the famous Arnold Blake himself as a member, when we have *her!*" And as if even this glowing statement might seem to detract in some way from Mrs. Blake's personal importance, she hastened to add, "She writes such charming things herself. Like those verses to-night. Didn't you think they were fine?"

Here again a vague rejoinder could pass, in the prevailing tone of the talk, for glowing praise; and a moment later as he climbed out before his door, the Professor could contribute his own note of warm sincerity when he thanked Mrs. Totherwell, and through her the Club, for giving him this most interesting evening.

On the second afternoon following he sat with Mrs. Blake over the teacups in her apartment whose high windows looked across the campus to the wide, bright reach of the Bay. On the desk in the corner was a neat package that his fingers were tingling to get hold of. With his hostess's round, full phrases in his ears, touching upon this thing and that, he had to keep himself constantly reminded that the amenities must be observed, that it wouldn't at all do to snatch up this package and go bolting down the stairs with it.

The tea things cleared away, the package was transferred from its place

on the desk to Mrs. Blake's wide lap, where her fingers played about it deliberately, conscious of the Professor's eager gaze.

"I can't imagine how I happened to tell you of this," she murmured.

Though she bestowed a warm smile upon him with this, the Professor was far from imputing to any personal charm or force this winning out of the secret. He thought he understood quite clearly how it had all come about. It was because he happened to be a person of some repute, whose eager interest in her husband's work Mrs. Blake had somehow been able to feel as a tribute to her own importance. Under the warm spell of this gratification of her vanity she had expansively offered whatever she had that might prolong and intensify his interest.

As her fingers hesitated over the cords, he let her know his wonder that for these five years she *had* kept this a secret.

"Just as I told you the other night," she promptly explained, "I didn't want to do anything to hurt Arnold's reputation. People were used to such *fine* things from him, you know; and this, I'm sorry to say, is something very different. Poor Arnold! He worked so desperately, with his little strength, to get this thing done. And all the while I was hoping that it would be something truly *great*, that he was leaving as his last message. It was a very great disappointment to me to find that it was *this* sort of thing. . . . But of course I shouldn't have expected too much; the poor man was really not fit to be writing."

The Professor forgot his present eagerness now in going back with her into this intimate past. He could feel, as she talked, the drive of the man's last gathered forces, until he himself was impelled to rise and go pacing about the narrow room. He could almost feel the presence of the sick

man, sitting in his chair and waiting for the lessening hours of strength that could bring the work a little forward. . . . Then at last the work was done, and all the little hoarded strength was spent in its doing.

"And here it is." Mrs. Blake put it in his hands. "I wish it were something better. But I know you will realize how it was written, and make allowances."

The Professor took the package reverently from her. As she walked with him to the door she said, "I can't quite forgive myself for letting this out of my hands. It doesn't seem fair to . . . well, to all the ideals that Arnold and I were building up together in his work. But you *will* remember the circumstances, won't you? He had fever always, those days."

That night, with the turning of the very first pages, the professor felt indeed a warmth coming out to him from these scrawled sentences—but it was the warmth of joyful recognition. Here was Arnold Blake at his best, the writer that he had known in those first intrepid stories, but very, very far from the writer that he had later become, with his wife's co-operation, in the quest for the thing that she had called success.

More and more as he read the Professor could see the stricken man battling with his failing strength to get this thing *done*, to make this amends to his inner consciousness before the shadows should wholly close about him. Here was the stored wealth that had found no place in all the writing done to the world's prescription, poured out now in one final lavish gesture. And if there sounded here and there a note of bitterness, because the gift had been so long withheld, it was a note quickly lost in the vibrant tones of gladness, because the gift at last was being given.

The Professor turned page after page, read on and on to the end. He willingly forgot the bundle of papers waiting in his brief-case. He read to the end and then he switched off his desk lamp and leaned back in his deep chair and let the thing pass before him again in the dark. It was a story that many people would call cruel because it was so like life. No bland evasions here, no casting of decorous drapings. Yet it left one with a sense of being strengthened, as all strong things do.

Arnold Blake's last story—a brief novel in length—was the account of the married life of a young musician. Professor Belton thought he had never found the infinite and subtle difficulties of human adjustment, and especially those of the marriage relationship, so fully revealed. The young people of the story had known hardship together, and then when greater prosperity came, it brought with it no sense of security but only unrest; and when the inevitable separation ensued, the common verdict had put all blame on the husband, saying, "A little success went to his head; she stood by him through the lean years, and now that those are past he thinks he has left her behind him." The story showed how, to all outward seeming, this judgment was just, but how it yet failed to take cognizance of all the deeper spiritual needs that must be satisfied if a companionship is not to be an empty thing.

With his new knowledge of the past few days ready to hand, the Professor could not help reading in the story the author's pent-up outcry against the circumstances of his own life. He knew enough of the processes of creation not to confuse the emotional quality with any personal feeling; but here was an urgent tone of conviction that was not likely to be a casual effect. This personal element in the writing could not in the least affect its value as art—that

it *was* art of a very high type the Professor was glowingly convinced—but it *could*, he reflected as he sat back there in the dark, make a tangled problem of it for the persons most nearly involved.

Just what had Mrs. Blake seen, he wondered, in this last writing of her husband? Surely its implications had not been as clear to her as they now seemed to him. For then, under no compulsion even of gratified vanity would she have let the manuscript out of her guarding. It certainly was not a thing to substantiate her claim to being the dominant influence toward the high creativeness of her husband's life. A general knowledge of this story, it occurred now to the Professor, would be very much inclined to weaken her prestige in the Pen-and-Ink Club. This thought made him smile, as he sat there in the dark; and then it brought him to his feet, and he switched on the light as he began to pace the floor. He would have to be profoundly careful what he said to that woman. He paced for as much as an hour before it became clear to him just how much he might safely say.

To make even surer of this, he put off the saying of it for three whole days; and when he then mounted the stairs again to Mrs. Blake's bright room with the manuscript under his arm he felt reasonably certain that he could not be betrayed into an unwise enthusiasm.

When he put the carefully wrapped package back into her hands she looked into his eyes searchingly for his judgment.

"Well?" she said at length.

"I am very happy to have had the opportunity of reading it," he told her.

She gave a little laugh that held a note of relief. "Of course, I didn't expect you to be very enthusiastic."

"It's a most interesting piece of work," he slowly pronounced.

She took this up brightly. "Oh, Arnold's work was always *interesting*."

Their eyes held together a moment over this; and gradually there came into hers that same anxious, penetrating glance that had been there when she first let the manuscript out of her hands.

"Didn't you find it rather . . . feverish?"

"Only with the fever that is in all art," the Professor cautiously rejoined.

"Art?"

"I really think we ought to publish this, Mrs. Blake," he said with an effort at lightness. When she made no answer, but only kept her eyes keenly upon his own, he asked, "Didn't he want it published?"

"He said that I was to do just as I wanted with it."

Here it was again, he realized, this devastating battle between personal loyalty and artistic integrity that had lasted to the end.

Mrs. Blake stood there before him, looking down, waiting for something further from him. In a moment he let her have just this much, "I consider this a very fine thing, Mrs. Blake. You needn't worry about its effect on your husband's reputation. It's the very thing to make that unshakably secure."

Still she seemed to find nothing to say, and the Professor now delivered what he had planned as his most telling stroke.

"The publication of this would be sure to stir up a lot of critical comment. Very favorable comment, I can promise you. Arnold Blake would be in the limelight again, so to speak. You see, in these hurried days an author who isn't constantly producing soon drops a little out of the procession. This would put him right back on the front page."

He was aware that his figure was growing confused; but at least his

fervor had not failed of its effect. Mrs. Blake's eyes came up to him warmly.

"That would be very nice," she said.

"I felt sure it was what you would want to do for his memory," the Professor tactfully observed.

She bent again over the manuscript that she still held in her two hands. "You know, I haven't looked at this for years. I must read it again at once, to see what we are offering the world."

The glance that she lifted to him with this was so lucid that the Professor felt an inward tremor.

"Remember, when you read it, that you have my authority that it's very fine."

"Would you write an introduction to it?"

"Gladly," he assured her. He even said it again, "Gladly," and at once repented of this superfluous ardor.

"Well, I'll talk to you again about it before you go." And when he was at the door she said gaily, "It's fortunate you came out here this summer, Professor Belton, or else I might never have brought that manuscript out of its dark corner. And now I can't tell you how eager I am to read it again!"

He met her bright smile brightly. "And we'll give Arnold Blake's fame a brand new start!" He even, after an instant, felt it safe to add, "Mrs. Totherwell has told me how proud they all are of you and him. This will make them very happy."

Her glance was pleased but not at all disarmed. She was not a stupid woman, he reflected.

"I thank you for the privilege you have given me, Mrs. Blake," he said gravely.

And "You'll hear from me soon," she called after him as he started down the stairs.

He heard nothing from her for several days. This was the final week of

the session now, and on Friday night Professor Belton would take the eastward train. During these last days he kept wondering whether he might, without appearing too urgent, call Mrs. Blake to ask what judgment her re-reading of the manuscript had led to; but he decided he must wait patiently to the end for some further word.

And then, on the final morning of the session, when he stepped into his classroom for the last time, there was Mrs. Blake in the back row between Mrs. Totherwell and Miss Craig. There were other visitors too, he quickly noted; the distinction of his class had made talk on the campus; but it was only to Mrs. Blake that he gave his brief glance of welcome, that she answered with a little nod and a friendly smile.

All through his summing up of the points of the course, he was conscious of her presence back there. And when the bell struck eleven in the Campanile, and the class was over, and his disciples of these six weeks came crowding around his desk to say good-by, he found his usual valedictory heartiness forsaking him, in the face of his eagerness to talk with Mrs. Blake. This reserve on his part so speeded the farewells that before many minutes the door had swung shut behind the last of his students, and only Mrs. Blake was left facing him across the desk.

She came forward quickly with the same outheld hand and grateful smile that each of the others had offered him.

"I do want to thank you, Professor Belton. It was so interesting."

For her, too, he had his slight, formal, wordless bow, as his hands moved busily about the desk assembling odd sheets of paper.

"Every single morning," Mrs. Blake went on fervently, "I've been telling myself that I *must* come down to hear you. But life is so crowded, you know.

And now to think that I just got here for the *last!*"

He was cramming the gathered papers into his brief-case.

"Do you walk across the campus, Professor?" she asked hopefully.

Her way, he knew, was not quite his; but he gladly set off beside her along the sunny path. As soon as she stopped talking he would ask her about the manuscript. But that moment seemed still remote, for Mrs. Blake was well launched on an ardent analysis of all the forms the lasting influence of Professor Belton would take upon the community after his brief summer sojourn among them. This subject carried her quite across the campus. It was still reverberating about her when they halted at her apartment house door.

"Well, here we are already," she sighed. And then she suddenly remembered of herself that there was still another subject to be broached.

"Oh, I must tell you about that manuscript."

The Professor felt that he was meeting her eyes too eagerly and looked away.

"It's the strangest thing," his companion chattered on blithely. "You know, I told you I hadn't read that story for several years. Not since soon after Arnold's death. I found it very interesting, going through it again. I

had it out there on my table while I was reading it, and one afternoon while I was out it must have blown off into the waste basket, and of course that happened to be the very afternoon my cleaning woman came, and . . . well, it's gone!"

She ended on a clear high note that had no ring of disaster. The professor found himself staring at her stupidly and mumbling like a schoolboy.

"You mean . . . it's . . . it's *destroyed?*"

"No question of it," she answered brightly. "Down the chute into the incinerator."

He met for a moment the level defiance of her glance before he looked down and said gravely, "It's a very great loss."

She had out her key now and was putting it to the lock. "I can't be so sure of that," she said. "It seemed to me very much like his earlier work. You know, I couldn't at all agree with you about *that*. And now"—she laughed brightly again—"now the world will never be able to decide between us."

Their eyes held together as she gave him her hand. What the Professor saw was a merry little glint of triumph.

"Good-by, Professor Belton," she said as he moved away and she turned to the door. "Good-by. We shan't forget you."



JESSICA AND AL CAPONE

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

LONG ago one of our oldest magazines printed a little essay called "The Villain as Hero." I never read it, but some friend spoke of it to me, and I noted the title with admiration. The author called attention, I gather, to the fact that villains had become the central point of interest in novels, that, indeed, the villain was the hero. It is still to some extent true. Certainly many of our younger writers are as insistent on the essential beastliness of mankind as any preaching friar, though their attitude to human vices is wholly different. Where the friar deplores and fulminates, they analyze, excuse, admire.

But the decades go a-changing, and to-day the tendency among young people is to find both their heroes and their villains—or their hero-villains—in news-reels rather than in drama, in newspapers rather than in fiction. They still sit up all night discussing ethical questions, but their point of departure is life, not literature. No one could possibly, in these days, get excited, as an earlier generation did, over a Robert Elsmere, a Theron Ware, or a Tess. The stuff of religious argument (if they indulged in any) would be Bishop Manning and Judge Lindsey, or Clarence Darrow and the fundamentalists. Robin Hood and Jonathan Wild and Long John Silver leave young imaginations cold. They find their romance, instead, in Al Capone.

Al Capone, indeed, is one of the central figures of our time. I confess

that I had not suspected it until recent months. Al Capone, in my languid vision, had been only a factor in American misgovernment, a strong argument against the evil workings of Prohibition, a living reproach to Chicago. It had never occurred to me that, except as a portent or a symptom, he was interesting, or that anyone could find him romantic. When I tried to say that recently in a group of delightful young people, they tried the *argumentum ad feminam*: they reminded me that I myself had at one time had what they called a "yen" for Billy the Kid. If I could find Billy the Kid romantic, why should they not find Al Capone so? Did not Billy the Kid's superiority to Al Capone inhere entirely in his background of time and space? Was it not a mere æsthetic advantage? Had I, logically speaking, any right to be sentimental over Billy the Kid and find Al Capone merely disgusting? They went on to ask me if I considered the greedier Sforzas, Medicis, Estes any more worshipful than Al Capone. To which I could reply only that I held no brief for the *condottieri* except when they employed artists to create beautiful objects and bequeathed the beautiful objects to posterity. Then they told me an authentic tale about Al Capone and a gold tea-service. . . .

Each week, at my hairdresser's, I look over a certain tabloid to which she subscribes. That tabloid is at present running a serial biography of Capone. I never read the installments; I have

never been able to imagine that they would interest me. But, not long ago, there appeared suddenly on my own living-room table a large and lurid pamphlet entitled *Al Capone on the Spot*—text by ex-Commissioner Enright of New York, and illustrations (evidently) by police photographers of various cities. (It is one of several books which have just been barred from sale in Detroit.) Certain parental reactions are automatic, and my first motion was to hide it from my eleven-year-old daughter, who sometimes has very bad dreams. Too late, however: *she* had seen it come into the house. When I explained why I did not wish her to pore over those pictures—which were mostly of slain gangsters photographed where they were shot down—she wailed, “It’s not for myself, but I must tell Jessica about it.” (Jessica is one of her demurest and sweetest friends.) “Why Jessica?” I asked. “Because Jessica is crazy about Al Capone. She says he is the only man she’d ever be willing to marry.” One learns a great deal in twenty years of parenthood, and I left the book open to her eyes in all its sordidness. Let her peruse it; and, by all means, let her tell Jessica about it. Jessica, I understand, is adamant to all romance, a very Artemis. Apparently the only male she favors is Al Capone. I have not consulted Jessica’s mother, but I think I shall ask Jessica to lunch and let her read *Al Capone on the Spot*. If I know anything about Jessica, she will decide to be something besides “Al Capone the Second,” which, I am assured, is her present ambition. Jessica has all the elements of breeding and is by way of being a Jacobite.

When you ask intelligent young people just what they find romantic in this “king of gunmen” they have some difficulty in answering—as I do when they ask me to define the romantic quality of Billy the Kid. Sometimes

they say they do not find him romantic—only interesting. (Their accents, however, belie them.) The only classic virtue they can find to attach to him is the fact that he “shoots square”; that he is supposed never to double-cross anyone. They usually tell you also that a lot of non-gangsters, who have encountered him here or there (in Florida, say) find him attractive. Some of the books say so. (*Chicago Surrenders*, for example.) Whether Capone “shoots square” or not, he is said to shoot (or to cause other people to shoot) too much. This, they do not deny. They do not think him exactly a good citizen. They merely find him more interesting than most good citizens. On the whole, they are not sure that he is a worse citizen than many million others—not, that is, if you search the human heart. It is a hard-boiled generation, remember, which imputes sin to the frustrate as well as to the effective. People, according to it, are given to being virtuous in spite of themselves—temptation, opportunity having failed them. If you question young people, they admit that they believe in intentional virtue. They have, however, a large and realistic charity for those who do not. They prefer, in real life, villains to hypocrites. Hypocrisy is perhaps the deadliest sin on their list. That is why they can endure all the trashy debunking that goes on. They can do without heroes if they must; what they cannot do without is “the real dope.”

II

Leaving aside the temper and style of these contemporary accounts of criminals and criminal activities—as “heightened” and partial as was ever Weems on Washington—which (we will assume) do not deceive the younger readers, what is there in this literature that “takes” civilized youth? Why do

adolescents find Capone romantic, why does twelve-year-old Jessica prefer him to all other members of a despised sex? You cannot make a Robin Hood out of him—he is no champion of the underdog, no redresser of injustices. Even Jessica, if her vocabulary ran to it, would admit him to be, on the face of it, the “public enemy” that Chicago freely calls him. The “square shooting” cannot be very successfully argued, since the public really does not know whether Capone shoots square or not; and in any case all the hard-boiled young things will tell you that “honor among thieves” is a sentimental myth. Certainly, whatever Capone’s share of personal courage, he does not willingly jeopardize his life. (When he appeared not long ago in a Chicago courtroom, city police surrounded the building, Federal officers were on watch inside, and the few persons allowed in the court were searched for weapons.) One of the most striking elements, indeed, of the Capone legend is the fact that hitherto (except voluntarily, once, in Philadelphia) he has never “done time,” and that after any massacre he can go to police headquarters, ask them what they “have” on him, and be told “nothing.” Of late years certainly, the murders attributed to him have all been done for him while he was a thousand miles away. To the older among us that fact destroys romance: our criminal heroes (Billy the Kid and such) took personal risks in pursuing their feuds. True, they notched their guns—but there is something ridiculous in notching a machine gun. A notch on a machine gun is—well, it is a very poor metaphor.

Sweetly and courteously, they grant all these things; yet Al Capone still appeals. If his appeal were not wide, there would not be the books and the serialized biographies. He would not be, at any and every moment, “front-

page news.” Non-criminal citizens would not take pleasure in being “snapped” with him on the Florida sands. One can determine this appeal only by a careful process of elimination. It is not, we are safe in saying, personal beauty or personal charm; it is not daredevil courage; it is not revolt, in behalf of the downtrodden, against capitalistic brutalities; it is not even Satanism. I came, after my last discussion, to the conclusion that the appeal is a purely materialistic and Philistine one; that the glorification of Al Capone is, at bottom, one with the glorification of Ford and Rockefeller. What “gets” the public, in Al Capone, is simply his efficiency. He has what is necessary to the current American hero: a gift for making money by organization on a vast scale, a genius for mass-production. That he is said to “mass-produce” (pardon the word) murders instead of motor cars does not alter the methods involved. If the tales are true, he is one of our great American business men. I do not say the tales are true; I say only that it is precisely from these tales, true or not, that the public gets its information and builds up its conception of Al Capone. Recently he protested (like Mussolini) against being called a criminal by General Smedley Butler. “The only charge,” said Capone, “that I know or any law-abiding authorities know of is my being charged with vagrancy. I have been feeding between twenty-five hundred and three thousand people daily in Chicago for the last six months. If this is an act of a vagrant, I want to be classed as a vagrant.” The fact that anyone with Capone’s popular reputation is legally liable only for vagrancy certainly tickles the public sense of humor—and with reason.

Let us admit, for the sake of the argument, that the police “have” nothing on Capone; let us even admit that there are no notches on Capone’s

private gun. If he were really believed to be as innocuous as he says he is, no one would be interested in him. It is the legend that keeps his name on the front page and sells the biographies. There being no notches on his private gun, indeed, is an essential element of the legend. The popular conception of Capone is of someone who never lifts a finger except to vibrate a signal to henchmen far away; who has built up so flawless an organization that he does not have to collect, himself, either cash or revenge. It is precisely that fact which takes the imagination of the American young. They like to see the President of the United States pressing a button in Washington to open a dam beyond the Rockies, and they like, equally, to imagine Al Capone pressing a button in Miami to have a dozen interfering people killed. Both gestures show good engineering. A successful monopolist commands their admiration, whether it is in manufacturing or racketeering. The romance of Capone to them is a romance of organization. The ruthless suppression of competitors, the swift retribution for attempted interference, the absolute regimentation of forces, the cynical impunity are familiar elements in other myths. The admiration they vouchsafe him is the same admiration they have been wont to vouchsafe to a Rockefeller, a Morgan, a Harriman—anyone who proves his supreme business efficiency. It is not because Capone is different that he takes the imagination: it is because he is so gorgeously and typically American. They forget the materials of his success in sheer admiration of the sacred method. Where is the romance of the hand-to-hand encounter compared with the romance of murder by long-distance telephone? I repeat: it is the utter and essential American-ness of Al Capone that "gets" them.

"I cannot be deported," Capone

retorts to Smedley Butler, "since I was born in this country." Of course he was born in this country: could anyone but a native American have adopted so whole-heartedly American principles of action? An immigrant would have taken years to assimilate our ideals; whereas Capone was born to them. The soup kitchens are American, too; indeed, the whole illogical mingling of greed and philanthropy, ruthlessness and charity are American enough to make one weep. There are analogies for Al Capone among the American immortals.

His essential American-ness may account for his popularity among adolescents and grown-ups. It cannot, without exegesis, account for Jessica, who is only twelve. Jessica, presumably, knows very little about big business. She knows very little, anyhow (I imagine), about Al Capone. I doubt if she has ever heard him mentioned with admiration in her own household—if indeed she has ever heard him mentioned there at all. She has, I am sure, no regular access to tabloids. Yet somehow or other, that twelve-year-old imagination has managed to lay hold on scraps of the legend, on intimations of immortality. What can Al Capone mean to her? As I consider the case of Jessica, I recall that for some years she adored pirates. There were always having to be, in her group, pirate clubs and pirate plays. But her tomboy spirit has now homed to Al Capone. The romantic trappings are absent: there are no desert islands, no buried treasure, no cutlasses, no Spanish Main, no topsails, no bandannas flying free. Capone lacks all the color of Blackbeard and Kidd. Yet somehow or other Capone fills the bill. She sees him, perhaps, as the up-to-date outlaw, successor of Robin Hood and Billy the Kid. She probably knows vaguely that they "want" him and cannot "get" him—and does not dis-

tinguish between a flight through the heather and a canny unwillingness to leave Florida. She thinks of him, no doubt, as besieged and beleaguered, yet triumphant. Perhaps she thinks of him as unfairly accused. I am sure she has no idea of the business sense which accounts (if the tales are true) for his Florida peace, or the excellent organization of forces which permits him always to pass the buck. She sees him mysteriously mowing down enemies and going scot-free. And I believe, with Jessica, that is all there is to it. The interesting point is that she can never have heard him spoken of with respect, and yet that he has never, evidently, been damned in terms that would damn him for her. She is still able to make a hero of him. One does not take the whimsies of a twelve-year-old too seriously; yet surely one may say that Jessica has not been obliged, by the accent in which Capone is talked of, to think of him as an ogre or a black bogie-man. The most sordid aspects of racketeering can never have been brought home to Jessica. One does not blame Jessica; but one wonders if public opinion has clarified itself as it might. Is not Jessica's partisan-

ship a mere reflection of the older attitude we were defining?

What the Capone legend reduces to, after all, is wholesale murder and big money. Big money is, in itself, sacred to the American heart. For some generations, we have tended increasingly not to care how money is made, so long as the money is demonstrably there. The homicidal aspect is less genial. Yet no one can deny that we take murder, individual or organized, more and more easily, with less and less shock. The very idea of gang-murders is not so unpalatable to us as to others, because organization and efficiency are almost as sacred to us as money itself. Now and then you hear some American citizen complain peevishly of the menace of our foreign population and maintain irritably that our criminals are overwhelmingly of non-Nordic stock. There may be something in it. But, as I have tried to point out, if such citizens try to use Al Capone for a shining example, they are in error. For the comedy and the tragedy alike of Al Capone—as the public prints show him to us—are that both his purpose and his practice are one hundred per cent American.



A NEGRO LOOKS AT HIS SOUTH

BY HORACE MANN BOND

THE professional Southerner is with us again, boldly proclaiming the virtues of his agrarian economy, his pride in race, his scorn of lesser breeds. The shouting and the tumult bring to the public mind the old, old picture of the quintessential Southron, the fine flower of Anglo-Saxon gentility, the Nordic par excellence in his dominance of the scene. The region is made articulate by the self-expression of these white men and women, and the Negro is merely a bit of back-stage scenery used to deepen the effect of the leading silhouette. In the South the white man is the Southerner, the Negro—well, a Negro.

Now, this classification is all very well, but I would protest that the term thus used is faulty, and that the fault is not in the Negro, but in the cavalier manner in which the accolade of Southern citizenship, of participation in the fate of the region, has been appropriated by white persons. For two or three hundred years all of my ancestors were born in the South, and the record of the last hundred years, beginning when the memory of grandparents has enabled me to pierce the chaos of slavery, convinces me that they did no unprofitable service in the development of the region. All of my kinspeople live in the South to-day, and of them the same thing may be said, in all due modesty. Most of my life has been lived in the section, and all of the hope I cherish for the future is laid there.

There are probably eight or nine million Negroes who, in the same manner, are Southerners—using the phrase in the most catholic manner—people whose forbears were born in the South, whose lives have been lived there, and whose hope of future security and happiness is intimately bound up with the fortunes of the section. These people are Southerners, and I am a Southerner.

It is, therefore, of interest to the Negro in general, and to me, to inquire into the nature of the geographical portion, the psychological entity, which is called the South. It will not be doubted that we have left our impress on the region. Customs, politics, society, all of the deeper and more extensive ramifications of culture bear the imprint of those of us who, being Southerners, are also Negroes. This forest would not have been transformed into a fertile delta had it not been for us; that constitution would not have been framed had it not been for us; that speech would not have its rare flavor had it not been for the softer inflections contributed by our vocal mannerisms. Charleston would be devoid of its graces without the Negro, and Louisiana have no tradition of good society, nor even the crown of the cosmopolitan city of New Orleans, had there been no striving, sweating, singing Negroes to make secure a foundation for culture. On the other hand, we may claim to having done less for retrogression than for progress. If

competition with the Negro drove many whites to primitive mountain fastnesses, to stagnation and decay, competition with other whites has done the same in New England and the Middle States. Without us the South would certainly have had as many "po' white trash" and, without us, few if any of those "to the manor born."

As a child, I saw the South in miniature, in little microcosms that gave a touch of the larger reality. But it is not enough to pick cotton, or shell "goobers," or paddle one's bare toes lovingly in the pleasant, sticky red mud of a North Georgia hillside. Look at your South in a black-belt county in Alabama, then go a scant hundred miles to the north, to the hill country where you will find an entire county without a Negro family, and you will see an entirely different South. In the last few years I have had occasion to look at the section from the vantage point of rice farms, sugar-cane farms, cotton farms; from cotton-mill towns, port towns, steel towns, coal-mining towns, tobacco towns, and towns which had no apparent distinction aside from their common creation by the patron devil of such communities.

In such excursions into the back country the traveler is thrown among all sorts of people, white and black. I recall one man in a small town located near the Red River in Louisiana in whose house I stayed for two months. He was the janitor of the local White Baptist church. His wife was a delightful old black amazon who grumbled continually at the "Whi' folks," for making her husband work so hard, and at him for letting them abuse his hours of labor. And yet she was always ready to tell me, by the hour, with a pride that was almost pathetic, of a little white girl she had nursed, and whom she adored from afar, as that child grew into womanhood.

Another man whose hospitality I enjoyed for nearly a month was leading grocer to the Negro community, gasoline-station proprietor, and undertaker to all and sundry, white and black, in the little town nestled under the Mississippi River levee, where he lived. Still another was a Negro doctor who owned a plantation of three thousand acres on the river, below Natchez, and who complained of the laziness of his tenants quite as mournfully as any white land owner could have done. In North Carolina on one occasion I stayed for two weeks with a bootlegger who enjoyed the lavish patronage of white train-crews; but the next week found me domiciled with an old widowed woman who insisted on reading at least two chapters from the Bible before she prepared my breakfast in the morning. Two nights I spent in the meager cabin of a tenant in Louisiana who boasted of having cleared five dollars last year, a return for a year of labor which is no mean accomplishment with cotton selling at nine and ten cents the pound. By far the most entertaining of my hosts in the back-country, however, was a highly respected Negro in a small village of a certain State, who added to his income as drayman a considerable sum derived from the re-distilling, for the county sheriff, of the liquor captured by that functionary in sporadic raids over the countryside. I do not know what disposition the sheriff made of the doubly purified stuff, as my host was a teetotaler.

These Southerners—Negroes if you must—represent bits of the mosaic which when pieced together give a fairly satisfactory portrait of the section. Like them are the white people one meets in every capacity: policemen who believe that every Negro in an automobile is a bootlegger; filling-station proprietors who refuse to inspect the motor oil in a Negro's automobile,

where there is no competition, but who rush to dust off the minutest speck of dirt from a windshield if there is another station on the opposite corner; a little white boy who throws a brick at my car for no particular reason other than that I am a Negro; another white boy whose father owns a thousand acres, and who toils in mud to his knees to free me from an apparently bottomless pit, and then haughtily refuses to accept anything from a "nigger" in payment for the work of an hour and the strength of two good mules; while ten miles away a surly Negro tenant refuses to budge from his cabin to help me extract my automobile from a like difficulty until I have pledged him five dollars, coin of the realm. Here is the owner of a large store who delays me for an hour while I listen patiently to his interested and intelligent discussion of the Negro and his virtues and vices; while across the way another storekeeper may hurl a bottle at my head if I do not take my hat off when I pass the threshold. Here is a white man who has killed at least three Negroes in cold blood, with no more ado about it; while he may have as his neighbor the old man I heard of in a Louisiana town who thought he had been insulted by a Negro tenant who had been his playmate as a boy. The old man hitched his horse to his buggy, told the Negro to hop in, and drove to a deserted neck of woods where he ordered the Negro to get out and fight him, fair fist and skull. The old man was no match for his tenant and was considerably battered; but he merely swore the Negro to secrecy and drove him amicably back to town. Someone, it seemed, had seen the affray and relayed the news; but when the old man was approached to verify the scandalous rumor, he only said, "Jim's my nigger, and it's none 'er yore damned business how I handle him."

The cities, too, have their own

uniqueness. The comparison between the cities, and the citizens, black and white, of two such Alabama centers as Birmingham and Montgomery becomes odious. The slums of Birmingham are the wretched hovels of the creatures of Steel and Coal, and the well-to-do houses the fantastic creation of the abysmal *nouveau-riche*, while in Montgomery the slum-dwellers are still human beings, charming in their squalor, and the wealthier homes bear the relaxed countenance of accustomed luxury. Atlanta and Durham are full of "go-getters," while Natchez and Mobile still retain the charming atmosphere of men and women who arrived, and obtained, some time before the present era.

II

If Negroes are Southerners, we cannot avoid looking upon the South with as candid a view as those other Southerners who are white, nor can we avoid a touch of that sectional partisanship which gives to us the common touch. In the little Negro college where I spent four years the student body was almost equally divided between boys from the North and the South. I still remember the most popular theme for our sophomoric arguments, and these were endless. No matter how any argument began, it always drifted around to an inter-sectional debate, with boys from New Jersey and New York high schools hotly attacking the South, and with boys from Arkansas and Georgia as vigorously defending their home States. It is no mistake to assume that your true Southerner, like your man of family, brings to any internal discussion a venerable tradition, a tangle of notions derived from daily contacts with men and the means of human communication. In assessing the mental cast of the Southern Negro it is too often forgotten that the books he studies in school, the newspapers he

reads, and the radio to which he listens not infrequently, all alike are instruments seeking the end, consciously or not, of the preservation of a cultural entity. The text-books adopted by the State are carefully scanned by censors eager to eliminate any deprecatory remarks concerning the Old South, and these instruments of culture carry their propaganda as neatly into kink-thatched heads as into the consciousness of the Nordic youngster.

What the result is in sustaining a state of mind in Negroes similar to that of whites is quite apparent, though liable to more perplexing evidences of the cultural aim sought for in the former instance. I know scores of Negro lads bearing with unconscious irony the name of Robert E. Lee Jones, or Smith, or Brown; I could list a baker's dozen of Stonewall Jacksons, and I even know two colored youngsters who proudly bear the illustrious cognomen of Jefferson Davis. Indeed, I know more Negro lads named for the great Confederate general who fought to perpetuate slavery than those bearing the name of the Great Emancipator. Booker T. Washington, the sage of Tuskegee, has been perhaps the most prolific source of suggestion for fathers who sought a worthy name for their offspring; but never, in the length and breadth of my travels in the South, have I ever seen a lad christened for William Edward Burghardt Du Bois, for four decades the foremost radical and intellectual of his race.

The initiation of the Negro child into the cult of the South is not alone confined to this process of furnishing subjects for hero-worship. The customs and exploits of the region likewise belong to him. What the White South reads, he reads; and what the White South debars, is barred from him. In five years of teaching I have seen but six youngsters of college grade out of a total of four or five hundred in my

classes during that time who had read that immortal picture of antebellum Negro life, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. As a matter of fact, these unhappy creatures, surrounded from youth by illiterates, deprived, for the most part, of public or private libraries, and products of public schools wretched beyond imagining, have seldom read anything but their school text-books and the Comic Supplement of the daily prints. In this, of course, they are much like the majority of their white fellow-Southerners. But at least in these school books they read of the chivalrous deeds of men and women of the Old White South, and now and then an acknowledgment of the perfection in servitude achieved by some devoted black coachman or cook. They swallow without a retch the fantastic stories of the iniquities of Reconstruction and the detailed accounts of Negro legislators portrayed as scoundrels and ignoramuses. These accounts are supplemented by inspired essays which attempt to be redolent with the charm of the Old Plantation, and the perfumed fragrance of the magnolias and cape jessamine evokes for them as readily as for white youths a sublime land of Never-Never, of chaste ladies and brave men with the graces of the perfect gentlewoman and gentleman, of mint-juleps, sugar-cured hams, and gracious manners.

The shrewder members of the race are quick to capitalize this picture of the olden time, and it has been for a long time a source of amusement to me, mixed at times with a certain amount of indignation, to see how cleverly they aid white persons in the recreation of the legend. Dignified school principals become the embodiment of the courtly black servitors of a past regime as they entertain the members of some hungry school board. I know dozens of such public functionaries whose only manifestation of educational proficiency consists in the ability to serve

succulent fried chicken and hot biscuits to visiting inspectors. The larger State schools in the South for Negroes owe many of their more considerable appropriations to the fine art of culinary blandishment. Once, when I was teaching at such a school, the biennial visit of the appropriations committee of the State Legislature was announced. I looked forward to incisive questions and a searching analysis from these ferret-eyed protectors of the public funds. Vain expectations! But I was young then. On the day of the visit the entire teaching staff was marshalled by order of the president of the school to a nearby pea patch, where, enrobed in blue jeans and calico, our scholarly faculty awaited the arrival of these patrons of the arts. The eyes of the visitors sparkled with enthusiasm when they were informed by the president that what they saw was no unusual occurrence in this State college, dedicated as it was to the great ideals of honest labor and toil.

From the pea patch the legislators passed hastily around the campus, finally to rest in the spacious Home Economics Department, the best equipped in the entire school. Here they were served mountainous plates of fried chicken, together with beaten biscuits fit for an epicure (these viands had been prepared by an old Negro woman who had been imported for the occasion, although all the credit was given to the chipper domestic science staff). From this shrine they proceeded to the school auditorium, where with brimming eyes and distended stomachs they listened to Jubilee Songs—"Plantation Melodies"—sung by the student body. They departed, praising the superior work of our institution, not having been in a single classroom, not having asked a single question about the efficiency or training of the teaching staff. The school that year received the largest appropriation in its history.

It can be said with much truth that fried chicken and Negro spirituals have done more for Negro education than all the philanthropic foundations and their agents have ever accomplished.

These things, of course, pertain to a High Art, the practices of a menial translated to a higher sphere, where they prosper amazingly. Negroes have a name for it; among themselves, they dub the Art, "Fooling the White Folks." A successful practitioner in this high calling becomes in the public prints "a highly respected Negro man," or "a Negro of the old order who has many white friends in this vicinity." At the death of such a one, no matter how humble (for humbleness is an added degree of virtue), one may look forward to at least a half-column of newspaper comment, and a number of "leading white citizens," always including prominent preachers and the town mayor, at one's funeral. No master of social psychology approaches the technic perfected by the Southern Negro in such matters.

If it may not be regarded as too immodest a declaration, I should like to claim for myself some progress in this art. Frequently I hear anxious queries from colored friends who know that I travel constantly in the back-country and wonder how I escape injury and insult from the natives in the dark hinterlands of Alabama and Mississippi. The technic is easy. I learned it all in one day from an elderly Negro guide who led me through a hundred miles of tangled Alabama woods in search of three rural schools tucked away in the heart of the wilderness. He had worked for white people for fifty years, and by dint of prodigious thrift had at last retired with a considerable competency. Now, when we stopped at crossroads stores for information he was quick to doff his hat and preface his every sentence with "Mister," and end every interrogation with "Sir."

If one has occasion to say "Yes" or "No," the monosyllables must always be followed with the respectful "Sir."

There is no denying that the system works. One day while driving through a little North Carolina village I violated every traffic law known to man, as well as others known only to the inhabitants of this drab mill village. I was promptly haled before the local bar of justice. By assiduous practice of the Art, I emerged with never a fine, not even a reprimand; indeed, a fine encomium was mine: "You act like a good ducky, so I'm gointa let you go." I challenge any other motorist, white or black, to drive through that town at fifty miles an hour, as I had done, and escape unscathed. On the one occasion when I did not practice the Art I came near faring badly. In a little express station in Selma, Alabama, I attempted to insure a package of documents for five hundred dollars. The clerk was surly; I had interrupted him in a game of coon-can with several other loungers. He eyed my package suspiciously. "Whatcha got in there, money?" Forgetfully I answered:

"No."

Then he exploded. "Say, I'm a white man; say 'Sir' to me." And he flourished a long dirk before my face.

I quickly regained the situation.

"Excuse me, Mister; my mistake, Sir."

Although he eyed me suspiciously again, as if to discover some hidden irony in my answer (he was a very dirty white man), he finished expressing my parcel with no more ado.

III

This Art, of course, stripped of its intention, is no more than the common politeness in which, I believe, every Southern Negro child is instructed; it is a code laid down without application to race. I can well remember that

my old grandmother insisted that I should say "Sir" to all men, and "Mam," for Madame, to all women, and always raise my hat when I wished to ask a question. It is part of my Southern training, and on numerous occasions I have been told testily, by Northern-bred Negro women, "I wish you wouldn't 'Mam' me so much; it's so Southern, and besides, it makes me feel so old!" But no matter how I guard my tongue, that inbred "Sir" or "Mam" will out in ordinary conversation.

Now this, in my opinion, is the very crux of the Southern situation. There are two *dicta* that always restrain me when I essay wholesale criticism. The first is that well-known aphorism, "It is impossible to indict a people," and the other, the pithy comment of the illustrious Frenchman, "No generalization is correct, not even this one." And yet, despite the many exceptions, despite the efforts of Mr. Allen Tate and his fellow "Neo-Confederates" to extol the gentility of the former Southern scene, I am convinced that the White South of the present may be indicted on the basis of its undeveloped gentility. The Negro in the past generally had most of his dealings with men of property. It will be remembered that in antebellum times only one out of five whites in the South owned slaves, and since those halcyon days the great majority of the Negro's contacts as domestic servant and farm tenant have been with the propertied classes. As a rule, then, the Negro is accustomed to dealing with gentlemen, and all other whites are still to him the "poor white trash" whom my grandparents so loftily despised. Most of the hypocritical subterfuges of the present, accordingly, are mechanisms adopted by Negroes to sustain the illusion that his masters are still gentlemen, which, sadly enough, is no longer the case. By social training, by school

books, by tradition, Negroes, if lackeys, are at least "gentlemen's gentlemen." In actuality, he finds that poor whites have come into the kingdom, with a taste for its distinction though devoid of its graces; and with subtle skill he feeds the taste of these Rotarian Southrons who have succeeded to the places of the long-dead mighty of another age.

It is possible, of course, that the White South of to-day reserves its nobility of soul for whites only, its gentlemanliness for whites in a segregated world, as it reserves the best theater seats and railroad accommodations. But this, indeed, has in every age been the crucial test of the true gentleman: his bearing toward his inferiors. There is an anecdote of General Robert E. Lee which is to the point. It is said that while serving as president of Washington College, after the War, he was accosted by an old Negro man who raised his hat to the General. Lee in turn doffed his hat, much to the dismay of a friend who witnessed the scene and reproached him for having "tipped his hat to a nigger." Lee replied, "I cannot afford to let a Negro be more polite than I." *Noblesse oblige* has merit as a test. In general the white Southerner of to-day reacts to the Negro like a man who has but recently achieved status, and who leans over backward to avoid any suspicion of irregularity. He is afraid to be gracious in manner to Negroes because his friendliness might be criticized as the eccentricities of a "nigger-lover." On numerous occasions I have heard State and local educational officials protest their desire to give Negroes a fairer proportion of the public funds, but invariably they admit an unwillingness to face the electorate behind them. Many of the older breed of Southerners were sufficiently confident of their status to be able to afford gentility in their relation-

ship with their Negro slaves, knowing that simple humanity would not dislodge them from their positions. Even after the War there were men like Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, owner of huge plantations in that State and in Mississippi, soldiers like John B. Gordon, statesmen like Henry Grady and Benjamin Hill of Georgia, men who could advocate with sincerity decent treatment for Negroes and adequate schooling for them in public addresses. General Gordon campaigned for office in 1866, before the Negro was enfranchised, on a platform of free schools for Negroes. What modern Alabama or Georgia politician would do this? Not one; the modern breed runs to the contrary.

Witness the great men of the last two decades. Vardaman of Mississippi, Heflin of Alabama, Blease of South Carolina. These men have all, it is true, been more or less discredited with their constituencies, principally because of the very fury which they generated. But Bilbo still reigns in Mississippi. Mr. Bilbo, it will be remembered, responded to the protest telegram of a Negro Association against a lynching in the pungent words: "Go to Hell." Recently Mr. Bilbo's close friend and kinsman, Bura Hilbun, was tried on the charge of embezzling eighty-five thousand dollars of Rosenwald Fund monies, given in his care to aid in building Negro schools. A hung jury resulted in a mistrial, and Mr. Hilbun went free. But if Mr. Bilbo is finally repudiated by the Mississippi electorate, it will not be due to the scandals in his administration relating to Negro schools, but rather to his activities in connection with four State white institutions which resulted in the withdrawal of recognition from these schools by accrediting agencies. In place of Prentiss, Mississippi accepts such men as her leaders.

The luminous pen of Mr. Bowers

has recently revived the "Tragic Era" of Reconstruction. But it is largely forgotten that the men who wrested the control of politics from Negroes and Carpetbaggers were content to let the State Constitutions adopted by those legendary free-booters endure for years to come, after they had seized control. Warmoth has shown how the white Democrats of Louisiana, of which he was a reconstruction governor, were as assiduous in corraling corrupt Negro votes as the Black Republicans, and that many of the most earnest grabbers were ex-Confederate officers. Mr. Heflin has recently obtained an investigation of the election which resulted in his defeat, and his vivid accusations of ballot manipulation beggar any description ever made of the evil deeds of Negro reconstruction politicians. The recent disclosures regarding the handling of State monies in Tennessee show a situation at least parallel to the most devious dealing of the Reconstruction "Parson" Brownlow of that State.

The election of Hayes in 1876 is generally regarded as the end of Reconstruction. Yet the first white Democrat to be elected governor in Louisiana after 1876 appointed a Negro, P. B. S. Pinchbeck, as a member of the State School Board, as well as numerous school-board members from Negroes in the various counties of the State. We have all witnessed that peculiar phenomenon, following hard upon stock-market crashes and bank failures, by which loud complaints of loss are heard on the part of those who have just discovered large shareholdings or deposits which hitherto had been rather successfully concealed from the knowledge of acquaintances. The like symptom of human frailty has in large part afflicted the White South. The real aristocracy, the heaviest losers in the *débâcle*, appear to have taken the issue of arms in the

manner of good sportsmen, which is the manner of the gentlemen. They strove mightily to regain control of the political situation, and they succeeded. Then, from the ranks of the poor whites, there arose those long-haired evangelists who disputed control with the genteel, culminating in the Populism which swept the South in the nineties. By the end of that decade the old order had passed away; the new people from the hill-country were in the saddle, and the Negro found himself entirely in the hands of a ruler who had never known Uncle Mose', except as his eternal economic competitor.

IV

By far the most detestable crystallization of these uncharitable characteristics of the New Southerner is to be found in the white Northerner come South to settle and to live. One must except, of course, those noble souls who in times past braved social ostracism to come as teachers of the benighted Negroes in little mission colleges here and there. If the newly arrived white Southerner leans over backward to avoid criticism from his constituent hill-billies, the Northerner makes himself absurd by his haste in adopting the protective coloration of local prejudice. In all hotels the guests most abusive of the help are more than likely to be Northerners, and I have heard numerous cooks and maids, employed seasonally by persons wintering in the South, give their infallible verdict, "They's the meanest kind of po' white trash." This sense of proportionate values in menials is not due to different standards of efficiency between Northern whites and Southerners. I have known cooks who worked for ten, twelve, fourteen hours a day without complaint for Southern whites, while cherishing a secret scorn for their Northern mistresses who gave

them lighter hours and fewer tasks.

Many of the white Northerners who have come to the South are from the Middle West, and their ideal for the New South is, apparently, the recreation in the Black Belt of Indiana civilization. The ideal has charmed the minds of the new type of Southern business man, in great part, and from Savannah to San Antonio the Rotary idea is rampant. Men from the two sections are, in fact, brothers under the skin—men fresh from the soil, educated in moribund denominational colleges or crass state institutions, with a great hunger for the Almighty Dollar. I have no desire to intimate that the great Main Street area has not its proper ratio of gently bred citizens; but it is a certainty that the product is not exported to the South. One meets these exiles everywhere in the South. Many of them bring a sturdy faith in the Grand Old Party, and promptly excise the poor Negro from the sinecures attaching to affiliation with that Republican ghost by setting up a "lily-white" regime. The process of thus "purifying" the party has been immensely facilitated during the presidency of that great and good native-born Iowan, Mr. Herbert Hoover.

If more proof is needed of the similarity in type between the New white Southerner and the New Middle-Westerner, an inspection of records of violent race clashes will furnish confirmatory evidence. In proportion to the number of Negroes in the population, the Middle West of recent years has been as ready to mete out extra-legal justice to Negroes as has the South. One of the most savage lynchings of 1930 occurred in the charming (Midwestern) city of Marion, Indiana. The butchery of almost two hundred Negroes in East St. Louis immediately after the World War was unequalled in downright atrocity even by the Elaine, Arkansas, massacre of

the same period. The first lynching of 1931 occurred in Maryville, Missouri, and this town is a scant thirty miles from the Iowa border. Ten years ago I saw a sign at Rising Sun, Indiana, such as I have seen nowhere in the South: "Nigger, Don't let the Sun go down on you in This Town." I do not know whether it still stands, but as late as two years ago I was told of another sign in a nearby Indiana village that read: "Nigger, Read and Run; If You Can't Read, Run Anyway."

It may well be that the culture of the Old South has been exaggerated. Certainly the romanticists have been too egregious in their praise. Olmstead in his travels found many "big houses" that were mere cottages, and lordly masters who in fact presided over a few flea-bitten dogs and mangy mules, plus a few unkempt Negroes. To-day one may travel through a dozen counties in the Deep South, where Sherman never penetrated, and yet discover no habitations save log huts which antedate the War Between the States. Whatever damage the great destroyer may have done to the legendary great mansions of Georgia and South Carolina, his failure to march through the far reaches of Alabama and Central Mississippi should have left some such structures still erect, if they ever actually existed. But at least the Old Order was sufficiently virile to produce a tradition and to cultivate an ideal. It matters not if that tradition had no actual seat aside from certain seaboard cities and the Mississippi Delta. It is enough that it did produce here and there an expert in the art of living. Ideals, though held by a few, may affect the behavior of the many. With the wider diffusion of literacy to-day we may be permitted to ask as much of the present. Stonewall Jackson, before the War Between the States, took time to teach a Negro

Sunday School class. One cannot imagine the hero of Manassas presiding at one of our modern *autos-da-fé*, or excusing it under any circumstance. General John B. Gordon of Georgia publicly advocated schools for Negroes. In 1880, six years after the Negro had been thrust from politics by this man and others, the county of Wilcox, in the Black Belt of Alabama, expended \$1.45 per capita Negro child for educational purposes. In 1928, with the New Order in full control, this same county expended 69 cents per capita Negro child. Surely the old masters would have done no less.

V

I have said but little of the Black South, and much of the White South. Sixty-five years ago a Northern agent came to a school for Freedmen in Atlanta, and in talking to the students asked them what message he should carry back to the philanthropists who had sent him. A little ragged boy arose and said, "Tell 'em we'se a-risin'." That urchin, now far advanced in age, is to-day president of a bank in Philadelphia.

I believe his hope is as true to-day as it was in those troublous times immediately after Emancipation. Yesterday I was in a school-house converted from an abandoned plantation cabin. The teacher was a girl of seventeen, hardly more literate than her advanced pupils. Fifty-six children were present, but the total enrollment was ninety-eight. That teacher received thirty dollars a month for a four months' term, and from her poor teaching I doubt if half of her pupils returned to the cotton fields one whit wiser than when they entered. In the county where this school is located fifty-five per cent of the Negro adult population is illiterate. The short school, irregular attendance, and

poor teaching are undoubtedly graduating yearly hundreds from the ranks of these school children to those of adult illiterates.

What land the Negroes own in this Red River valley they bought twenty, thirty years ago. With cotton at nine cents a pound, or less, they barely live from harvest to harvest. The county is building new roads to afford unemployment relief, but while the rural whites are welcomed to those jobs, the rural Negroes in far more desperate straits are told not to apply, as they will not be hired.

In Birmingham two years ago I sat beside a Negro teacher in an educational meeting. Two hours later that inoffensive boy was shot to death by two policemen dressed in plain-clothes, who stopped him on a side street like any common highwaymen and interpreted his gesture to escape as sufficient cause for opening fire upon him. They were exonerated the next day for "justifiable homicide." In that city and in others I have seen innumerable pool-rooms crowded with vicious Negroes, thieves, gamblers, the dregs of life.

On Beale Street in Memphis one evening, a month ago, I saw three viragoes dragged to a patrol wagon, shrieking curses that would put the hardest sailor to shame. Five minutes later, in the next block, I saw two men engage in a stabbing duel and saw one flee as a crowd gathered around the gashed body of the victim. In New Orleans one may see the old Tango District running full blast, and in Montgomery I have counted seven houses of prostitution cheek by jowl with two Negro churches. Montgomery is at least tolerant in this respect, for of these places, two were staffed by white women, and two by Negro women, for white patronage, while the remainder were reserved for Negroes exclusively.

All this I have seen, and more, of human misery and degradation in this South, which I call my own. But the day after my stroll in Beale Street I came to the bridge across the Mississippi River at Vicksburg, at sunset. If you ever see that vivid color spread slowly over the swamps on the Louisiana side, as you stand on the bluffs across the river, you will realize how one may love the South and claim it as one's own. An hour later I "gave a lift" to a Negro trudging along the highway. He was a tenant farmer, but he told me proudly of a son who was a student at Tuskegee Institute. Another day, there were the children in a back-country school singing a spiritual I had never heard before; and down the road a mile, a dozen ragged men dragging my automobile from a morass, emerging muddy, cold, and shivering, but refusing to accept a cent for their services when told that I was working for the Rosenwald Fund. "Cap'n Julius? Nossuh, we cain't take no money fo' that!" And these men were tenants, selling a drought-stricken cotton crop for nine cents a pound.

These white people, these black people, are Southerners, but what is more, they are intensely human. And so long as the Negro Southerner can still laugh and sing and see visions, he will get along. We need some pressure; not too much, but some. Yes, trust Sam to get along. We are inveterate optimists, and though the White South gives us nothing better than Vardamans and Bleases and Bilbos, we will still believe that "We'se a-risin'."

But if a need be enunciated, that prime necessity for all of us who are Southerners, white and black alike,

in my opinion must lie in the appearance of more genuine Southern white gentlemen. Some there are, of course. Such men as Aycok of North Carolina there have been in the darkest days, and the Inter-racial movement of later years has found the type here and there in increasing numbers. These men come to their human relationships with sufficient gentility and assured status as not to be ashamed to be decent where Negroes are concerned.

One wonders if this new order of nobility will arise from the vast educational activity now so popular in the South. Perhaps; at any rate, when I see the magnificent structures being erected in every rural community for whites, with transportation bringing accredited high schools within the reach of every white child, I am not so inclined to become bitter, so long as this consoling thought remains in mind. These excellent schools, of course, are being erected and maintained at a corresponding sacrifice of adequate educational facilities for Negroes. In the county where these lines are written, the county receives from State funds \$7.88 for every child, black as well as white. Of this amount, a little more than two dollars is spent on Negro children, per capita, while all the balance goes to the white schools, together with all of the local county and district taxes for school purposes. If the Negro schools are conducted for but four months, in miserable shacks, by teachers receiving an annual salary of less than \$140, while the white schools enjoy every advantage, the disparity is worth while if from those white schools there comes a generation of men and women who realize that nobility carries with it certain obligations.



THE INCOMPLEAT ANGLER

BY BRENDAN LEE

ARE you surprised, you masters of the rod, that a fisherman should meekly begin with a title which violates the lofty tradition enshrined in *The Compleat Angler* of Isaak Walton? Hear first then my apologia, which shows how wonderfully and in what dark disguise the grace of humility came to abide with one of the brotherhood.

I was fishing a stone pile in the Maine wilderness one heavenly summer day when—

"Tell us more of such fascinating sport," you interrupt. "We have heard that woodchucks live in stone piles and are hard to catch. What fly were they taking?"

Patience! I was about to add that, because this particular stone pile was a favorite haunt of minks, I was bait-fishing with a grasshopper; which is not much to my credit. As Andrew Lang truly says, with that generous forbearance which marks the fly-fisherman, "Your bait-fisher *may* be a good man, but it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle."

Perhaps I should have begun by explaining that my stone pile dated from a time when the best anglers went fishing with a spear. Some ancient land-slip had brought it rumbling down to block the course of a spring brook and form a pond in a pocket of the hills. You may still find that pond, as lonely and alluring as ever, between the mighty shoulders of Big and Little Spencer Mountains. From it, as of old, the brook flows northward through

unbroken forest to Sungegarmook—a picturesque Indian name which by some linguistic lunacy has been translated into "Lobster Lake." In the Milicete tongue *sunge* means "fish trap"; and the root word *mook* for "water" has such pleasant variations as *garmook* for "broad water" and *murmook* for "flowing water" and *boommook* for "sounding water" or a waterfall.

To my disappointment, the unnamed pond offered me no invitation to try my fly rod. Indeed, the water was hardly deep enough to cover the dorsal fin of a sizable trout, as I proved by drifting over it on a raft of cedar logs. It is the unworthy habit of an incompleat angler, you know, to carry an axe and a few spikes when going to fish new waters. Originally the pond might easily have floated a whale; now it was filled almost to the surface by a loose sediment brought down from the forest by the rainwash of ages. No outlet was visible; but as I wandered over the natural dam a musical gurgle sounded underfoot; in the bottom of every hole among the stones was a gleam as of liquid ebony. No fisherman could hear that melody of water or see its gleam without thinking:

"This is the spot I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."

In the stream below only small trout could be caught in the summer season; but these rocky dens near the spring-head, everlastingly cool and dark, might well be a hideout for the big ones.

This proved to be such a happy thought that I named my stone pile the Wishing Wells. To drop a bait into any of its deep holes was instantly to get your wish in the shape of an electric tug. The rub was that such insects as the woods offered for bait must be delicately hooked to remain alive and kicking, as trout like to have them. As you lowered your line expectantly, your heart at your finger tips, the insect would touch water and be snapped off, leaving you only an empty hook. It was like fishing in the Fountain of Youth; an hour of it would rejuvenate any man. But first one must catch more bait, a whole lot more. In a few tingling minutes I had lost two or three crickets, a grub, a moose fly, and a bumble bee without ever once seeing what took them all so eagerly. If you ask me how very delicately I hooked that bumble bee without getting his hook into me—well, I didn't. Never again will I trust the rule which says that a bee can't sting you if you hold your breath.

On a sunny hillside down the valley was an old lumber camp, its log walls crumbled to mold, its yard upgrown to tall herd's-grass. Going there in search of abundant bait, I sat for a moment on the edge of the clearing to enjoy the blessed stillness. Promptly, as if in answer to my quest, an inquisitive grasshopper lighted on my knee. When I grabbed him as excellent trout medicine, there was an expression on his pointed face which seemed to ask, "Were you never a boy?" With his question came a memory of days when a slice of bread spread thickly with molasses was a satisfying *bonne bouche* after school or after chores or before going for the cows, or almost any time between meals.

Wondering now whether other insects had changed as little as I have since the world was young, I held my prisoner in cupped hands while calling through a crack the old, fair terms: "Grasshopper, grasshopper, gimme

some molasses and I'll let you go." As quickly and mysteriously as ever, from some hidden reservoir of sweetness he produced a brown drop—the price of his liberty, and quite as precious to him, no doubt, as was the room filled with gold which a captive Inca king offered to Pizarro.

Yes, he went free, of course; but I offered no more terms to his clan. In the warm grass of the clearing myriads of grasshoppers were feeding or playing or gaming, or whatever grasshoppers do on their lawful occasions. Some could jump an astonishing distance, and I was no longer a barefoot boy to match their agility. Others had an elfish gift of flight, and these all obeyed the Scriptural injunction, "Rejoice and clap your hands." As they zipped off with a merry *klip-klap* of wings, they would turn sidewise in midair, as if to look back and see whether I also rejoiced and clapped my hands.

To chase such lively creatures was to remember Falstaff, who said he could not swim but had a great alacrity in sinking; wherefore I adopted a method which seemed to amuse a whisky jack, or Canada jay, who chuckled immoderately as he flew over me. Creeping on hands and knees until I flushed a hopper, I would follow to where he landed from a grand sault and find the suspicious fellow facing me, his legs crooked for another exodus. Only occasionally did I get my hat over one. And very likely, when I put him in my pocket, another that I had thought safely pouched would jump out.

Thus silently, whole-heartedly the play went on, until I came to a huge hardwood log hidden in some uncommonly high grass. Over it stood the smiling midday sun; beyond it the solemn firs seemed to draw nearer, as if to watch the comedy. There was an odor in the close air which should have warned me; but he who catches grasshoppers must have singleness of

mind. Seeing no game afoot, I rose on my knees to brush the grass tops with a hand, thinking that the alarm might start something. And it did. From under my nose a bear that had been sleeping on the other or shady side of the log went up like an explosion.

Now I have been in an earthquake that shook down the roof over my head, and in some other chancy situations; but somehow I can't seem to remember anything quite so paralyzing as that bear. Luckily he was scared, too; and ten times luckily, a bear is never so frightened that he forgets which way to jump for better cover. As he went he let off a terrifying *ur-rumph, umph!* like a double-barreled gun. "Don't you touch me," he bawled. "Don't you dare!" Heaven knows that I had no such intention. In a dazed kind of way I was conscious only of the bottoms of his feet, black and wrinkled, as he turned them up at me so rapidly that they seemed to twinkle through a hurricane of grass. My own feet were rooted meanwhile; it was only my nerves that twinkled.

And the moral was, as you must plainly see, that any merely mortal fisherman needed for his completion a lot of things not mentioned in any book of angling. He needed a long-handled net to catch grasshoppers, for example, and a cage to put them in. He needed a nosey little dog to run ahead of him, or else high courage or invincible serenity or some other antidote for eruptive bears. And then, when it was all over, he needed a drink. Lacking such essentials, one was bound to get an inferiority complex which permanently disbars him from the company of compleat anglers who look to Isaak Walton as their patron saint.

II

Any fisherman who sleepily reads *The Compleat Angler* (and from experi-

ence I should say that he can't read it without thinking more of his bed) knows right well that it is about as far from completion as any book of instruction ever written. Most of its prescribed methods, in fact, are like the collection of junk stored in an old tackle box; and Diogenes must have seen a tackle box when he exclaimed, lifting up his hands, "Lord, Lord, how many things there are in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!"

Yes, I know what literary critics will say, that *The Compleat Angler* is to be read not for present instruction but for inspiration and delight. That is true but accidental, and it is not what Walton planned. In his preface he lays capital emphasis on the thesis that angling is an Art not to be attained by men of common capacities, and his constant aim is to make you the uncommon man by teaching you how to attain artistry. Would you catch fish where they are not biting? Then anoint your bait with marrow from the thigh bone of a heron, and tell the secret to none but honest men.

While he thus instructs you how to go fishing on the moon, Walton has your true artist's disdain for any practical or newfangled idea. Thus he says of reels—and one must think of him as winking his left eye—"Some fishermen use a *wheel* in the middle of a rod." As trout rods were then from fifteen to twenty feet long, he evidently thought of such fishermen as a primitive long-armed race, like gorillas. Flies also were used in his day; but he lingers over this piffing method only long enough to quote some venerable notions from a book two centuries old. Of fly-fishing, which is now the very button on the cap of Art, he knew nothing himself, and cared nothing because he thought bait-fishing more pleasing in the eye of heaven. Herein by topsyturvy logic he is the model for the purist of our own day, who sees only

ignorance or bad taste in the use of any other lure than a dry fly.

Once, on Horseshoe Pond, I saw and greatly admired one of these purists in action; and I should tell you that the trout of this spring-fed pond, though small, are so fast as to suggest our latest theory of atoms. The ultimate particles of matter are now supposed to be filled with such inconceivable velocities that a scientist recently announced to a gathering of his kind, "The atom disappears in the act of becoming visible." He was hailed as a great discoverer; but shucks! he should have considered Horseshoe trout. These acrobats never wait for the act of visibility; they disappear with inconceivable velocity when they get their cue. Unless you strike, therefore, when you think you see them coming through the greeny-crystal water, you strike only the vacuum created by their disappearance.

What held me from my own sport that day (on the theory that, in one way or another, a fisherman is more interesting than a fish) was that our dry-fly artist was using a tournament rod to lay out seventy or eighty feet of line at every cast, and that even with a wet fly he was not quick enough to strike trout at half that distance. The wet fly is more deadly, you know, because it is kept moving at the end of a straight line and leader; while between you and the dry fly is always more or less slack, which must be taken up when you strike. The difference is in fractions of a split second, to be sure; but fractions of a split fraction may be precious when dealing with such electric trout.

Ignoring this obvious quality of the fish, our artist was giving me an exhibition of very fine casting and mighty poor fishing. Sharpening his hook on a little file, frequently oiling his fly, dry-casting in the air, changing from fanwing to hackle or nymph, casting

twenty times in the same spot to create (in the trout mind) a sudden hatch of insects—he was going through all the prescribed motions with the religiosity of a choir singing the "Seven-fold Amen"; but he was catching no fish. All the while the trout were in a mood to make one think, "Doubtless God *could* have created a better sport than angling, but doubtless God never did." Like fragments of an exploded rainbow, they would flash up to the old Coachman as readily as to the new Bivisible, and take it merrily and blow it out and be back in their hidden dens before the fisherman could set the hook. What he said to them was not for innocent ears. Watching him and hearing, one was reminded of Walton's great discovery. "Trout can hear," he said; "wherefore the angler should forbear swearing lest he be overheard and catch no fish."

Though far from being a compleat angler, I have always felt grateful for such instruction; which is highly moral, you see, with a practical or Benjamin Franklin kind of twist to it. When I am fishing for salmon now, and a sea trout takes my Dusty Miller (though he should know better) and bedevils the whole pool before I can quiet his madness, I am careful to speak in whispers when I can no longer hold my tongue. But again I digress light-mindedly, which is the infirmity of fishermen. We were speaking of the lore taught by Isaak Walton, who is a saint to be taken seriously.

He tells you, for example, how to act when the desire of years is at last granted—when you hook the big one, that is, and are fearful that he may break your tackle and escape. The artistic method is to throw your rod into the water and let the fish tow it around until he is tired out, when you can slip the net under him.

I trust that every angler will lay this method to heart, even though he may

not always like to follow it; not if his favorite rod is hand-built, like mine, or evokes so many happy memories, or is so tenderly cared for. Once, being without gaff or landing net on a rocky shore, I had to swim a river in order to land a salmon that two hungry men wanted for their supper; and I remember how carefully at first, and then, when the played-out salmon got his second wind and headed down for the rapids, how rather desperately I tried to keep rod and reel above water.

Again, if you are fishing with a minnow, and your bait goes dead, Walton tells you how to give it the appearance of life. Tie it with a short line to the leg of a goose or a duck, and chase the bird all over the pond. This is an excellent way to enliven your bait, certainly; but aside from the commotion, which might alarm a watery world, you may not like to catch a fish by throwing stones at a duck, especially not another man's duck. The farmer might object. Moreover, though you often meet ducks when fishing, some wild, others more so, you may have forgotten how to go about catching a duck that sees you coming.

Still again, this high authority tells you how to allure a pike that has defied the arts of other anglers. First you must catch a frog for bait. When you have him safe, put your hook in at his mouth and out at his gills; with needle and thread sew up one leg to the shank of your hook, leaving the other free to kick; and in all his artistry you are enjoined to "use the frog as if you loved him."

Doubtless I ought to be a better man for such instruction, and should be if I followed it; but somehow my perverse sympathy goes out to the unwilling bait. There was a time, let me admit, when I caught bullfrogs for bait by dangling a red-ibis fly a few feet in front of their noses, and it was more surprising than to catch a pickerel.

For a long minute or two the frog would stare at the bright lure as if hypnotized or dreaming; in his jewel eye was a far-off look; through his dream ran the low threnody, "Too good to be true! Too good to be true!" which he would turn into a bass solo at nightfall. Suddenly, as if galvanized, he would leap from his dream and come wallowing over the lily pads to gobble the fly before it could escape. When I hoisted him aloft, his legs would begin to rise and fall rhythmically, left-right, left-right, as if he were ascending an invisible ladder. Only a bullfrog might tell what he was thinking or feeling; he made *me* think and feel as if the wrong horse thief were being hanged. When climbing the rungs of air failed to lift him above his misery, he would raise both forepaws above his head to grasp at the line, as if he were trying in his dumb way to relieve the strain on his hooked lip. And then—well, perhaps you understand why I quit using a frog as if I loved him. If you must use the creature for bait, don't put your hook in at his mouth and out at his gills, because, for one reason, he has no gills. There is a better way of harnessing a frog without hooking him; but I maintain that feather lures are more artistic, and worms or minnows less humanly suggestive in their reactions.

III

Are you wondering why Walton or any other angler should soberly give such absurd instruction? There are two answers, the first being that he played with luck when he went fishing; and anyone who would know the rules or methods of luck must consult an astrologer. The second was given by Richard Frank, a Cromwellian with a gift of downright speech, who wrote the only contemporary criticism of *The Compleat Angler* which shows any practical knowledge of the subject.

Walton, he said bluntly, was a credulous duffer who made a book of fishing "by scribbling and transcribing other men's notions."

Alas! that is what our patron saint did, just that. He believed and copied methods which others had recommended *sub rosa*, as one would whisper a secret. And that is what angling authorities have always done, and probably will do so long as rivers run to the sea and there are fish in the rivers. To read their books in English alone, from the *Treatysse on Fysshynge wyth an Angle* (written while Columbus found a new world) to the latest dissertation on the Dry Fly or the Salmon or the Black Bass, is to find half their pages devoted to notions which were originally proclaimed by soothsayers, and which still live by faith.

For example, have you ever read a highly prized book of angling that did not enjoin you to keep a tight line on a hooked fish? Or did you ever, except when you were happily alone, play a fish five minutes without having the same instruction shouted into your ears? A score of times when I have been playing a big trout or a salmon some compleat angler has stopped casting to watch me, with pity for my untrammelled innocence it seemed. Invariably when the fish made a lively run or jump, my mentor would break both silence and neutrality to yell, "Keep a tight line! Don't give him any slack!" For it is a law like that of the Medes and Persians that if you give the fish a bit of slack line he will infallibly eject the hook from his mouth.

Once on a New Brunswick river I played the role of guide to a trout fisherman as he played his first sea-salmon; the first, that is, which he had a chance to land. Accustomed as he was to striking sharply when a trout rose to the fly, he broke the only salmon leader he had, and two of mine, before

he would heed the advice to let his fish have the fly a moment or two before striking lightly—oh, very lightly. A trout, you know, commonly takes the fly as he comes up; a salmon as commonly takes the fly as he goes down, and the plunge of that heavy fish against the upspring of a striking rod is too much for any but a "Crown" leader with a prohibitive price. When I gaffed the neophyte's salmon he sat down quickly, as if his knees were weak, and gasped, "I didn't—give him—an inch of slack." That was all he said, while his eyes feasted on the silvery prize, but he said it with the beatific satisfaction of one who had kept all the law from his youth up. And who would have had the heart to disillusion such a happy lunatic by telling him that more than once his line had a "bag" in it big enough to enclose a chicken yard!

The odd thing about the angler who thus honors this law is that he so completely ignores his own experience. Many and many a time, after keeping a tight line lest the fish "spit out the hook," he has had to tug and twist, and scratch his fingers on sharp teeth, and finally use a knife or a disgorging to make that same obstinate hook let go its grip. The precise nature of the power whereby a fish could spit it out does not appear, but it surely must be magical. Often a hooked salmon will rush down half the length of a pool and cut across and up the other side, leaving forty yards of line to worm around in the current before you can reel in the slack or run to get below him. The drag of that line when it "bellies" into a great arch with the pushing salmon at one end and the pulling rod at the other is a thing to fear. Several times it has broken my leader; never once, as it happens, has it pulled out the hook. To keep your salmon on a *short* line is, therefore, good medicine, though at times it is hard to take.

Whether your line be taut or easy is of very little consequence.

It is true, doubtless, that the constant strain of a tight line will tire a fish more quickly; but why should you be in a hurry to tire him? If he be lightly hooked (as you may know by the feel of his play) the tighter you keep your line the quicker will he break away. Gently does it. For every fish lost by a loose line, I should say that fifty are lost by an over-tight line. Moreover, when a salmon jumps you always lower the tip of your rod; not only to give him slack, lest he fall on a taut leader, but more to honor him for the gallant fighter he is, as you dip your ensign to a passing ship. Nevertheless, to the end of my innocent days I expect to hear some compleat angler yell at me when I am playing a fish, "Don't give him any slack!" as if he alone knew the categorical imperative and I were a great numskull or the fish a great magician.

Again, during the past season one has admired on the covers of our sporting magazines no less than eight gorgeously colored pictures of jumping brook trout. In the course of a lifetime one sees hundreds of such alluring pictures; and in every case, as you may remember, the rod is arched as from a heavy strain. It must be our fishermen's love of the miraculous which bends that rod, since the fish cannot bend it by any natural means while he is up in the air.

You know very well, likewise, but keep it to yourself lest you spoil another artistic delusion, that brook trout do not jump. Often a big one will swash around on the surface when hooked, and then you should give him plenty of slack, at the same time waving your hat or making some other gesture to drive him below, where he cannot hit a taut line with his threshing tail; but you may fish a whole lifetime without seeing a brook trout leap clear

of the water, as a salmon leaps, or a rainbow trout, or a steelhead. Though my line has been wet in many waters from the subarctics of Canada to the suburbs of New York, only in one small pool and at one short hour have I known a brook trout to go into the air when he felt the pull of a fly rod.

This rare exception occurred on a deadwater of the Penobscot, a couple of miles above the old Sourdnamunk dam. While drifting along the shore one August day (the westerly shore, if you would follow my trail) I noticed an outgoing streak which proved refreshingly cool to the touch. Tracing it back into the woods, which were here desolate, having been killed by the lumbermen's accursed dam, my canoe ran into a fisherman's gold mine where I had expected only a drink of spring water. Some uncommonly large trout had followed up the same cool current, and were resting in a little pool a hundred yards or more within the fringe of what had once been green forest.

Fishing this pool was, I confess, too much like fishing a graveyard: all around it stood dead trees, like mournful and reproachful ghosts. It was also a most difficult place for a fly rod, a back cast being impossible. The only effective method was to take the fly in one hand and snap it out by pulling the rod into a bow. Even so, my Parmacheenee Belle had barely touched the water before a three-pound trout rose to it. He was landed, after an unruly fashion, with two more; and I quit fishing, having enough for one day, while the fish were still in a rising mood. The astonishing thing was that every one of these trout jumped two or three times like a salmon. The largest, which I did not land, rose from under a stub that projected over the pool some eighteen or twenty inches above the surface. When struck he went to the bottom and was with difficulty held from his lair among the

roots; then up he flashed and leaped clear over the stub, breaking my leader as his weight fell upon it. Another day I took a few more fish from the same pool; but they did not jump, nor have I ever again seen a brook trout go into the air at the end of a fishing line.

How do I account for the four that did jump? Used as you are to dream books which magnify the wisdom or wariness of big trout and the skill required to catch them, you will smile at the natural explanation as too simple—that a fish does not jump to shake out your hook, as the authorities all tell you, for the sufficient reason that he knows nothing about hooks and has no possible way of knowing. He jumps from an unthinking impulse, probably instinctive or hereditary, to get out of the water and let a pursuing enemy pass under him; and he slats his head or violently wriggles his body for no better or worse reason than you vainly shake your hand when a finger is hurt or vainly thresh your arms when bees are buzzing about your head. Thus, one has frequently seen salmon jumping to escape a seal in tidewater, or pickerel jumping to escape a mink, or minnows jumping to escape a loon or a shell-drake or some other bird that does his fishing under water. I think, therefore, that on a certain lucky day I came to a pool soon after an otter had harried it. His pursuit had awakened some old, half-forgotten instinct in the trout, and they jumped as from a natural enemy when they felt the pull of my artificial rod.

You are probably thinking now that you have seen a salmon jump from his pool, where certainly there was no seal to trouble him. So you have. If you will admit the correction, however, he jumped not from his pool but from the stillwater below; and you may have seen him when he was in sportive mood, or when his eye caught the shadow of a passing insect that was

too small or too distant for human eyes to see. I shall, therefore, listen with wide-awake ears when you tell me why certain brook trout jumped for me, contrary to rule—wide-awake, that is, if you do not quote the astrological notion of some honored authority, which will surely make me as drowsy as I feel when reading *The Compleat Angler* after a good day's fishing.

IV

To the incompleat angler, it seems, the finest thing about fishing is that it is so often attended by a spiritual exaltation which comes not from the trout or the trout pool but apparently from on high; such an exaltation, I fancy, as the unlettered apostles must have felt when they received, most unexpectedly, the gift of tongues.

No, I am not speaking mystically or in parables. Every fisherman can remember some such ennobling experience; but among us all—and we are now a great multitude—only Walton has ever given it adequate words. That is why we read and understand and love him, and humor his astrological notions, and call his book of fishing a classic although he was himself an unskilled fisherman. "I was for the time lifted above earth," he says; and we know what he meant and how he felt. Or again, as he recalls a day on a trout stream flowing through English meadows, "When I sat last on this primrose bank and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor thought of Florence, that they were too pleasant to be looked on, save only on holy days." Reading such inspired words, which give us the cream of fishing but have nothing to do with fish, I am somehow reminded of my first trout fly, and of an experience that transformed not only the sober earth but the heavens also at the moment of their afterglow.

Near my childhood home was a big pond, with a dam and mill site that dated from pioneer days. It was well stocked with perch, chub, bullpouts, all such coarse fish, as they are called (though I never saw a fish, save only an imported carp, that was not graceful in my eyes), and over it hung a rumor that somebody's father had once caught a big trout in the millrace. Or was it a string of big trout? Such rumors grow, like fish, by what they feed on. Into the pond at its forbidding end beyond the woods flowed a sluggish brook, fringed with alders, and bordered by a swamp of bottomless mud into which not even the cattle ventured. From the swamp after dark came bellowsings that seemed too big for any frog, or the gasping cry of a bird that we did not know was a bittern, or some other eldritch sound which said to every small boy, "Keep out of here." Several times, on my belated way home from the distant berry pasture, I had seen a swirl and a dimpling of wavelets under the alders, as if the pixies were rowing their underwater boat. Not knowing what else made such swirls, I dismissed them as but another of the mysteries with which the world was then happily filled.

Vaguely, as from a far distance, I had heard of fly-fishing, and thought of it as I baited for perch or pouts; but within my horizon there was no fly-fisherman to whom I could go for instruction. All I knew, and that by hearsay, was that flies were made of colored feathers. One dull afternoon, being in an idle mood, I resolved to make a fly and try the new way of fishing. The nearest chicken yard offered plentiful feathers; color was added by the shoulders of a red-winged blackbird, for which I dickered with a boy who was a budding taxidermist. These were tied with thread to a stout hook of goodly size, such as we bought at the grocery store at three for five

cents cash or one for an egg in trade. No sooner did my fly begin to assume the appearance of a butterfly that somebody had stepped on than by some occult messagery it suggested those mysterious swirls under the alders.

The sun of a September day was then setting; but what young inventor ever could wait for another day or a more convenient season! Hitching the fly to a horsehair, the hair to a line, and the line to a birch pole, I sought the pond at its gloomy end and crossed the swamp by hopping barefoot from tussock to tussock. By day or night the water under the alders ran black as ink; now at the exquisite twilight hour it was the glass of a heavenly splendor. Of casting I knew nothing, yet somehow the fly was whipped out to float down the sluggish current.

The authorities all say that you must fish upstream and must not move the dry fly after it lights; but they have much to learn, and I was not then troubled by their prohibitions. By twitching the tip of my birchy pole the fly was made to wiggle like a drowning insect, till by a lucky twist it rose and flopped over on its other side. Then up from the deeps rose a gorgeous fish. There was a surge of living color to dim the twilight's glory; from the smitten water came a tinkle as of fairy bells; scarlet spots gleamed on a silvery side as the first big trout I had ever seen turned back to his den, leaving a swirl that was no longer one of the mysteries. Naturally I tried to derrick him out; the horsehair snapped, and he was gone.

That night I seemed to have the gift of tongues as I ran home, or rather floated as on eagles' wings, to tell what had come to me under the alders. Certainly, though I knew that I had been lifted above earth, my older brothers could not understand me or else would not believe; which is the

common lot of enraptured fishermen. Though long years passed before I owned a rod that was not made by nature and my jackknife, I was from that inspired hour a fly-fisherman at heart; not exclusively but, as it were, with the wide tolerance of a musician who hears a symphony by choice, but who walks straighter and longs to do brave things when he hears a brass band. Many trout and lordly salmon have since risen to my lures, but never a fish to compare with the one that went off with my first fly. I suppose now that he might have weighed a pound or two; but what scales can ever weigh a spiritual experience that comes and goes quickly, only to return with its enlightenment and abide with us forever?

V

Have I told you anything new about fishing? If so it was not intentional, believe me. The last thing which an incompleat angler thinks of doing is to make you one of the compleat kind by telling what you must or must not do to catch fish. He knows that it can't be done. To read almost any authority on the subject is to remember the salt-maker who came from England to the Plymouth colony. Pretending a great mystery because of his art, he called on the Pilgrims for many trump-ery observances and, as Bradford tells us, "made them do many unnecessary things until they discovered his suttletie." And when the test and the

great day came, "all he knew was how to boil water in pans" until it boiled away and left a crust of salt.

Just so angling, which as an art consists in going where fish are and offering them something to eat. If they take it, you are in luck; which is nine-tenths of all successful fishing. And the other tenth? That is about four-fifths keeping your line in the water, which leaves a generous two per cent for skill or artistry or whatever it is that your compleat angler has which your incompleat angler never misses.

In sum—and this is all that any fisherman can tell you—fishing is not and never was an art of any kind whatsoever; it does not want or need any exceptional skill; it has no rules or prohibitions that are not as much honored in the breach as in the observance. Fishing is still, as ever it was, the most artless, the most wholesome, the most childlike and, therefore, the most heavenly recreation to be found in the wide world. It is the one infallible remedy against growing old in spirit; and whether you start in the morning of life or the evening, all its benefits are yours from the beginning. Across the vanished years there comes to the veteran fisherman, when spring returns and he thinks of his day off, the same clear call that lifted him above earth as he ran home from school with the eager question, "Mother, may I go fishing?" And still there is magic in it, the pure white magic of a boyish heart.



The Lion's Mouth



BEST CELLAR

BY FAIRFAX DOWNEY

THE superintendent of the new apartment house escorted me to the basement, paying no heed whatever to my protests.

"I'm sure that apartment you just showed me won't do," I repeated.

"Just a minute, my dear sir, I beg of you," he pleaded. "I freely admit that the light and air in that apartment are not at all what they should be. But just wait till you see this surprising feature."

He stopped before a heavy steel door of some depository next to the furnace room. As he busied himself with the combination lock, he glibly talked on.

"Do I endeavor to tempt you with an extra bathroom?" he demanded. "Do I ask you to intrigue your wife with tales of a stupendous number of closets? Do I welcome children and dogs with open arms? Do I even offer to cut the rent to a mere shadow of its former self, times being what they are?"

"No, you don't," I answered bluntly.

"And with good reason," he retorted, swinging open the vault door. "Behold!"

My startled gaze fell upon a replica of the wine cellar of an ancient monastery or an oldtime hofbrau. Barrels, kegs, and casks lined the walls. A rich,

fruity, vinous odor pervaded the warm air.

"The tenants' delight!" the superintendent proclaimed proudly. "At last proper storage space under proper conditions for private collections of what were originally pure and unfermented fruit juices from the sun-drenched Coast."

The superintendent stepped gaily over and started a music box which rendered, "California, Here I Come."

"Wine delivered to tenants with charming legality," he continued, "and here safely ensconced. Was there ever such a boon conferred on the apartment dweller? No cluttering up your kitchen or closets. Why move to the suburbs now?"

"Why, indeed?" I agreed, brightening. "And what might this be?" I asked, indicating a board with thermometer, levers, and various gadgets.

"The temperature control," he said, "with direct connection to the furnace room. The barrels are delivered with contents refrigerated, as advertised. Once here, I allow a genial warmth to steal o'er them. It then only remains for dear old Mother Nature her wonders to perform."

The superintendent looked about him musingly.

"I often come down here on a quiet night," he confided. "A gentle sound of beautiful and bibulous bubbling from the barrels fills my ears, as fermentation takes its time-honored course."

"It must be soothing," I said.

"It is, oh it is," he confirmed.

"Now pray note the patent bungs, each bearing a lock which can be opened only by the key of the tenant-owner and this pass key of my own."

As he spoke, he unlocked the bung of a large barrel and produced two glasses.

"Now this burgundy is progressing famously," he remarked. "Apartment 13 D, the owner, is justly pleased with it, and I feel sure that he will not object to my offering in his behalf a little hospitality to a desirable, prospective fellow-tenant. Your health, sir."

"Not bad," said I, quaffing.

"Not half bad, sir. Try another. Now over here 7 B is aging some very tolerable sauterne. Nice bouquet, eh? And do join me in a taste or two of this claret."

"I don't mind if I do." We sipped contentedly.

The superintendent struck an attitude. "'I often wonder what the vintners buy one half so precious as the stuff they sell,'" he recited.

"Good old Omar!" I exclaimed.

"Here is a batch of port with which 10 C—lovely people, 10 C—have experimented," the superintendent went on. "Oblige me by savoring that."

I did and asked him if he would be so kind as to convey my sincere congratulations to 10 C. He said he would. We moved on to a barrel of Rhenish.

"This is 4 A's best effort," the superintendent offered. "He is a gentleman of German extraction, is 4 A, and does he know Rhine wines! Hoch!"

"Hoch!" I echoed. "I'll say he does. *Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib, und Gesang—*"

"*Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang,*" finished the super happily.

"And speaking of *gesangs—*"

"Sweet Ad-el-line," I caroled.

"Sweet Adeline," the super chorused.

We rendered it twice through. It

sounded just like an organ. The cellar acoustics were excellent.

"This must be one of those co-operative apartments," I praised. "What I mean to say is, you co-operate!"

"We strive to," the super agreed modestly. "Of course there are times when we can't oblige. Some tenants want to clutter up their wine cask space with trunks, impossible wedding presents, children's bicycles—in fact, a little of everything."

"What do they think this cellar is—a Wickersham report?" I demanded.

The superintendent smiled appreciatively. "A glass of wine with you, sir," he toasted.

"Another with you, sir," I responded cordially.

With a wrench, the super became once more the man of business.

"And now," he inquired with deep gravity, "may I tender you a leash—er, a . . ."

"You mean a *leash*," I finished helpfully, draining my beaker.

"Quite. Thanksh awfully," he said.

"Only too happy, old man," I glowed.

The document in question produced, the superintendent and I focused on it. He handed me a fountain pen.

"There," he urged. "Dine on the sotted line."



HOMES, SWEET HOMES

BY B. K. SANDWELL

WITH the decline of the home comes the rise of the Homes. Already they are innumerable, and there are more to come. Rest Homes, Nursing Homes, Old People's

Homes, Cats' Homes, Dogs' Homes, Convalescent Homes, Boys' Homes, Sailors' Homes, Maternity Homes, Funeral Homes. Each of the thousands of functions which used to be performed by the old, ordinary general home is now performed by a specialized Home which exists for that function and no other. It had to be so, for the old, ordinary home is dead. Home, Sweet Home is no more; it has given place, for us twentieth-century flat-dwellers, to Suite, Sweet Suite.

The home used to be a place in which to be born, to live, and to die. When it became extinct we did not cease to be born, to live, and to die. We merely transferred the activities comprised under those various heads to some other place. The activities were innumerable; the number of places now required for their specialized carrying-on is equally innumerable. Some of them, I suspect, are not yet provided, for the process of transfer is still going on. If I were a business man I should examine carefully the list of the activities which used to be provided for by the old-fashioned home and see if there were not a few left which still lack their Home. If there are, and if we can find out what they are and set up Homes for accommodating them, we shall be performing a great public service, and incidentally we shall become rich. For the secret of becoming rich is to find out what needs to be done and to do it; and I notice that all the various Homes for doing things that used to be done at home are highly profitable.

One of the most stately functions of the old home was that of providing accommodation for the funerals of deceased members of the family which inhabited it. It seems a simple and natural idea that as soon as the home disappeared there would have to be Funeral Homes exclusively devoted to the performance of that function; yet the man who first had that idea was un-

doubtedly a very observant student of facts and a very brilliant deducer of conclusions. I have lived in a home for a number of years, but I have never died in one, and for that reason it never occurred to me, when I saw the home breaking up and going under, that dying and being funeralized were things that the home used to accommodate and that would now have to be done elsewhere. Of course, just as soon as the morticians set up their Funeral Homes—just as soon as the fact was brought home to me, so to speak—I recognized its inevitability. But I feel sure that there are other inevitabilities that nobody has yet recognized.

There are, it is true, an immense number of Homes. I have given the names of quite a few of them, but this article would not afford space for a complete list. Some of them do not pass under the titular designation of Homes, though I cannot help thinking that that is a mistake. Eating, for example, used to be performed in the old home. It seems to be still performed, but the places in which it is performed do not give themselves the name of Eating Homes, preferring titles derived from the French language, in which as we have all been told since our childhood there is no such word as home. Sleeping also is still performed, though perhaps not quite so extensively as it used to be; it is done in all sorts of places, ranging from sleeping-cars to club smoking rooms, churches, and Turkish baths, but none of these places have adopted the title of Sleeping Homes. The places where one dies scrupulously avoid any designation having the faintest resemblance to Dying Homes. Nevertheless, nobody will deny that there are places more or less exclusively consecrated to eating, sleeping, and dying.

At first sight, if we include not only the Homes so-called but also the Homes not so-called, it might look as if practi-

cally all of the functions of the old home had been attended to. But it is not so. Take, for example, the case of people who have children who are not delinquent, or at least not quite delinquent enough to secure admission to a Home for Delinquent Children. There is no room for them in a modern apartment, and the schools will not look after them, even for a cash consideration, between the middle of July and the beginning of September; the universities get tired of them even sooner and will not let them in again until later. True, we have developed summer camps to which we can pack them off in August; but you cannot rush them to camp the instant school closes and leave them there until it opens again, and even if you could there would still remain the annoying interludes of the holidays at Christmas and Easter. What is needed is a Holiday Home in which the children can celebrate the holidays which used to be spent at the old home. The need is crying, urgent, imperative, whatever a need can be when it is at its neediest; yet so far as I know nobody has done anything about it. There should be a nation-wide corporation operating a string of these Homes from coast to coast. I offer the idea in exchange for a directorate and a reasonable block of Class "B" stock.

There was another service that the old home, as I dimly remember it, used to render, and that was the storage during the winter of the implements and accouterments of summer sports and occupations, and during the summer of winter sports and occupations. Golf, which is, I suppose, the most heavily implemented and accoutermented of all human pastimes since the days of jousting, was not so widely prevalent in those days as it is now, but tennis, croquet, lacrosse, canoeing, and other æstival amusements provided quite a large crop of tools and garments

to get in the way during the winter, while hockey, snowshoeing, skating, and the like (skiing had not yet filled our lives with peril and our premises with the longest known implement of enjoyment) provided the same sort of nuisance for the summer. These things raised no particular problem in those good old days, for there were sheds and chicken-coops and outhouses and attics and basements. But to-day there is absolutely no space in the modern domicile for storing these sportive appliances (more numerous and space-filling than ever before) even in the season when they are in use, to say nothing of that in which they are not; and as for the various processes of cleaning, lubricating, polishing, and generally petting them on their emergence from retirement (the oiling of one pair of skis by a junior member of the family has been known to ruin the drawing-room, dining room, and two bedrooms of a six-room apartment), it is absolutely impossible. What is needed, therefore, is a whole series of Homes named after the various games and sports, in which these implements and accouterments can be not merely stored when out of use, but petted and repaired and practiced with in the intervals of their own special season.

A few of the functions for which the old home used to serve are now so extinct that I do not think any useful purpose would be served by establishing Homes for them. Among these are spanking the children, family prayers, receiving callers, and reading out loud. The children refuse to be spanked, the family no longer assembles for collective prayers, the callers no longer call (except on the telephone), and reading out loud interferes with the radio. It is, of course, possible that some of these practices may return to vogue. Prophets are already predicting that the now rising generation, having had to do its rising with very little assist-

ance from parental discipline, will become extremely stern with the succeeding generation of offspring; and if that is so it is clear that something will have to be done about a Spanking Home. But the time is not yet.

Whatever needs arise, they will have to be attended to by Homes. Nothing can be expected in future from the home. As the dear old hymn so beautifully puts it: "I'm but a stranger here." The club, the hotel, the restaurant, the hospital, the garage, the sleeping-car, the golf links, the hangar, the round-the-world steamer, and at last the Funeral Home—these are my homes.



I'M AN ANIMAL, TOO

BY JAMES RORTY

IT PROBABLY happened somewhat after this fashion: the lamps of an automobile—one of a long procession returning Sunday night from the country—picked up two gleaming eyes in the traffic lane, and there was a split-second flash of a slinking yellow shape. The tired driver, a stony-faced automaton, his blood and nerves drowsing to the monotone of his machine, scarcely woke out of his coma. Automatically he braked, swerved, felt a slight jar, and swept on.

"Probably a cat," he muttered over his shoulder to the trio of people in the back seat.

It was a cat. Mike picked himself out of the ditch, licked his shattered jaw, and snarled in the direction of the disappearing tail-light. He tried to walk, and fell over on his side. The

sleek yellow coat was clotted with mud. He licked his paw and tried to wash the blood out of his eyes. He made a curious, hurt sound deep in his throat, then shook himself, drew a long breath, and limped across the road.

Beside the lane that leads uphill toward home there is a low stone culvert. Mike flattened himself in the mud, crept inside, and stared with flattened ears at the passing lights on the highway below. It was wet and cold inside the culvert, but not as cold as on the windswept hillside. In the bushes a song sparrow stirred and chirped. Mike's ears lifted; he tried to crawl out of the culvert, but the effort exhausted him. He coughed, smelled curiously at the raised blood, and crawled back under the culvert. The March wind, blowing sky-deep in the starred night, whistled in the mouth of his shelter. A stone rattled on the wall, and a long-snouted opossum peered into the culvert. Mike growled. The opossum sniffed, retired, and lingered just outside on the wall. The wind fell, and the night warmed a little. The murmur of the brook grew louder. Rocks shifted, the earth rustled in the thaw. . . .

About five o'clock the next afternoon I drove up the lane and saw Mike standing on the wall. I have often met Mike on the road. If he is outbound on the hunt he greets me, says a friendly word or two, and trots along about his business. If he is returning he hops into the car and sits on the seat beside me like any other friend and neighbor. But this time I knew there was something wrong. The head and jaw were swollen and distorted, I thought, although in the brief glimpse as I was setting the emergency brake in the middle of the hill, I couldn't be sure.



But when I got out Mike had disappeared. Instead, there was Sport, my neighbor's Airedale. Sport and

Mike are friends, so I wasn't disturbed by their simultaneous appearance. I called Mike. I scouted over the whole hillside. I peered into the mouth of the culvert and called. No answer. Meanwhile, Sport was behaving strangely. Exasperated, I grabbed his collar and shook him violently. "What's it all about?" I shouted. Sport, of course, had no means of telling me. He stood at the upper end of the tunnel and stared at me. But when I again peered into the culvert and called I heard nothing and saw nothing. When I stopped at my neighbor's house he showed me the body of an opossum that Sport had brought in that morning.

About nine o'clock that night Mike got home. I heard the cellar window slam, and met him at the top of the stairs. His greeting was a wail. Covered with slime and blood, he staggered three steps and fell. He could neither see nor smell. I understood. He hadn't recognized me on the road. His shattered nerves had registered only one thing—the automobile! He had hidden under the culvert. Later it had taken him hours to crawl the short mile between the highway and our house. . . .

No human being could possibly have survived that accident. It seems probable, however, that Mike will recover. He is beginning to sip a little milk. He sleeps. When I spoke to him just now he purred briefly through his shattered jaws. Cats, as my neighbor remarks, are tough critters. Mike is, or was, one of the handsomest yellow tom-cats I have ever known.

Is this merely a sentimental episode? If Mike were your cat I think you would not so regard it. The issue, as I see it, is between Mike and the automobile—the automobile and the automations who drive it being listed as one thing. I am for Mike. He is a living creature, beautiful, natural, and strong. To watch him trot down the road in the moonlight is to see poetry made visible. To study the subtleties of his accord with our household and its guests is to gain precious instruction in the fundamentals of living relationships. He is better, more significant, and more important than any automobile that will ever be made—and that goes also for their drivers. He is a fellow-creature, an independent, beautiful, self-respecting creature who has made himself a part of the physical and emotional economy of this farm. I am convinced that he understands the relationship thoroughly. He is, himself, a superior specimen of a different species, and he is, nevertheless, our friend and companion. He is never vicious, never sentimental. Half-dead as he is now, he doesn't expect or want us to cry over him. He expects and will get all the help we can give him. He is, I am convinced, intelligent. At least, he has, in many respects, better-than-human dignity and decency. If Mike dies I shall be as wretched as if a good friend had died in our house. Mike, of course, is just an animal, but I am unable to convince myself that I am better than he, or that I or my automobile have any better rights to move about in this world. I'm just an animal, too.



Editor's Easy Chair

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

ONE reads in the paper that Austria and Germany are ready to agree on something like free trade between the two countries. That is, they would both get inside of the same tariff fence, just as do the States of our American Union. This seems a good thing and in accord with common sense, and a useful example to the rest of Europe. But the neighbors object to it—Czechoslovakia, France, even Britain; they are afraid it will be contrary to this or that agreement made by or since the Treaty of Versailles.

Possibly the objection only means delay while it is being talked over, but as a first step to what Europe—and indeed all the world—must come to, one does not want to see it lost.

Consider the British Empire, now called the British Commonwealth of Nations—a large family, bigger than Austria and Germany, its members much more widely dispersed, and all of them with a living to make in this world! Regard Canada! Canada produces about four hundred million bushels of wheat a year. Her population is about ten millions, she consumes fifty million bushels of her wheat, keeps fifty millions for seed, and has three hundred million bushels surplus to sell. (So says Mr. Marcossou, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and his figures, presumably, are right.)

Fiscally speaking, it means life or death for Canada to sell her grain. Like all other British Dominions, except Ireland, she has a heavy national debt incurred in the War. Canada wheat has been going to Britain, France, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Japan, and more or less elsewhere, but to compete with Canada in supplying those countries, there are two hundred million bushels of surplus wheat from Argentina, about two hundred and forty million bushels from these States, and Heaven knows how much from Soviet Russia. The appetite for wheat is not as keen as it was; therefore, something has to be done. Canada has an election and elects a new Premier, Mr. Bennett, an able man, well trained in law and in business. Premier Bennett goes to London, lays the case of Canada before a high council of the British government and says: This is what Canada is up against! What can you do for her? Will you provide her with a market for her grain? Something has got to be done, he says, and if it cannot be done in London, Canada may have to go elsewhere or work it out for herself.

This gives one a concrete idea of the problems that are presented at this time to the various nations of the world. Canada says to Britain, if you don't make a market for our wheat we cannot buy your manufactured goods.

But Canada is the best customer of the United States. If England makes a market for her grain, and her trade goes to England, how will it fare with us? We cannot buy her grain. If Britain puts a tariff on with intent to help Canada, Australia, New Zealand, what effect will it have on Argentina?

France is nervous for fear that Germany will prosper too much and grow too strong; but what if Germany prospers too little? . . . Is French security to be dependent on a contrived weakness of Germany? Impossible! Somehow or other Germany has got to have free development; so has Austria, so has Italy, so has Spain, so has everybody. There must be something like equality of opportunity for everyone who will show a decent regard for necessary rules, and that means all of Western Europe and plenty of others, doubtless including Japan. The drift of economic world problems seems to be towards Geneva. Of course they will hardly get there except by the compulsion of circumstances and events. Mr. Smoot and the rest of Congress will prefer to have tariffs made for the United States at Washington. Our last one was made there, but gives no more than very limited satisfaction. One of its effects was to stimulate in Canada this movement on London for protection for the British Commonwealths.

IN THE recent ceremonies, discourses, and comments that attended the ninetieth birthday of Justice Holmes a passage was quoted from an address he made thirty-one years ago: "With all humility," he said, "I think 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,' infinitely more important than the vain attempt to love one's neighbor as one's self." Perhaps he would still think so, but thirty years have brought new points of view into our world. To be sure, to do some-

thing with all one's might and to love one's neighbor are not incompatible, but more distinctly now than thirty years ago to love one's neighbor seems the very price of civilization, perhaps even the price of human existence, for developments of modern war threaten to wipe us all off the earth unless we avert the new dangers.

Really we must take our concerns more seriously, for they are pressing and highly intricate and complicated. We tend to concentrate overmuch on local matters and fumble the great overpowering factors of contemporary existence. There is, for instance, in New York a lively activity in chasing Tammany, dislocating unfit magistrates, checking all sorts of racketeers and blackmailers, including some in civic employment as policemen or officials. All of this is good and necessary work and needs to be done, but is not closely related to the great fundamental job of getting the world in order, finding markets for surplus commodities of all sorts—wheat, silver, textiles, motor cars, and everything else that the wit and fingers of man produce. And yet these local matters are related to this big job, for they concern the effective capacity of our national intelligence, governmental and other, to function. The greatest obstacle to intelligent treatment of public policies just now is the vast disorder that has come out of Prohibition—Prohibition which distracts attention, finances crime, corrupts character, and demoralizes party government. The big job is to contrive a machinery of distribution that will take care of the products of current machinery of production. The big job is to see the world and its population globe-size and not parochially. The big job is to discover able men and induct them into the management of our affairs.

This last Canada seems to have done in discovering Mr. Bennett and making

him Premier. Mr. Marcosson's article about him, quoted above, represents him as remarkable, both in native ability and in training. He descends, it seems, from a Long Island family driven out after the Revolution into the maritime provinces, which indeed got a lot of first-class loyalist (Tory) stock, which has not died out, though its members are not so rich as they might have been if they had not had to migrate. But when a public question came up in Canada, and Mr. Bennett ran against Premier Mackenzie-King an issue of public policy was fought out in a lively election. Have we had such a contest since we were caught by the Eighteenth Amendment? Hardly; and we shall hardly have one until we get rid of that grave impediment to public thought and action. It is not at all a question whether rum is good or bad for us. It is altogether a question of how we shall handle it so that it may not intrude in the handling of all concerns that need public consideration.

Between San Francisco and New York, between Duluth and the Mexican boundary, there are undoubtedly the makings of a competent nation. When anything is to be done and it is clear what it is, the United States can do it. It has all kinds of powers—brains, riches, even character—but does not seem able just now to use them in the management of its public business. For this defect it is now taking medicine in large quantities, effective medicine—bad business, unemployment, meteorological calamities like drought, moral calamities like homicide and robbery, mischances arising out of the wide use of new mechanisms, such as the death rate from motor accidents—with all these things the country is struggling. It has tools to work with, it has money, it has extremely competent hands on relief jobs and the heart and the

sympathy for such work, particularly if it is for some neighbor outside of our own boundaries. We have had marines in Nicaragua this long time, and millions of newspaper-reading people have been perplexed to determine just what they were doing there. But when that neighbor's capital was shaken down by an earthquake there were our marines, active, competent, and helpful. We really can help the world if it is only clear how to do it. We are quite likely to wipe out the war debts when the conviction becomes sufficiently diffused that that is expedient. We can do a lot of good things in the world and will do them as soon as it becomes plain what they are and why we should tackle them; and to make that clear is the great job of the day, the job that underlies economic reorganization and starting civilization on a new course with something of a new plan.

To be sure, it may be asked whether human life has ever got anywhere on an important scale by the policy of loving one's neighbor. Some such policy seems to have suggested itself after the Napoleonic wars in the forming of the Holy Alliance, but that did not work to any great satisfaction. A good deal, however, has developed since then. War in the 20th century is not what it was in the 19th. Increased communication of all sorts has promoted intimacy between the nations, and this current problem of the distribution of surplus commodities is curiously novel in its present extent.

LIFE is full of unknown factors. It always has been. At times and in places people have developed who had advanced understanding of them. The records of that understanding, where there have been any, have been text books of religion and science. In some cases the understanding has persisted; in others it has come to be

rated as superstition. Often it has been revealed to the simple, and the wise have missed it. When we try to figure out what is going to happen to human life we have to take such note as we can of the unknown factors and allow for them. There is better understanding of their existence just now than is usual. What we call scientific knowledge has greatly increased. Wealth and talents are abundantly devoted to the study of it. Our times are highly experimental. Just as manufacturers are ready to junk expensive machinery if a new machine turns up that is better, so in the relations of human beings with one another, as in prisons, in hospitals, in various halls of government, if a new method looks good it is likely to get a trial. All our institutions are under searching examination. The changes in human habits since the present century began warrant almost any flight of the imagination about the changes and differences that will come in its second thirty years. Millions of people now alive and observant ought to be living and observant and still in good order in 1960. How much like us will they be? For what sort of a show will they occupy seats? What will buildings, newspapers, airplanes be like? What shall we eat and drink and how shall we travel? But all those things merely concern apparatus, the tools men use. The great question is what will men be like; will they really be different in important particulars? How much can they learn in thirty years, how much knowledge can be diffused extensively enough to make a difference? How much more sense will they have

than they have now? How much more will they know about the invisible world and its relations to us—about birth and where we come from—about death and where we go then, and all these matters? Investigation of them has been going on patiently this long time, especially for about a century, and it may be that a mass of generally accepted information will produce results comparable to those that have been produced in crises of the world's history in times long past. But life will always be a school—that is apparently the intention—an elementary school as schools go, out of which we may proceed to higher institutions. For there is no sign that instruction ever ceases. The more we know, the more we find that we have only nibbled at knowledge.

At present it looks as though we did not know enough to manage our affairs and keep out of trouble. We need to learn and learn quickly; we need to think hard and to think bigger, and we are stimulated so to do by the prospect of very disagreeable experiences if we don't.

It is told of Cecil Rhodes that he would not put his name to a contract until he had satisfied himself that the other signers would fare as well by it as he did himself. That ideal of what is sound business is what our present tousled world has need of. The nationalist world which is passing away was never much concerned about it. For that world *caveat emptor* was a good enough business maxim, but for this new world just ahead of us there are signs of a need to look farther.





Will Dyson

OUR YOUNGER NOVELISTS

"You poor dear antediluvian old thing, what do you know about sin?"

By Will Dyson

Courtesy of the Ferargil Galleries



Harpers *Magazine*

WHY DON'T YOUR YOUNG MEN CARE?

THE POLITICAL INDIFFERENCE OF THE AMERICAN UNDERGRADUATE

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

NOTHING is more striking in the European university than the interest of the students in the political life of their time. In one way and another, politics is, perhaps, the major non-academic activity. There is a widespread desire for a political career. That the university man has a civic obligation to affairs is a notion for which an eager volume of opinion could everywhere be discovered. Everyone knows how great a part the student played in the emancipation of Russia and Spain. The contribution of the universities to the political life of England and France has been outstanding; and even in countries where, as in the Balkans, party politics are comparatively new, student immersion in its activities has been immediate and profound.

To the European observer few things are more startling than the contrast in

this respect with America. The student seems to be almost a non-political animal. He may know what is happening in Congress or the legislature of his State. But he feels no sense of responsibility for either and no obligation of any kind to interest himself in their affairs. He talks of American politics as though they were the remote affairs of a distant planet. He speaks of the politicians as though they represented some inferior sub-species of the human race. He assumes, almost *a priori*, that no decent man embarks upon a political career; and he takes it for granted, accordingly, that graft and corruption are its necessary accompaniments. The idea that citizenship involves on his part an active interest in affairs simply does not seem to occur to him. Save in the crisis of a presidential year, there is nothing in an American university which corresponds

to the well-established political societies which proliferate in their English analogues. Now and again some university possesses a small liberal club (usually with functions performed off the campus) at which a noted radical will speak; but of that continuity of contact between undergraduates and politicians which exists in the English university there is no trace. And the determination of the young undergraduate in Oxford or Cambridge to enter the House of Commons at the earliest possible moment does not, so far as I know, find any responsive echo in the mind of a student at Harvard or Yale.

The situation is the more curious because it cannot be traced to absence of knowledge. Discussion of political issues with many students in a dozen American universities has impressed me with the volume of their information about them. I have learned much from students at Yale and North Carolina, Harvard and Minnesota, about the internal affairs of the States from which they come that showed both knowledge and insight of a remarkable kind. As a rule, it was the expression of a view critical of the tendency in affairs. But I cannot remember a single instance in which the student drew the inference from his criticism that he had any duty to seek the remedy of the condition he deplored. All government seemed to him to lie at the periphery of his life. It would be quixotic or hopeless for him to concern himself with its amendment.

It is the more curious for a further reason. In no country in the world—not even in Germany—is politics as widely the subject of university study as it is in America. There is no major institution which does not possess its ample department of government; and I should be inclined to estimate that at Harvard and Yale alone there are more instructors in the social sciences than in

all the English universities put together. There are many distinguished professors; there is much organized research. Yet this intense attention to the subject does not seem to result in persuading the student to relate himself actively to affairs. That is not in the tradition. He studies politics as he studies biology or the fine arts or the elements of Sanskrit. It is a unit in the taking of a degree. It has no connection with the prospect of active citizenship. In a fairly considerable experience of American universities not one of the five hundred or so students I have known has sought to enter the legislature. Yet there are in England over sixty of my own personal students who are now actively engaged in either national or local affairs.

II

What are the reasons for this difference? In part, of course, that politics has not had the importance in American history that it has possessed in European. Governmental action has been far less influential in shaping the contours of national life. The drama of a business career was at least as intense, the rewards it offered infinitely greater. The first objective of the American student is to begin earning his living. He concentrates upon that with a fierceness rare in other countries. He is rarely willing to spare the time or the energy which civic activity requires. Such effort will, he thinks, postpone his arrival at success. Politics is a business like any other. The chances of success in it are small; its rewards are long in coming. It rarely offers the spectacular career of industry. It has few of the honorable associations of medicine or the bar. Most of its practitioners are dishonest, or else those who have failed in other walks of life. The undergraduate has no time to devote to activities which

will bear no relation to his after-college career; and he has been tutored by a long tradition that he is not called upon to do so.

He can, of course, put forward strong reasons for his view. It is, no doubt, literally the fact that a young man in America who sought an active political career would have a grim, even a heart-breaking experience. He would encounter considerable prejudice just because he was a college man. He would have to associate with men who are not seldom poor in character and mean in purpose. He would continually encounter methods of activity which he would not approve without compromising his own moral reputation. To be realistic about the process in which he would become involved might easily bring him into contact with practices and persons shocking to his idealism. The normal assumption of the American undergraduate is that he could not keep his hands clean if he embarked upon politics.

His position is further complicated by the rule of local residence. A clever young Englishman who is politically ambitious does not need to circumscribe his hopes to the district in which he lives. He does not need to serve a long apprenticeship to his local party before he can hope to become a candidate. But a man who lives in New York cannot look to Pennsylvania for the realization of political ambition; and if he does not serve an apprenticeship to the party he cannot hope to be chosen as a candidate unless he has become eminent in some ordinary walk of life. It is natural for him to say to himself that financial eminence or distinction at the bar is more likely to lead to office than the dubious grind of party affairs. He thinks of careers like those of Mr. Dwight Morrow, of the contingent hopes of Mr. Owen Young. He realizes how exceptional it is for the successful American states-

man to make his way up the ladder rung by rung, and he sees how small is the influence even of the average Congressman compared to that of the great industrialist, the eminent banker, or the outstanding corporation lawyer. He does not hesitate long, in these circumstances, to make his choice.

Another point requires emphasis. Certain eminent offices apart—since the Civil War, at any rate—the undergraduate has never been taught to believe that men with self-respect enter politics. The very word stinks in his nostrils. He is accustomed to use it as a synonym for dubious conduct of any kind. He thinks of the civil service as the natural resort of the third-rate sportsman, and of the legislature as the natural resort of the second-rate. It is his natural mode of speech to talk disparagingly of the House and the Senate; he knows all the cheap wise-cracks that have been uttered about them as part of the current coin of his conversation. The politician for him is the second-rate man who can be bought, the intimate of a corrupt machine. It is not, he argues to himself, the part of an honest man to mingle with Tammany in New York, with the Thompson interests in Chicago, with the Vare gang in Pennsylvania. And, of course, there is a real truth in his point of view. American politics are no place for a naïve idealist; and to enter them is to realize that compromise with principle is the law of their being. Only the Socialist can safely assume that he can remain secure from taint, and that is because he does not approach even distantly to the poison of power.

Nor is there in America, as in England, a tradition of aristocratic intervention in politics. The rich young man of family from New York does not think of building up for himself a political career, like the Cecils, the Stanleys, the Percys in England. True, Mr.

Roosevelt and Senator Lodge did so in the last generation; and Senator Cutting and the younger Roosevelt have done so in the present. But half a dozen names do not make a tradition. There are not in America families wedded by historic connection to politics, the civil service, the judiciary, as there are families wedded to the bar, or to medicine, or even to academic life. The American dynasties are in industry and finance, not in politics. It is as natural for Mr. Thomas W. Lamont's son to go into Wall Street as for Mr. Gladstone's son or Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's to enter the House of Commons. And the absence of the tradition means an absence in university life of conscious preparation for politics. The undergraduate knows that political position may come just as easily in middle age, as it came to Mr. Wilson or to Mr. Hoover, as an episode in an alternative career, as it may come, as to Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Coolidge, from deliberate striving after political eminence.

The result is inevitable. One does not hear the kind of talk at the American university out of which there could grow a conscious and continuous interest in the working of institutions. The undergraduate observes them as a spectacle with which he has no connection. His sense of responsibility for their operation is non-existent. In an English university students discuss what should be done as though they themselves were the actors on the stage; in America they discuss what is being done as though they were the audience at a play. The position, I think, is remarkably exemplified in the difference in the manner of debating in the two countries. In England it is mimic parliamentary warfare in which the political parties join in organized battle. The undergraduate hopes to make a reputation in debate; and he knows that the eyes of the political

leaders are fastened upon the universities as the places where many of the leaders of the next generation must be deliberately discovered. But in America a debate is an artificial episode in which some abstract theme is debated between rival, if highly trained, teams, without any party context of any kind. The English university debate is, so to say, the threshold of a parliamentary career; but the American belongs less to the realm of politics than to some minor branch of the athletic arena.

One other aspect of the position it is, I think, worth while to note. The English professor of the social sciences can, if he so will, be at the very center of the political stage. Henry Fawcett, Sir William Anson, Lord Passfield are only the most eminent of a considerable body of university teachers who have played a considerable part in politics. Indeed, even so abstract and recondite a metaphysician as T. H. Green was for long years a member of the Oxford City Council. Few English governmental inquiries take place without representation of university teachers therein. It is the assumption of politics that their relationship thereto is direct and continuous and real.

That is rarely the case in America. President Wilson suffered much in public esteem from having been a professor; that was assumed to clothe him in a garment of impracticality from which otherwise he might be free. Professor Merriam has done most honorable work in the municipal politics of Chicago; but, despite the depth of his knowledge and the wisdom of his counsel, it is pretty evident that the citizens of Chicago do not regard him as fully naturalized in political life. The American professor teaches and researches and writes his textbooks; but I do not think the student feels that what he is learning from him is of the actual substance of political life. In fact, it is infinitely more concrete

and realistic than similar instruction in Europe. But the student assumes a complete separation between the university and guidance in practical affairs. He, therefore, takes the aphorisms of his professor as of the same nature as a comment on the versification of Sophocles or the dawning romanticism of Molière. It does not come to him as a body of ideas which he can seek to articulate with the actual problems of daily life.

One other inference is important. Because there is no relation between the university and political life, because, further, the politics the undergraduate studies does not seem to him a part of the process in the world outside, he lacks, as a rule, political opinions in the ordinary sense of the term. Every university, indeed, contains a little handful of socialists to whom political conviction is a matter of intense faith, and to whom, also, immediate legislation is a matter of ardent desire. But I have not observed that they make any real impact upon the life of the university; and because they are socialists, their faith has no active relation to a political career afterwards. The ordinary undergraduate may call himself a Republican or a Democrat; he may even, in the presidential year, feel keenly about Mr. Hoover or Governor Smith; but these labels have for him no active or continuous efficacy. They mark an interstitial and not an organized allegiance. They do not imply a philosophy of action. They may lead him to praise the government or to damn it. They do not lead him to the conviction that he ought to do anything about its activities.

This sense of remoteness is omnipresent. I have been teaching at Yale University for the past three months. I have been impressed by the idealism of the undergraduate, by the ease with which he can be interested

in the immediate importance of political questions. But no undergraduate has discussed them with me in the context of the assumption that he might himself be concerned in their solution. He is profoundly interested in Russia; but the problem of its recognition by the United States is an academic question with which he does not feel himself to have any concern. He wants to know all he can discover about fascism; but its possible impact upon a Europe now closely linked with America does not seem to him implicit with practical consequence. American intervention in Nicaragua, the effect of the Hawley-Smoot tariff on world trade, the problem of unemployment insurance in England—he will ask endless questions about all these things. But when discussion leads to the point of a possible course of action he seems to feel that this is outside the field of his concern. Action is a matter for government. Government is the business of the politicians, and he has nothing to do with their operations and their results.

My mind inevitably, in this atmosphere, goes back to the position in Europe. I think of how the one cry which could drive back the Black Hundreds in pre-war Russia to their dens was the cry that the students were coming; how in the new Russia the universities are the training ground of the leaders of the next generation. I remember the part played by the Spanish students in the recent revolution. I look back to the vivid life of the political clubs in English universities, their meetings, their discussion-groups, their vivid pamphlets, their eager concern about the next step in political action. There is the immense influence of the Chinese universities in the transformation of China; more, the grave seriousness of the Chinese student in America who looks upon himself as one charged,

on his return to China, with high civic obligations he must seek at all costs to fulfil. I think of the students in residence in settlements like Toynbee Hall as a deliberate preparation for politics; or the way in which a tutorship in the adult education movement in England has proved the natural path to a seat in the House of Commons. The students of France and Germany have a similar outlook. Why should America be so different from the rest of the world?

III

Because, obviously enough, the tradition of a frontier civilization still lingers in America. Most Americans still believe that politics is a thing to which anyone can turn his hand. More, they are still uncertain whether it is not right that everyone should have his turn at public office. The European notion of a life consecrated to its problems is still hardly thinkable in America; a man can still describe himself in a legislative directory as "statesman, teacher, and hogbreeder." That politics is a profession for which training is required is not a view emphasized by the spectacle which confronts the undergraduate.

Why should it be? Outside a small number of highly technical positions, there is no body of permanent and distinguished civil servants in America. The politician is so often the small-town lawyer, the petty contractor, the unsuccessful tradesman, or the downright ward-heeler who is so often not in politics for his health. He has his connections with the bootlegger, the purveyor of organized vice, the racketeers. He does not, as a rule, stay in politics, like Mr. Gladstone, from 1831 until 1894, or, like Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, continuously for nearly thirty years. Office is a temporary episode in a lawyer's career, an

interruption to the academic life of a university president. There is no organic connection between membership of the legislature and membership of the Cabinet. Mr. J. P. Morgan, Mr. Owen Young, Mr. Henry Ford loom much larger in the public eye than any save a small number of senators, an occasional cabinet officer, and the President himself. The major American embassies will all be filled by friends of the President who have had little direct political experience. The very nature of politics, it is assumed, will enable any hard-boiled practical man to handle its problems. A good engineer will make a good statesman; an outstanding financier was intended by nature to be a diplomat. To be successful in almost any sphere of life is to offer proof of competence for political leadership.

That, I think, is the lesson which a frontier civilization has unconsciously impressed upon the undergraduate mind. Added to it is the knowledge that the rewards of politics are small and slow in coming, that few of his friends will accompany him if he try the road, that fewer still will believe in his disinterestedness if he adopt the career. The center of the American stage has been occupied by the business man. He has been its pioneer and inventor. On him have been lavished the adulation and the rewards. He has determined, as no other class, the essential qualities of American life. His achievements are there for everyone to see in this civilization that, in less than a century, has been wrested from the wilderness. In his triumph politics has been an interference and an interruption. The legislation has been something he has dictated, the legislature something he has bought and sold. Presidents, even, have been made, not by the will of the American people, but by little groups of determined business men in

the back room of some hotel in a convention city. To the business man belonged the power and the glory; the politician was but a pale and dubious wraith who executed his sovereign will.

This is what the undergraduate has seen most clearly; for the ideology of a frontier civilization has persisted, like most ideologies, long after it is in fact obsolete. To-day, the United States stands in need of political leadership as at no period in its history. Its institutions, both central and local, need remaking. It requires the trained mind in its affairs. It cannot afford the corruption and the inefficiency that have been characteristic of its political life, and that the more when circumstances have forced it to play a pivotal part in the determination of international relationships. And it is the tragedy of the position that when this trained leadership is required the place from which it is most natural to expect its coming lacks that psychological nexus with it which might make possible its advent.

For the undergraduate still looks upon the political adventure with aloof cynicism. He knows that leadership is necessary; he has little or no sense that the obligation is upon him to fit himself to lead. He realizes the new complexities of political life, the consequent impossibility that the present type of politician can find his way through them. But he feels no urgency to take his place. He lacks a sense of the positive state because the predominance of the business man has given him no notion of its possibilities. That predominance has overshadowed the universities; and it has meant that in vital spheres the undergraduate simply cannot believe in the *bona fides* of government activity. He still speaks of it as though no discoveries had been made in the art of government these sixty years. He still assumes its inherent inefficiency. He

still doubts whether the character of its operations ought to attract or can attract the ablest citizens of the state.

I have tried to impress upon students that the political condition of Great Britain was just as corrupt and inefficient as contemporary America's before the epoch of reform. I have sought to show them how great was the effort necessary to overcome the vested interest in their continuance. They are, I think, not unmoved by the record of the achievement of Great Britain in matters like the reform of the public services and the destruction of municipal corruption. But they seem almost wholly devoid of the faith that what happened in nineteenth-century England in the face of grave urgency can happen, given the will, to contemporary America in the face of similar urgency. For they do not see that the will involved is theirs. They do not feel a direct relationship to the problem. Government remains for them a thing outside their lives about which they are entitled to be aloof and cynical. They admit that change is necessary; they do not see why they should be called upon to pay the price of change. They rate the general motives of men, indeed, their own motives, too low to believe that a call to effort will win suitable response. Or, even where they desire to believe, they have a sense of helplessness before the magnitude of the problem. They speak of the degree to which corruption is vested in the system; they cannot persuade themselves that any effort has the possibility of success.

In part, no doubt, this cynicism and doubt are the price America must pay for the inherent irresponsibility of its political system. The checks and balances are so elaborately equipoised, the invisible connections are so delicately interwoven, that it is difficult to see directly where effort at reconstruction must begin. The natural

temptation of European youth is to march to the task of reorganization; the power directly to define the problem evokes its native idealism. It may be wrong in the remedies it proposes, and naïve in its belief in their simplicity. But it is vitally important that it possesses not only the will to change but also the faith in the certainty of its successful accomplishment.

The American youth lacks that will and that faith because he is hesitant before so complicated a structure. Its difficulties are so vast that his temptation is to evade them. And that mood of evasion fits exactly the ideology he has inherited from an earlier generation. It comforts him because it seems to justify his aloofness since it comes to him enfolded with the cloak of experience. It satisfies the earlier generation partly because it protects their vested interest in a negative state and partly because it prevents the questioning of their own accomplishments. The cynicism of youth is a mask which conceals the failure of its ancestors. It shields American society from the necessity of examining its foundations.

That is, of course, a disturbing task; for in the examination of ultimates there is always danger of upheaval. And since the character of the time is one of disillusion, postponement of the issue is a habit suited to its mood. Yet the mood is a dangerous one. No people can live without faith in its institutions; nowhere should that faith be more active than in its university life. The future of America lies there. There only can be given that discipline of mind, that respect for fact, that disinterested zeal for

public service, upon which, in an age of scientific discovery, essential adjustments depend. It cannot come from the business world simply because the profit-making motive does not evoke its necessary conditions. It cannot, either, come from men of middle life since, with them, the habits of the past are too fixed to permit of the necessary transvaluation of values.

"The Youth of a nation," said Disraeli, "are the trustees of posterity"; but a grave problem is raised when they refuse the exercise of what is vital to their trusteeship. That seems to one observer, at least, the outstanding temper of the American university to-day. It is a striking phenomenon. The American undergraduate, in my own judgment, is just as able as the European student. In my own experience, also, it is no more difficult to fire his idealism and use it for great purposes. So far, at least, the ends to which it has been directed have lacked the concomitant of a civic equation. To improve his economic or social position has been the purpose of university life rather than a desire to enrich the community by disinterested service. I do not doubt that the student can appreciate this very different end. He realizes the greatness of scientific effort. He admires the great scholar and he has reverence for the great teacher. If he can be made to see that the statesman who shapes the contours of public life builds the conditions upon which depend alike the progress of science and scholarship, he will bend his energies to the service of statesmanship. If that day comes in time, America will not need to fear for her future.



BIG-FOOT SAL

A STORY

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

THE twilight behind the old boat had faded from the water and the sky with a last shimmer of green on the heart of the clouds. Ahead, except for the dim shapes of the mules and the driver, the country was deserted. Twice lights in farm-houses were passed; but they showed only as dim slits under window curtains; and the houses and barns were no more than blurred bulks against the darkness of night and approaching snow. In all the long flat stretch of farm land, the bow-lantern was the only discernible moving object.

The cllop of the mules' hoofs in the half-frozen mud made a close sound that only the driver heard. He walked hunched over, with his hat on the back of his head, the broad brim protecting his neck. A gleam of white forelock showed over his eyes. He plodded heavily, step for step with the mules. He did not bother to look at them, but their reek came hot in his face when the wind eddied. His hands were in his pockets, and the lash of the long whip, which he clasped under one arm, trailed behind him through the mud. The hock-deep prints of the mules' hoofs were all that he was aware of—an endless procession coming back to his own feet.

The towline dipped in the interval between each heave of the mules, and the bull-head bow of the old boat cuddled a ripple. It made no sound, but

the ripple slanting to the bank set the dry grass stirring and whispering. Thick curtains were drawn over the cabin windows. The smoke, snatched from the stovepipe by the wind, was evidence of at least one warm spot on the Long Level.

The steersman was standing beside the sweep, one shoulder hunched against the wind, his gaze fixed on the water's edge, along which the bow-lantern cast a running yellow gleam. Occasionally, though, his eyes wandered to the cabin door at the foot of the steps just to his left, and he appeared to be listening for something in the rush of the wind. Then he turned his attention again to steering. He could make out nothing of the land beyond the towpath except when a tree or shrub floated into the lantern-light. He could see the towline pointing toward the team; and he could just follow the moving shape of Alice, the gray mule. The black one was quite invisible.

Once the gray shape vanished into even deeper shadow, and the driver's voice came floating back hoarsely, "Bridge!" The steersman answered him, "Bridge," and swung his boat three feet into the canal to clear the abutment. As the boat passed under, the lantern lighted the stringers overhead, and he heard the water lapping against the wood sides of the towpath. The captured light gave a brief glimpse

of him also. He was a big fellow, with a young brown beard; his eyes were bright and restless, and his face looked white.

As the bridge cut off the wind for an instant he heard plainly a low moan under his feet and he swallowed hard.

Once more in the open, he glanced right and left, seeking a light. But there was none. Snow began to fall, a flake at a time, passing through the zone of lantern-light. He had no hope now of seeing a darkened house even if it stood beside the towpath. He would have to listen for the echo of a footfall against the wooden walls, to be alert for a slackening of wind if they hauled through the lea of a barn.

He yelled ahead to the driver.

"Ben!"

There was no answer.

He cupped his hands and roared, "Ben!"

The mules went on, dragging the boat. But in an instant the light passed over the knees of the driver, showing his pants stuffed into muddy boots.

"Hey George!"

"Ben. Keep watching and listening for a house."

"Getting bad?" asked the hoarse voice.

"A bit worse, I think." There was a hectic note in the steersman's answer.

"All right. You holler if you want to stop. I can hear all right but I can't holler back against this wind."

The steersman watched the muddy boots clumping hurriedly back through the light, leaving him alone again in the wind. They were hauling on the Long Level from Salina to Rome. Thank God, he didn't have to haul any farther. If he'd had any idea that Opal was going to have it so soon he'd have tied by in Syracuse and never have accepted this load. There was work there on the railroad for a man

and team. But the Canal was holding open for another week; they had time, Opal thought, for this haul; and after Rome they could move light into Utica, and Opal could stay with Lucy Cash-dollar till the business was over. Lucy took care of her girls that way. She'd told him when he hired Opal that she would. But neither he nor Opal had had any idea it would come so soon. It was queer how little a girl could know about her works. He wished now they had got married in the first place—they liked each other well enough. If she should die . . . He felt a cold sweat between his shoulders where the wind reached him.

It seemed to him that they had been hauling through a week of darkness since they cleared fifty-four. He'd asked the lock-tender's wife in, and she said they'd better wait. But they had thought better. Now he couldn't see a light anywhere. And the old *Ohio* seemed to be the last boat hauling the Long Level.

The wind was easing perceptibly, but the snow was falling more heavily every minute. It made a close pattern of large flakes that swam in and out of the lantern-light, feathering the deck and making dapples in the dark mud of the towpath. As it gained weight upon the earth, the night became quieter. There came spots in the wind when the steersman could not hear it at all.

In one of these lulls he heard plainly from the cabin under him his own name called. "George, oh, George!" For a few breaths he was a great hulk bending over with parted lips to listen, refusing to believe. He had teased himself into believing that they would make Rome. "George! Please, George!" He straightened up. He would have to face it. He couldn't just go on, leaving her down below.

"Ben!"

His voice cracked. The driver, catching the urgency, scrabbled back.

"Eh, George?"

"We got to tie up."

"Coming bad, are they?"

"Sounds so."

"Put her in right here, then. The mules just got to a pair of posts."

The steersman swung the boat in, straightened her out, and she drifted slantingly against the bank. The light of the bow-lantern picked out two posts rising a foot above the towpath about ninety feet apart.

"Whoa!" screamed the driver. The towline dipped, fell dead. The old *Ohio* slipped up against the bank, eased on the mud, shivered, and lay still. The steersman, coming to life suddenly, tossed ashore a rope and ran to the bow. There he found another which he flung to the driver. He ran back along the gangway, his pounding feet leaving black tracks in the snow.

He jumped down the narrow stairs and flung open the cabin door. Watching from the bank, the driver saw a burst of light, of warm air that turned to steam, a deep view of falling snow extending skyward, and then he was left in the darkness. His mittened fingers were clumsy in throwing the hitches. When he was through he went ahead for the mules, unhooked them from the towline and led them into the lea of a slight rise of ground. On top of the rise were some small spruces, so he climbed among them and squatted down. Feeling stiffly through his pockets, he found a plug, cut off a chew, and wedged it into his jaws.

"The young squirt might've let us know how long he aims to stay here. If it's all night, we might as well get aboard." He addressed the mules. One of them sighed and coughed. The other was shaking its withers to loose the sticky collar. The driver shivered. It was blasted cold.

"He don't know nothing," he said aloud contemptuously and spat down at the mules. "Now if I was running this rigging, I'd have a woman with me, or I wouldn't come at all. Anyway I wouldn't leave a driver die of cold."

This made him feel better. He decided to go back to the boat and find out how matters stood. He climbed down stiffly and once more approached the boat. There was no sign of George. He jumped, caught the four-inch rail and climbed the bolts. The snow hit his face sharply, and he turned his head to shield it, and went stumbling for the cabin steps.

He opened the door quietly and slipped into the cabin. There was no one in it. He looked round as he luxuriously absorbed the warmth. It wasn't much of a boat. He ought to have known better than to hire on to a young pair like this. The girl just knew how to cook, and there were enough blankets; but beyond that it was pretty simple. Two chairs and a box, and the same old hinged table that had been put into the boat at the beginning of time. Two sides of the cabin had had two coats of yellow paint, but the other side was only one-coated, and the green showed through. There hadn't been money enough for more paint. Well, they were just starting in; it was a good thing there was one experienced head on the boat. He blew upon his fingers. Then his head bobbed out of his hands to look at the curtains. She was making a fuss all right—first one. Imagine having a baby before you'd learned to read and write. Just imagine. His ratty face looked slyly at the curtains, then switched to the windows. They had one geranium slip in the boat, and they'd left it right beside the pane. He took it down and set it behind the stove. It was lucky there was one person could keep his head all right,

or that plant wouldn't have looked like much by morning. He sat down before the stove and opened the double oven doors and put his feet inside. He was pretty comfortable like this; but his shiny black eyes kept jumping to the curtains of the sleeping cuddy.

When the steersman had entered the cabin he paused to turn up the lamp, throw a couple of sticks into the stove, and glance at the clock. Eight-past eight. That was a funny time to read. He had never read it before. He stood looking gawkily at the clock. He was over six feet tall and, with his hat on, except in the middle of the cabin, he had to stoop. His soft dark beard was mussed with the wind, and melting snowflakes gave it drops of water that shone in the lamplight.

Then his worried eyes swung on the curtains of the sleeping cuddy at the back as the voice cried, "George!"

He threw his hat into the corner, pulled the curtains, and bent down low over the double bunk. It was dark in there, with no light but what came from the cabin; but she had wanted it dark. She was a little thing. When she stood on the deck beside him she didn't come to his shoulder. The wind always mussed her hair—it was the fine kind of dust-colored hair that never looked neat—and if she managed to get it in place, he enjoyed nothing better than mussing it with one sweep of his hand. It always made her blush near to bursting. He could hardly recognize her now, lying there, getting up her nerve to open her eyes, and then turning her head. She'd been crying. She did not know her own age, but Lucy Cashdollar that ran the agency guessed she couldn't be over nineteen. It wasn't fair.

He put out his big hand tentatively toward her forehead, but she seemed to feel it coming.

"Don't touch me!"

His hand jerked as if it had been struck.

She lay quite still, drawing a deep breath. Suddenly she heaved under the blankets, her breath caught.

He tried shutting her cry out of his ears, but it didn't work. The sweat broke out on his face. He reached up and opened the ventilator over the bunk. She caught his other hand.

"George! I wish you'd get me someone to stay with me. Couldn't you?"

His voice shook.

"I've been looking for a farm all along. There ain't a one." He looked down. "I'd ought to have stopped by the lock."

"It's all right, George. It was my fault."

"I'd ought to have known. Is it too bad?"

She managed a little square grin. "It's bad enough, George."

They were silent. He listened to her breathing. Outside the wall of the boat he heard a rat working the mud of the bank.

"George!" she cried. "Get me a woman to stay with me. Don't be mean, George. Please."

She was squeezing his hand again.

He tried praying to himself. He couldn't think of anything to do.

"Oh, please, George."

"I'll find someone," he said desperately.

"Don't go way. You won't leave me, George?"

"But I've got to find someone."

"No. No. You can fix the sheets now."

They had bought a pair of sheets in Syracuse. It was a luxury, but they had felt nice about it. He got them from the shelf and, under her directions, began putting them on one side of the bed. It was a cramped place to work in, and she was irritable at his clumsiness. But when he was done with them, wrinkled though they were,

she smiled. "They feel so nice, George."

Then in the same breath she was crying for him to find someone, anyone.

"Honey, honey," he said. "I will."

He burst out of the cuddy into the cabin and stood there, swinging his hands and staring round desperately. The sharp face of the little driver was staring up at him over one shoulder.

"Well, George, it's kind of tough. How about them mules? If we ain't going on, we might as well bring them in. It's pretty cold."

"Damn the mules."

"Sure," said Ben with a dollar-a-week wise look. "The first one's always tough."

"What had I ought to do for her?"

Ben jumped.

"Cripus! How do I know? I've never been bothered that way."

George stared at him wildly, hopelessly inefficient in his strength.

"I can't get anyone. I can't leave her. You get out and find a woman. You get out. Go on. Quick. And if you come back without anybody, I'll harrow you proper."

"What?" whined Ben. "Make me go out in that cold? Me an old man."

George stepped towards him. He was ugly.

"Get out."

"There ain't no farm."

He saw the great fist close.

"All right, all right. I'm going, George."

He caught his hat and scurried out.

Left alone, the steersman looked round him hopelessly. He had been brought up on a farm. He racked his brains, trying to find some expedient he could apply to the girl's case. She was quiet for the moment, and he moved softly to the stove, from the stove to the china cupboard, from the cupboard to the table, from the table to the water butt, and back again to

the stove, seeking without seeing an inspiration. And all the time his slow mind kept running back—to the time he had run from home and hired on as driver—to the time when he had saved enough money to buy the old *Ohio* and this team of mules—to the stop he had made in Utica when he had dropped in on Bentley's Bar and gone upstairs to Mrs. Cashdollar's Cooks' Agency for Bachelor Boaters. He could see the old woman as plainly as if she were in front of him, sitting before her Franklin stove, warming her stocking feet, sipping her rum noggin, smoking her pipe, pulling her red wig back into place, and regarding him shrewdly out of a pair of fine blue eyes.

"Want a cook, eh?" her very words.

"Kind and gentle? No, no, I mean you. I fix things. Well, you look so. Young, ain't you? Well, when you get in trouble bring her back to me. She's a nice sweet girl, and she don't know much; but if you're patient to her she'll make you the best kind of a woman."

And she had called in Opal. Little timid figure in the door of the back room, sweet mouth, big eyes looking him over, and him blushing and squeezing his hat. Right then he had seen the change creeping up all over her. First he had seen it in her waist and then her eyes; and then there was the devil in her very actions, and then her eyes lowered, and she was just what she had been. But he had learned all about her during the long spring and summer, hauling back and forth, while she half-ruined his insides practicing on them new ideas in food. But she was pretty good now. Some day he would have saved enough money to fix her up the way he wanted, so anybody could see what a dandy she was. And yet it had been a comfortable feeling to be aware that he was the only one who knew.

He had taken the news of the baby pretty easily—it hadn't meant much to a farmer—but it hadn't any business being like this. He jammed another stick in the stove. Please God, send them a woman!

And then he heard Ben pounding down along the gang, a shout, "Here's a boat coming west, George!" He rushed into the cuddy, stooped and kissed Opal, and she managed him a smile. Then he was out on the deck, bareheaded, with the snow drifting into the curls in his hair, Ben grabbing him by the arm and pointing a mitten to the east. "Must be a bridge it's back of now. It's a-coming, all right. Don't you be scared, George."

All at once George realized that the driver must have been scared, too.

Then he saw it, several hundred yards away, the bow-lantern of a boat, coming towards them, very slowly.

"Will they stop, do you guess?"

"Yes," said George.

"How'll you get 'em across?"

"Easy."

He was in no mood for talk.

The light came forward with the deliberation of a drifting leaf. It was still over a hundred feet away when the two canallers made out the team.

"Horses," whispered Ben. He could tell by the tread.

"Hey!"

The team passed them.

"Hey there!" roared George. "Stop!"

Ben, with more presence of mind, suddenly shrieked "Whoa!"

The team stopped dead; and their driver, totally numbed by the cold, bumped into the horse's rump, started, and looked up.

"Hello?"

George shouted across the canal, "Is there a woman on board?"

"What say?"

"Got a woman?"

The man came back. They could just make him out, cupping an ear.

"What say?"

"Got a lady on your boat?"

"No."

George's heart sank.

But then the other boat came drifting in, and a tremendous voice demanded, "What's the trouble?"

George answered, "I just stopped you to see if you had a woman with you."

"Well, I have."

"Can she come over? My girl's in trouble."

"What is it?"

"Baby."

"Damn my luck," bellowed the voice.

As he spoke, the cabin door opened in front of him, sending out a blaze of light, and George and Ben saw that he was a little man, bent and old as a gnome. Before he could say anything further, a gin-soaked voice that seemed to come from the bottom of the world asked shrilly, "Cooney? Did he say a baby?"

"Yeanh."

"I'm coming!"

"Thank God!" cried George.

The little man threw a rope ashore.

"Tie up, Pete," he directed. "Sal's gone and got it again, and we got to stay." He turned enraged eyes to George. "How are you going to get her across?"

"I'll carry her over."

"Cold work." He seemed resigned.

George did not hesitate. He jumped into the water and started wading. The bottom was muddy, but he did not sink deep. The water came to his armpits. By the time he reached the other towpath his breath came fast with the cold. But his heart was lifting. He would have someone for the girl after all, someone who could carry the horror and responsibility.

A broad, squat figure was stumping

along the towpath. As she came into the zone of light, George saw a middle-aged woman with hair of indeterminate color straggling from under her shawl, and the biggest feet he had ever seen. Her eyes were bleary and her breath whistled; but she looked like an angel, and she asked kindly, "How is the dearie? First one?"

George nodded.

"You're a fine strong boy. Cheer up. I'll do the whole thing."

"Thank you, mam."

He stooped down while she scrambled up his back. She got straddle of his neck and grabbed his hair. "All right, Boy. Am I too heavy?"

He shook his head.

"Don't do that again. I can't abide cold water, Boy."

It took all his nerve to keep from hurrying, but he got her safely over at last and followed her into the *Ohio's* cabin. There he had a good look at her, a sodden old wreck. But her loose mouth smiled kindly. "Take a drink of something, quick, Boy. Where is it?"

He pointed to the cuddy.

"Not her. You first. She'll keep."

She made him take some whiskey and took some herself.

"No," she said, her lips trembling, "you get back to Cooney. It's wet, but he'll fix you. I'll tend everything here. I won't be bothered by no boys. Get along."

She waddled after him to the stairs. He went up reluctantly. Behind him he heard her shuffling back to the cuddy and her voice saying, "All right, dearie."

He felt better. He and Ben put the team aboard, and then he carried him over to the other boat. There they already had their horses fixed for a stay. The little man was waiting for them on the deck.

"Come down," he shouted.

He led them down into a comfortable

cabin with many shelves for bottles and a great stove. It smelled strongly of cheese and ham.

"Take your clothes off," he roared. "Have a snort. Sal don't look so good, but she's the best damned cook on the Erie Canal. When you get as old as me, you don't care how they look so long as they keep you comfortable. Bar her taste for gin, she's all right."

He brought a towel for George and saw him rub down. The young man's body, straight, white and steaming, towered over the three old men.

He smiled through his beard.

"You give me a scare," he said to the driver.

Cooney said, "He didn't mean to do it. He's deaf and goes to sleep walking."

"Yeanh," said the driver, pulling his boots off.

Ben said to him, "Do you like horses?"

"I do."

"Me, I like mules."

"That's all right," said the other patronizingly.

Cooney was shaking his white head at George.

"I don't blame you for being worried, Boy. I've never been troubled that way. Sal's never had one."

A little clock behind them struck eleven.

The little clock struck two. George got up from his chair and looked through the window. The three older men were playing cards. Cooney said, "Mine again, boys." George turned round. The deaf driver wore his habitual expression of disgust; Ben looked dismayed. Only old Cooney was chuckling as he counted up a score.

"My God," said Ben, "does it always happen this way on this lousy boat?"

Cooney grinned, showing misshapen teeth.

"Boy, Boy. You need to learn the game. But don't begrudge me any fun. I'm going to have a bad time soon."

He gathered up his winnings and offered drinks all round.

"When the old girl gets back she's going to have a spell. Always does when she sees a baby borned. Expects me to fix it for her." He sighed. "A week of rotten eats for us, and the old girl shedding tears. She's always wanted a baby. Funny thing, here she is forty-four years old and every year she wants it worse. There wouldn't nobody else hire her on. Takes too much to keep her in likker, for one thing, and there's her feet for another—Big-Foot Sal." He named her with a certain pride. "Except she's sleeping the last one off, it's all we can do to get her by a bar, ain't it, Henry?" he turned to the driver.

The driver nodded.

"Well, well." He called to George, "See anything doing?"

George could see only the bow-lantern of the old *Ohio*, a glint from one window, which the old woman must have opened, the falling snow, and the dim white shore. For an instant the stillness of the whole night came in upon the boat, bringing out the smells.

"Carrying potatoes," observed Ben.

Cooney nodded. "Syracuse."

From the window George said, "No."

Cooney nodded again. "It takes a time, the first one, generally. Never mind, Boy. You'll have plenty more. You'll get used to it. How'd you come to get caught this way?"

George did not answer, and Ben explained dramatically, particularly emphasizing his own cold waiting on the bank, and taking credit for spotting the light.

"They ain't never worth the bother," said the other driver cynically.

"You wasn't," said Cooney.

The driver ignored him. He began pulling on his boots. Ben got into an argument with him about the best kind of hobs. Cooney got up and felt George's clothes. "They're about dry, son. Put 'em on and we'll go on deck."

George dropped his blanket and obeyed swiftly. They went out together, leaving the drivers in an altercation about the shape of the earth. Ben said it was flat and that the canal's Long Level proved it. Henry had a volume of geography. But the canal wasn't in the pictures.

Outside it was clearing. The stars were big and cold, the wind had died, and all the world seemed sleeping under the snow. They could see smoke and steam coming from the *Ohio's* stovepipe. The ripple had died on the canal. George had an odd feeling of music far off. Cooney chuckled at the notion.

"Listen," he said, reaching up for the other's elbow.

George concentrated and heard it. A thin little stifled, squeaky cry. He realized all at once that it wasn't Opal, that he had not heard Opal.

"What is it?"

"Listen," said Cooney once more.

This time the cry was hushed by a woman singing. Her wheezy voice went up and down on three notes monotonously. George understood. He sprang to the side of the boat. But Cooney was before him.

"I got to get right back," cried George.

The little man put up a hand against his chest. George suddenly saw his eyes glaring.

"That's all right, mister. Just a minute. We stopped here to help you out. It's going to play billy-bubs with Sal's works. Let her alone for a few minutes. It ain't much to listen to, but it's her idea of a tune. Let her finish it."

George pushed forward.

"Have a heart," said Cooney, earnestly. "She's drunk away everything else in her, but she's got that. Give her a chance."

And George waited. The tune went on and on, over and over, until at last it was done. Then Cooney called for Henry, and the drivers emerged. He shook hands with George. "Luck, Boy."

"Thanks."

"It's all right."

"You can see by the stars it's so," Henry said to Ben.

"Look at that watter," Ben replied.

George grabbed him and carried him over. "Get the mules out," he ordered.

Ben grunted something about a loon and education, and went forward.

When George entered the cabin of the *Ohio*, the old woman was just carrying the baby in to the cuddy. She came out in a minute and said, "It was one of the easiest I ever see. It's a nice pretty boy."

She stood quite still, her lips trembling. He hardly saw her. In a moment he was in the cuddy, bending over Opal. She was all right. She looked tired, half gone, but she was all right. And she gave him a smile and

opened the blankets. He saw it and bent over, dripping as he was, and kissed both of them. He looked round. Everything was to rights. He lingered.

When he re-entered the cabin the old woman had finished fixing things.

This time he saw her—dumpy body, shawl-wrapped, square face and loose cheeks and trembling mouth and big feet, and something shy in her eyes. Then the red lids seemed to swell and tears came. She put out her arms and kissed him.

"Quick," she said. "Fetch me home to Cooney."

He said nothing. But all the way over he felt her crying.

Cooney took her without a word. The horses were ready. Before George was back on the *Ohio* the other boat had slipped off. It was just a light at the corner of the bend. And it was gone.

He went below for dry clothes, still tasting the gin.

It was all still and peaceful there. He went into the cuddy and looked down as he stripped. It was all still and peaceful: like a gift that Big-Foot Sal had left. He felt his throat closing.

Outside the mules were tramping over the gang.

He had to get on deck.



WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO

BY PHILIP GUEDALLA

"How many English streets, squares, monuments, and licensed premises bear the name of Wellington? His title has become one of the commonplaces of urban, and even Imperial topography. He has his thoroughfares and schools and clubs and institutions; obelisks and open spaces still take their name from him, though he has vanished from the bootmaker's. Yet his memory, in spite of all these verbal honorifics, seems a trifle faded. He cast so large a shadow once; all Europe was his province; and no public act was quite complete until the Duke approved. There was no other Duke; how could there be? . . .

"His portrait richly deserves to hang in the great gallery of English prose. It is not there yet, though it is nearly eighty years since he died."

So Philip Guedalla has written in the introduction to his forthcoming life of Wellington, in the three-year preparation of which he has had access to many important sources of new material, including the rich collection of documents at Apsley House. Three installments of this notable biography are to appear in *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*. The first—which begins by setting the European scene as it was in the early days of 1815—tells the story of Wellington at Waterloo. The second, which will follow next month, will present the Duke at Paris during the strange and picturesque period following his great victory; the third will deal with the final phase of his career.—*The Editors*.

WINTER

EUROPE was under snow. Lord Castlereagh, with something less than his customary tact, informed an after-dinner audience at Vienna that "*il commence l'âge d'or*" and was generally understood to have alluded to British subsidies; the Tzar, acutely conscious of his virtue, was full of noble sentiments and frankly covetous of Poland; even the widowed King of Prussia forgot his mourning in a lively appetite for Saxon territory; and M. de Talleyrand limped deferentially among the gilded furniture with his thin smile. Two carriages rumbled along the miry roads, one taking Byron and his bride to their uncomfortable honeymoon; the Duke was in the other, rolling across the Continent towards Vienna. Behind him in Whitehall the Horseguards struggled with the problem of Peninsular medals;

the Prince Regent was at Brighton reading official papers and contemplating the Pavilion domes; and the Cabinet instructed Wellington upon the future of Corfu. He had a heavy cold when he arrived and found the hot rooms of Vienna most exhausting. But it was winter still, and the hot rooms were full of bowing gentlemen in decorations. He saw Prince Metternich, he saw the Swedes, he saw the Poles. Life became an endless succession of interviews and drafts—drafts about Switzerland and Frankfurt and the Valtelline. The Tzar called one evening with a complicated grievance about the Danes and Bernadotte and the purchase price of Guadeloupe. He would be leaving soon for Russia; but Wellington seemed doomed to sit forever, manipulating drafts in stifling rooms. Would the spring never come?

It came that year a little early.

For spring came with the violets in the first week of March. Prince Metternich had gone to bed at three one morning after a conference. He was not to be disturbed; but an officious servant brought in an envelope at six o'clock. The Prince looked at it and, observing without interest that it was merely from the Austrian Consul at Genoa, turned over again. But he failed to sleep; and about half past seven he opened it and read that Napoleon was missing from Elba. Within an hour he saw three sleepy sovereigns; the Duke, who had a letter to the same effect, was told at ten; and when Talleyrand predicted that the Emperor would make for Switzerland, the Prince took another view—"Il ira droit à Paris." Metternich was right; the spring had come.

SPRING

There was a sudden stir. The solemn exercises of Vienna were broken off, and diplomacy subsided like an interrupted minuet. There was a sudden rapping on the doors; the music stopped, the dancers huddled into corners, and angry gentlemen drew swords. The Duke, three Princes, and fourteen assorted noblemen declared in the name of eight governments that Napoleon Buona-partte had forfeited all human rights. It was the dreadful cry once heard from revolutionary lips in Paris, when angry men with starting eyes bawled "*Hors la loi*" and dragged something shrinking to a scaffold. But it rang gravelier now; for it sounded from the solemn countenances of Wellington and Metternich and Nesselrode and Talleyrand, still wearing his thin smile. The Duke appeared to think at first that the King of France could do the business for himself; but he could see that Europe might have to intervene, and he was hard at work among the excited

Allies—"Here we are all zeal, and, I think, anxious to take the field. I moderate these sentiments as much as possible, and get them on paper. . . ." There was a notion of employing him as a courtly attaché to the Tzar; but "as I should have neither character nor occupation in such a situation, I should prefer to carry a musket." There would be ample opportunity, with all Europe marching upon France in a great crescent from the Alps to the North Sea. They gave him the command of an assorted force of Allies, which was to take the right of the line in the Low Countries. His tried battalions were largely in America or in mid-ocean; and his first instinct, in the absence of that incomparable army, was to call for a contingent of those Portuguese whom he had called its "fighting-cocks." A soldier once again, he turned briskly from diplomacy and all its drafts—the protocol about the Swiss, the endless chicanery of the Dutch loan, and the Prince Regent's portrait on a diamond-mounted snuff-box to be presented to the Bavarian—and posted across Europe. He was at a party the night before he left Vienna; and all the women kissed him, saying gaily that he would conquer Paris and that in that event he might include them in his conquests. Once more his carriage rumbled along miry roads; and at five o'clock one morning in the first week of April he was in Brussels.

The city was not unfamiliar. He had passed through the country in the previous summer; but it was twenty years since Lady Mornington and her ungainly son had lodged in Brussels, where he learned French and played his violin. His French was readier now, and he had manlier accomplishments; but his mother was once more in Brussels. It was quite fashionable that winter. The *ton*, denied all opportunities of Continental travel by

twenty years of war, was glad to make a jaunt to Brussels. The Guards were there; Mr. Creevey took his wife and girls (was not Becky Sharp seen chattering at the Opera?); and Lady Mornington, released from Upper Brook Street, was there as well, until her anxious son arrived and packed her off to Antwerp. Then the town filled with agitated Frenchmen; the royalties were all at Ghent; but Brussels had its share of Marshals—Marmont at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, Victor (with a pleasant echo of Talavera) at the Hôtel Wellington, and Berthier staying with friends. The Duke was seen at evening parties; and Mr. Creevey, who had once crossed swords with him in Indian debates, found him "very natural and good-humored" and exceedingly communicative. For Wellington discussed the prospects freely, and Mr. Creevey was not impressed. Opposition Whips are not easily impressed by military men; and when the Duke insisted that it would never come to war, he left a poor impression of his perspicacity upon the politician. But there was something to be said for using peaceful language to members of an Opposition, which was busy denouncing ministers for hurling Europe wantonly into another war. So Wellington pained Mr. Creevey by his unintelligent insistence that the republicans were bound to prevail in Paris, and that in all probability some Brutus would soon make an end of Buonaparte. Not that he thought so; for on the very morning after his tone of stupid confidence shocked Mr. Creevey he wrote to Blücher, "*Je ne serais pas étonné si la partie se trouvait remise pour quelque temps. Mais nous l'aurons sûrement un jour ou l'autre. . .*" But it would never do to use that language in Brussels soirées, where every sentence would be promptly echoed from the Opposition benches. So a military man, for once, was one too many for an

Opposition Whip; and Mr. Creevey went to his grave convinced that Wellington had failed to grasp the gravity of the position in April, 1815.

He made a point of being cheerful, laughed when the *Champ de Mai* passed off successfully in Paris, and greeted any fresh desertion of the Emperor as evidence that his house was "tumbling about his ears." He gave innumerable balls and made everybody dance half the night. For the town was full of eyes; and it was just as well that Paris should believe that confidence prevailed in Brussels. But Brussels, if the truth were known, was anything but confident. The Duke, indeed, could scarcely be expected to be in high spirits with a discouraging command in which foreigners outnumbered British troops by more than two to one. His dealings with allies in Spain had made him an expert in the lukewarm; but this time their temperature was more discouraging than usual. His Dutch were poor, his Belgians unreliable; even his Hanoverians were hardly more than willing; and the King's German Legion alone came up to British standards. Not that his British troops were an inspiring spectacle. For out of twenty-five battalions only six had served in the Peninsula; the rest (except the Guards) were neither up to strength nor standard. His cavalry was tolerably abundant, since there had been no need for cavalry in America; but his demand for guns was answered by a grim intimation from the Ordnance that while guns abounded "men and horses are the only difficulty I have." Even his Staff depressed him, since he inherited the Staff of a small army of occupation already in the Low Countries. But loud protests in his most emphatic manner gradually relieved him of them; the authorities were most obliging, though he complained bitterly of being "overloaded with people I have

never seen before; and it appears to be purposely intended to keep those out of my way whom I wished to have"; and he ended with a Staff of thirty-three, of whom thirty-one had considerable Staff experience in the Peninsula.

But at the outset it was not surprising that his correspondence rang with indignant outcries. April found him complaining that the British were "not what they ought to be to enable us to maintain our military character in Europe. It appears to me that you have not taken in England a clear view of your situation, that you do not think war certain, and that a great effort must be made, if it is hoped that it shall be short." The month passed in a fever of preparations—of friendly correspondence with the Prussians on his left, of visits to the French royalties at Ghent, innumerable tangles of inter-Allied diplomacy, peculiar transactions with foreign potentates for the supply of infantry at the flat rate of £11/2s. a head, and ingenious rearrangements of the assorted nationalities in his command until the mosaic gave some promise of stability. But he could still write in May that he had "an infamous army, very weak and ill equipped, and a very inexperienced Staff." He was more hopeful now—"for an action in Belgium I can now put 70,000 men into the field, and Blücher 80,000; so that I hope we should give a good account even of Buonaparte." Besides, the need might not arise, since he was sometimes tempted to believe that internal politics might keep the Emperor in Paris. But he was haunted by his old desire for 40,000 British infantry; with them "I should be satisfied, and take my chance for the rest, and engage that we should play our part in the game."

That thought was in his mind one day when he met Mr. Creevey in the

Park at Brussels. The pert civilian asked a question.

"Will you let me ask you, Duke," said Creevey, "what you think you will make of it?"

The blunt question stopped him in his walk. "By God," the Duke replied, "I think Blücher and myself can do the thing."

"Do you calculate upon any desertion in Buonaparte's army?"

"Not upon a man," said the Duke, "from the colonel to the private in a regiment—both inclusive. We may pick up a Marshal or two, perhaps; but not worth a damn."

Then Mr. Creevey asked him about the French royalists in Belgium.

"Oh!" said the Duke, "don't mention such fellows! No: I think Blücher and I can do the business."

At that moment his eye was caught by a British private in the green alleys of the Park; and as he watched the little scarlet figure staring at the foreign statues under the foreign trees, "There," said the Duke pointing a long forefinger, "it all depends upon that article whether we do the business or not. Give me enough of it, and I am sure."

SUMMER

1. *Brussels*

Something was stirring behind the frontier. It was not altogether easy to say precisely what it was, though spies reported copiously, and French deserters trickled in with unlikely stories. But secret agents were lamentably apt to enrich the tedium of fact with those livelier circumstances which they wished to happen—or which (better still) they felt that their employers would wish to happen; and the Duke's writing-table groaned under every form of voluminous misstatement. If his intelligence could be believed, the Empire was becoming momentarily more precarious, and the Emperor had

developed an uncanny faculty of being in several places at the same time—in Paris, in half the fortresses along the northern frontier, even in Cherbourg on his way to the United States—while his regiments appeared to be involved in an endless saraband. They flitted up and down the frontier, were seen drilling in unlikely places and passed on every road by watchful travelers. But they were plainly coming north. So much was evident. However, it was hardly possible to learn more about their strength and movements, since war had not been declared; and Wellington complained bitterly that “in the situation in which we are placed at present, neither at war nor at peace, unable on that account to patrol up to the enemy and ascertain his position by view, or to act offensively upon any part of his line, it is difficult, if not impossible, to combine an operation, because there are no data on which to found any combination. All we can do is to put our troops in such a situation as, in case of sudden attack by the enemy, to render it easy to assemble, and to provide against the chance of any being cut off from the rest.” (This dismal half-measure was the tribute paid to appearances, to the susceptibilities of Opposition speakers who might otherwise have vituperated ministers for being bellicose.)

The army waited patiently in Belgian villages, grooming their horses, cleaning side-arms, and counting champagne at four shillings a bottle among their blessings. The Duke was busy with his papers, exchanging memoranda with the Allies upon the impending march of indignant Emperors on Paris timed for the end of June, studying bulky reports on the French army from the lucid pen of Marshal Clarke, Duc de Feltre (once the Emperor's and now King Louis's Minister of War at Ghent), and reading fluttered notes from London about the misdeeds of the Opposi-

tion, which had now been joined, for some inscrutable reason of enlightened views or disappointed pride, by the tangential Richard. Then there were quantities of good advice, and hopeful letters from the War Office promising to hire unemployed post-boys to drive his guns, and indications that it might be possible to call out the Militia by the end of June, a line from Kitty with the news that Lowry Cole was getting married, and a helpful offer from a contractor who was prepared to manufacture howitzers of an entirely new pattern (grimly endorsed “Compliments; and I do not consider this to be a proper period to alter the equipments of the army or to try experiments”). Slightly inimical to innovations at the moment, he ordered the rocket troop to store its cherished weapons and use ordinary guns instead; and when someone urged that the change would break their Captain's heart, the implacable reply was, “Damn his heart, sir; let my order be obeyed.”

Sometimes he was out reconnoitering in his usual fashion, riding alone with an orderly dragoon and studying the rolling ground between Brussels and the frontier. They would be moving soon, and he was thinking about the siege of Maubeuge. But he still regretted his lost Peninsular battalions, writing to Lowry Cole how much he wished that he “could bring every thing together as I had it when I took leave of the army in Bordeaux, and I would engage that we should not be the last in the race; but, as it is, I must manage matters as well as I can.” He was still cheerful, though, with an agreeable tendency to crawl about the floor with children. The Duke of Richmond, under whom he had once served as Chief Secretary, had brought out his entire family; and in his circle Wellington revived old memories of the Viceregal Lodge and morning rides in

Phoenix Park. One day he rode to Enghien with one of the girls to see a cricket match. But there is no need to diagnose a sudden taste for cricket, since the Guards were billeted at Enghien, and the Duke could have a word with Maitland. For his pleasures were always apt to take a business turn, and the Peer's hounds in Portugal would often bring him conveniently near a unit that stood in need of an inspection.

The June days went slowly by; and when he wrote to Graham accepting membership of a new military club, he added comfortably that the Emperor seemed unlikely to leave Paris at the moment—"I think we are now too strong for him here." But the reports came in—French *feux de joie* were heard at Maubeuge; Valenciennes was full of troops; the gates of Lille were closed; Soult was on the road; Grouchy was seen reviewing cavalry; the Guard was on the march; the Emperor was everywhere at once. Something was stirring now behind the frontier.

2. Waterloo

The June days went by in Brussels. Late one Thursday carriages were clattering over the cobbles, and a sound of dance-music drifted into the summer night. The Duke was there. He had been working late with Müffling and the Staff; for he had news that afternoon that the French had passed the frontier opposite the Prussians, and orders had been sent to move the army in the direction of Quatre Bras. But it was just as well to reassure the doubters by showing up at the ball; and when he made his bow, Mr. Creevey's girls found him looking as composed as ever; though one young lady, who shared a sofa with him, thought him quite preoccupied and noticed how he kept turning round and giving orders. More news arrived while they were all

at supper; and he desired the senior officers to leave unobtrusively. He said something civil to his host and slipped off with him to look at a map, remarking when the door closed behind them that Napoleon had *humbugged* him, by God! and gained twenty-four hours' march upon him. Asked his intentions, he replied that he proposed to concentrate at Quatre Bras—"but we shall not stop him there, and if so, I must fight him"—his thumbnail traced a line on the map behind Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte—"here." Then he went off to bed. It was a little after two; and Mr. Creevey, who had stayed at home that evening and heard a deal of hammering on doors along his street, was writing in his Journal:

June 16. Friday morning, ½ past two.—The girls just returned from a ball at the Duke of Richmond's. . . .

The marching bayonets went down the empty streets, and in the summer dawn the pipes went by.

He followed them next morning (a gleeful English maid, who caught a glimpse of him as she was opening the shutters, cried, "O my lady, get up quick; there he goes, God bless him, and he will not come back till he is King of France!"); and before noon he was staring at the woods beyond Quatre Bras. Then he rode over to the Prussians and had a word with Blücher. Their dispositions did not impress him, since they were rather recklessly aligned (in contrast with his own judicious practice) upon an exposed slope; and he said grimly that if they fought there, they would be damnably mauled. For his ally's benefit he translated this uncompromising view into the milder sentiment that every man, of course, knew his own troops, but that if his own were so disposed, he should expect them to be beaten. His expectation was not disappointed, since the Emperor shattered them that evening at

Ligny. But Wellington employed the afternoon at Quatre Bras, where Ney flung four thousand men away in wild attacks. They heard the guns in Brussels; and the inquiring Creevey strolled on the ramparts, while sixteen miles away the Duke was steadying a line which was often far from steady. It was a wild affair of French lancers wheeling in the corn and redecoats hurrying up the long road from Brussels. Once Wellington was almost caught in a flurry of French cavalry far out beyond his firing-line. The ditch behind him was lined with Highlanders; and with a timely reminiscence of the hunting field he shouted to them to lie still, put his horse at the unusual obstacle, and cleared it, resuming a less exciting position of command. And once his deep voice was heard calling, "Ninety-second, don't fire till I tell you." For he was everywhere as usual; while Ney, whose military talents were almost wholly pugilistic, raged up and down the line watching his cavalry surge vainly round the British squares. But the price paid was tolerably high, although a great lady in Brussels cooed consolingly to a friend that "poor Sir D. Pack is severely wounded, and the poor Duke of Brunswick died of his wounds. . . . The Scotch were chiefly engaged, so there are no officers wounded that one knows."

But the reverse at Ligny served to nullify any advantage gained by the Duke at Quatre Bras; and he grimly observed that "old Blücher has had a damned good hiding and has gone eighteen miles to the rear. We must do the same. I suppose they'll say in England that we have been licked; well, I can't help that." He took this unpalatable decision early the next morning; but (it was typical of him) the retreat was deferred until his men had cooked a meal. With that inside them they would, he felt, be more equal to

the perils of a retirement with Napoleon at their heels. The red columns filed off towards Brussels; and as they went, the Duke remarked with obvious relief, "Well, there is the last of the infantry gone, and I don't care now." The cavalry, he knew, could look after themselves with a few guns to help them. He watched the perilous retreat, occasionally sitting in a field and laughing over some old English newspapers or turning his glass on the immobile French. The morning opened brightly; but as the day wore on, there was a stillness; and a pile of leaden clouds climbed slowly up a sultry sky. The storm broke in floods of rain, as his cavalry were drawing off; and the thunder drowned the sharper note of guns, while the rockets (in fulfilment of the Duke's most skeptical anticipations) sputtered and fizzed and not infrequently exploded backwards. The rain drove down and the long *pavé* gleamed before them, as they struggled back towards the ridge in front of Waterloo, the French plodding after them across the sodden fields.

There was a night of damp discomfort; but food was waiting in the British bivouacs. They lighted fires, and Peninsular veterans dispensed derisive consolations, observing cheerfully to newcomers, "Oho, my boy! this is but child's play to what *we* saw in Spain" and "Lord have mercy upon your poor tender carcass. What would such as you have done in the Pyrenees?" Uxbridge, his second-in-command, came to Wellington and asked what he proposed to do. The Duke countered with a question.

"Who will attack the first to-morrow—I or Buonaparte?"

"Buonaparte."

"Well," said the Duke, "Buonaparte has not given me any idea of his projects; and, as my plans will depend upon his, how can you expect me to tell you what mine are?"

Then he rose and, laying a hand upon the other's shoulder, said kindly, "There is one thing certain, Uxbridge; that is, that whatever happens, you and I will do our duty."

For his belief in plans was never strong. He once said pityingly of the Marshals that "they planned their campaigns just as you might make a splendid set of harness. It looks very well, and answers very well, until it gets broken; and then you are done for. Now, I made my campaigns of ropes. If anything went wrong, I tied a knot and went on." Blücher had fallen back from Ligny; so Wellington had tied a knot, conforming with his ally's retreat by falling back to Waterloo. Now he was comfortably established on the ridge; but who could say what would happen next? If they attacked him in position, it might be Busaco over again. Or they might know their business better and edge round his right. In that event they might give an opening—and then it would be Salamanca—or they might maneuver him from Waterloo without a battle. That would cost him Brussels and send the French royalties scampering from Ghent. It was too much to hope that Napoleon would choose a frontal attack, when the maneuver round his flank promised so richly; and Wellington inclined to think that he would choose the latter course. So he sat writing in the night—to warn the royalties at Ghent, to suggest that Lady Frances Webster would be wise to leave at once for Antwerp, and to beg someone in authority in Brussels to "keep the English quiet if you can. Let them all prepare to move, but neither be in a hurry or a fright, as all will yet turn out well." And all night long the summer rain drove down on sodden fields; the trees dripped at Hougoumont; gleaming pools stood in the little farmyard at La Haye Sainte; somewhere across the darkness a square

figure in a long gray coat was straining eager eyes into the night for a glimpse of Wellington's camp-fires; and two armies slept in the busy whisper of the rain.

A pale dawn broke over Belgium. The Emperor was breakfasting by eight o'clock. Soult was uneasy; Ney prophesied that Wellington would slip away again; but Napoleon swept away all objections.

"Il n'est plus temps. Wellington s'exposerait à une perte certaine. Il a jeté les dés, et ils sont pour nous."

When Soult pressed him to call up reinforcements, he snapped contemptuously, "*Parce que vous avez été battu par Wellington, vous le regardez comme un grand général. Et, moi je vous dis que Wellington est un mauvais général, que les Anglais sont de mauvaises troupes, et que ce sera l'affaire d'un déjeuner.*"

"Je le souhaite," replied the Marshal glumly.

The Emperor sailed before gusts of optimism that morning. Reille, who came in a little later, altogether failed to share his enthusiasm for a frontal attack on Wellington. But then Reille had served in Spain; even at Quatre Bras he shied nervously from an apparently unguarded position, because "*ce pourrait bien être une bataille d'Espagne—les troupes Anglaises se montreraient quand il en serait temps*"; and now the sight of a British line crowning an easy slope made him uncomfortable—he had seen something of the kind before. But the Emperor was rarely a good listener.

Besides, he meant to have his victory. A victory would mean so much—the road to Brussels open, France reassured by a familiar bulletin, King Louis made ridiculous again by further flight, the British driven into the sea at last, and (who knows?) a change of Government in London, the enlightened Whigs in office, and a world at peace, with his tricolor floating peace-

fully above the Tuileries. The sky was clearing now; a breeze sprang up; the ground would soon be dry enough for guns to move. He would have his victory, and June 18 should take its place among his anniversaries. "*Nous coucherons ce soir*," he said, "*à Bruxelles*."

Across the little valley Wellington was waiting on that Sunday morning in his blue frock-coat and the low cocked hat that bore the black cockade of England with the colors of Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands. His mixed command was, if anything, more mixed than ever, since he had left some of his British troops to guard his right flank and the road to Ostend; and his foreigners outnumbered them by two to one. Still, he had got them in position on a ridge—one of his favorite ridges with an easy slope towards the enemy and shelter for his men behind its crest. The French outnumbered them; the Emperor had 70,000 men to the Duke's 63,000; and he had only 156 guns against 266 in the hands of that incomparable artilleryman. But if Blücher was to be believed, some Prussians would be coming later. The old *sabreur* had been unhorsed and ridden over at Ligny; but he dosed himself with a deadly brew of gin and rhubarb (and apologized to a British officer whom he embraced, observing cheerfully, "*Ich stinke etwas*"); and somewhere across the sodden fields his dark columns wound towards the Emperor's unguarded flank.

The Duke was waiting. As it was showery that morning, he kept putting on a cloak, "because I never get wet when I can help it." He waited for the French maneuver to begin; had not Marmont maneuvered "in the usual French style" at Salamanca? But the Emperor made no attempt to maneuver. Then it was not to be another Salamanca. For they came plunging straight at the British line in

columns of attack, just as he had seen them when the French columns charged the heights above Vimeiro, and Masséna's men struggled up the slope at Busaco. It was to be the old style of attack, to which he knew an answer that had never failed—the waiting line behind the crest, the volley long deferred, and then the bayonet. (As he wrote afterwards to Beresford, the Emperor "did not maneuver at all. He just moved forward in the old style, in columns, and was driven off in the old style.") But there were variations; for the fighting surged round the outworks of his line at Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte. Then, the columns foiled, a stranger variation appeared, as the French cavalry came thundering uphill against his line. His infantry formed square to meet them, and the delighted gunners blazed into the advancing target until they scampered off to safety in the nearest square, bowling a wheel from each dismantled gun in front of them, as the bewildered horsemen rode helplessly among the bristling squares of inhospitable bayonets. It was a picturesque, but scarcely an alarming, experience. "I had the infantry," as he wrote afterwards, "for some time in squares, and we had the French cavalry walking about us as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well."

The Duke, as usual, was everywhere, fighting his line along the ridge as a commander fights his ship in action. He rode "Copenhagen"; and all day long the chestnut carried him along the lanes of weary men. Each shift of the interminable battle elicited a gruff comment or an order scrawled on a scrap of parchment. He saw the Nassauers pressed out of Hougoumont and acidly observed to an Austrian General, "*Mais enfin, c'est avec ces Messieurs là qu'il faut que nous gagnions la bataille*," put in the Guards to retake

the position with "There, my lads, in with you—let me see no more of you," and watched Mercer's guns dash into place between two squares with an appreciative "Ah! that's the way I like to see horse-artillery move." When the Life Guards charged, a deep voice was at hand to say, "Now, gentlemen, for the honor of the Household Troops"; and when they rode back, a low cocked hat was raised with "Life Guards! I thank you." At one moment he formed a line of shaky infantry himself, like any company-commander, within twenty yards of the flash of an oncoming French column. And as the tide of cavalry was ebbing down the trampled slope, he asked the Rifles in his quiet manner to "drive those fellows away."

The light was failing now; and he rode down the line before the Guard was launched in the last charge of the Empire. The shadows lengthened from the west, as the tall bearskins came slowly on behind six Generals and a Marshal walking (for it was Ney) with a drawn sword. They were still coming on "in the old style"; and the waiting line held back its fire in the Peninsular fashion, until the Duke was heard calling, "Now, Maitland! Now's your time." The volley crashed; and as the smoke drifted into the sunset the Guard broke—and with the Guard the memory of Austerlitz, of Eylau, Friedland, Jena, Wagram, and Borodino melted upon the air. Then the Duke galloped off with a single officer to order the advance. The smoke thinned for an instant; and a trim, bareheaded figure was seen pointing a cocked hat towards the French. Someone inquired (a shade superfluously) which way to go; and the Duke's voice answered him, "Right ahead, to be sure."

Late that night Blücher met him in the road on horseback and clasped a weary Duke, exclaiming "*Mein lieber*

Kamerad" and exhausting his entire stock of French by adding a trifle inadequately, "*Quelle affaire.*" For the Emperor had shattered his last army in blind attacks upon the ridge and then crushed it between Wellington and the Prussians. A lonely, white-faced man, he stood in the moonlight waiting in a little wood, waiting for troops that never came; his cheeks were wet with tears. Far to the south the Prussian cavalry were sabering the last remnant of the *Grande Armée* under the moon. . . . "No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart."

The Duke rode slowly back to Waterloo. There was no feeling of elation, and they were all exhausted. Besides, he had a solemn notion that, where so many had fallen close to him, he had somehow been preserved by Providence. "The finger of Providence was upon me," he wrote that night, "and I escaped unhurt"; and he repeated almost the same words in Paris later. Then they sat down to supper; the table had been laid for the usual number, but the Staff had suffered cruelly, and there were so many empty places. The Duke, who ate very little, kept looking at the door; and Alava knew that he was watching for the absent faces. When the meal was over, he left them. But as he rose he lifted both hands saying, "The hand of God has been over me this day." Then he went out and began to write his despatch—

My Lord,

Buonaparte having collected the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 6th corps of the French army, and the Imperial Guards . . .

He asked them to bring in the casualty returns and slept for a few hours. When he read them by the first morn-

ing light, he broke down. Picton, Ponsonby, De Lancey, Barnes, Gordon, Elley—it had been worse than Bada-joz. Then he took his tea and toast, finished his despatch, and rode sadly into Brussels. He saw Creevey from his hotel window and waved a signal to come in. He was quite solemn still and said that it had been a damned serious business—a damned nice thing—the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life. His mind ran on the losses, and he added grimly that

Blücher got so damnably licked on Friday night that he could not find him on Saturday morning and was obliged to fall back to keep in touch with him. Then he walked up and down the room and praised his men. Creevey enquired if the French had fought better than usual.

“No,” said the Duke, “they have always fought the same since I first saw them at Vimeiro. By God! I don’t think it would have been done if I had not been there.”

NO SPRING

BY ALICE CORBIN

*T*HERE is no need of any spring to come,
Now autumn holds the burden of my heart;
The sound of robins and of plowmen sowing
Falls like a stone into a pool apart.

*For this all springs have come and gone again,
And come once more—to bring this arid taste
Of nothingness and dust; no brown spring flood
Can lift a seed to blossom from this waste.*

*On days when winter laces naked boughs
Against a riven sky, and the hard earth
Is sealed and frozen, then I do not mind,
For there is nothing to suggest rebirth.*

*But no one knows how spring may hurt the heart,
Save one who in the spring may have no part.*



IS BIRTH CONTROL THE ANSWER?

BY MARY BRECKINRIDGE

I RARELY address an audience, especially of women, on the maternity problems of the Frontier Nursing Service in the Kentucky mountains that at least one woman in the audience does not ask: "What about birth control for those people?"

This suggestive inquiry, brought up so frequently, has something of the easy smoothness of a get-rich-quick proposition. The Kentucky mountains are economically very poor indeed. Their vast resources in coal and timber have never been manipulated in such a way as to put the population on its feet financially. Their scenic charms are closed to tourists afraid of horseback travel. The native arts and crafts in which the mountaineers are supremely skilled have never been developed sufficiently to afford a livelihood. Since the railroads have pierced within twenty or thirty miles of the remoter streams, bold ruffians with dynamite come in and destroy the fish. The game has practically all been shot away and is insufficient to feed a population which has reached the saturation point under present economic conditions. Scientific forestry, a well worked-out business in arts and handicrafts, good roads to attract tourists, truck gardens to feed them, rivers stocked with fish to amuse them, and there would not be an economic problem—or only such a problem as all rural districts contend with under our inequitable system of taxation.

Let me digress for a moment to

explain my fitness to discuss this subject. Since 1790 my people have lived in Kentucky—nearly all of them on the soil—in the economic and political development of which they have taken a vigorous part. Two generations ago one of them, with a special slant towards education, established mountain schools and helped through schools and universities hundreds of country children from many States. My earliest childhood recollections go back to discussions of national and international problems as they affect country life, and our responsibility to meet them. I was brought up to think the well-being of people on the land essential to the progress of civilization.

Later, when I looked for a form of service in accordance with my family bias, the primitive, even primordial things, like birth and death, disease and disaster, gripped me most. The tragedies of childbirth in lonely places, the helplessness of misdirected infancy, sickness neither prevented nor alleviated, weedy looking children, struggling to acquire knowledge with brains starved from malnutrition, and bodies devoured by intestinal parasites—these things preyed upon my mind. After years of preparation, followed by work and observation in such countries as France, England, and Scotland, I got together a group of friends, and six years ago we began.

The Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., of which I am voluntary director, is the child of our beginning. Its first model

unit of operations now covers over seven hundred square miles, in a country without railroads, automobile roads, or bridges over its many streams, chosen because it harbors rural problems in their most acute form, and because of the high quality of intelligence and capacity for leadership of its better citizens. From nine widely separated nursing centers, the Frontier Nursing Service maintains twenty-eight skilled nurse-midwives, who travel on horseback to attend women in normal childbirth, and average now a baby a day to the Service, nurse the sick, practice the tenets of public health, and teach hygiene. The Service has its own doctor and dentist in co-operation with the State Board of Health, its own eighteen-bed emergency hospital and consulting surgeon, a budget for social service and relief and for its preventive work. It co-operates with Federal authorities and Foundations for the eradication of trachoma and hookworm, and gave over eleven thousand inoculations against typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox, and influenza in the past year alone. Its method of work is through local committees of leading mountaineers, and its plan of operations includes a small fee basis for services rendered and for supplies received. My own home is a rambling log house in the heart of the country we serve.

This outline suffices to indicate that I approach the question of birth control for economically poor country districts with a mind alive to everything that may contribute to their advantage. Few sections show the economic struggle more than do the Kentucky mountains, and unquestionably they have too high a birth rate. The Frontier Nursing Service, in co-operation with the State Statistician, Mr. J. F. Blackerby, in 1925, checked up on the unreported births over a period of fourteen years in a

given area containing 10,000 people, and found that the rate averaged 46.9 per 1,000 of the population. This is a rate enormously higher than that for the United States as a whole, though perhaps it is no higher than a house-to-house check-up would assign to similar remote rural sections.

With few exceptions, the mountain mothers to-day, like our Colonial great-great-great-grandmothers, whom they so greatly resemble, marry in their early teens. Our organization has attended in childbirth several married mothers of fourteen and a great many of fifteen and sixteen. There is no question that early and constant childbearing, even when skilled attendance is provided, as is done by the Frontier Nursing Service, at a price these people can afford to pay, is a drain on the physical stamina of the women. The men are mostly occupied in the winter in getting out the timber back in the forests and in the spring in tending the crops on the steep hillsides. This leaves to the women the care of the gardens, the drawing of water, the cutting of firewood, in addition to their household cares and the bearing and rearing of their young.

This is a typical picture of life lived close to the soil the world over, among all races and peoples and in all times. Instead of the Kentucky mountains, read the stump lands of Mississippi, the Hebrides with their crofters and fishermen, or any other purely peasant country.

Well, what about birth control? Would it solve the problem? It would not.

II

Let it be said here that I am against existing legislation restricting birth control information. I am against all sumptuary legislation which aims at invading the private habits of individuals. The nearer a race or a tribe

is to savagery, the more numerous do we find the taboos, restrictions, and inhibitions placed upon the individuals composing the tribe or race. It is not a sign of enlightenment but one of barbarism that the American people still hedge themselves about with so many regulations covering the citizen's private acts. The American Birth Control League is performing a useful service in educating the public to do away with restrictions against the teachings of birth control under proper medical direction. But when the League has succeeded in doing away with this inhibitory legislation, we shall wake up to find very little difference in the status of the women for whose relief the crusade has been undertaken. The solution of the problem of over-large families under poor economic conditions is not reached by anything so simple as the removal of a Federal statute. I never favored the argument for women's suffrage that the vote of women would purify the polls. The granting of equal suffrage to women was just and right, the removal of yet another shackle in the long educational process of the race towards civilization. It made a big difference to women and a big difference to men, but it did not affect the polls. When birth control information is allowed, under proper medical direction, the deeper economic laws under which old Nature operates will continue to determine the principles of population.

Let us analyze this question farther. When one considers how constantly it is discussed, and with what almost fanatical acerbity by people who take extreme views one way or the other, one wonders that there has not been more research done in regard to it.

Let us put the question again—"Why not birth control as a solution for the problems which the Kentucky mountains present in an acute form?"

There are many reasons, but one so

transcends all the rest that I feel like the commander of a fortress who was brought to book for failing to salute the general on inspecting duty. "There are five reasons," he said, "why we didn't fire the salute, sir. In the first place, we had no ammunition."

It is only as a preliminary, therefore, to our determining reason against birth control that I shall touch lightly on some of the minor objections. First, the question of costs. Some of the people who suggest birth control as the solution for problems of poverty and ill health are obeying a defense mechanism in themselves, which would read somewhat as follows: "It is burdensome for me to help to ameliorate with money or mental effort the underlying causes of poverty and ill health. Teach people birth control." As birth control methods cannot be taught in the mass and only individually and under medical advice, a program introducing these methods in a remote rural region would be as costly a method of tackling the problem as could well be devised.

Second, religious prejudice. The fundamentalist habit of mind which accepts conditions that are because they are, and attributes them to a Divine agency, is characteristic of certain local religious groups in the mountains, notably the Holy Rollers. Such groups do not, of course, represent the leading citizens. But they contribute powerfully to mold local public opinion.

Third, the value of a large family under remotely rural conditions where the child's labor is an asset at a tender age. As I aim only to state facts in this paper, and as the basis for this use of the child is economic, there is no need to comment on it. A homely example, however, is not amiss. When the foddering season comes in the mountains, it's all hands on the job to get the fodder put up before rain sets

in. The young child must leave school to help or go without milk through the winter because the cow hasn't fodder enough.

Under my fourth heading I shall group three reasons not peculiar to the mountains, and concerning which we have far too little definite information to form an opinion one way or the other. These are the difficulties of using birth control methods where large families live in a one- or two-room cabin, the difficulty of teaching the systematic application of a technic to people who have no method or system otherwise, and the question whether we have yet found a method which is really effective. These objections are constantly brought forward and frequently discussed, yet so far there exists only a meager body of scientifically gathered data bearing upon them. I would not mention them at all except that they have a possible bearing upon the determining reason for my conclusion that birth control is not the solution of the problem.

I shall not dilate on the great love of parents for their children in isolated regions where family life is unusually strong, or even the preference of some women for large families. I myself wanted eight children, and it may easily be believed that a woman who has no interests outside of her home is thrilled by the babies as they come. We will put all that aside, because there is no question that the woman who has ten or twelve children and is physically depleted has done her share and usually does not want any more children. She may adore the living ones, but she has had enough. Both the dread of another baby and the love of the ones already in the cabin were conveyed to me once by a mountain mother in these words, "I had rather have another than lose one."

Lastly, I do not give as a reason the fact that the Southern mountains are

not only, like other rural sections, a feeder for the city, but are a nursery for the finest flower of the old American stock. Yet that they are is undoubtedly true. We cannot cherish too eagerly this segment of the early stock which built up our nation; but that is not an argument against birth control. You do not build up the young of a race by draining away the vitality of their mothers.

No, I have only one big decisive reason against birth control as a panacea for the obvious ills of overproduction, and that is that it won't work. I don't say that it won't work occasionally. What I do say and will proceed to prove is that the mass effect of even the most far-reaching and costly birth control campaign would be negligible. I reach this conclusion from two separate directions: in the first place, by an examination into the status of those countries where birth control information is not restricted; in the second place, by observations drawn from life.

III

In London, where I went for my training as a midwife when I had decided that a service of trained midwives was needed to replace the old grannies in our mountains, there was at least one flourishing birth control clinic in the East End near a large pre-natal clinic and maternity service station. The English law is not restrictive. Anybody who wishes can get the information. It seemed to make no difference in the families of the East End cockneys who married young. The English population is not decreasing more than the French, and in France birth control information is prohibited. In Russia birth control information is given out at pre-natal clinics freely to any and all who wish it. Nevertheless, Russia is the only coun-

try to establish official abortion clinics. I have been told by a great obstetrician who studied the workings of these clinics that during the comparatively short time they have been in operation one woman had returned for abortions eleven times and another woman three times within the year. All the abortion clinics he visited in three cities were busy all the time.

Birth control as a solution for overproduction of the masses of the population does not work. I do not pretend to say whether the reason lies in living under overcrowded conditions, in poor teaching, in poor methods of application, or in the persistence of Nature herself against all odds, or where it lies. I only state that it does not work.

A most interesting study was conducted by the British census a few years ago—a check on sizes of families in relation to sizes of houses. It was found that wherever the economic status of the mother improved to the extent of a four-room house the devastating torrent of children automatically stopped. My readers may argue from that what they wish. Some will say that the higher economic level indicates greater intelligence and that this greater intelligence enables the mother to secure birth control information and apply it consistently. I myself would say, however, that the higher economic level, under modern conditions, postpones the age of marriage. This leads me to my second argument, that based on the observations I have drawn from life.

The postponement of the age of marriage is in my opinion one of the two reasons why women of the upper classes have smaller families to-day than did their great-great-grandmothers; the other reason lies in the higher education given girls whose marriages no longer take place in their teens. In other words, I do not think that birth control is the factor which determines the smaller families of the

so-called upper classes to-day. On the contrary, I do not think the upper classes could have large families if they wanted them. I am not overlooking the argument that population has been self-limited since the dawn of history. I know it was the custom of savage tribes to destroy their young, and that abortions have always taken place and are taking place in large numbers to-day. I know that birth control is supposed to be doing in a scientific and moral way for the modern intelligent citizen what was barbarously done by his remote ancestors. In the face of all this, I affirm that, with exceptions, of course, the modern intelligent citizen is incapable of producing a large family.

Because of my great interest in little children, my own motherhood of long ago, and the methods I am using to try to lessen the disabilities of childbirth in lonely regions, and because I have a wide circle of friends, I have been made the confidante of some hundreds of women. I can truthfully say that for every one of the so-called upper classes who has come to me in dread of a family, at least twenty have come who wanted children or more children.

This brings me to my conclusion. Old Mother Nature gives physical fertility in inverse ratio to mental and spiritual endowments. In low orders of species, like fish, we find almost infinite multiplication and almost no infancy. In higher orders of mammals there are few offspring, and the childhood and education of the young occupy a year. Until recent times, a girl's education was not carried forward far into her teens, and she usually married at fifteen or sixteen—eighteen at the latest. This double fact of early marriage and lack of mental stimulus was as true of the higher walks of life as of the lower. Anyone who runs through a book like *Cabells and Their Kin* or a series of biographies like Miss Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of*

England, will be struck by the almost universal early marriage age of young women of gentle, and even of royal birth, until quite recent times. It seems plain that the reason why women in history have created so little in comparison with men is that women have exhausted themselves in giving the creative forces of life to the race. Usually where one finds a great man it is to discover that his mother had a mind as keen and sympathies as broad as his. She produced him, and he produced the statecraft or the art for which her sacrifice left him free. Is it accidental that Queen Anne, seventeen times a mother, was mediocre—and the great Elizabeth a celibate?

Call it sex, if you look down, or call it life, if you look up. There is a unity in Nature. On the loom of creation is woven but one stuff. If a girl in any walk of life marries in her early teens she marries at Nature's most productive age, and she probably will be fertile. If the same girl puts her adolescent fertility into sports and college and marries in her twenties she will be relatively infertile. If she is a dull girl her fertility is thereby increased, and if she is brilliant she will have fewer and better children. But this is not determined, as she may think, by her own will. The laws of creation are working themselves out in her and cannot be gainsaid. If she wants five children she will probably find to her astonishment that she can have only three. If she wants three she may have to content herself with one. My readers, of course, can all cite exceptions. An occasional woman does achieve creative work and a large family. She is endowed beyond the common run.

It is a curious thing that up to date the only research done in connection with birth control has dealt with its negative aspects. The positive is unexplored. Since Malthus we assume

that without war and disease or direct limitation of families we should multiply beyond our capacity to feed ourselves. But should we? Does not the law of compensation come in? Man develops mental powers which enable him to control the health of the world. Epidemics no longer decimate populations. Man gains higher spiritual perceptions, and substitutes arbitration for fighting. Must he lose to famine, then, the freedom he has won from pestilence and battle? Why, the very mind-stuff that raised him above savagery came through the limitation of his body's capacity for reproduction. To reverse the quotation: *When gods arrive, the half-gods go.* If our planet is ever depopulated, it will be not from famine but from sterility.

A very simple piece of research would tell us how much the prolongation of infancy and the higher studies for women are responsible for the decrease in birth rate in the upper classes. I make the following suggestion to any foundation or other group of people who really want the facts. Let one thousand young couples start their marriage by an agreement not to limit their families for ten years, and let the foundation or organization sponsoring this research agree to promise scholarships through schools and universities for every child born during the ten years. This would be a stimulus to the intellectual groups who want more children than they can afford. The stipulations should be somewhat as follows: Age at marriage of the men, 25 to 35; age at marriage of the women, 21 to 30; preference given to those (both men and women) who have a college education, none accepted who have not the equivalent of a high-school education; among those having a high-school education only those accepted who between school and marriage have used their minds in some form of creative work. I venture to predict that if this

piece of research is done it will be found that the average number of children in the ten years per couple will be less than three. A number will be sterile, a few will have four or five children, but the reproductive capacity of the average in such a group will be low.

As a law, let us express our thought thus: The fertility of the race is in inverse ratio to its intelligence, plus the prolongation of the period of education past the adolescent stage. We see this strikingly represented in men of genius. As a rule they are sterile, or have small families of feeble intellect than their forebears. It seems to take so much of Nature's creative force to produce a genius that none is left afterwards for his progeny; and it is not uncommon for a line of intelligent people to reach a peak either in a superior generation or in one great man, and then cease to exist as a family of distinction.

Finally, let us carry this analysis one step farther. Spiritual attainment is of the same creative stuff and is arrived at only by paying the price. How often do we listen to the sneers of those who talk about the suppressed sex life of a spiritual genius! Would it be possible for any other love to live in

the consuming religious fires of a Saint Paul, a Lady Julian, a Saint Francis, a Saint Cuthbert? The family begotten of such ardor is as wide as the human race, whether conceived as man or as God or as one. The great lovers of their kind in history were mostly childless men and women.

We have reached the conclusion of our argument. There is only one way in which we can stop over-production of population in regions like the Kentucky mountains, and that is the way of economic justice. When an education is available for every boy and girl, and a family scale of living has been arrived at which will lift the economic status of the mother to the level where her intelligence places her, when marriages no longer take place in the early teens, but sports and play and studies in relation to environment occupy this period, we shall find that there is no longer a problem of over-production. Nature takes care of that. We need not work against her—we have only to work with her. The economic solution of the problem created by too high a birth rate is not only the best and fairest solution. It is the only solution that works.



PORTRAIT OF AN ACTRESS

BY BESSIE BREUER

WEARING my bogus pearls, a black silk coat and a scowl, I invoked the name of the famous actress to the melancholy doorman and hesitated through the dusty gloom until I came upon an alley at the end of which under a few lights moved several sad and darkly dressed and moody men and a young woman whose back was turned to me and who wore an expensive green suit slouchily draped over her slight figure, a gorgeous fox fur on her shoulders, and a few locks of blond hair straying outside her tan felt hat.

A tall young man whose oxford flannels moved to accommodate the beauty of his flanks, with blond waving hair, a fresh complexion, and a fresh English voice, was being put through his paces. He was so young, so fresh, so glowing that the rest of the men looked old and rather dusty by comparison. Gray sat on their neatly pressed black suits, gray film over their faces turning sallow and shadowed with age and disappointment—gray and black the color and atmosphere of all the men grouped under the lonely lights save this young blond god, all light and glowing and bright. Youth at its thinnest and shiniest seemed his, for neither his voice, his body, nor his eye displayed any of the modulations of passion, of brooding, or of yearning inherent in a young man of artistic pretensions who is to flower into a man of capacities.

"Yes, yes, yes, I understand, per-

fectly," he was saying, clipping his words with English superbness, to the young star who stood with her back to me giving him instructions.

"Let us try that bit over," she said.

Her voice surprised me. Not grandiloquent, not one tone in the convention of stage English. Rather flat its tones, in key as silver is to gold, a dull sheen in the voice, low in the throat, yet clear with alto precision, a young voice, brushing down over words and bringing them out clear and rising in their sound, and with a lazy drawling ease.

"Now, if you will please walk over to the door of the gambling room. The doorman flings it open, and you enter crying, 'Banco, Banco!'"

The young man walked over to one corner as anyone would walk anywhere on an aimless errand, turned a bit slowly, and repeated, "Banco, Banco," as one should say "How d'you do, How d'you do" to an utter stranger at a reception, high, quick, and thin with polite condescension.

"No, no," said the star. "Will you come back? You see," she said quietly, "you are very excited. You have been given a one thousand pound note by a beautiful woman you have never seen before. The bidding is high, and you want to stop the proceedings at once. Everything is exciting at the moment, and the players are interested only in the table—so you must go up to the door and arrest the whole world with your exclamation."

"Yes, yes, I understand perfectly," said the young man hastily, and so he tried it over again, and almost to the same effect.

"No, no, you didn't quite get it," said the star gently.

Why he was not bounced off the boards I could not understand. And the rest of the company stood around gloomily, and the director in shirt-sleeves said not one word through all this. He only held the script.

"I will show you," she said to the young man. "I say to you, 'Here, take this and break the bank.' You say, 'Why?' etc., etc., and then you look deeply into my eyes, kiss my hand, and walk like this"—the slender little body before our eyes grew tall and nervously animated as she walked to the imaginary door, brushed the fancied doorman aside and, clutching her banknote in her hand, gave out a cry in which excitement, amazement, love, and fearful anticipation were mingled. "Banco!" she cried, and the whole stage echoed with the intonations, "Banco!"

When the dark theater grew quiet again and emptied of her magnificent challenge, she said again quietly, patiently, "Like that. You understand? Now do try it again."

Again and again it went on, and still the young man was not much better, and still the company stood intent, respectful, watching, rehearsing about this young man, and I wondered why she did not give the part instead to the well-set-up and better equipped actor who was evidently the villain in the play; but her patience, her endurance, her kindness, and gentleness towards the young debutant was endless. During a pause she came over to me and made an arrangement to be interviewed a few days later. I had been told she was the most difficult woman in the theater, but she was simple and friendly and cordial, and I left, to come back to the

theater one day to find her in the thick of a heated rehearsal. She wore no hat, and her yellow hair, half crinkled, half straight, showed darker patches beneath. Her face looked worn and fallen and blotched, and she wore a rather soiled blue silk dress, and on her feet were red bedroom slippers with limp silk pompons. This time she was acting. She was falling to the floor, a maid was rushing to her, a man was running through the French window calling for help. Over and over she fell, and while on the floor half rose and passionately gave everyone instructions—to the insufficiently bewildered maid, to the not vehement enough villain to "throw me down hard, as if you meant it." . . . It was hot and frantic and terrific in pace. And, just as she was, she rose from the dusty boards, put on a coat, jammed a hat on her head, and we got into a taxi.

"You won't mind," she asked, "if I go to my dressmaker's first? I've got to try on some clothes."

I did mind but couldn't say so, and the taxi drew up before one of those elaborate French renaissance châteaux just a few doors from Fifth Avenue; and she ascended the steps of the white stone mansion with the pink pompons on her feet and the abstracted dignity of an empress.

The liveried footman moved not a muscle of his jaw as he elaborately opened the plate-glass doors for us, and the aristocratic saleswomen, in their svelte black clothes, with their keen, cruel eyes, smiled good evening to her and attended her effusively as they showed her straight into a fitting room. "I'll tell Mr. Brady you're here."

"Send the fitters in right away. I'm in a hurry." She threw her clothes off as she spoke and made no move to arrest the process as a delicate young man with graceful hips entered. "H'lo, Lonny," she said, "I'm in a hurry. Where's the silver dress?"

"H'lo, Carrie," he said casually, "how's the girl?"

"Tired, tired as hell and I got to go to a party to-night. Been rehearsing since ten o'clock, and all I had to eat was a malted milk. It's the only thing I can digest, I'm so nervous now, but I'll have to cut it out. Look," she pinched up a tiny roll of fat skin with her two hands, "it's making me fat."

"You can stand that much," he advised, "it's good for you."

"No. I won't have it. I don't want an ounce of flesh. When I'm on the stage I want every part of me to be thin and supple, to move . . . Here we are." She turned to the black-dressed severe-looking women who came toward her with things over their arms.

"First, mademoiselle," said the older one, with glasses, a sour look, and a too sweet voice, "we will make de canvas fit exactly. This material it is so expensive it must be cut just right."

"Yes, but I want it tight, tight, you understand?"

"Yes, mademoiselle. Certainly, mademoiselle," said the head fitter, and two of them rapidly sewed the slight young woman clad in pink underwear into a canvas bag.

"Tighter," she urged. "Here, look." She drew in her stomach and pulled out the loosened material. "Sew in all that. I want it to be so tight that when I breathe the dress will move with me, when I move my shoulder or my hip it will show right through the dress."

"Yes, but certainly."

"But you ain't doing it. Why don't they do what I tell them anyhow; what the hell is this?" she complained to Mr. Brady.

"She'll do just what you say," he tried to soothe her and went on talking about a party he had been on. "Jennie was simply stinko . . ." he went on with small talk.

"What'd she wear?" she asked. "She's the one girl that can make a Chanel gown look like a Fourteenth Street bargain—it's God's gift. Just a dressed-up farm girl gone wrong, with that high makeup and that ugly mug."

"Oh, she's a good girl, Carrie, and so funny." And then he went on a long drooling story of what she said and he said.

"No by God, I want it low—low, here, gimme the scissors." She grabbed the scissors and cut the canvas almost down to her waist and turned back the material so that her whole bosom was bare—"And in the back still lower, just past my waistline I want it."

"It is too low, mademoiselle. The shoulder-straps will fall off. It will not stay like that."

"Of course it will after I show you how to do it! Say, I'm a better dress-maker than any of these dames you got here. Take a piece of net and sew the back décolletage to it; that will hold the whole thing in place. I want the dress to stay on me no matter what I do. I wear it in a violent scene—I fall around and everything. But the dress must stay on my body and be part of my body—you understand? Use flesh-colored net right up to the neck in the back; from the audience it will be invisible. . . . No, no, cut more out under the arms. More. I don't want a lot of goods on me—the front should just cover my bust—It should look like it will slip off any moment and show everything, but the trick is that it won't, see?—the net in the back will hold it in place—excitement and no risk. I don't care whether the shoulder-strap stays on my personal gowns; if it falls off all the better, eh, Lonny?"

"Sure," he echoed, "give 'em a show."

"These are nature's own rosebuds, so why be stingy with your friends? With my hair down and a shy rosebud peep-

ing, why be weeping? What a poet was lost when I fell on the stage at the age of three. My God, how tired I am! Five days rehearsing twelve hours a day to work that boy in. But he's gonna be just great. He's a real lead. He'll show up Jerry Bristol for the ham that he is. Gee, I'm in real luck. You know last year when I was in Antibes, playing around with Harry, there was this kid floating around, in his crowd. He kinda stuck in my mind, and when Jerry got high hat and acted like he was the star instead of me, I said let him go. If you give him what he wants, an even salary break with me, then I quit. I'll tear up my contract and walk out. . . . Well, they had to let that ham out because I'm the girl that can put any bum play over for a Broadway run. But I had to get somebody pretty quick to take his place. Suddenly I thought of this English boy, so I telephone Harry and say, 'Harry, remember that English boy that played around with us last summer? Do you think he would come over and play opposite me if I cabled him?' 'Cable him!' he just yelled through the 'phone. 'Why, he's here, right here in the room with me! He landed off the boat yesterday and is looking for a job. I'll send him right over!' Did you ever hear of anything so marvelous! Planned by fate! And he's simply great! . . . All right, suppose you do have to rip it off me to get it off, rip it off then, who cares? And put big strong hooks and eyes all along that side, concealed well, but big and strong, mind you, because you can bet I'll strain them when I'm working in the dress."

"It will be beautiful on you, made-moiselle."

"I told you I knew more about dress-making than you do, didn't I? Now, where is my suit, Lonny, why aren't they hurrying it along? I can't stand here all night." She stood there in her

sleazy pink shorts and brassiere, talking to Lonny, telling him about the party she was going to to-morrow night. "It's at Mary's. I'm going to take the kid along, so I want to look swell. I haven't got a thing to wear. Say, maybe I could borrow that gold jacket just for one night, whaddyu say, Lonny?"

"I don't know," he murmured sympathetically, with a cold look in his eye, "but I'll go and see."

"Sure, go and see. I only want to borrow it just for one night. I'll come for it to-morrow just before you close and have it in the place in the morning. . . . You know I got to look nice. I can't have these big black and blue marks showing on my arm, or first thing you know they'll say, 'There's that Carrie again, dead drunk and had a fight, her hair down already and black and blue marks all over her. It's simply disgraceful!' You know how they are, the cats! I want to look nice and sweet because I'm going to take my new lead. He's never met Mary, and I want to show him the whole works. Be sweet and get me the coat, like a good boy."

"I'll try," he again murmured engagingly. "Here's your suit now," and he left the room to go to the court of highest appeal.

The suit was beautiful. Long and of green tweed—she put it on herself lovingly, disregarding the clumsy hands trying to move as fast as hers—and gray fur reaching up and swathing the neck and bringing out all the lightness in her skin and hair and erasing all the worn marks. Then she tried on the hat.

"It's all wrong," she said to the milliner, "all wrong. I won't have a brim waving all over creation. The brim should be tiny, just big enough to take the crown away from my face. This is the second time. You'll never get it right. Here, let me rip it, and

hand me some pins. I'll pin it up right by myself."

And standing there and waiting on herself, she pinned up a hat with the sureness of a Madame Reboux, all the more unerring in that it was a very severe cloche, made of the same tweed as the suit, and only the most exact eye and skilled hand could give it just the right line.

"There now," she said when she had finished the pinning, "sew it up just like that," and she turned around, surveying herself and liking herself in the suit. "What news?" she asked the young man, who had returned.

"I'm sorry, there's nothing doing . . . it's against the rules."

"But, Lonny, I'm having it copied for the play, why can't I have the original just to loan for myself for one night?"

"I explained all that, but it can't be done."

"Well, that's pretty funny, with all the customers I'm bringing here. I let you use me for photographs for *Vogue* and *Harpers Bazaar*, and this is all the thanks I get. . . . What's the bill for this suit anyhow? You know I'm paying for this myself, so go easy, will you?"

"It's not much. I think four hundred and fifty."

"Four fifty!" she exclaimed, "four fifty! You're robbing me. Why, it's nothing but a coat and skirt and a piece of goods for a hat. I won't pay it. For Pete's sake, go and get a better price on it."

"I'll try," he again said engagingly, left, and returned murmuring disconsolately, "I'm sorry, that's the price."

She was furious, and with justice, I thought. I began to doubt the existence of the invisible goddess of extortion. I began to suspect the smoothness and the pleasantness and the joviality of this charming young man with the flexible hips who was calling all

these great actresses by their first names and exchanging gossip about them and going on parties with them. But at any rate this star did not suspect him. She exonerated him while she poured execrations on the invisible head of the establishment, at the same time that she turned round and round before the mirror, surveying herself and loving her image. . . .

Soon we were out in the street again, the obsequious doors closing behind her—to what? I asked myself—to derision, to the chuckling malice of: She thought she could get away with it . . . the nerve of her . . . the gold coat from Poiret . . . just for one evening . . . Why, she'd bring it back in shreds, if she ever did. As if we didn't know that careless Carrie who forgets to give back a fox fur after she's posed in it . . . And trying to get her suit for nothing—bribing with her custom . . . It's little enough we make on her clothes with all the tearing up of models and putting them together again a different way every time she tries them on. . . .

I could hear the poison dripping out of fangs dried from obsequiousness while she stood there in her rumpled, sleazy underwear with her lean long legs, sometimes speaking the English of an Oxford don and sometimes of a New York gutter rat, running up and down the whole scale of English sound, making a clown of herself and of her position and of her ability, just to get a little gold coat to hide the bruises on her arm. . . .

"My country place is open but I haven't a place in town. . . . I'm using a friend's house while she's off in Hollywood," she said on the way. We stopped on a street off Central Park and went into a private house. She nodded to the stern-faced housekeeper who opened the door but did not stop until we were up on the drawing-room floor. "I'll go up and take off my things, and we'll have our talk. I'm sorry I had

all that fitting to do, but we're opening Monday in New York, and the clothes have got to be done. We'll have a bit of supper and talk."

I began to follow her up the stairs, thinking that was what she wanted. "No," she cried sharply, "don't come up. I'll be down in a second." So I went back to the long, deep divan, and sat down and waited more than a second. When she came down she seemed miraculously quieter and rested, and easy. She sank down on the other end of the divan, and turned to the lamps which swung above and switched on the rosy lights. "What do you say?" she asked. "Let's just eat off a tray so I can sit here and rest while you're interviewing me."

It sounded fine, so she rang a bell, and up came the frigid servant to whom she communicated her orders, and presently we each had in our laps a tray of flat, unappetizing food.

So we sat and ate the food and she said, "What was the interview to be about?" and I said, "It's a beauty article, you know. You tell your beauty secrets, like Elsie Ferguson and Jane Cowl, and all the rest, as I told you before."

"You never told me that."

"But I did. The first time I saw you in the theater . . . and you consented, and said you'd sign your name to it. I'll write every word down exactly as you say it, so it will really be yours, as though I were a stenographer."

"But I'll never tell you my beauty secrets," she insisted vehemently. She dropped her fork and knife and leaned forward. "I'll tell no one my beauty secrets. Why should I? They wouldn't be beauty secrets any longer, would they?"

"No," I conceded. "But it would be good publicity."

"I don't care a damn about publicity. I don't need publicity. I never

give interviews. I never let my name be signed to fake articles—I don't need it. Let the others do it; they need it, I don't."

"But you said you would," I insisted, annoyed at having wasted all these days and weeks trailing her, badgered by my magazine, badgering her press agents, and being put off time after time.

"Did I? Well, it doesn't matter. I won't do it. You don't suppose I'm going to give away for nothing what it costs me hundreds of dollars to get. I pay Madame Le Gene seven hundred dollars for ten treatments. That's all I'll tell you. You can go to her and ask her what they are, and see what you get, but I'll never tell. I get my money's worth, and I'll keep on getting it—but for myself only. The hell with the rest of them. . . . I don't need anybody, I don't need any publicity. I make my own publicity at the box office. I make my own plays. I'm the only actress on the stage that's author-proof. Ha, ha! I say what I want to when I'm on the stage, and that's what makes my plays a success. My managers know that, and as for the authors, who cares for them? They're dumb."

"But there's something you can say about beauty that women will like to hear," I urged, wanting to get something out of this lost opportunity—"some generalities about beauty you can say that will be your own and interesting."

"Generalities? A lot I know about generalities and nothing about beauty. I'm no beauty, so what do I know about it? All I know is that I want love, admiration . . . that's all I know and if I know any tricks that get that, well, I won't tell what they are. . . . I want to be loved. I want to be loved." She leaned back against the cushions, relaxed, her face aglow under the warm honey-rose light, her head thrown back

as if she were receiving imaginary kisses. "I want love," she repeated, "I can't live without it. Not a day. I want to be admired. I want a man all day long to say to me, 'You are lovely. You are wonderful. You are the most wonderful girl in the world. You are marvelous.' That's what I want. Sweet words, attentions, to have flowers . . . to go to dances . . . I love to dance . . . to go out for a drive with his shoulder pressing into mine—that's what I want—admiration, love . . . not to sleep with a man.

"To-night the boy is coming to take me out; we're going to see Ethel Barrymore. It's the first time . . . You know that lovely English boy that's my new lead? Isn't he just wonderful? Isn't he the most beautiful thing you ever saw? I'm so excited. I want to look beautiful for him. And to-morrow I'm going to take him to a party to Mary's. Let's hurry and get through. My maid hasn't come yet with my clothes. She should have been down here with the car and Stokes at seven and they haven't showed up yet, the devils. I'll fire them both out."

"Let's start with a definition of beauty," I hazarded, but there was no answer. She was lying there asleep between her last word and the question. I spoke to her again. No, she was sound asleep. I looked at her. All rounded out her face was now, and as lovely as some sentimental dream of youth, all rose-colored, and honey-colored at the edges going into the golden hair, and the arch of her brows, thin yet sharp, the fine curve of fine-spun hair, and her high cheekbones glowing under a flush of rose color, the rise of satiny eyelids over her large eyes, and the pointed small chin and the face shaped like a heart, and the softly rising, the lovely languor of the bosom, and her fingers curled up like lily petals on a stem. . . . So beautiful, with a

bloom all over her come suddenly—from where? I asked myself, from Pandora's box?—and no noise I could make awakened her. And I thought of her handsome young man coming at eight, and it was twenty minutes to eight, and I touched her, and then shook her, but she did not move. So I went downstairs and said to the housekeeper that Miss Borden was asleep and should I waken her; that she had an important appointment at eight.

"Let her sleep," sourly pronounced the oracle. "If she's asleep that shows she needs a rest."

No use telling that sourface anything, I thought to myself as I went back up the stairs . . . no use telling her about love; and I sat down beside the sleeping beauty, and she began to struggle in her sleep and she cried out, "I don't want you. You're not my man any more. Don't! . . . God! I don't care. I'll never be your woman any more. Kill me! Oh, God . . . you told me you didn't care for her . . . you're not my man any more . . . you're not my man. . . ."

I sat there chilled with hearing, unable to go away, hearing her moans, her cries of distress, of torture. What should I do? It was getting on towards eight. No maid had come up the stairs. I began to shake her again, to lift her out from the soft cushions; but she dropped back limp, as if drugged, I said to myself. As if drugged, I repeated with a question in my mind. I looked at the clock again. Ten minutes to eight, eight minutes to eight, five minutes to eight. I arose and started down the stairs, and the outside door opened towards me, and the handsome young blond clad in an Inverness and a white silk scarf and a top hat, and looking a veritable Apollo of the Metropolis, entered and jumped up the stairs two at a time, and his arm curved round a large white, square, glossy box—gardenias, probably.

"Miss Borden is asleep," I answered to his polite good evening and led him to the divan. Our voices, or the movement, or something, wakened her.

"What is it?" she sat up and asked wildly. "You're here already! I'm not dressed. What time is it? My God! Eight o'clock! They didn't wake me! I fell asleep. So tired rehearsing. Why didn't you wake me?" She turned on me accusingly.

"I tried to," I said.

"You didn't! You didn't! It's a lie!" she accused me fiercely, turning to the young man. "This is terrible! What shall I do? And my maid hasn't come yet."

"It doesn't matter," I cut in, dispassionate in the various stresses of feeling that played about me. "You can dress in five minutes. I'll help you."

I put out my hand for her, and so did the young man, and I went up the stairs behind her, calming her, telling her she had plenty of time, and I would help and she'd manage and all that. We entered two small and modest bedrooms. She sat down on a bed and began stripping, asking me to look for her lace stockings, and I got them and some fresh underwear, and brought them to her. I looked at her sitting there on the bed, pulling on her stockings. Naked, she was still another woman. She had a surprisingly long torso, and her back was flat, with no swelling of flesh, no dimples; straight and strong the spine ran up her flat back, pricking it to points through the thin white skin. There was no modulation of swelling hip, no indentation of waist, and above the flattish barrel of torso hung two small and rather shapely breasts. I examined her sharply because I knew she had been a *grande amoureuse* and I was curious to see these secrets of her power; and here was a strange and unfeminine body, the bones in her arms long and flat,

and the arms thin and bending backwards at the elbow, and her naked legs had long lean strips of muscle striping through the skin, but the lovely thin-nish lower legs of a child, and I said to myself, "This is a beautiful woman," for she really was a beautiful woman, with that body and all.

Just then a stolid black woman walked in. She was overwhelmed with questions, exclamations, curses. But she scarcely answered, letting the questions and the curses rain against her unheeding like a rock. So I said to the actress, "You won't need me now, will you?" "No," she replied, and didn't even thank me, and went on scolding her maid and dressing nervously, and throwing things about.

So I went downstairs, and the beautiful young man was sitting beautifully at the piano, playing pretty nothings in a romantically seductive pose; and the soft light was pink shaded, and the glossy white box was open, and they really were gardenias, and all the stage properties were heightened and romantically familiar and correct. Breath of young love, I said to myself, rather envying, and to the young man, "Miss Borden will be down in a few moments." But he looked right past me, and no thanks from him either. They're stars, I'm just feeding them lines, I said to myself. Breath of love, melting itself all over the piano, in tinkling false phrases, thin and light and pink like the shaded lamp. Breath of Young Love, I said to myself, bleakly walking down the stairs; and up above a naked girl with no dimples on her was cursing her maid. . . . Lying under a rose light softly flushed like a rose, jerking in her sleep.

A few nights later I went up to her theater. The back door opened right on a view of the stage. She was there dressed in the silver gown so vehemently discussed with her dressmakers.

It fitted her like the skin of a mermaid, and was as glittering with every movement, every deep breath, every passionate stir of her body. Seen from where I stood, her beauty was unreal, wraithlike, luminous—a mirage for which men die. Her voice was sending out an aura of magnetic power over the whole audience and, caught in its magic atmosphere, her young man, too, glowed with virility and assurance, caught flame and reacted to the real love and infatuation that vibrated from her. The stage fairly glittered with the romance that holds people spellbound, the sad gray men and the timid maid, all assured and shining, moving in the rhythm of her passionate art. When she was through she passed by me, still aflame, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, breathing like an exhausted swimmer. She disappeared into her dressing room for a few moments, and then emerged and, going up to a ladder which led into the heights above, took it in her hands and shook it and shook it, working herself into a gasping exhaustion. And drawing deep breaths, she went on the stage in an extremity of physical collapse as one who comes in from having received some overwhelming emotional shock—trick of an actress—holding that enormous mass of people somewhere there in the darkness with the authority of her intensity. I abandoned my attempt to speak to the sibyl in her divine frenzy, to break into the dream that was being woven so powerfully before my eyes that night.

I heard later she had gone on the road and that the young man was a success, which meant only that so long as she held him fascinated by the wonder of this new and important intimacy with a great actress so much older than he so long would he be adequate for his part, sinking into his own vacuum only when she withdrew the vapors of her emotion which buoyed him up. Presently there

were reports of her non-appearance for scheduled performances, complaints of managers, emotional scenes, illness. Then the newspapers announced complete indisposition of the star and the tour abandoned. I guessed at the cause of this débâcle when I saw in the pictorial section of a Sunday newspaper the photograph of a tall young man whose Oxford flannels moved to accommodate the beauty of his pose, looking out of the glossy brown length of half a page. On his face now the assured, complacent smile of the blooded male, under his feet the caption that he was to be married within the week to a wealthy débutante.

Her manager, dark and nervous, with a cigar and a worried smile, almost snorted when I mentioned her name. "Just one more trick like this and we'll break her. She's got to learn she's not bigger than the theater. She's at the Wharton, but I tell you honestly you'll be wasting time trying to get that copy OK'd. Why, I been after her for weeks. I telegraphed. I telephoned to her, Chicago, Indianapolis, all her stops; she wouldn't talk to me. Finally I went to St. Louis last week end to make her talk about her new contract, but she wouldn't see me, mind you. I don't know what she's up to. After all I've done for her and stood for. I'm sorry, young lady."

I tried her telephone anyhow, and a secretary, answering, asked me after a few moments' wait to come up at noon. At noon the actress was sitting up in her bed in a yellow-lace nightdress and an embroidered and lace cover over the hotel bed, a secretary going in and out of the room, and a maid ironing in the room beyond. I was shocked by her face; for fatigue and suffering had made her look momentarily as she would ten years later. Her throat was puckered in the first loose flesh that foreshadows middle age, and her blond hair, though freshly yellowed,

was brittle in its curl and framed the puffy brown eyes all too clearly.

"Hullo," she called out to me with unexpected cordiality, "I read that stuff you sent me. Didn't know I had such grand thoughts. I'm game for that series you want. I'm through with the stage. I'll expose the managers. I'll break them. They'll see whether they can force me. I'm above rules. I'll never step on the stage again—unless everything goes the way I say." Her monologue went on. She lighted one cigarette after another. "I'll quit. I got plenty of money. I'll do charity or something. . . . They can't force me."

The telephone rang. Answering it, her voice changed immediately. Docile, naïve, transparent the voice, full of goodness and gentleness. "I'd love to work for you. You've always been my ideal of a manager. No, you didn't get it quite straight. . . . It's double my former percentage. . . . Oh, no, double. . . . My lawyer is drawing it up that way. . . . Yes, we can do great together. . . . Yes, it's a swell play. . . . I'd love to put it over. . . . I've got a lead who'll be perfect opposite me. Sure. I found him in one of those society amateur performances in St. Louis. . . . He'll be here tonight. Come around. . . . Oh, don't bother, my lawyer'll find a way out of the mess. . . . Don't answer his letter until the contract's signed, see. Let him sue me, see. I love to be sued. . . . Don't you worry, darling. . . . Sure, he'll be here all right. He's grand. We'll put the thing over big."

She hung up the telephone, the pantomime dropped from her face, but the bell rang again. . . . Honey her voice became, drawling and low with swooning sweetness. "Yes, yes, I'm not doing a thing. Come right up. . . . I've got grand news for you."

She flung back the lace covers. The article slipped to the floor. "Don't

fuss about that," she called back to me as she ran into the bathroom. "Stay for lunch and we'll go over it afterwards. I've got a play just made for me. It's a smash. Good for a three years' run. . . . Wait till you see my new lead. He's coming up now. A rich boy. A real gentleman. No phony English for me. He's a natural. All he has to do is walk on the stage and be himself. That's a knockout."

The secretary entered with a blond young man immaculately clothed and of middling height and uncertain blue eyes, the vigor of some powerful ancestor refined into a small delicate nose, a delicate chin hung round with bulgy cheeks already drooping with sentimental self-indulgence, and a diffident, hesitating manner, yet charming. He warmed to her enthusiastic greeting.

"I've written a song for you," he said, still standing, his attitude and voice a mingled apprehensive adoration.

"How lovely," she cried with full-throated exuberance. "Do sing it. Do sit down."

He sat down on the edge of the chair and leaned forward, his hands nervously tightened on a roll of music paper he had drawn out of his pocket. In a thin tenor half-voice, he sang:

"As the violet is true
So am I to you
Do de vo do I love you.

As the sun shines bright
So do I delight
Do de vo do do in you."

"How wonderful!" She was all ecstasy and surprise.

"Do you like it?" he asked. "It was an inspiration. It's just like you, isn't it?"

"It's simply wonderful. Please sing it again, please," she urged, leaning out of her seat.

With the high hard sunlight of noon etching the bright varnish on the fake French chairs and the powder dust on

the shiny bureau etching her wrinkled throat with hard precision and the fresh yellow hair and the puffy eyelids, he crooned:

"As my heart drinks deep
So do I repeat
Vo de do do I love you . . .
Vo de do do do do do do de do."

His voice swelled in interminable chorus and verse.

A glow came over her skin. Like a bud swelling and unfolding shedding a mysterious magic aura, so she bloomed in the hard sunlight and became young, lovely, adorable. . . .

"It's wonderful," she barely breathed her ecstasy. She leaned over to the

young man, took his hand and stroked it, her voice lilting in languorous murmured rhythms:

"Let's go out to some little Italian place where we can be alone together . . . some place where they have pink table lights and wine . . . just you and me alone together." She leaned over the charmed young man fairly enfolding him in the perfumes and essences of her new blooming loveliness that seemed to rise like dew from her glowing, transparent flesh, purring, relaxed, abandoned to her new delight.

The young man leaned forward to the ecstasy which lay like a screen before her sad parched eyes.

THE LISTENING HORSES

BY LEE ANDREW WEBER

THESE with the thick black manes are the listening horses—
I know them by their long hair and the wonder in their eyes.
They explore the wide fields of the midnight skies,
Following the stormy paths and the comet courses.

These are the listening horses. Their nostrils quiver,
They scent the bitter lightning in the cool night air.
Up among the stone hills their stormy manes of hair
Drag in the waters of the deep black river.

With their black manes dripping and their black legs shaking
They pound their sable thunder on the stubborn hill,
Till in the little village that was somnolent and still
The houses are trembling and the people are waking.



BOW DOWN, ISAAC!

A STORY

BY CONRAD AIKEN

I MADE my first visit to Hackley Falls when I was twelve years old. My mother had died in that year, and my widowed father could think of no better thing to do with me in the school holidays than to send me to visit my two maiden aunts, Julia and Jenny (his elder sisters) who still lived on the family farm, where he himself had been born; and it was here that he had met and married my mother. It was natural enough that he should send me to "Witch Elms"; and I confess that, after a childhood almost all of which had been spent in New York, I looked upon the adventure as a treat. My father impressed upon me that I should have to be helpful—I was given a clear understanding, in strictest New England fashion, of my duties. I was to get the mail twice a day, to fetch the kindling, to go to the village for groceries whenever requested by Aunt Julia or Aunt Jenny, to help old Jim with the livestock—which merely meant chivying the one cow to and from the pasture, or feeding the two pigs which lived in the barn cellar—and to keep my room tidy. If I was very good I might be allowed to drive the horse now and then. And I could help Jim pump the water up to the tank in the attic, which was done by hand.

All of these things I did and, surprisingly enough, didn't find them in the least like duties. I was happier than I'd ever been in my life. With a

farm of two hundred acres to run over, with woods to explore, the Mill River to bathe in, and mountains to climb—and summer, too, just beginning—it may be assumed that I didn't find things very irksome. "Witch Elms" stood in the midst of a green valley-meadow, about a quarter of a mile from the river, which we could see from the front porch. The road crossed the river just at this point by means of an old-fashioned covered bridge, which was painted a raw scarlet: some of the planking was gone from its floor, and I used to love to lie on my belly and look down at the shallow brawling water, in which one could see every pebble and minnow.

Beyond the bridge rose Hateful Mountain, covered with sugar-maples, and along the flank of this the road climbed steeply eastward, eventually, after a mile or so, passing the white farmhouse (perched quite high on a spur of Hateful) which belonged to Captain Phippen, who was a distant connection of ours, and our only frequent visitor. He had been a sea captain, in the coast-wise trade, and now lived with his son and daughter-in-law. He could almost invariably be seen on his porch with a powerful spyglass in his hand—he used to tell me that with that spyglass he knew everything that was done in the valley. He knew just which orchard Jim was picking, and how many bushels he got, and even pretended

(with a twinkle in his eye) to know the size of the apples. He once told me that in summer, if the light was just right, and the church windows were open in Hackley Falls, he could tell whether the Crazy Willards put ten cents or a nickel into the offertory box; but this I knew was apocryphal. I had looked many times through the spyglass myself, and knew that all one could see of the little white town of Hackley Falls was the church steeple, with a golden fish for a weather vane, and the little red cupola of the grammar school, with a black bell in it. Elms and maples completely hid the rest of the town; and in fact, from Captain Phippen's porch, as from our own, the only other human habitation which could be seen was the Crazy Willards', which stood halfway between our house and Hackley Falls—about a mile and a half westward—and (looking from "Witch Elms") on the opposite side of the river. This was a low, square colonial farmhouse, which must at one time have been rather fine, but was now collapsing with neglect and old age and black as pitch with rain-rot. Through Captain Phippen's glass one could make out easily enough the untrimmed trumpet-vine, which covered the western gable with scarlet blossom, and the foul cow-yard which adjoined the house on the east. One could also see the horns of the cattle over the unpainted fence. . . . But I am getting ahead of my story, for this sinister house is really my theme.

With a small boy's love of the abnormal—haunted houses, demon-murderers, crime, violence, and so on—it is not unnatural that the Willard farm should from the first have fascinated me. Nothing, for example, could have kindled my imagination about it more than the fact that I was from the outset warned against it. It was on my very first drive from Hackley

Falls to "Witch Elms" that old Jim had first called my attention to the place—he pointed to it, sidelong, with his folded whip.

"See that?" And on my assenting, he added, "Keep away from there. That's the Crazy Willards'. Old Crazy Willard."

He chewed tobacco slowly, not turning his face towards the house. I looked at it, and it seemed then harmless enough.

"Who's Crazy Willard?" I asked.

"He's the very devil. The very devil himself in flesh! If you touched him with a wet finger, it would hiss."

This metaphor so impressed me at the time that I made no further inquiry. Too much had been presented to me all at once; and it was some days before I myself, one evening at milking-time, when Jim was squirting the warm white froth into a resonant pail, his knees under Lemon's belly, again brought up the subject. I had passed the house daily—eying it across the little river, of course—but had only once seen any sign of life there. It had been a tall young woman, wearing a poke bonnet, who was rather fiercely raking the grass on the front lawn or yard and who, seeing me (I was taking home the mail), had turned for a moment, resting her hands on the rake handle, and shot at me a look of discomfiting intensity. I at once pretended that I was merely looking at the river.

"What does Old Crazy Willard look like?" I said. "And why is he crazy?"

Jim took so long to answer me that I thought he wasn't going to answer me at all. His rusty old bowler hat was tilted back on his forehead by Lemon's belly, and he chewed his cud of tobacco. The tiny white threads of milk shot into the pail on alternate sides, *spring—spong—spring—spong*, and Lemon now and then tossed her head to shake off flies.

"Why is he crazy?" *Sping—spong—sping—spong.* "Well, I guess because the Lord meant him to be. Him and his wife, and Lydia, too."

"Who is Lydia?"

"Lydia? She's his daughter."

I reflected on this.

"But what does he look like?"

"Well, he's tall and white-haired and kind of stringy, and he has a lot of teeth."

"Does he do crazy things?"

"You leave your mind off him, Billy."

"Well, but does he?"

"He's crazy for religion. They all three are. They sing hymns, mornin', noon, and night."

"Oh."

"You listen when you go by—you'd think they was having conniption fits. And sometimes they are. . . . He's a powerful hand with a whip."

"A whip?"

My puzzled question fell unanswered, except by the singsong of the milk in the pail.

My aunts were as nice as they could be. I think they didn't know much about children—or small boys—and that I was a problem which very likely they discussed, sometimes till late at night. What fantastic conclusions they reached, heaven only knows! They were very much alike—in fact, at first I couldn't tell them apart. They both wore spectacles and both had thin, white, kindly faces; they dressed in black, with lace over their shoulders, parted their hair severely in the middle, and had bright blue eyes. It was a day or two before I knew that Aunt Julia was the one who had gray hair and usually folded her hands as she talked. She was very gentle. Aunt Jenny was plumper, stuck out in front a little more, had a loud sudden laugh like a man and an aggressive sense of humor. Except to church on Sundays, when Betsy the mare was harnessed to the

old closed carriage, and Jim wore a special coat, not quite so green with age as his other, and once a month to tea at the Minister's, and about as often to Captain Phippen's, they never went out. They lived in the house and garden, only occasionally going to the barn for an official inspection. Now and then, if there happened to be a "special sunset," they would take me with them to the upper orchard, from which one had a fine view right along the valley to the west, where one could see the notched mountains against the sun. But this was seldom; and they did it gravely, as if it were a kind of religious duty.

It was on such an occasion, as we stood by a fallen apple tree which, though half broken through at the ground, still continued annually to blossom and bear, and as we watched the sunset fading in the curves of the Mill River, that I first heard the Willards mentioned by my aunts. At that hour and in that light the Willard farm was unusually conspicuous. It stood very black and square and alone against the western light, and even at that distance it looked forlorn and deserted. From where we stood we could see also the little white footbridge which led across from it to the main road. And it was Aunt Julia who first noticed that someone was crossing the river.

"There he goes now," she said.

"Who?"

"Old Isaac. I wish he'd fall in and drown."

"He'd do well to drown in Mill River!"

I could just make out on the footbridge the figure of a man, who seemed to be carrying something in one hand.

"What's he carrying, Aunt Jenny?"

"Keg of hard cider, most likely."

"There'll be hymn-singing to-night, I guess."

"And more than that."

"What does he do?" I asked.

Aunt Jenny gave Aunt Julia a quick look, not meant for me.

"He beats time," she said. And then added, "With a razor-strop."

"Jim said it was a whip."

"Well, I guess he isn't particular. It might even be a broomstick. Anyway, you can hear it for miles around!" Aunt Jenny gave a quick laugh. "And then Lydia keeps out of sight for a while."

I wanted to ask questions, feeling that something queer was behind all this, but at that moment, as the best of the sunset was over, my aunts, picking up their long skirts, began to retrace their steps toward the house, and nothing further was said. In fact, though the Crazy Willards were seldom far from my mind, and though I never went out without hoping, or half hoping, to meet Isaac, I made no further discoveries about them until several weeks later, when I had walked up to Captain Phippen's to take him a present of gingerbread from Aunt Julia. Long before I had climbed the hill (it was a very hot day) I could see him in his usual rocking-chair, with his feet against the porch-rail and his spyglass at his eye. He watched me climb, and when I arrived at last he told me that he had been counting the sweat-drops on my forehead.

"You look hot," he said.

"I am!"

"Well, sit down on your hunkers and rest. Don't tell me your Aunt Julia is sending me more gingerbread! That woman will be the death of me."

I sat down and presently was allowed to look through the precious glass, and of course instantly turned it on the Willard farm.

"I'm looking at the Willard farm," I said.

"Well, I'd be careful, if I was you."

"I can see two great big sea shells by the front door."

"If that's all you can see," he said, chuckling, "you're a lucky boy."

"Does old Isaac beat Lydia?"

"What made you think that?"

"Something Aunt Jenny said."

"Well, I dunno, I dunno, maybe he does."

"Is she bad?"

"Maybe she was. She ran away once with some young feller."

"Did she want to marry him?"

"Perhaps she did."

"And what happened then?"

"Old Isaac went and brought her back again. . . . You'll understand it when you're older."

"And did he beat her?"

"Yes, he beat her."

Captain Phippen's face had become grim.

"Your aunts happened to be driving by—I wouldn't be surprised if they didn't save her life! They went in with Jim and stopped him."

"Oh."

"And now we'll talk about gingerbread."

Of course I didn't dare ask my aunts about that scene, much as I burned with curiosity. The whole thing seemed to me such a queer mixture of things—the beatings and the hymn-sings and the drinking—that I couldn't in the least fathom it. As a result of a few hints to Jim, while driving Lemon to and from the hill-pasture, or passing the Willards on our way to Hackley Falls for supplies (when the subject could be brought up quite naturally with a "There's the Willards', isn't it?") I added a new small item or two, but nothing of great importance. Apparently they were very poor and made only a bare living by selling milk and butter. Old Isaac was a tyrant. He made his wife and Lydia do all the work, while he himself got drunk night after night, slept it off in the morning, and read the Bible all afternoon. He had a violent temper,

and at such times went purple in the face. Once he had gone into the post office, and accused the postmaster, Mr. Greene (who also ran the general store) of reading his mail. The fight which ensued was of epic splendor. Isaac had jumped over the counter and grabbed Greene by the throat. They had catapulted all over the store, knocking down boxes of shoes, upsetting glass cases full of cheap candy, wrapping themselves in ladies' muslin dresses, and finally had both rolled right through one of the front shop-windows. Mr. Greene had cut his right forearm so badly that it had to have seven stitches. Eye-witnesses said that Isaac's face was the color of an eggplant. For some strange reason, there had been no arrest; and later on Isaac had walked in one afternoon (when sober, I suppose) and publicly apologized and walked out again. It was still considered the best fight Hackley Falls had ever seen. Isaac, although fifteen years older than Mr. Greene, had had all the best of it—everybody had marvelled at his strength. I never went into the store for the mail without hoping that Mr. Greene might, by some chance, have his right sleeve rolled up, so that I could see the scar, but he never did. I imagine he wasn't too proud of it.

Nevertheless, and not so long after my talk with Captain Phippen, it was thanks to Mr. Greene that I made the first of my only two actual visits to the Willard farm. I had walked down one afternoon to get a pound of coffee, and after I had got the tight fragrant paper bag under my arm and paid for it, Mr. Greene looked at me appraisingly over his glasses. He was holding a letter in his hand.

"Billy," he said, "I guess you'd be a good messenger. I'll give you ten cents to deliver this letter to Isaac Willard. What do you say?"

"Sure!"

"Are you going right back?"

"Sure!"

"All right."

He gave me the letter and the ten cents, and I started out almost at a run. It was too good to be true. I had seen at once, by the long blue stamp with a picture of a messenger boy on it, that it was a special-delivery letter—though heaven knows why old Isaac should be getting a special delivery. It came from Bennington, Vermont, and there was a name in the upper lefthand corner of it, but I can't remember what it was. Anyway, I was tremendously excited. What would be happening when I got there? Should I hear the whip or the razor-strop going or screams? It even occurred to me, naturally, that I might have to cut and run for it myself: it might be one of the days when the old man looked like an eggplant. And had Mr. Greene sent the letter by me because he was afraid to take it himself?

That was a disquieting thought and made me slow down my steps. It was quite possible. Nobody liked to go to the Willard farm, which was one of the reasons why their milk business had fallen away to almost nothing. As Jim had told me, if it weren't for everybody's feeling sorry for old Mrs. Willard and Lydia, nobody would have taken their dirty milk anyway. It was Mrs. Willard and Lydia who took the orders and delivered the milk (in an old blue wagon) and collected the bills. If it hadn't been for Mrs. Willard, Jim said, they'd all have starved to death.

The footbridge fascinated me. It consisted of two wide planks, laid over a series of rotten piles, with a handrail at either side. The water under it was very shallow and littered with every kind of debris. There were innumerable tin cans, bottles, fragments of rusted iron, quantities of broken glass—even an old muskrat trap, with a piece of rusted chain still attached,

which I thought a little of salvaging. I stood there for several minutes, looking down into the water, and out of the corner of my eye glancing also at the house. There was no sign of life, not a sound. I could see the half dozen cows up on the hill—a spur of Hateful—a half mile above me. All the windows were shuttered, except one on the ground floor, to the right of the door; and this, despite the hot weather, was closed. As I walked up the brick path I saw two humming-birds dart out of the trumpet-vine and whizz round the corner; and I caught the strong, rank smell from the cow-yard at the other end. I went up the four steps to the shabby porch and knocked at the door. Standing there, I could see into the cow-yard, which was paved with cobbles. Or rather, it *had* been paved at one time; now, one merely saw the cobbles here and there, amid dung and water. An old tub and pump stood at the far end, and beyond that the dilapidated shed.

I waited for several minutes without hearing anything and then, somewhat timidly, knocked again. The door withdrew itself swiftly from my knock, and a white-haired woman stood before me. She was tall, and had the blackest and fiercest eyes I have ever seen. She was rubbing one red fist against her blue-checked apron.

“Well!” she said, snappishly. And then, before I could muster speech, “*What* is it?”

I felt guilty, and stammered something about a letter for Mr. Willard, holding it out toward her half-heartedly.

At that, she merely said “Isaac!” in a sharp voice, and turned her back on me. As she walked away, I had a glimpse into the room. It was large, with a huge fireplace, but almost entirely bare. There were no rugs on the unpainted floor, which looked spotlessly clean, and the furniture con-

sisted of three or four ordinary kitchen chairs and a kitchen table. Isaac I saw at once—he was sitting at the table with a book open before him. If he had heard his wife, he gave no sign of it. He continued to read as if nothing whatever had occurred. And while I waited for him to move, I saw another woman—Lydia, I supposed—at the other end of the table. Her head was down on the table, her arms outstretched, her hands clasped. I thought I saw her shoulders moving. Then Isaac rose, put his hand flat on the page for a moment, as if for a kind of emphasis, and came towards the door. He wore red rubber boots which swished as he walked, and his steps were heavy. His face—as I saw when he stood before me, or rather above me—was narrow and high and flushed, with the gray suspicious eyes set very close together. His mouth, turned downwards at the corners, was curiously arched over his big teeth, and the effect was a mixture of ferocity and weakness.

“Well?” he said.

“It’s a letter for you,” I said.

“Why didn’t Mr. Greene bring it?”

“I don’t know, sir. He asked me to bring it.”

“Well, by Ephraim! . . .” He closed up his eyes to slits and glared. “Give it here. And don’t you ever do his dirty work again.”

He took hold of my shoulder so firmly with thumb and forefinger that it hurt me. “You hear?”

“Yes, sir!”

“And now, git!”

And with that he shut the door so quickly that I had to do a sort of skip to avoid having my feet caught against the jamb.

When my aunts and Jim heard of this expedition, they were unfeignedly horrified. I was told never to do such a thing again—never to go to the house, nor even on the Willard land.

My Aunt Julia was especially alarmed. She seemed to feel that I had done well to escape with my life! Even Jim, I could see, was concerned; he shook his head and solemnly advised me to give old Isaac a wide berth.

"If you'd a' struck him on one of his bad days," he said ruminating, "you might have got a hell of a licking, and a sermon thrown in. There was a kid in Hackley Falls got beaten black and blue once."

"Who was it?"

"Well, I don't remember."

"What had he done?"

"Well, I don't remember that either. But you keep away from there, Billy, and it won't do you no harm. That's what *I* say."

All of this not unnaturally only whetted more keenly my appetite for further adventure, and it wasn't long before I had discovered a new and thrilling pastime. Crossing the Mill River by the covered bridge, I would then turn westward, climb up what was called the Rock Pasture, one of those delightful New England hillsides of granite and cedar and juniper, and eventually come to the wood which covered the long spur of Hateful Mountain. This spur ran westward as far as Hackley Falls itself, roughly paralleling the river. It had occurred to me that if I were to scout through the edge of the woods, I should eventually come out at the upper end of Isaac's cow-pasture. And from there, taking cover behind the firs or birches or rocks, it would be easy to get a view of the Willard house, and from no very great distance.

What profit I expected to get from this, heaven knows! The first time I did it I took elaborate precautions—climbed high into the maple and chestnut grove, and then, when I began to approach Willard's farm, got down and crawled forward on my hands and knees. I crept through the fringe of

white birches at the edge of the pasture and then found to my delight that I could make my way down the hill toward the house by crawling from rock to rock, at last taking up a position not more than three hundred yards from the back of the house. Here I had admirable shelter—a great granite boulder, covered with silvery lichens, beside which grew a cedar tree. There was a warm hollow of grass behind it and, looking between the rock and the tree, I could see perfectly without in the least being seen. Old Isaac's cows grazed peacefully round me, not at all disturbed; and I could look straight down into the cow-yard to which they would eventually be driven.

The house itself was shuttered, at the back, as in front. There were two doors—one leading down into the cow-yard, from the side, and another at the back, from which occasionally Mrs. Willard would come out to hang her washing on the clothes-line, or she and Lydia together to work in the small vegetable garden. On such occasions they both wore old-fashioned calico bonnets. They worked grimly and in silence, hoeing and digging like men. At the end of the patch nearer to me, they were scarcely a hundred yards away, and I could hear the regular clink of their hoes on the pebbles, and once in a long while a remark—usually made by old Mrs. Willard and usually very brief and sharp. They never looked at each other when they spoke. When, now and then, they paused for a rest, they would stand with their hands on their hoes and gaze down toward the house. There seemed to me something ominous in the way they did this—they never looked anywhere else and they were always perfectly silent. It gave me the shivers. As for the old man, I wondered what he was doing. I never heard him singing, as he was supposed to do every afternoon, and very seldom saw him. Once in a long while he

would come out of the house and lurch across the cow-yard to the shed—what he went for, I don't know—perhaps cider.

I made this expedition many times in my first three summers at Hackley Falls; and by degrees, as nothing spectacular ever happened, I was beginning to think myself a fool. Still, the rumors about the Willards grew in number and intensity—they were becoming almost legendary figures of heroic size—and it was easy enough, even for a boy, to see that all three of them were half crazy: one had only to watch the way they walked. Moreover, I had got into the *habit* of going to the Willard pasture—it was something to do. And in the fall there were the chestnut trees, the best of which were directly north of the field. I used to go there and club the trees and then carry my spoils down to my Tarpeian Rock, there to eat them at leisure while I kept an eye on the enemy.

I was clubbing my favorite tree one afternoon, in the third fall, when suddenly, from behind, a cold hand closed round my neck, and I felt myself being shaken. My heart fairly fell out of me when I looked up and saw that it was old Isaac who had hold of me. But to my astonishment—not that it by any means mitigated my terror—I saw that he was smiling, smiling in a horrible way which looked as if it might be meant to be playful or affectionate. He continued to hold me by the neck and to shake me gently.

"Whose tree is that?" he said.

"I don't know, sir."

"It's mine. So you know, now—don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't you never read the Bible?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ever learn the Ten Commandments?"

"Yes, sir."

Keeping his hold on my neck, he turned me round, so that I faced him

directly for the first time. He had on a dirty corduroy coat with a red lining. He was still smiling, and I was more frightened than ever. It seemed to me that he was drunk.

"Well, what's the eighth?"

"I don't remember, sir."

He shook me playfully—but harshly—by the neck.

"'Thou shalt not steal.' Say it."

"Thou shalt not steal."

"Who's your father?"

This question was shot at me so abruptly that I was confused. Did he mean—since we were talking of the Commandments—God? Or did he simply want to tell my father what I'd been doing?

"Mr. Walter Crapo, sir."

"Say! . . . I knew your mother. She was a godfearing woman. Now give me that there club."

I gave him the stick, which all this time I had been holding guiltily in my hand, and I trembled, thinking he was going to beat me with it. To my amazement, instead, he drew away, bent over backwards till the stick was touching the ground, all the while smiling at me with half-shut eyes (and I saw for the first time the thickness of his white eyebrows) and then with a whip of his long arm, let the club fly upward into the very top of the tall tree, where it went crashing among the thickest cluster of nuts. The burrs pattered heavily on the grass and sweetfern about us, and then the stick followed more slowly, rocking from branch to branch and sliding over the planes of nodding leaves. Old Isaac was delighted.

"That was good," he said, breathing heavily. "And I ain't done it for years, neither."

"Yes, sir."

"Now fill your cap, boy, and git home, and then you cut those nuts in two and butter them with cheese. That's Adamneve on a raft!"

"Yes, sir."

"And don't you go coming here any more like a thief! When you want my chestnuts, you come and ask for 'em."

Before I had time to say a word in reply, he turned and went plunging down the hillside. He had on his red rubber boots as usual, and his mane of white hair looked very bright in the sunlight. I watched him until he had entered his cow-yard, and the shed, and then, re-appearing, had stumbled into the house. Then I gathered the chestnuts and went home.

But I said nothing to Aunt Julia and Aunt Jenny.

It was two years before I visited "Witch Elms" again, and when I did I found that startling changes had occurred. In the first place, Jim met me at the station with a spick-and-span brand-new Ford touring car. I could hardly believe my eyes. Were my aunts being modernized? To tell the truth, I was feeling this year rather grown up and superior and had somewhat reluctantly consented to be sent once more to Hackley Falls. And as I see it now, the Ford was a very cunning piece of foresight on the part of my Aunts Jenny and Julia. Possibly my father had conferred with them. At all events, the sight of the Ford cheered me up at once. The summer wouldn't be so bad. And I felt still better when Jim told me that I was going to be taught to drive, after which I was to be the family chauffeur. I understood this further, when I saw that Jim himself was decidedly uncomfortable in the car. It was apparent that he missed his whip. He had also (I noticed with amusement) given up the old time-honored derby hat and substituted for it a tweed cap, in which he looked extraordinarily foolish. This too, I supposed, was a concession to modernity.

"Well, Jim," I said, "what's the

news? I suppose the aunts are fine?"

"Well, yes, they been very well, Mr. Billy, they been very well this winter, except for Miss Jenny's gout, which troubled her some. But I reckon she'll be all right again, come hot weather."

"And Captain Phippen?"

"Yep—same as ever."

"I suppose he still sits there with that spyglass."

"Oh, sure! It's as good as a movie to him. Not much the old man misses with that glass!"

Jim drove very slowly, and it was some time before we passed the foot-bridge which led to the Willard farm. I turned and looked at the house, which was more incredibly dilapidated than ever. The shingles were beginning to curl with rot. A great poll of trumpet-vine had collapsed from the western gables and hung raggedly toward the ground, just as the wind had left it. The front fence of the cow-yard had fallen in, too, and lay where it had fallen. Otherwise, it was just as I remembered it, with all the windows shuttered except one. But there were no cows on the hillside at the back.

"Where are the cows?" I said.

"Didn't you hear?"

"Hear what?"

"Why, the old man, old Isaac, he had a stroke."

"A stroke? You mean he's dead?"

"Oh, no—no such luck. Just paralyzed. Paralyzed from the waist down."

"Good Lord. When did that happen?"

"Last year—year and a half ago. The judgment of God, too, that's what they say. He was beating Miss Lydia when he was struck down."

"You don't say!"

"Yep! He laid unconscious like a log for two weeks, and they thought he was all through. But then he come to. He would! Now he reads his Bible in a wheel-chair, and I guess, from what I

hear, he gets what's coming to him from the women folks!"

"What do you mean, Jim?"

"Well, I guess it's *them* that beats *him* nowadays. Anyways, that's what young Hal Greene says. He said when he went there once he heard the old man screaming bloody murder. And serves him right! Hell will be too good for Isaac. Of all the mean sons of bees—"

I got no more out of Jim; but a week later, when for the first time I triumphantly drove the Ford up the hill to Captain Phippen's, I began to feel something very sinister and dangerous in the situation. Captain Phippen was surprisingly serious about it.

"You know what I think, Bill?" he said.

"What?"

"I think those scarecrows'll kill him. That's what I think. I think they'll kill him."

"Why?"

"They're crazy as bedbugs. To my mind, they should all have been locked up years ago. And Good Jumping Jupiter Almighty! look what the old devil has put them through! You couldn't blame them. . . . Not that I'm in love with the old man, any more than with those she-fiends either. But just the same it kind of gives you the shivers to think of him sitting there in a wheel-chair with his Bible, and those two harpies just itching to cut his throat! . . . Doesn't it?"

This was a new light on the situation.

"It does," I said.

"You bet it does!"

"Couldn't something be done?"

"Go and try it, my boy. Even Mr. Perkins, the minister, don't dare go near the place."

"Well, how do they live?"

"God knows. But they live, somehow."

I returned home with a new sense of disaster impending; but neither I, nor

anybody else, could possibly have foreseen what shape it was to take, or how horrible it was to be.

It was difficult at "Witch Elms," however, to be for long concerned about remote possibilities of disaster; and as I settled down once more into the peaceful life with Aunt Julia and Aunt Jenny, I thought less and less about the Willards. To tell the truth, my boyish excitement about them had worn itself out. If indeed a tragedy was enacting itself in that forlorn old house, it no longer seemed to me of heroic proportions. My former terrors and wonder now seemed to me childish, and I drove past the house in the Ford twice a day with scarcely a glance at it. And, moreover, my aunts kept me busy. The car was a new toy, and they couldn't have enough of it. What with that and the new telephone, and the phonograph, the tempo of life had changed at the farm; and the days went like minutes. Hardly a day passed, in fact, that we didn't make a long expedition. My aunts had seldom been more than ten miles from Hackley Falls, and it was wildly exciting to them to be taken to Rutland, to Burlington, to Bellows Falls, or over the Mohawk Trail to Fitchburg. We even spent a night at Windsor, and I shall always remember with what girlish delight and flutter Aunt Jenny and Aunt Julia came down to dinner in the great gilt dining hall of the Green Mountain House. They were as pink as debutantes, and as coquettish, and they insisted on eating every item in an enormous table-d'hôte dinner. I even think they would have danced with me if I had suggested it—though Aunt Julia's scorn of "these modern so-called dances" was outspoken.

Meanwhile, Hackley Falls was having a new excitement of its own. A revival had come to town—something the town had never had before. I first heard of it from Mr.

Greene at the post office: he was surprised I hadn't known. It had been there for three days already, and the whole countryside was wild about it. Farmers and their families were driving in from miles around. There were mourners' benches and a sawdust trail and all the fixings, he said. And the Reverend something-or-other Boody, a Southerner, was a humdinger, a real old-fashioned artist in brimstone and hellfire. Fairly fried your liver in you, Mr. Greene said, and talked just like a nigger. . . . Mr. Perkins, the local minister (who got a salary of a thousand dollars a year) was furious. He had said something nasty about the Reverend Boody in his last Sunday's sermon. . . . But the Reverend Boody continued to take in money.

It was that same afternoon, when I was bringing the aunts back from a drive to Manchester, that I first saw it. It was a circular tent, of about the size used in county fairs, with a little peak at the top, and it had been pitched in a field on the Hammond farm at the western end of the town, half a mile out. At the far end of the field, which had been churned and trampled brown with feet and hoofs and wheels, was a motley assemblage of cars, wagons, and buggies, and tethered horses. I wondered what Cross-eyed Hammond got for it. The tent itself was emblazoned, all the way round, with flamboyant posters. In scarlet flaming letters we were adjured to Hit the Sawdust Trail, to Come to Jesus, Repent, Repent, Seek Salvation in the Lord, Cling to Jesus, and so on. I stopped the car and invited the aunts to go in. We could hear the somewhat dismal sound of a hymn. But they declined, and I drove on, resolving to come back myself later.

The next day brought a typical northeast gale and rain. At such times the clouds seemed to come right down into the valley, like fog, and sensible

people stayed indoors. My aunts had no desire to use the car, so I decided I would use it myself. I went for the mail in the forenoon and then drove out to the revival and, as I might have foreseen, found that the weather had been too much for most of Mr. Boody's audience. Only a half dozen vehicles stood in the muddy field, and from the tent, though the wind was blowing towards me, I couldn't hear a sound. However, I got out and crossed the field and entered the tent through the flap-door. At first when I entered my entire attention was taken up by the tent itself, which seemed to be on the point of collapse. It rocked like a tree in a storm. I had no sooner got in and seen the sawdust trail before me than a violent gust almost lifted the whole structure. With a series of sharp reports like cannon-shots, the segments of canvas on the lee side bellied outward, and then, as the pressure relaxed, clapped inward again. The ropes creaked, a damp wind assailed me across the sawdust, and in the roof of the tent there was a continuous low whistling. And, uplifted against the elements, I could hear the shrill voice of the Reverend Boody.

"Who's a-goin' to discountenance the Lord?" he cried. And then after a moment he answered himself, "No one!"

And just as I sneaked into a bench at the back, the rest of the tiny audience stood up and chanted,

"Amen!"

I rose hastily and sat down when they did.

"Who's a-goin' to flout the King of Justice?" he cried—and I saw him now, a small, knock-kneed, plump fellow, with a frock coat and moist eyes. And again he answered himself sternly, "No one!" And again the small audience rose and sang, "Amen," drawing it out interminably.

"Who's a-goin' to fool the Lord of Hosts? . . . No one."

"A-a-a-a . . . me-n-n-n-n!"

I was just beginning to think that this business of standing up and sitting down might soon become a nuisance, when Mr. Boody launched himself into what seemed to be a kind of sermon. He walked to and fro on his little muslin-draped platform, with his pudgy hands clasped behind his back, and began shouting disjointed phrases.

"Abraham! Abraham and Isaac on the mountain! . . . And Abraham rose up early in the morning and saddled his ass and went unto the place of which God had told him!"

He paused, glowering at his audience, and it was in that moment that I saw, for the first time, the Willards, Mrs. Willard and Lydia. They were at the extreme left-hand end of the second row, all by themselves, so that I could see them in profile. They were both in white, with black hats, and leaning intently forward. Their noses were exactly, preposterously, alike.

"And Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering and laid it upon Isaac his son; and he took the fire in his hand, and a *knife*! . . ."

A series of loud reports from the flapping canvas interrupted him, and with hand uplifted he waited for quiet. In that instant Lydia Willard turned round, and, by accident, looked straight at me. She had her mother's fierce black eyes, the same thin-lipped intensity and whiteness; but what most struck me about her face was its extraordinary smallness: it was almost a doll's face, or a monkey's, small, hard, and concentrated. It seemed to me there was nothing human in it whatever.

"And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to *slay* his son. . . . My brothers and sisters in Christ"—Mr. Boody paused again for effect, and glared from one to another of his audience—"what does this mean for us? What does this grand story

tell us? Two things . . . *two things!* . . . The first, that we must trust in God. His will is our will. The second—" Again he paused dramatically. And then suddenly, pointing a quivering finger directly at Mrs. Willard, who gave a start and then sat rigid, "What is the second? That we must be prepared to offer up to God in holy sacrifice even those things that are dearest to us. What He asks, we must give. If He asks us for our children, we must give them to Him. . . . Why, is God less dear to us than our children? Is His word less than our law? Do we understand Him? Do we dare . . . do we *dare* to say that we know what His purpose is? No!"

He was beginning to work himself up. He paced rapidly to and fro on his little wooden platform, now and then stopping for a moment to thump his fist on the deal table. But I thought I had had enough; and a little later, seizing the opportunity afforded by another shuddering series of explosions from the tent, I sneaked out to the car and drove home. It seemed to me a pretty poor show.

The wind blew all afternoon, with sudden squalls of hard rain. At one time it was so dark that we had to light the lamp in the sitting room. Looking out of the front windows, we could at such moments see hardly farther than the red-covered bridge: Hateful Mountain had been engulfed in cloud. Then would come a sudden lifting of the flying rain, and a quick shaft of mild sunlight would show us the swollen river, brown with mud, rushing westward through the drenched valley. The dirt road was a solid sheet of water.

It was a little after five when the telephone rang. I heard Captain Phippen's voice.

"That you, Bill?"

"Yes."

"Hello. Bill? . . . There's some-

thing queer down at the Willards'."

His voice suddenly faded away.

"What's that?" I said.

"Can you hear me? . . . I say, there's something *queer* down at the Willard farm. Think you could come up here quick in your Ford, and fetch me?"

"Why, sure. . . . Sure, I'll be right up!"

Aunt Jenny put down her magazine and looked at me sharply.

"What's the Captain want?" she said.

"Oh, just company, I guess."

"Well, bring him back to supper—he owes us a visit. And tell him there's popovers."

"I will, Aunt Jenny."

I grabbed my hat and raincoat and ran to the barn for the car. It had almost stopped raining—there was a hole in the clouds overhead—but the northeast still looked black.

What on earth was happening?

I learned soon enough. Captain Phippen was waiting for me on his porch, in his oilskins. He had his spyglass in his hand.

"I didn't mean to scare you, Bill," he said, "but just take a look. It don't look right."

I ran up the wooden steps, took the glass from his hand, and directed it toward the Willard farm. I could see the house very clearly at that moment. A shaft of watery sunlight illuminated it brilliantly against the somber rain-colored country beyond. And it looked exactly as it always did. But when I swung the glass to the right, toward the cow-yard, what I saw amazed me. Above the fragment of board fence which still remained (where years before we used to watch the horns of cattle tossing) I could distinctly see the heads and shoulders of the two women. There was nothing so remarkable in that. What was remarkable was the way the heads and shoulders

were behaving. They glided to and fro rapidly, now to the right and now to the left—and now and then it seemed to me that their arms were raised—but they always came back to the same spot. At this spot, the heads and shoulders would sometimes disappear entirely, only, the next instant, to leap high into the air again, exactly like puppets. It looked as if the two women were doing some idiotic sort of dance. In fact, it was so absurd that I laughed.

"It's damned funny!" I said.

Captain Phippen made no answer. He took the glass from me and levelled it westward.

"What do you say we go down there, Bill?" He put the brass telescope on the porch-rail.

"Sure, if you like!"

"All right."

"You think there's something wrong?"

"Yeap, I do. D'you see that chair on the porch?"

"No."

"Take another look."

I did so, and sure enough, on the little side-porch, next to the cow-yard, I could make out the wheel-chair, lying on its back, with its wheels in the air.

"That's queer," I said.

"And not so funny! . . . Let's go down there."

It took us about ten minutes to get to the Willard footbridge. The flooded river was almost up to the level of the bridge; and as we walked cautiously along the slippery planks, we could hear crazy shouts from the cow-yard. For the moment, we could see nothing, because of the low, straggling lilac-hedge which ran across the front corner of the yard. But when we had passed this barrier we stood still in sheer astonishment.

The two women had gone completely mad.

I'm sure they had seen us approaching; but if they had, they paid no at-

tention to us. Round and round the cow-yard, which was half mud and half water, they were dancing in a grotesque, hobbling circle, like a pair of scarecrow bacchantes. They were so drenched with rain and mud, from head to foot, as to be hardly recognizable. Raising and flapping their arms, they shouted incessantly and incoherently something that sounded like "*Bow down, Isaac! Bow down, Isaac!*"; and as we ran forward we could see that the huddled object in the mud, which now and then they paused in their dance to kick, was old Isaac, but scarcely distinguishable from the filth in which he lay. The red rubber boots pointed mutely toward the river. It was when he saw these, I think, that Captain Phippen shouted something harshly at the two women; and, suddenly quieted, they drew a little way off from us and stared at us with the dull, curious surprise of animals. Without protest or comment, almost without interest (standing on a corner of the porch), they then watched us pick up the lifeless body and carry it, dripping, into the house. At first I thought Isaac was dead. It seemed incredible that such a shapeless thing—covered with water and mud and blood—could be alive. The sight of his face—no longer recognizably human—sickened me. But Captain Phippen, hardier than I, opened the soaked waistcoat and discovered that Isaac's heart was still

beating. . . . I was only too glad to be sent for the doctor.

Two days later, nevertheless, old Isaac died, a sacrifice to the Lord. An embarrassed coroner and jury gave the cause of his death, officially, as "an apoplexy, induced by over-exertion." During this time, and for a few days after, Mrs. Willard and Lydia, who had both become suddenly very meek, were left unmolested: the town authorities were uncertain what to do with them. Was it a murder? Or, if not, what was it? . . . The State authorities were more decided. A week later we heard that Lydia and her mother had been "spirited" away, as the papers put it, to the asylum.

And on the same day the Reverend Mr. Boody left town very hurriedly. Mr. Perkins had again mentioned him (it seemed) in the pulpit of the Congregational Church. "As a direct result of the maunderings of this primitive and predacious fanatic . . ." said Mr. Perkins, among other things . . . !

But was it only that? I hold no brief for poor Mr. Boody; but it seemed to me that the affair wasn't quite so simple. Though it was true enough, apparently, that several people had seen the two women driving back from the revivalist meeting just before the tragedy, "as if hell possessed them." And even then (Mr. Greene said) "They were singing!"



REPRESSIBLE ISSUES

A GLANCE TOWARD THE 1932 CAMPAIGN

BY ELMER DAVIS

WHEN Congress adjourned on the fourth of March last, Senator Jim Watson solemnly assured us that politics was adjourned too. There had been, said he and other Republican authorities, an overproduction of politics; it was time to shut down the factory, lay off the hands, and give the consumers time to absorb the output. Whereupon the very next day the Democratic National Committee met in Washington and produced some more politics; and a week later several hundred Progressives of various parties or no party got together and manufactured still more.

Politicians, like other manufacturers, do not go into quantity production unless they think they can sell their wares; but the Republicans were in the advantageous position of a producer whose sales force had managed to unload his entire output and glut the market for the time being. Their opponents were rather like the new firm which has to offer some attractive novelty in order to overcome the customer's preference for the familiar trade-mark. Hence the Democrats and Progressives gave the unfortunate impression of looking under every stone to see if they could find the paramount and irrepressible issue on which next year's presidential campaign would be fought; whereas the Republicans commanded admiration by their dignified attitude of constructive inactivity.

The Republicans know their trade; they had lost control of Congress, and the conditions that brought that disaster on them still continue; yet it was generally felt that it was shrewd tactics for them to sit still and do nothing, whereas Mr. Raskob was generally condemned for getting the Democrats together and, by his mention of prohibition, setting off the customary Democratic civil war a year earlier than was necessary. Such rashness argued, it was held, a devotion to principle that has no place in practical politics. "Never in history," wrote Mr. Raskob to the national committeemen, "has our country been in greater need of courageous leadership." His concept of courageous leadership is none too rigorous; he proposes to "retain" the Eighteenth Amendment but to supplement it by something that makes it a hundred per cent different. Still, this bringing up of a dangerous issue on the ground that the country needs courageous leadership must have struck horror into the average politician; who has observed that elections are commonly won by skilful straddling.

But Mr. Raskob may have been playing much shrewder politics than his critics realize. People who agree with him on prohibition generally felt that it was reckless to try to define the issue a year and eight months before election. Issues are made by the

voters, not by candidates or platform committees. But his enemies in the dry faction of the party were just as eager as he to lay down the issue now.

Senator Robinson complained that Mr. Raskob was trying to "eliminate the economic issues." Senator Gore, at the Jefferson Day dinner in New York, said that the dominant issue in 1932 should be "bread and business." Logical enough, in a time of panic. But what have the Democrats to say about the economic issues? What is their formula for improvement of business and a better distribution of bread? Aside from the Wagner unemployment bills—due to one man's initiative, though the party supported them—they have shown no program for the abbreviation of this panic or the prevention of the next one. If they are counting on the panic to give them victory by default, they are betting on a future contingency, eighteen months away; betting that business will still be bad—very bad, with few symptoms of improvement—in November of 1932.

Perhaps it will. As I write, the experts are regretfully admitting for the second successive year that such faint signs of business revival as spring has brought are purely seasonal, and that we can hope for an upturn only in the fall. Mr. Maynard Keynes will not even let us clutch at that straw; the slump, he says, may last two years or five years longer. But if I were chairman of a national party committee I should dislike to bet on that, without hedging by some investment in other issues.

The panic will be three years old when Mr. Hoover comes up for reelection; previous experience suggests that by that time we shall probably have some evidence of the unmistakable beginning of recovery. And mere beginning is likely to be enough to rescue the Republicans. If the smoke has begun to stream from factory

chimneys, if some of the bread lines are perceptibly shorter, some of the street corners no longer occupied by apple sellers, every Republican orator will sound a warning against throwing business into a relapse by electing a Democrat; and the voter who has just got his job back after a long layoff, or expects to get it back next week unless the election goes the wrong way, will take that argument to heart.

Bread and business not only should be, but certainly will be, the dominant issue next year—if bread is still scarce and business still slack. In that case it will not matter what issues are written into the platform; almost anybody can beat Hoover. But if business is definitely on the upgrade—which seems more likely than not, after eighteen months—nobody can beat him, unless some other issue replaces bread and business not only in the platforms, but in popular interest.

II

Hence the contented silence of the Republicans. Mr. Hoover is like a bridge player with no biddable suit but several high cards. He can say nothing and let his opponents bid against each other, higher and higher, in the confidence that he can double and set them no matter what their final contract may be. His calculations may be wrong; some of his aces may be ruffed; nobody can tell what will happen till the dummy is laid down, and we see how the Democratic declarer plays his hand. But it seems to me a pretty good bet, at the moment, that Mr. Hoover will continue to inhabit the White House till March 4, 1937.

Hence, too, Mr. Raskob's gesture, which was not so reckless after all. He proclaims himself "conservatively bullish on the business situation," and if he is right—if business is better next

year—the bread-and-business issue will be as worthless as a long suit which your opponent can trump on the very first lead; something else must be established in its place. Quite aside from his personal views, it is hard to see what he could have chosen but prohibition. The earnest citizens who protest that there are more important issues may be right; I think they are. But it is what people are thinking about, not what they ought to be thinking about, that counts in an election. Senator Norris, who has long considered the “power trust” the paramount issue, has confessed that the people refuse to get excited over it. It seems impossible to get them excited over any public questions except “When do we eat?” and “Where do we get a drink?” or its complement, “How do I keep you from getting a drink?”

There is, of course, the tariff. The Democrats came over to moderate protection in 1928, and a good many Republicans have since revolted against the immoderate protection of the Smoot-Hawley Act. General Atterbury of the Pennsylvania Railroad, for instance, whose change of heart seems to Professor Bowen of Lafayette College “the most significant bit of American news since 1896. If,” says Mr. Bowen, “the Democratic party returns to its moderate-tariff patrimony and quiets its clown element and the two-bottle men, it should enter the 1932 campaign with pockets bulging and a powerful silk-hat following.”

Any party manager would like to enter a campaign with pockets bulging; but most of the silk-hatters who would make them bulge are what Professor Bowen politely calls two-bottle men. It seems rather visionary to suppose that a dry Democracy can win next year because bankers and railroad presidents do not like the present tariff. Besides, the dry rural Demo-

crats have been trained to distrust silk-hatters as much as they distrust two-bottle men.

This change of heart of rich men on the tariff is obviously due chiefly to the decline in our foreign trade and the general erection of European tariff barriers to match ours. The orthodox Republican theory of 1928, enunciated by Mr. Hoover himself, was that foreigners would have to keep on buying as much of our goods as we chose to sell them, and must sell us only so much of their goods as we chose to admit. Unfortunately it did not work out that way. So Mr. James D. Mooney, in charge of the overseas division of General Motors, is distressed by the errors of his old colleague Mr. Raskob. “What a tragedy it is,” he tells us, “that we spend so much time and concentration on such tin-pot subjects as prohibition that we have little left for things of importance, such as our foreign trade.”

So the farmer thinks we have little time left for things of importance such as farm relief. It is doubtful if very many people worry about foreign trade unless their own livelihood visibly comes from it. They ought to worry about it? Certainly; but that is another matter.

Even so, it does not follow that we ought to let down our own tariff walls simply to make more sales abroad. Dean Donham of the Harvard Business School has lately suggested that the English and Germans need foreign trade more than we do; it is the only way they can earn their keep, and if they do not earn their keep they are likely to go bolshevik; so, he argues, it would pay America in the long run to let them have the bulk of our foreign trade while we contented ourselves with a modest profit from the home market. It is not often you hear a protective tariff defended on altruistic grounds, and there is no reason to sup-

pose that altruism is more popular in this country than it was a few years ago; still, that contention is worth thinking about. What all this comes to is that problems of tariffs and foreign trade are technical, and should be handled scientifically, not emotionally. With some of the Democrats becoming more protectionist, and some of the Republicans leaning toward tariff moderation, it almost looks as if within the next few years we might see the tariff at last dealt with scientifically, as it should have been dealt with always.

But there is no emotional value in a scientific tariff; it would not be worth much as a campaign issue, especially if any hint of altruism were injected into the discussion. It might pay us in the long run to keep England and Germany prosperous at some cost to ourselves; but no politician would dare make that an issue in a national election.

No such perils are inherent in the prohibition issue; whatever its delicacies, it involves no altruism, and few people who amount to anything are proposing to treat it scientifically. It divides both parties; but the Republicans, to all appearance, are already committed to dryness. Mr. Hoover settled that when he threw the Wickersham report, denatured as it was, into the wastebasket. Even if the Democrats nominated Josephus Daniels, Hoover would get most of the voters to whom the retention of the Eighteenth Amendment is the paramount issue; so the Democrats have little to lose by going wet. They lost five Southern States by going wet in 1928—with a Catholic candidate who said "raddio"; try those States on a Roosevelt or a Ritchie, and almost all disinterested observers think they will come back to the fold. Southern politicians who argue otherwise now are likely to swallow their convictions

after the convention when they recall how not only a Heflin but even a Simmons was cast into outer darkness for getting on the wrong side of the fence.

On the other hand, the Democrats may not gain so much as some of them expect. There are more wet Republicans than there used to be, but however wet they may be on fourteen hundred and sixty days out of every fourteen hundred and sixty-one, most of them are Republicans on presidential election day. The *New York Herald Tribune* and *Evening Post* may be grieved by Mr. Hoover's prohibition policy; but it is a very optimistic Democrat who can doubt that they will tell us in 1932, as they told us in 1928, that Hoover is the sole hope of modification; and when the *Chicago Tribune*, wet as it is, supports a wet Democrat for the presidency, you can expect Mr. Voliva of Zion City to admit that the earth is round. Heretofore wet Republican voters have generally followed the wet Republican press. Nobody knows whether they will do it again in 1932; but the Raskob policy seems in any case to have a sporting chance of success, a better chance than any alternative.

For the Democrats labor under a permanent handicap; they are a minority party—partly because they are two parties (sometimes more) insecurely joined together, and partly because the Republicans, after seventy years, are still cashing in on the emotions of 1861. The Civil War made the Grand Old Party, in effect, the state church of this republic, outside of the section that seceded. Besides the people who are Republicans by principle, or for their own interest, there are millions who see in the party the mystic incarnation of the faith delivered to the fathers. Why does a Northwestern farmer who is taxed by Republican tariffs for the benefit of Eastern manufacturers, and gets noth-

ing from the party in return, persist in voting for a Republican President—and at the same time for a Senator and Representative, nominally Republican, who are going to do all they can to embarrass that President? Because his grandfather was killed at Chickamauga, or because he does not like the Irish.

If the presidential election had been held last fall hard times might have neutralized this standing Republican advantage. But it is suicidal to count on eighteen months more of hard times to give victory by default. It might be different if the Democrats had a definite program for dealing with hard times; then they could make an intelligent, constructive, and patriotic campaign in 1932 on a real and urgent issue—and would probably be beaten, if prosperity had begun to come back; the American people never lock the stable door till after the horse is stolen. Still, they might possibly win, and would in any case have served the country well. But a purely negative policy is at the mercy of events. Look back to 1864, when the Democrats argued that the war was a failure. Lincoln thought he was beaten in September, when the issue was Cold Harbor, Kenesaw Mountain, and war weariness; but by election day the issue was Atlanta, Cedar Creek, and imminent victory.

So Mr. Raskob may have felt that prohibition is an irrepressible issue on which his conscience required him to take a stand; or he may have felt that it was the most promising bid for a game contract. If business is no better eighteen months from now, that fact will probably repress everything else, and the Democrats can lose little by going wet; if business is recovering, the general enthusiasm may equally repress everything else—but what better issue, then, could the Democrats find than prohibition?

In 1896 there was similarly a great emotional issue, free silver, which ran across party lines. McKinley's managers, controlling the Republican convention, wanted to straddle; most of them were sound-money men, but the gold-standard plank had to be rammed down their throats. They hoped and believed that the tariff would be the issue; but it turned out that free silver was the issue, and they had been bulldozed into taking the right side to their everlasting profit. The parallel, like all historical parallels, is imperfect; but Mr. Raskob may fairly cite it as proving that a straddle is not always the best way to win.

III

However, the immediate disadvantages of the Raskob tactics were plain enough; so when the high-spirited and free-spoken Progressives assembled after the Democrats had gone home, they said no more about prohibition than a conference of Russians would say about the restoration of the Tzar. In consequence, their meeting was one grand sweet song of harmony; as Anne O'Hare McCormick wrote in the *New York Times*, "the Democrats never got beyond one subject and had nothing but debate; the Progressives listened to speeches on a wide range of the most debatable subjects in the national life and had no debate whatever. . . . One enjoyed the rare spectacle of a group of political thinkers in complete agreement. The reports and recommendations of the chairman of every session were adopted by the whole body without a single dissenting voice."

It would be pleasant to believe that our most advanced thinkers are at one in their views of the nation's needs; but the omission of the one issue that gets people fighting mad makes their deliberations seem rather academic. Maybe they all said "yes" to every-

thing because they knew nothing was going to be done about it. They could afford to be academic because they were not a party; those of them who held public office were fairly sure of keeping their jobs, whether they called themselves Republicans or Democrats; they did not have to make the fateful choice between two or three possible bids, hoping that the one they finally settled on might be the one the public would support. They unanimously demanded reforms so sweeping that they are either vitally essential or ruinously disastrous, with a detachment as complete as if they were discussing the recession of the remoter nebulæ.

The value of that conference was educational. It would not be surprising if the Democrats wrote the less disturbing of its economic recommendations into their 1932 platform, but you are not likely to hear much about them in the campaign if the Democrats also demand the reform of prohibition. Mr. Raskob, too, has an economic program. It includes amendment of the anti-trust laws to eliminate ruinous competition, with safeguards for the consumer, the five-day week without reduction of wages, insurance against unemployment and old age. Excellent measures all, and much discussed just now, but discussed on the intellectual plane. On economic issues that have an emotional value Mr. Raskob is rather vague; the Democrats must clearly define their tariff policies (how?) and evolve "some scheme of farm relief which will redound to the benefit of the whole country." In other words, do not subsidize the farmer at the cost of the city man. But the only other way to relieve the "marginal" farmer is to take him off the farm; and at present there is no other place to put him.

Whatever economic reforms we may need, few people are excited about

them. You can excite the farmer's support for the purchase of surplus wheat with government money, rouse war veterans in favor of a distribution from the treasury to veterans and their creditors, stir the enthusiasm of manufacturers for a tariff that will transfer the consumer's money to the producer, or of exporters against a tariff that hurts foreign trade. But economic issues that are more complex, and less immediately profitable to a bloc of voters, are all too easily repressible.

This was realized by the minority of progressives who would rather organize a new party than bore from within the old organizations. Professor John Dewey is their chief speaker; there may be some Jupiter in the background to whom he plays Mercurius, but his great renown makes the movement so far seem little more than Dewey's shadow. Some of us who heard him set forth his ideas in a lecture last winter were surprised to learn that the paramount and irrepressible issue is the restoration of the government to the people. To anyone who reviews the history of popular government this is the language of demagogy, not of philosophy. One was forced to remember that even a famous professor is a layman outside his own field, and that Dewey's ideas on politics are no more an expert opinion than Eddington's ideas on God.

Since then, however, Professor Dewey has expounded his views at length in the *New Republic*, and it seems he used the language of demagogy deliberately. "No movement gets far on a purely intellectual basis," he writes (with the testimony of all history to support him); "it needs to be emotionalized." He recites a lengthy program of needed reforms, which he confesses do not excite the public. They must be summarized, dramatized, in the overshadowing issue: "Are the people of the United States to control the govern-

ment, and to use it in behalf of the peace and welfare of society?"

I cannot see the voters trooping to the polls a year from next November, to answer that question with a ringing "Yes!" Just as well, perhaps; the people control the government now when they care to and when enough of them can agree on what they want, and they do not always use their power for the peace and welfare of society. They might be persuaded that the government had been stolen away from them, and that they must get it back and hand it over to progressive leaders who would take good care of it for them; but that could be done only by methods and arguments to which Professor Dewey would not stoop. He is realist enough to see the need of demagoguery, and too honest to be a successful demagogue.

A lady who heard Professor Dewey set forth his program summarized it as "Socialism without the smell." Substantially he admitted that in his printed exposition: "the greatest handicap from which the special measures advocated by the Socialists suffer is that they are advanced by the Socialist party as Socialism." There is a considerable Modernist movement among American Socialists, a breaking away from the rigid dogmas of Marxian Fundamentalism; between Norman Thomas and Stalin there is all the difference between Fosdick and the Pope. None the less, a party which proposes to enact a good deal of the Socialist program must still, in mere prudence, deodorize itself by taking another name.

I suspect it must not only give up the name, but shove into the background the men who are tagged with it; and not merely the Socialists. Here is likely to be the fatal defect of Professor Dewey's party, if it is ever organized; too many of its Founding Fathers will belong to the lunatic fringe. They

will be unable to get anywhere without making millions of converts from conservatism or indifference; and most of these new brethren will be ashamed of some of the company they will find themselves keeping.

It is not inconceivable that within ten years this country will be largely Socialist in fact—but not in name; and if it should happen, leaders of traditional Socialism would play a small part in bringing it about. Who would do it, then? Men who were Socialists, or radicals, only in so far as the Emperor Constantine was a Christian, and for the same reason. If the political leaders once see that their followers are flocking into another camp, they will follow as fast as they can. And between a man who was a radical in the years when to be a radical was almost a crime and a Republican or Democrat who turned radical only when he saw that the crowd was going that way there is not much doubt which one the voters would prefer to exalt.

Whatever you think of Professor Dewey's program, or of his formula for dramatizing it, his predicament must arouse the sympathy of any man who wants to interest the public in intellectual issues. The only issues that are irrepressible are those that arouse emotions, and you never can be sure what those issues will be next year. So the Republicans assume now, as in substance they assumed in 1928, that there are no issues; they sit tight, let their opponents do all the bidding, and have an excellent prospect of appointing the postmasters and prohibition agents for at least four years more.

IV

It may not matter; this country can take a good deal of punishment. It survived a Grant and a Harding (though it still bears the scars of both); if, as Mr. Hoover seems to think, the

age we live in is only an extension of the nineteenth century, we can probably survive another four years of Hoover. But if the increasing capacity of industry, the increasing complexity of world economics have made our age different in kind as well as in degree from those that have preceded it, we had better begin to do some thinking. On anything of that sort Mr. Hoover seems to have set his veto; if there is to be any thinking somebody else must do it, and some other party must translate it into action.

I am one of those who think that the paramount issue, this year and next year and every year till something is done about it, is the organization of industry and business, the substitution of some rational plan for the operation of greed and chance. But is this issue irrepressible? I am afraid it will be repressed all too easily and all too long. Every month of hard times brings it new converts; its advocates now include many of the most distinguished expert advisers of big business—but very few business men. So far as I know, we have not yet converted a single one of the great manufacturers or great bankers who, if industry were organized, would have to surrender their prospect of occasional crazy profits and be content with the certain but modest profit they would actually earn. We can still be dismissed as just another lunatic fringe.

No wonder; such a reform runs counter to the interest of thousands of people, and the emotions of millions. Further, it is a highly complex and technical problem; it is not even certain that the thing could be done at all; though as Mr. George Soule writes in the *New Republic*, "central planning is less impossible and intricate than attempting to run a complex civilization without thinking, without an objective, without a plan." Even the *New York Times* observes (editorial, April 2):

"Our economic system must search for all possible means of control, even if only partial control, over the present economic rhythm of boom and depression. It is by no means certain that such measures of control are possible outside of self-restraint in times of prosperity. That makes all the more imperative the establishment of the principle that in prosperity we shall 'insure' against depression." This is guarded enough; but it is going pretty far for a conservative paper, especially for one which stands behind the President whenever it can find out where he is sitting at the moment.

One thing seems fairly sure—business planning would hardly be successful unless it had at least the passive support of the majority of business men. Without such acquiescence it would probably be sabotaged, either intentionally or by that nervous constipation which so often afflicts American business when it encounters something new. Moreover, the technical knowledge of business leaders is needed to formulate the plan, and their practical skill to operate it.

But if business men refuse to do it—and if hard times continue—somebody else may do it for them. There were men in Congress last winter who felt that some sort of organization was needed; they were restrained from proposing government action by the hope that business men would do it themselves, and the realization that it could be better done on their motion. But they did not do it. So, in April, Senator Couzens—who may be a radical and an eccentric, but cannot be laughed off as a man who never made any money himself—was telling the leaders of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States that he was afraid that "there has been such a bankruptcy of ideas and plans to prevent a repetition of existing conditions that business may be simply waiting for these

conditions to blow over, and then sit complacently until the next cycle of business depression is upon us. . . . Questions of unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, the regulation of industry do not arise in Congress unless there is a great need. . . . The public's patience, I think, has already been exhausted; but if at this great meeting of industrial leaders concrete proposals are made and put into execution before Congress convenes next December, it is not likely that there will be sufficient public opinion to require Congressional action."

Plans were offered at that meeting, but they were not very concrete, and the Chamber did no more, perhaps could do no more, than appoint a committee to study the whole question. Many men at the convention must have realized for the first time the serious possibility that the old days were over. They heard the president of the American Bankers' Association tell them that "another era of prosperity like the last one will ruin us"; they heard that stalwart yea-sayer, Secretary of Commerce Lamont, concede that the next boom must be controlled "before it reaches the mob-psychology stage"—precisely the stage that made life so golden in 1928 and 1929; they heard from sober economists, paid by business men to give them sound advice, such things as only soap-box orators were saying a few years ago. No wonder they wanted to shift the burden on to a committee and go home to think things over; even that was a long step forward—but it may not have been long enough.

For they heard Professor Willits of the University of Pennsylvania say that the stabilization movement was not spreading fast enough and that he doubted if industry would be much farther along "when the next depression comes, say in 1938"; they heard Mr. Filene of Boston tell them that

the debate on unemployment insurance ought to have been held ten years ago, and that twenty State legislatures were ready to act if industry did not hurry; they heard Mr. Reynolds of the American Writing Paper Company, who proposed a plan of fairly rigorous control of business by trade associations, declare that "if industry does not do it the government should."

Industry ought to do it; the chances of success are far greater, and not many of us want the government entrusted with such far-reaching and difficult matters. But if industry failed to do it and government stepped in the result might not be disastrous. Business, despite its kicks and groans, has learned to live with the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the Federal Reserve Board. This is a far larger and more complex problem, but business might discover—if we have to come to it—that it could get along under 'an industrial organization imposed by Congress. But if business is improving by next December, whether or not that improvement is due to any effort of business leaders, there will probably not be sufficient public opinion to get anything done, even by Congress. We shall have to wait till the next panic.

So this is not now a political issue; it can become one only if Mr. Hoover and his party persist in their conviction that all we can do for the improvement of business is to watch and pray. By 1932 the automatic operation of the business cycle will probably have improved conditions; by 1936 the cycle should be near the top of its upward swing, and a plan for the organization of industry would probably be a losing issue. In 1940, after the second Hoover panic, it might be a winning issue; but 1940 may be too late.

Moreover, to make it a political issue it would have to be emotional-

ized. We could argue that organization of business offers the best hope of preventing panics; but the voters might demand an absolute guarantee that it would prevent panics, and nobody could offer that who remembers the abolition of poverty that was promised in 1928. Another danger from which this crusade is sure to suffer is the attraction of all sorts of devotees of irrelevant impossibilities. The organization of business does not imply the simultaneous reorganization of society (though its eventual and indirect effects would be pervasive and profound); but once you say "social planning" or anything like that, all sorts of dubiously valuable recruits will flock to your banners. For instance, Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn says that society must be reorganized before any real education is possible. I should think rather that there must be a good deal of education before society can be reorganized.

Fortunately, the Republicans have their educational problem too. Mr. Robert H. Lucas, executive director of their national committee, has lost hope in American schools and colleges. "Are the young people educated in the political history of our country?" he asks. "Are they schooled in the history of the achievements of the Republican party?" Alas, it seems they are not. Worse yet, college faculties are staffed with "theorists" who teach such abominations as "free trade, internationalism, public ownership of private industry, abolition of party government, etc." The logical solution would seem to be the abolition of the colleges by constitutional amendment; but Mr. Lucas's boss, Senator Fess, who used to be a college president, might consider that a reflection on his past. So Mr. Lucas pins his hopes for a sound education on the efforts of Republican clubs. The stars in their courses are with him; if busi-

ness begins to pick up next year, nobody will pay much attention to theorists on university faculties.

V

"Let the other fellow make the issue" is sound strategy, for the party in power; he may make the wrong one. In 1916 there was a powerful and dangerous emotional issue that cut across both parties. Nobody was wholly satisfied with Wilson's war policy; some people thought he was too hard on the Allies, some thought he was too rough with the Germans; and nobody could be sure which side of the issue had more votes in it. The Democrats had to stand by Wilson's record whether they liked it or not, but the Republicans were in a dreadful dilemma. They got out as best they could by nominating a Justice of the Supreme Court who had been preserved by his position not only from the murderous party quarrel of four years earlier, but from any occasion for expressing an opinion on the cardinal (and incalculable) issue of 1916; Mr. Hughes was as blank a page as any politician could have wished.

He was nominated, and the nation waited for him to speak. Would he say that Wilson had been too weak in dealing with Germany or with England? He broke his silence and denounced Wilson's vacillation in dealing with—Mexico. What Mr. Hughes thought on the overshadowing and dangerous issue nobody learned from his letter of acceptance, or from anything he said in the six months between the convention and the election. Unsatisfactory as was Wilson's record to almost everybody, Hughes managed to behave as if his record would have been more unsatisfactory still. (Very probably if he had been elected he would have done, in the ensuing winter, just about what Wilson did; but nobody could guess

what he might do from his campaign speeches.)

It is usually said that Wilson was elected because he had kept us out of war. Certainly he got many votes on that issue; he got many others from people who thought that with all his note-writing he might be counted on to be a little firmer than Hughes. Also, the Republican God of Prosperity turned traitor that year; the country was dripping with money from war orders, a condition which probably helped the party that happened to be in power more than is generally recognized. It was a very close election, and a very confusing one; but I do not suppose that except along the South-western frontier five thousand votes were turned, ultimately, by the great Mexican issue that Mr. Hughes pulled out of his silk hat to the astonishment of his audience.

There is one issue that is irrepressible, when it exists at all—personality. In 1928 Smith's personality was, if not the issue, at least the dramatization of the issue; people voted for or against him with little concern about the character of his opponent. Wilson, though no intellectual giant, was far abler than Coolidge; Harrison, in mere capacity, surpassed Cleveland; but the personalities of Coolidge and Cleveland were party assets, and those of Wilson and Harrison were party handicaps. As for Theodore Roosevelt and Andrew Jackson, they were in themselves the paramount and irrepressible issues so long as they were in public life.

Unfortunately the Democrats have no Jackson just now. Al Smith is their one great personality, and a personality too many people do not like. Also the current exposures of Tammany must have persuaded many a Hoovercrat of 1928 that his worst suspicions were true; though the leaders who have brought Tammany into disre-

pute were men Smith opposed, and opposed successfully so long as he was a presidential possibility. (The Pope, too, since his late encyclicals on education and marriage, would be an even better talking point in 1932 than in 1928.)

All but one of the other Democrats who have been mentioned for the nomination suffer from the disadvantage that you would have to tell most voters who they are. Franklin Roosevelt, of course, is a conspicuous and impressive figure—more impressive the farther away you get. He has a good record in all the offices he has ever held; but so had Hoover till he went to the White House. He never takes sides till he has to, and then leaves an anchor to windward; a great virtue in a candidate, but not the most desirable quality in a President.

But the others? Owen D. Young has a great reputation among business men and highbrows, but all the average voter knows about him is that he has a lot of money. Newton D. Baker, possibly the best presidential timber in the party, is weakened by his devotion to the League of Nations and by a personality less impressive than his achievements. If the Democrats go wet, Ritchie, next to Smith, is the logical candidate; but he comes from a small State, and nobody outside of Maryland knows much about him except that he is wet and has been wet from the very beginning, when most politicians were pussyfooting. With a wet platform, prudence would seem to require a candidate whose wetness is as recent as possible, and not too candidly thorough to offend the South. In politics the man who got aboard the band wagon at the eleventh hour is likely to get not merely as much reward, but a good deal more, than the unimaginative honest person who has been laboring in the vineyard ever since sunrise.

Luckily for the Democrats, Mr. Hoover's personality is likely to be more of an issue next year than it was in 1928; but Republican publicity is already setting to work to counteract it. He invites a boy hero to visit the White House; he expresses manly grief at the death of Knute Rockne. Also he contemptuously damns the Virgin Islands as a poorhouse, though it was his favorite statute that made them so. I have heard good Republicans erupt in indignation over that callous remark; but their votes next year are not going to be determined by what Mr. Hoover said about an insular dependency, and the Virgin Islanders—unlike the Notre Dame alumni—have no votes.

So possibly the President can be successfully advertised to the country next year as Herbert the Well Beloved. There was once a King of France called

Louis the Well Beloved; like Mr. Hoover, he believed that the conditions which gave glamour to the rule of his great predecessor had not changed, and that there was no need of doing much about anything. During his reign there was an increasing conviction that things were going badly, and ought to be corrected before it was too late; but this view was expressed by the sort of people whom Mr. Lucas calls theorists; the men who ran the country and divided the profits saw no need for any alteration in the system and the philosophy that had made the nation great. King Louis kept the surface from cracking and left his country, to outward appearance, about as well off as he found it.

After him, however, came the deluge. It need not have come, if a little flood-control work had been done in time.

THE HIGHEST GIFT OF THE GODS IS LAUGHTER

BY DOROTHY SEAGER

THE highest gift of the gods is laughter.
 Holding that, you can go your way,
 Filling your hands nor ever fearing
 What comes after.

Holding that, when you feel the death blow,
 You can lay your hand to the wound,
 And, laughing lightly, staunch the bleeding.
 None must know.

Laughing still, though the red blood creep
 Out through your fingers, down past your hand,
 What care you if the world comes staring?
 Now is sleep.



THE PEARL FISHERS

A STORY

BY GRIFFITH BEEMS

JITNEY and Al shed their shirts and pants on the riverbank. They were naked in a moment. Twelve-year-old Clark Cunningham took longer. He stepped out of his underwear, holding it so that it did not touch the ground, and sat down on the tussock-grass at the edge of the mudbank and began to take off his black cotton ribbed stockings.

"C'mon. Hurry up."

"Get a move on, Clarkie," Al said, "or we'll leave ya."

The July sun, high in the south, burnished the willow leaves and shimmered on the bodies of the three boys. The heat lay over the river like a sheet of distorting glass. The mudbank had dried into slabs, split by inch-deep cracks. Al worked loose a slab larger than his hand and heaved it into the river. "Shot put," he explained, dusting off his hands on his legs. Underneath the dragging branches of a willow, and padlocked to the trunk by a rusty chain, lay a homemade scow with one of its square ends settled in the mud. Al started walking the gunwale of the boat, holding out his arms for balance. Animated by his weight, the scow lifted out of the mud and tugged gently at its chain. Al had to step down. "Betcha can't walk the side far as I did," he challenged, sitting down at the far end and shoving away the branch that dabbled yellowing leaves in the water. Clark, working

at a knot in his shoelace, did not answer.

Jitney had gone into the brake that grew higher than his head a little way back from the river. Jitney was fourteen. He was older and larger than the others. He came back with the oars. It was his boat. The muscles under his tanned skin were beginning to have the firm definition of a man's muscles. He fitted the oars between their pegs, unlocked the padlock, and rattled the chain at Clark.

"C'mon. Hurry up."

"Cripes, what a slow poke."

"How about hidin' the clothes?"

"Whatcha worryin' 'bout them for, Clarkie?" Al said. "'Fraid somebody'll swipe that belt o' yours with the fancy buckle an' initials all over it? What d'ya call it, Clarkie—gold mun-nagram? Ya can't even read it. Criminy, I wouldn't even be seen with it at a dogfight. Who give it to ya, Clarkie—Santy Claus?"

"Aw, cut it out, Al."

"Cut what out?"

"You know what. C'mon, cut it out."

"Gimme a knife an' I'll cut it out."

"Put 'em back in the weeds," Jitney said. "They'll be all right. Nobody'll take 'em."

"They know better'n to take me an' Jitney's clothes, don't they, Jitney?"

"Hurry up, Clarkie."

Clark picked up the clothes and car-

ried them back into the brake. He put his bare feet carefully among the broken weed stems and sharp dried grasses.

"Don'cha put your shoes on my shirt," Al yelled after him, "or I'll kill ya."

"Aw, leave 'im alone, Al," Jitney said.

Clark came back. "There's nettles in there."

"They're nothin'," Al said. "Why don'cha get your feet toughened up. Ya step around in there like ya was walkin' on broken bottles."

"Those weeds are sharp."

"Your feet are no good."

"Well, I bet you wish you had shoes on when you got to walk around on hot cement sidewalks."

"They don't hurt my feet."

"For the love o' Mike, you two," interrupted Jitney, "cut out the blabbin'. If we're goin' after pearls, we gotta get goin'. We oughta be up at Second Island now. Shove off, Clarkie."

Clark shoved, splashing into the water, digging into the bottom for purchase. As he shoved, black mud, rough with leaf mold, oozed up and pulled at his feet. A leap seated him in the stern, and while the scow headed around he dragged his legs in the river, wiping the gumbo off his soles and out from between his toes. Jitney rowed. The wooden oarlocks creaked, and at every stroke an inch of tepid fishy-smelling water swashed back and forth over the scow's flat bottom.

The Wapsipinicon River was a stone's throw wide. It cut across a valley between hilly pastures and cornfields. The lowlands were grown over with swamp maple and willows, and the spring freshet had hung dead wood against the tree trunks. Several feet of gray mud bordered the river, marking low water. Opposite, where the cattle came down to drink and stand in

the river, the bank had been stamped bare and roughened with the casts of hoofs. In the lazy sunlight of the Iowa afternoon the Wapsipinicon looked green and deep. Dog days were coming. The fluff from the cottonwoods and pollen covered the surface like lint. Leaves drifting in the river scarcely moved. The oars dribbled and splashed; water gurgled under the square blunt bow. Clark, sitting cross-legged on the stern locker, felt the summer quiet. A dragonfly veered across the river toward him. He dodged.

"Whatcha duckin' for a snake-feeder for?" Al twitted.

"I don't want them flyin' around me."

"Don't be afraid of 'em. They won't hurtcha."

"You aren't afraid of anything, are you, Al?"

Jitney, rowing, had his back to Al, and at this question he winked at Clark and pulled his mouth down sideways.

"Naw."

"Some guy."

"You bet. Jitney knows, don'cha, Jitney?"

"Sure, you're a ring-tailed snorter," Jitney admitted.

In half an hour they had rounded two bends. The hills following the river came closer and were wooded, and twice broke away sheer in limestone bluffs. Where Minnow Creek ran in, they fell back, leaving a flat, on which old man Strassman had got in thirty acres of corn, fenced with barbed wire, above the reach of the spring floods. The corn was in tassel and seemed to grow visibly in the heat.

The third bend brought them to Second Island, which had washed away many years before, leaving only its name for the spot. Where the island had been, the Wapsipinicon, sweeping head on around a curve, ran eight to twelve feet deep and gouged into a

treeless hill, fissuring it with clay gullies. The hill was steep and covered with outcroppings of limestone and patches of lavender horsemint in the burnt-out grass. A buggy road, cut in the clay halfway down the hill, edged along to Strassman's farm, half a mile upriver. On the opposite side were willow flats; the wilderness of pointed leaves hung straight down, unstirring.

"This is where you mean, isn't it?" asked Clark.

"Yeh."

"Say, wait a minute—wait a minute," Jitney said. "See that?" He pointed to the shore. At the water's edge, tied to a stake and running out into the stream, were two feet of fish-line. "Walt Parsons's got out a throw line." He rowed over to it. Al climbed into the stern and, pushing Clark aside, leaned over and tested the line.

"Anything on it?"

"Can't tell yet." He felt along it hand over hand.

"It ain't no throw line," Al cried. "It goes clean across the river. By God, there's somethin' on it," his fingers sensing a pull that was alive. Ten feet farther on he lifted the cord from the water and located the branch hook line, which jerked about, fretting crazy triangles in the water as he pulled at it.

"Get outta the way, Clarkie."

Breaking the surface in a spatter of water drops, the fish writhed in the sun, its black back and white belly rotating on the hook and flashing.

"Channel cat, by God," ejaculated Al. "I'll bet 'e weighs four pounds."

"Yup."

Clark looked down at the chill eyes, at the coarse whiskers, the gaping mouth, and at the convulsed scaleless body.

"You aren't goin' to keep him?" he asked.

"Oh, no," Al answered sarcastically, gripping the catfish by the gills so as to avoid the horns, while he worked the hook out of the jaw.

"Walt Parsons will be mad as an old hen."

"What Walt don't know won't hurt 'im. Besides, that scrimy ol' heel ain't got no right to run a line like this. It's agin the law to have 'em all the way across an' with over six hooks. I'll bet 'e's got twelve hooks on this here line. Yeh, an' he dynamites for fish." Al threaded the catfish on a stringer and dropped it back into the river.

"We'd better go up a bit farther," Jitney said.

Thirty yards upstream, at Jitney's word, Clark threw overboard the rusty flatiron that anchored them.

"Now I'll show ya how t'get clams," Jitney said to Clark. "All ya gotta do is t'feel 'round in the mud at the bottom for 'em."

"Don't they ever close up on your fingers?"

"Ya see that?" Jitney cried, thrusting out his hand. "I been clam fishin' for three years. Lookit the mutilations. See that?" He stuck his hand in front of Clark. "They're the marks of clam teeth," pointing solemnly at his unscarred fingers.

"Clam teeth! By God, Jitney, you're good," said Al, standing up in the stern, and in his laughter pretending to fall off, he dived. Twenty seconds after the river had recovered its stillness he reappeared by the side of the boat and threw in a tightly shut clam, black and dripping mud.

"How's that?" rolling the clam along the bottom of the scow toward Clark. Clark tucked up his feet involuntarily.

"They're awful ferocious," said Jitney. "Jes' like octopuses. Ya had a hard fight with 'im under water, didn't ya, Al?"

"Jeez, yes," with a grin. "I thought I was a goner for a while the way 'e bit. But I ain't afraid of 'em like some people. I know how t'handle 'em. I'm an awful good clam diver."

Clark poked the clam with his toe.

"I'm not afraid of them either," he said, picking it up and examining it.

"Watch me, Clarkie." Jitney stood up on the bow seat, ready to dive. "Lookit. Watch me. I'll let ya see the moon rise in broad daylight."

Clark knew what the moonrise was and, leaning over the bow, he scraped some gumbo off the bottom of the scow and lumped it in his hand. As Jitney, holding himself otherwise under water, floated above the surface of the river his round naked buttocks, Clark threw. The mud struck. Jitney floundered and came up with a sputter. Just as Clark threw, Al wobbled the boat and teetered Clark off. He avoided a belly flop by turning in midair and fell sideways with a splash. The three heads, their hair matted over their foreheads, grinned at one another.

"Nice work," said Al.

After the heat of the day the river was pleasantly cool. Clark felt himself expanding, pores opening, chest enlarging, legs becoming heavy, huge and far away, as he floated on his back, sculling now and then with his hands. Looking into the broad flat sky close over him, he seemed to float on something equally oceanlike, until the high-up sun glinted in his eyes and filled the sky with jiggling red speckles. He shut his eyes and drifted. From two small splashes, he knew that Al and Jitney had made surface dives. Throwing his legs into the air to weight his dive, he followed them downwards, swimming frog-fashion. The river was deep, much deeper than he expected. His lungs became pent up, enormous; he released his breath in a chain of bubbles and in the final foot of his urgeful descent he touched bottom with his hands. He pushed upwards desperately and burst gasping into the sunlight. With one hand he pushed back his hair and wiped away the water, slightly acrid in his eyes and nose. Al had found a second clam.

Treading water, he tossed it into the boat.

"I got bottom," Clark said, washing the mud from his fingers.

"Keep it," said Jitney. "We're lookin' for clams."

Clark swam a dozen feet upstream, took a series of long breaths, held the last one, and dived, kicking his legs out of the water until they showed above the knee. Because his dive was better, he quickly came slanting down to the bottom. He did not open his eyes but searched through the mud with his hands, making a spreading motion and crawling along slowly. Everywhere mud, unless he stuck his fingers deep into it; then he could touch sand. His hands in their plowing sweep struck something solid, roughened with small ridges, half buried. He seized it. At the surface he washed the mud off the clam and, through a crack that closed as he watched, he saw the pinkish-white flesh.

"I got one!" he cried, laying it in the scow.

"Yep."

"It's a damn' good place," said Al. "They's lots here."

The heap of clams accumulated slowly. Clark tired first and drew himself up into the boat. He shivered in the sun, which lapped him like a friendly dog. He felt the water drying on him, his skin tightening under it, and his hair becoming muggy and thick. No one spoke for a long time. Al and Jitney went on diving. Along the road cut in the hillside, Erny Durgin, the hunchback who lived with old man Strassman, drove his mare and buggy. He waved his crooked short arm to them. They shouted back.

"D'ya know what's the matter with Erny," said Al to Clark, resting his hands on the side of the scow, "what makes 'im all humped up 'n' everything? I know all about it. The day before he was born his mother was goin'

out to the barn for somethin', an' right on the back porch she saw a great big snappin' turtle an' she was so seared she jes' yelled and yelled an' fell down in a fit. So when Erny was born he looked jes' like a turtle."

"That's what makes him look like a turtle now?"

"Sure. Didn' I jes' tell ya?"

"How do you know?"

"That's what his maw says herself, ain't it, Jitney? Ain't that right?"

By four o'clock, when Al and Jitney climbed into the boat, they had thirty-five or forty clams. Al rowed. They landed downstream, beaching the scow on a mudbank, and threw the clams out into a pile. From the stern locker Jitney took out three knives and they set to work opening the clams, inserting the knife blade near the hinge and hacking about till the clam loosened. After pulling the shells apart, they ran their fingers through the pockets in the flesh, feeling for pearls. In the fifth one Al found a slug, a small irregularly shaped pearl. Clark fingered it, unimpressed and disappointed, and dropped it into the Bull Durham tobacco sack that Jitney held out. There were a number of slugs already in the bag.

Clark disliked the work. The clam flesh was slimy; the water that ran off smelled sweetishly animal. Clark took care that none of it dribbled on any part of his naked body except his fingers. Al and Jitney worked much more rapidly; the pile of opened clams became larger and larger. Another slug was found. Then Clark felt underneath the flabby meat something like a large sand grain. Tearing and prying the flesh with his fingers, he rolled out into his palm a pearl as large as the head of a carpet tack.

"Hey, look!" he shouted, jumping to his feet, careless that he had spilled the clam juice down his legs. "Look what I've found. Look!"

Al and Jitney jumped up, and Jitney

took the pellet from Clark and rolled it about in his hand as the three bent over it.

"A pearl, by God," Al ejaculated. "A real pearl. I'll bet it's worth a hundred dollars. I'll bet we can get a hundred dollars for it easy."

"I found it," Clark put in with pride.

"It's worth maybe twenty-five dollars," Jitney said calmly.

"Lemme take it, Jitney," Al begged, "lemme take it. Lemme hold it jes' once." Jitney paid no attention except to shut his fist over the pearl when Al snatched for it. "I'll give it back, Jitney. I'll give it right back."

"No, let Jitney hold it," said Clark proprietarily.

"I guess I got a right t'hold it if I want to."

"You have not. Not if Jitney an' me don't want you to. I found it, didn't I?"

"It was jes' luck you found it. I was jes' gonna open that clam next myself when you took it. I'll betcha almost ruined it the way ya opened it. Jeez, it was clumsy. I'll betcha missed lots in them clams ya cleaned."

"That's not so, Alfred Hayden, an' you know it. An' I found it an' it's mine."

"Say, how d'ya get that 'I found it an' it's mine' stuff? Like hell it's yours. Me an' Jitney dug those clams an' brung the boat an' found the place an' done all the work, didn' we? We jes' let you come along."

"You've got to be fair, don't he, Jitney? Whoever finds anything it belongs to. I found it an' it's mine. I'm goin' to give it to my mother. Isn't it mine, Jitney?"

Jitney made no answer at once but blew on the pearl, rubbed it dry on his arm, held it up toward the sun, squinted, and dropped it into the tobacco bag with the slugs.

"Say," bellowed Al, encouraged, and stepping towards Clark, "I've had just

about enough outta you. That ain't your pearl an' you shut up tryin' to say it is when it ain't."

"It is too mine."

"I said for you to shut up. D'ya hear?"

"It's mine."

"Are you goin' t'shut up? I'm gettin' tired hearin' ya. I ain't gonna keep my temper under control much longer. You'd better shut up. Shut up now."

"I don't have to."

"If you know what's good for ya—"

"I don't have to."

"Say, one more word outta you—you lily-fingered little shrimp—one more word an' I'll give it to ya. You ain't got no mama to run bawlin' to out here. You'll get it right."

"That's not so," shrieked Clark, frightened, and feeling the uncontrollable angry tears coming into his eyes. "You—you better look out, Alfred Hayden."

"Lookit 'im, Jitney. Can't keep the tears back. Can't keep the tears back. Bawlin' already. Bawlbaby."

"If you want to fight, you just go ahead. You just touch me once, you—you big—you big—snot."

They squared off at each other. They were about the same size. Clark stood with his left foot forward, as he remembered having read that a boxer should, although it felt awkward. The hot tears kept coming and he worried because he could not remember whether his thumbs belonged inside or outside his clenched fingers. Al got into a crouch with his fists down near his knees. He lowered his head and swayed back and forth, growling and glaring at Clark from under his eyebrows. Jitney went on opening clams.

"You just touch me once. Just once," Clark repeated.

Swaying and shifting, Al stepped on a piece of clam meat. He slipped. It

unbalanced him, rattled him, made him angrier. He set himself, screwed up his face and swung a haymaker. It missed. Clark had not ducked, but it missed by four inches.

"Yaah," jeered Clark, advancing a step. "You just hit me once. Go ahead—just touch me once."

Al fell back. His attitude had tired him. "Why," he delivered, straightening up and pretending to be amused, "you little lop-sided, hammered-down, sawed-off, cock-eyed, yellow-bellied slob. If ya wasn't so small, I'd knock the goddamn stuffin's right outta ya. I'd be ashamed t'hit a little runt like you."

"Yaah—yaah. You just try it. Go on—I dare you to touch me. I dare you to."

"Yeh, you jes' make a pass at me an' I'll knock your block off."

"Yeh, I dare you."

"I dare ya."

Jitney sensed the lull. "Say, you two," he broke in, "cut it out. What d'ya think you're doin', anyhow. There ain't no use fightin'. Listen. I got a fair proposition." The fighters lowered their fists. "These here pearls," holding up the tobacco bag and slapping it, "was found by all of us. We all did somethin' about it and Clark found it, didn'tcha, Clark?"

"Sure I found it."

"Well, what I say is, we three are all good swimmers an' I got a boat, so we oughta make a company, sort of, t'do pearl fishin', an' when we get through we'll sell this little bag an' split what we get three ways—thirty-three and one-third per cent all round. Now what's the matter with that? That's fair enough. What d'ya say, Clark?"

"I won't be in any company with Al," said Clark. "Not after the names he called me."

"He didn' mean nothin' by 'em. Did ya, Al? Did ya?"

"No," said Al sulkily.

"Make him take them all back," demanded Clark of Jitney.

"I take 'em all back."

"Make him say he eats his words."

"By God, I said I took 'em back. By God, I ain't gonna—"

"Aw, go on, Al," urged Jitney, "go on. Go ahead."

"Aw hell, anything t'please ya. I eat 'em. I said it now. That oughta satisfy ya."

"All right," said Clark. "We're partners, then, for pearl fishin'."

"You bet," said Jitney. "We're goin' t'find lots o' real pearls. I'll bet by the end of summer we have three

pearls apiece. An' this time Clark gets the catfish to take home, nex' time Al can get it, if they's any on the line, an' then me."

They finished the remaining clams amicably and pushed off to return to their clothes. Clark rowed.

"I can row good, can't I, Jitney?" Clark said. "I can row better than Al."

"Sure," said Jitney reassuringly. "You're a regular ring-tailed snorter."

Behind them, over the heap of opened clams, a cloud of flies buzzed. A faint smell went up from the pile to the late afternoon sun.

SIC TRANSIT . . .

BY SARA HENDERSON HAY

THE Cities of the Plain are dust,
 Assyria is fox's plunder;
 Sidon and Tyre to silence thrust,
 Nineveh fallen with fire and thunder . . .
 Across the margin of the world
 The drift of Babylon is swirled,
 And centuries of rot and rust
 Have gnawed Capernaum asunder.

Stone crumbles—but more staunchly fares
 A Dust incredibly translated . . .
 Judas still haggles at his wares,
 Cain is forever new-created;
 Delilah in a Paris frock
 Goes out to tea at five o'clock;
 Salome climbs the Subway stairs;
 Potiphar takes the Elevated!



THE WHEAT FARMER'S DILEMMA

NOTES FROM TRACTOR LAND

BY AVIS D. CARLSON

FIFTEEN years ago an article in this magazine, entitled "Who Feeds the Nation?" created a great stir among the women of the wheat belt. Though the chickens went hungry and the bread got burned, it was passed from one wind-browned woman to another and read. For it was about themselves. And what was more, it was written by one who knew how they lived and how they felt about things. For she, too, had dragged herself, half-rested, from bed, to start frying potatoes and making coffee at a quarter to five so that the men and teams could be at work by six-thirty. She had also put away her dishpan at ten and staggered back to bed with the knowledge that to-morrow the day must begin earlier because she was simply too fagged to peel the breakfast potatoes. The women of the wheat belt understood her when she instinctively estimated the cost of wheat in terms of aching muscles and snapping nerves.

Last week I dug that article out of the files and read it. It seems like ancient history, so rapidly has life been changing on the thick, flat acres which are reputed (among Kansans, at least!) to grow the best wheat in the world. The life of 1916 is gone. Its problems of drought, inhumanly long hours, back-breaking drudgery, and uncertain labor supply have been entirely swallowed up in new perplexities.

Because wheat is the world's most dramatic grain, it has provoked much writing. Something about it has been a perpetual temptation to American novelists, but none of them, I think, has entirely caught the "feeling" of wheat or sufficiently emphasized the half-mystical devotion that it alone among grains has aroused in the American farmer. One cannot live near it without reacting to it personally and emotionally. I shall never forget the curious shrinking I felt on the evening when I stepped off a train almost literally into the midst of a great field for my first introduction to wheat before it becomes flour. Since then I have run the whole length of emotion. I have hated wheat and come perilously near to loving it. I have been bored almost to illness with it and dreadfully excited by it. I cannot look without emotion at a quarter-section field of it at any stage from the first faint green of October to the rolling gold of July.

I know a few of the big farms so well that it seems to me I must know them all. One in particular is part of my life. I know the cost of that farm which not so long ago was a worthless stretch of buffalo grass. My mother-in-law came to it a pink and white girl-bride. For twenty years now she has not been able to leave it or even to go upstairs in the house. She brought up a flock of children without benefit of

doctor or psychologist, tended a big garden, made butter to sell, and each year hatched, raised, killed, and cooked several hundred chickens. She made her own bread, did the family sewing and mending, used a hand-washer and churn, and for several years at the first drew water from a well one hundred and sixty feet deep. Later, as the farm expanded, for a month each year a "harvest gang" of fourteen men was added to her own big family and the relatives and friends who "did enjoy a vacation on the farm." And how those harvesters were fed! Rows and rows of vegetable dishes, huge platters of chicken with dumplings or dressing, pie and pudding at noon, pie and cake at night—with plenty of preserves and pickles all the time.

After harvest there was a short breathing spell when the family shrank to its own number and two or three "hands" to run the plows and listers. But threshing was still ahead. One evening a steam engine would snort into the yard, and the farm would plunge into its yearly peak of excitement. The clatter of wagons and the hungry shriek of the engine meant to the woman who was sweltering in her inconvenient kitchen, the preparation of food for twenty to twenty-five men with the keenest appetites and the biggest storage capacity the Lord ever saw fit to bestow on human beings. Sometimes it rained, and the threshers stayed, and stayed. One frightful summer they were on the place twenty days instead of the usual five to seven. Later they carried their own cook shacks, but too late to save my mother-in-law's strength when she needed it most.

All that belongs to the past. On the same farm (except that it is now considerably larger) her son manages with a tractor hand or two. The harvest weeks are still a strain, but not because of labor problems. The

boss himself hovers about the harvester-thresher ("combine" to all us wheat-folk). A nephew of high-school age runs the tractor and does a very competent job of it, too. A college boy stands guard over the power-driven elevator at the granaries. An eleven-year-old swells with the importance of his position on the truck that brings the wheat from the fields. A man, two slight youngsters, and a child are doing what fourteen men and a herd of army mules did fifteen years ago. More, because the acreage is larger and the hours shorter. The combine cannot begin work until the dew is dry upon the wheat and must stop when the evening's dampness begins to be felt—no overtime for it, thank you. And still more, because no threshing crew has to follow. When the combine rumbles clumsily out of the last half-section field back to its shed, there to be stripped of its canvas and rigging, the wheat is in the bin—not a forkful of straw or a scoopful of grain remain to be disposed of.

Not even that is the whole tale of accomplishment. At seven o'clock each evening an extra man gets up from his breakfast table, catches a ride on the last truck out to the field, unhitches the tractor from the combine, and starts his day's work. All night his engine makes a new rhythm on the prairie silence, his headlight a new star on the prairie horizon. He is not alone. At every stop for fuel or water he hears the grumbling thump-thump of other large tractors or the querulous rat-a-tat of smaller ones. When morning comes, thirty upturned acres lie gaping into the dawn. Beneath them are the stubble and straw which used to be burned "to get it out of the way." When men began to grow wheat in Kansas they could plow two acres in a long, hard day when everything went exactly right. Just before the advent of the tractor a

man with five good mules and a gang plow could plow five acres.

But the tractor and the combine are not the only machines which make the life of the young woman on that farm a very different story from the one which devoured her mother-in-law's body. A small automatic dynamo makes electricity. (No kerosene lamps to clean and fill, no washer handles to turn, no water to carry, no broom to swing against the relentless, dust-filled wind.) A brightly enamelled stove changes gasoline into a clean, safe, quick flame which does not make that young woman's kitchen an inferno. (No coal bucket forever empty at the wrong moment, no litter of cobs and kindling forever at the "wood-box.") A machine in the garage makes it possible for her to belong to clubs in town. A machine in town curls her hair twice a year. Machines a hundred miles away mix and wrap her bread. Others a thousand miles away make her clothes.

Her husband's and my husband's parents gave their bodies to the making of that big farm. She and her husband do not have to do that. When they are forty their steps will not drag and their shoulders round into a weary droop. The machines are saving them from that. They and the people like them are the envy of those who live on small, ill-equipped farms devoted to other grains than wheat. Farm journals point to them with pride. Whenever some journalist en route to a vacation in the Rockies happens that way he gets material for a dozen satires on the farmer's bilious habit of howling at his lot.

II

And yet if the machines are saving the bodies of to-day's wheat-grower and his wife, they are landing him squarely in a predicament which the former generation of growers did not have to face. When I go to the an-

nual farm-power-machine show at Wichita I have an odd feeling of awe and terror among those muttering giants. One of them accidentally slipped into gear last winter and crushed a bystander who couldn't get out of its path in time. But it is not the thought of that possibility which makes my throat tighten in the presence of that tremendous array of machinery. Men buy it, men operate it, men get use from it. But in a certain very real sense, it, and not they, is the master of their joint destiny.

In the first place that machinery and the science which made it possible are responsible for the remarkable increase in wheat production. At the risk of boring the readers who know their wheat, I shall have to say a few words for the sake of those not so familiar with it. Under scientific cultivation it now grows best in a semiarid region, formerly fit only for grazing. In our part of the world it is planted in the early fall and harvested in July. Too much rain at any time during those nine long months is disastrous. In the spring it means too rank a growth of the stalks. In May and early June it means black rust, that most dreaded of all evils save hail. And, finally, heavy rain during the harvest weeks means that the stalks "go down"—break or bend to the ground under their burden of ripe grain. And then it can be harvested only with exceeding difficulty, if at all. But as with all other plant life, some soil moisture is necessary.

That is where the machines enter the picture. A rain comes. Not much of a rain, perhaps only a half inch. Within a week or two the blazing midsummer sun will have baked it entirely out of the soil, and the farmer must wait for another rain. It is his business to conserve that moisture by breaking up the surface crust that thickens from hour to hour. He must

hurry, for he knows from bitter experience that another rain may not be forthcoming for a long time. In his race with wind and sun a tractor is a far better running-mate than mules. With it he can use more and bigger plows, make them bite deeper into the soil, drive them faster and more continuously, and maintain the race for twenty-four hours a day. Moreover, the man on the tractor has at his disposal a half dozen or so different types of moisture-conserving cultivators which the man behind mules did not have.

That is why the world no longer rings with tales of Kansas drought. That is why last year, when all other farmers watched their crops burn up, the wheat-grower harvested a bumper yield. Harvested it, yes, and stored it if he could. Because wheat-growers in far distant parts of the world also had a big yield, and the price went down and down until it was much below the cost of production. The big yields of the last few years are no casual phenomenon. They are going to continue. The only time when we shall not have them will be the few years when the rainfall is too heavy all over the country. Whatever else Nature does to please an important school of farm economists by cutting the wheat production is either only on a local scale, and so does not greatly affect the total yield, or will eventually come under the control of the noisy tractors jolting up and down the wheat lands of the world.

In the same manner the harvester-thresher is making for increased and surer production. Like a huge beetle, it lumbers around the golden fields, ripping off a swath sixteen or twenty feet wide, knocking out the grain, elevating it to a little storage tank hoisted above, and spewing out the straw in a fog of chaff and dust behind. It prevents a considerable amount of waste by doing away with all further

handlings of the severed heads. It completely solves the problem of labor supply and efficiency. It ends all chance of wheat stacks catching fire before the custom threshers get to them or the possibility of heavy rains rotting the grain in the shocks. The process is finished. As a veteran harvest hand remarked on first watching a combine in operation, "All it lacks is an oven on one corner to turn out biscuits." Besides, it spits that straw with its precious mineral elements right back on the land, instead of allowing it to be wasted—another insurance of future production.

Some other facts about wheat help to explain why its growers have gone in for power machinery ahead of other farmers. It happens that the regions in the western hemisphere where it does best are all plains land, great level or gently rolling stretches of new or comparatively new country with large farmsteads. Easterners can never get used to our fields, few of them of less than a fourth, many of them a half or even the whole of a square mile. A cumbersome machine that cuts a twenty-foot swath would be useless in a "wood-lot" or even thirty-acre field. It is no accident of organization that as the Soviets are turning to tractors they are wiping out the dividing line between fields.

However, it is not only that power machinery is naturally adapted to big, level fields. If that were all, we could take our tractors or leave them. But they get to be in the blood. Everybody uses them. Bothering with mules and header is like driving a horse and buggy—and that even journalists know to be out of the question. Besides, as I have just shown, power machinery means more wheat to the acre. And, above all, with it a larger acreage is possible—and the wheat farmer is American enough to love doing things on a big scale. No small

peasant stuff for him. In short, the machines allow him to feel himself in the path of progress, to grow more wheat per acre, and operate more acres. It looks like a perfect layout. It is, except for one thing: fifty-cent wheat.

And where there is a fly in the ointment, he usually has a pestiferous little mate. In this case it is depreciation. As a class farmers have not thought much about depreciation, for a mule is a home-grown product and lasts a long time. Even a binder is good for better than ten years. But wheat farmers are rapidly learning a few elementary lessons in figuring overhead. Only a simpleton could keep from learning. An average-sized combine costs in the neighborhood of \$2500, and a tractor with enough power to pull it about, \$1500. Add to that a truck at \$800 or up and the necessary cultivating and planting equipment, and you have \$6000 to \$8000 worth of machinery, the least amount a grower can get along with. In three years, unless he is a better trained mechanic than most farmers are, most of that machinery is ready to trade in on a new outfit. What does that mean? For one thing, large enough acreage to use the machinery at its maximum efficiency. The combine can run only three or four weeks in the year because wheat has a notoriously short harvest period. All the more reason to make it cover every acre that dew and daylight permit in those three or four weeks. This is the first lesson taught by depreciation: power farming not only makes possible large acreage, but also demands it.

The second lesson may not be so important for farm economics in general, but it is the one which keeps the individual farmer lying awake nights. In those sleepless hours it is apt to roll itself into a little song:

Notes at the bank
due after harvest,

Notes at the machine agency
due in installments . . .
Wheat at less than cost
due at the elevator.

The small wheat farm is vanishing. The man who might have been tending it is either running tractors for other men at from three to five dollars a day, or he has gravitated townward. I do not know that it is so true in other wheat-growing regions, but I do know that western Kansas is seeing a curious reversal of functions. The countryman is going to town to work at whatever he can find to do, and the townsman is operating the farm. In every town in the whole region business and professional men with money to invest are buying equipment and sending out mechanics to put in wheat. Whatever supervision is necessary, the doctor or banker or hardware merchant can give without neglecting his regular business. It would be interesting to know how many hundreds of thousands of acres were put to wheat last fall by small-town bankers. Or how much of it by larger capitalists, such as the Missouri manufacturer who purchased a twenty thousand acre cattle ranch in western Nebraska and turned it into a wheat ranch.

Until the bottom dropped out of the market, this type of wheat-growing was an excellent investment. But these large tracts of land farmed as "side-lines" or as speculations with attractive possibilities have helped to boost the production enormously. In the last five years a dozen Kansas counties have each increased their wheat acreage by a hundred thousand acres or more. Practically all of this was virgin land that until recently was considered too dry for wheat. Most of it was "side-line" farming, financed by men who could afford to take a chance on the tractor conserving enough moisture in that rich virgin soil to produce at least one whopping crop.

The regular farmer resents that type of competition, of course, but he falls into a positive panic every time he thinks of another kind. On the horizon, already larger than the shadow of a man's hand, is the shadow of corporation farming. About twenty large farming enterprises have been incorporated in Kansas. Yesterday's morning paper carried a suit to revoke the charter of one of them. Its "little parcel of land" amounts to seventy thousand acres. Through the rosy promises of its stock salesmen another of the companies has made itself familiar to investors across the length and breadth of the state. These corporations, make no mistake, grow wheat—because it is perfectly adapted to that sort of farming.

III

Perhaps this has been enough to show why production has increased with the coming of power machinery. Henry Ford has lately been airing his theories about mass production on the farms. He thinks it an aim for agricultural policy to be working toward. The men and women on the wheat ranches are bewildered because, without intending to do it, they have become the first agriculturalists in the history of the world to be within hailing distance of what may fairly be termed mass production. They are bewildered because they have so many new lessons to learn all at once. This business of overproduction, for instance. Though half the world is said to go to bed hungry every night, they raise so much wheat that they cannot afford to sell it. They may not read the highbrow journals of opinion, but they have eyes that have seen breadlines in Wichita last fall and winter when in the countryside about Wichita thousands of farmers held their wheat month after month in the vain hope for a price above the cost of growing it, and

when farther west some farmers actually used it for fuel because it was cheaper than coal.

That side of the dilemma is bewildering. But another side of it is infuriating. The wheat-grower is quite intelligent enough to know that he is not the only producer in the world who is face to face with an unpleasant economic situation. He knows that a host of manufacturers, for instance, are pickling in the same brine. But so far as the farmer is able to ascertain, the whole world does not try to tell the manufacturer what a blockhead he is for not running his business more sensibly. Neither does he seem to be favored by the formation of relief and advisory boards who give specific advice that cannot be taken.

The wheat growers in this part of the world are inclined to hope optimistically that the more or less official "relief-ers" who speak their mind in the Associated Press know that wheat is no longer planted in the moon and reaped with a six-foot binder. But they have moments when they are doubtful of it—very doubtful. It is an interesting fact that the only people who *know* the solution of the wheat problem live east of the Mississippi. The farther east, the brighter the assurance that glows from editorial columns. In Kansas, the Dakotas, and Oregon journalists are more perturbed and much less oracular. They ride out on Sunday and see wheat in its various stages of production. They know intelligent, perhaps college-trained growers and hear them talk of their problems. They know representatives of the great farm-machine companies. Sometimes they even read the figures on exports. When a Boston-bred journalist proclaims the cure for the wheat problem they smile pensively. But they do not reprint for the benefit of their readers his benignly offered "cure."

The cure most often advocated is, of course, to lower the production. It sounds simple. We grow a surplus of wheat. Ergo, we should stop growing so much of it. *Q.E.D.* The men in the wheat belt, however, know that it is the one thing they cannot do, unless they are willing to junk their machinery and look out for another occupation than farming. Speculators can refrain from "breaking out" more grass land, but the bona fide farmer cannot greatly reduce his production. If he takes the advice of certain bright journalists who suggest letting part of the land rest each year, it only yields doubly the next year. Twenty bushels this year, twenty next, or none this year and forty next. What is the difference? The grower is perhaps to be pardoned if in his muddle-headed way he concludes that he likes his income from a given field to be annual instead of biennial.

The Farm Board also has a remedy. "It looks, gentlemen of the wheat belt, as if the day of export wheat is at an end. (Tariff regulations, you understand, must naturally continue to favor other classes of producers than you.) Therefore, you must reduce your production until it just fits the home market." Very suave and conciliatory, that. But when the Kansas yokel says bluntly that he can't do it, the suavity disappears and he is informed that he is a "hog" and, at that, the particularly hoggish hog that insists on spreading his whole length comfortably in the trough. Thus cajoled, the grower retires to his desk and begins to figure again. Perhaps, after all, he can help to reduce that appalling "world carry-over." But, alas! his figuring gets him just nowhere at all.

Cut his acreage, when a single machine is depreciating at the rate of at least seven hundred dollars a year? It is to laugh! He thinks there must

surely be someone who is more favorably situated to make the reduction. As for himself, his business plant is set for so many hundred acres of wheat. To disturb its equilibrium is to destroy (not merely lessen) his chance for profit. Besides . . . At this point in his calculations the rustic who has been informed "that he simply doesn't understand the problem as a world problem, not just a personal problem of himself and his neighbors" recalls with a shudder the year when he had black rust, and another year when hail roared down from the northwest on the day before harvest began, and perhaps two years when the ripening heads shriveled under scorching blasts from Oklahoma and Texas. Next year the Lord of Rain and Hail and Hot Wind may again see fit to cut production drastically, perhaps entirely. That does happen once every so often in the wheat belt. Sometimes it even happens for two or three years in succession. No man in the process of outlining his year's work knows that it will not happen to the very production he is planning.

In this respect his problem differs from that of his fellow-victims of over-production. When a manufacturer of alarm clocks plans to turn out a given number of alarm clocks, he is sure of his ability to turn them out. He may not be able to sell them, but that is another matter. But a man planning to grow 30,000 bushels of wheat may find himself with 40,000 or 10,000, or none at all to sell. Besides, though he is too nearsighted to recognize the wheat problem as something more than personal, he knows all too well that the Lord of Rain and Hail and Hot Wind has a sleeveful of hazards peculiar to Argentina, Australia, and Canada. Even Her Satanic Majesty, the Soviet Republic, will have a hand in the game. Poor farmer, trying to calculate how many acres he ought to

seed! He would be less than human if, in order to reduce a general production which the world experts in conference could not agree ought to be reduced, he should upset his whole plant by planning on 20,000 bushels.

There are other reasons why it is extremely difficult for the actual farmer to cut his production. One of them is that he may be a tenant. All through the Kansas wheat belt the percentage of tenancy is in the neighborhood of fifty. Half or more of the wheat land is hired land. The owner has either "retired" to town or is a business or professional man who has been buying wheat land as a long-time investment. In a region where the risks of weather are as great as they have always been in that part of Kansas any other rental system but that of crop-sharing is impossible. Under such a system the landlord has the power to say how his land shall be farmed. And because his share is more conveniently and certainly and, therefore, more profitably collected when there is only one harvest in the year, he always wants, and nearly always insists upon, the one-crop system. He sees to it that the land is practically all tilled, because grazing land yields him no profit.

I know a section of well-improved Kansas land on which only ten acres are "unbroken." The owner has several times threatened to have even that plowed up and put to wheat. Because the tenant always objects, the owner has developed the ingenious plan of charging for that little strip of buffalo grass (enough for a team and a cow or two) a variable cash rent equivalent to a share rental if the ten acres were in wheat. In ordinary years that amounts to about five dollars an acre, which is an absurd rental for buffalo grass. Tactics like this, and not the congenital laziness of the modern wheat wife, explain why she may serve oleomargarine and is pretty certain to

shorten her cornbread with something other than butter.

There is still another reason why the wheat grower is apt to drop with a bang the journalists who unriddle the agricultural problem by advising him to "get away from the one-crop system." The regions that are ideally adapted for wheat are not good for other grains. Wheat thrives best in a cool, cloudy May and early June—when corn wants sunshine and lots of it; wheat demands drought during the harvest month—when corn perishes without frequent rains; an annual precipitation that makes good corn simply drowns out wheat. It belongs naturally and irrevocably to semiarid regions. The only other crops that will grow there are the forage crops, which can be raised profitably only in conjunction with stock farming. Presumably, if a wheat grower owned his own land and so was free to plan his production, and if he had his combine paid for and about ready to junk anyway, he could switch from wheat to a mixture of these forage crops. That is, he could if he had any grazing land, which he hasn't. It is the old story of having ham sandwiches *if* we had the ham and (as an afterthought) the bread. In this case perhaps one even ought to add another "if"—if he did not know that the corn growers are badly off and stockmen worse.

It is all very puzzling. In fact it was too puzzling for the men who last summer began to realize the seriousness of their plight. The word "dilemma" may not be part of their everyday vocabulary, but they know that their situation has two horns, equally sharp: to grow wheat in competition with the rest of the world they must have power machinery; to continue to use power machinery they must grow a large quantity of wheat. Last summer they saw no escape. And so they went out and put in their

usual acreage. On the knees of the gods (or perhaps "pass the buck"), they thought, as they dragged their drills through clouds of September dust.

As I write these words the wheat fields spreading out for three hundred miles west of Wichita were never so luxuriantly green. Official crop estimates reach the amazing height of ninety-two per cent of what the authorities call the "normal" yield. It is as if ironic Ceres, having heard that the wheat-grower is in an apathetic mood of not caring particularly whether he has a crop or not, decided to play

a monstrous joke upon him. No one has ever seen such a prospect for wheat!

But there are no hymns of joy and booster effervescence in our editorial columns this spring. No commercial seers are prophesying the speedy termination of hard times when "All this wealth of grain begins to find its way into our pockets." Confirmed optimists and settled pessimists are uneasily silent. Growers look upon their smiling fields and make no plans for spending the winter in Southern California. Something like consternation is upon us all.

GRASS HERITAGE

BY HELEN MOLYNEAUX SALISBURY

HOW many ages did my lean forebears
 Stretch limbs along warm grass, when food was done?
 How many youths dreamed dreams of love where none
 But nibbling sheep could watch them fling their prayers
 Upon the wind—or by the whirled, red flares
 Of camp-fires heard old battles lost and won?
 How many women, hoping for a son,
 Wove sweet-grass cradles, humming unawares?
 And I, their child, am asked to be content
 With twenty floors between me and the ground—
 Forget the marshes where wing-shadows pass,
 Or tangle with curved reeds that storms have bent!
 Not even shriek of drills can stop the sound
 Of old, ancestral winds along the grass.



ANIMALS IN A MACHINE AGE

BY CLARENCE DAY

THE great age of invention was in prehistoric times, long ago. The era we live in is also an age of invention—our stupendous achievements have dwarfed all the past, in our eyes; but of course the inventions of old were more basic than ours. The inventions of writing, and wheels; the invention of zero, of needles, and wheat, and of money were made by great men. And aside from these, there were some highly ingenious devices which were made in a field we are wholly neglecting to-day.

Consider, for instance, the man who invented the cow. It is hard for us even to imagine a home without milk; but once it was very much harder to imagine homes with it. It would have been far easier for a husband to bring his wife orchids, if she had desired such weeds, than a bottle of milk. There was plenty of milk in the world, yes, but what was it doing? It was galloping around in the forest, in hostile containers. No thief could rob one of these animals without getting hurt. Their udders were the private and intimate stay of their families.

Then a genius was born: a genius who experimented with animals, as we do with chemicals. One winter—by accident probably—he got an idea: the astounding idea of having milk at his door every morning.

The job was a hard one. To begin with, which was the best animal? Cows were far from the obvious choice. In some parts of the world men had

tried to use the golden-haired ground-sloth, a coarse monstrous creature which they kept in caves and milked when they could. If they had succeeded we should have had sloths to-day in our fields, and our countryside poems and paintings would have been queerly different.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing sloths wind slowly o'er the lea.

But the sloth was no good. Sloths have bad skin diseases in summer, they are wheezy at night, and every now and then there is a queer fishy taste to the milk. These objections alone did not matter much perhaps in those days; but there was another, more serious: the sloth is monogamous. Commercially speaking, monogamy ruins a farm. When people found that every cow-sloth had to have her own bull, which the owner must tame, feed, and shelter, the sloth herds were scrapped.

At last a queer breed was tried out that looked even less promising. These were rough, horned, fiery beasts, running wild on the plains; as unlike our cows, almost, as iron ore is unlike a steamship. Yet that prehistoric genius saw in them first-class raw material for household machines that would manufacture milk every day.

People called him utopian, probably. Most inventors are laughed at. How did this one get help enough to capture his wild raw material? It wasn't like digging for metals, which at least remain stationary. This raw material

had to be chased, caught, and dragged home alive. And after he had slowly bred out its excessive mobility and speeded up the flow of its output there was still much to do before he could safely install it in the average household. Many users disliked being kicked while extracting the milk, and for thousands of years men objected in vain to its horns. But with all its imperfections and dangers, it was a success. It was a practicable and serviceable invention for the production of milk, and with very few modifications we are using it yet.

Another great thinker in the meantime invented the hen. Instead of the tiresome search for small eggs in the woods, this epicure provided mankind with large eggs in the home. From all the many timid varieties of birds on our planet, he selected an odd, strutting breed and went slowly to work. He patiently coaxed these surprised birds to abandon the forests, reduce their wing wastage, and learn to go into production.

In our own Western hemisphere, men invented the llama and turkey. In Asia they invented the camel, as a freight car or van. And one of Henry Ford's predecessors, several thousand years back, invented cheap and swift transportation by taming the horse.

Contrast these inventions with ours. How despotic ours seem. They have added perhaps even more than the old to our comforts but, strangely enough, they have added far more to our toil.

If one of those ancient inventors could revisit the world, he would of course be much amazed by the wonders we've wrought. But he would be still more amazed at how hard we now work.

"There was nothing like this in my time," he would tell us. "Why on earth do you do it?"

"Well, you see," we should have to explain, "our inventions demand it."

He would blink at us and shake his

head and look very puzzled at this. Perhaps, after thinking awhile, he would say, "I don't see it. It seems to me you need only moderately intelligent beings to do all the hard—but simple—work in this day of machines. With all the animal kingdom before you, to train and develop, I don't understand why you use for these tasks only men.

"In our day I wonder if we were not more resourceful than you. If one of our inventions grew tyrannous we did something about it. I remember, for instance, we had a lot of trouble with sheep. They bred far more rapidly than the specifications had called for, and they got out of order too easily and needed far too much servicing. But we certainly did not allow ourselves to be enslaved by our sheep, valuable as this invention was to us. We were too self-respecting for that. We invented the collie.

"But you people are different. I don't understand you at all. In the days of the stagecoach, you tell me, men were so set and prejudiced that they said it was fantastically impracticable and unsafe to use steam. You think yourselves more open-minded: you smile at those men. But you would be quite as incredulous and resistant to-day if an inventor showed you how to man your coal mines with an improved breed of bears.

"If we men of old could train our wild horses to give up their kicking and biting and running away and become instead obedient carriers, reliable and gentle, you ought to find it comparatively easy to train the bear to mine coal.

"You couldn't put him to work in a mine as he is, I admit. But look at him as raw material from which you could make miners. He has strength and intelligence and a manlike way of using his paws. You could breed for still better paw action. What more

could you ask? You have here a far better start than the original cow.

"But the last thing you ever seem to think of is using the animals. When one of your explorers finds a new species, notice what happens. He brings back a specimen, merely to put in a zoo. Or he brings home the skin as a rug or to mount in museums. That's his only idea of a use for his new raw material. It is as though you had done nothing whatever with metals except to hang iron ore on your walls or display bits in cabinets or have photographs taken of yourselves capturing a stray chunk of copper.

"I am more and more perplexed by this queer limitation of yours, of which you are in general so unconscious that you don't take it in. I mean, your astonishing preoccupation with inanimate things.

"There are three great fields for inventors to work in, three kinds of material: animal, vegetable, mineral. Why don't you invent some new animals? You have urgent need of the discoveries you could make in this field. But—in this—you are not only at a standstill: you scarcely wish to advance.

"As a man of that great far-off epoch, the spirit of which you've forgotten, I am simply aghast at the way you men work in your world. How is it that men so inventive and resourceful as you, the creators of so much magnificence, consent to such drudgery? Everywhere I look I see battalions and armies of toilers, and still other armies are actually begging for toil. When I used to think, many years back, of what the future would be, how utterly unlikely and hellish such a scene would have seemed.

"I am, of course, still more amazed by your acceptance of toil. The high make the low work, and the communists try to make everyone; but nobody—not even the communist—tries to abolish it.

"Your inventors do talk of abolishing

it. But look at their method. They invent new machines that will automatically operate old ones—and then design all these new machines to be operated by men. Why must they invent all machines with human attendants in view? Why not at least try to design them for animal handling? Or why not invent better animals, designed to run your machines?

"Why, if you moderns had lived in the days when the wheel was discovered, you would not even have thought of using horses, to judge by the way you now act. I believe you would actually have drawn your wagons yourselves. Yes, and you'd have kept dragging them patiently for thousands of years, until steam at last brought some relief to your toilers in harness. We men of old, whom you patronize, had more ingenuity. We invented the horse before the cart, and several other beasts too—mules, donkeys, oxen, and so on. We made the wheeled cart a blessing to men; not, as you might have done, a curse.

"There are hundreds of animals which you could use on your machines. You could easily school many species to work in your mills. And once you had schooled them to perform the same acts every day, you would have little trouble in making them keep on for life. Habit would be as powerful with machine-tending weasels as men.

"Human beings themselves are wild animals when they are born—more helpless than other species, but by no means more tame. If they seem tamer it is only because they are brought up in that way. Don't you realize if you can tame boys you can tame almost anything? Wild horses from the range can be tamed quickly in a few weeks, but it takes years of patience and effort to tame young human beings. The only reason you don't think about it is because it is done in such little installments, day by day, over a long,

trying period. No one knows how trying but mothers and teachers—they are the cowboys who do it. And a cowboy breaks in only one horse at a time on the ranch; a schoolteacher is alone in a room with a whole herd at once.

"There is no need to fear that trained animals would not do their work. A world that has seen simians learn to work will see anything learn. If some planetary steward could have directed the affairs of the world he would have made toilers of creatures that like daily toil. The industrious beaver, the busy bee, the hard-working mole. He would never have planned to have the world's daily toil done by simians. Activity, yes; but not drudgery. It is against human nature. No wonder it depresses and deforms you and leads to fierce insurrections.

"Some day your descendants will marvel at your wastage of animals, leaving the woods full of husky beasts idling about, while you nearly killed yourselves toiling, and grumbled at fate."

II

So much for the man from the past. If we ever try his suggestion there will be some queer changes, not only in coal mines and factories but even in war. War is apt to be the first field where new inventions take root. And when people learn to use animals freely as soldiers, their wars may at least be more gentlemanly, and more like a cock-main. Already men are beginning to feel lily-fingered in warfare. They don't like the hand-to-hand killing, and they hate mud and lice. France, the most civilized of nations, is using Algerian troops. In India in pre-British times some of the Rajahs used elephants. Why shouldn't we have regiments of leopards to charge future trenches, and squadrons of carion vultures to drop future bombs?

It's a question of training. We cannot tell till we have tried.

Meanwhile, we are using only a few Red Cross dogs in our wars and an ever-diminishing number of horses and mules. The hardship and suffering of wartime is borne by men. It seems as unenterprising as to use only men in our factories.

Every generation or era has had its own blind-spot. It is probable that we have one also, and perhaps this is it. We behave in a blind, helpless way in the animal field, compared to our resourcefulness and initiative in the field of machines. Take a current example. In the Arctic there are millions of acres of good grazing country; but Le Sellerie, the Belgian economist, has written a book to show that it would be uneconomic to raise cattle up there. He has figured most carefully that although cows would find ample pasture, they would need heated barns, and the cost of providing these would eat up the profit. He pays not the slightest attention to the simple solution which any man of ten thousand years ago would have pounced on at once: don't try to raise cows there—they were originally a tropical animal—raise some other good kind of cattle that can stand ice and snow. Several breeds are already there, waiting. The best is the musk-ox. There are fortunes to be made raising musk-ox on those wide empty ranges. But this seems to us builders of skyscrapers a great step to take. The meat of the musk-ox is quite as good as that of the cow, and its wool is not only soft as cashmere but is also non-shrinking; yet all we seem able to think of are the objections and difficulties. And there aren't any, except that the musk-ox has not been tamed—it is not ferocious, but technically it is a wild animal.

We experiment ingeniously and happily with chlorides and ores. Why

isn't the musk-ox as interesting as an aniline dye?

In Africa, also, there are some magnificent ranges, and thirty years ago one of the best of these was made use of for herding. It was full of wild eland. Any man of the past would have felt this was wealth ready made. There was the land, and there was the native kind of beef grazing on it. All he needed to do, he would have seen, was to tame a few eland, and little by little he'd have brought this wealth under control. It takes only one generation to domesticate animals.

But it didn't even occur to those modern herders to domesticate eland, or to make any use of them whatever. They never dreamed of their being raw material of the very best quality; they thought of them merely as game.

The one thing to do with game, from their point of view, was to shoot it. They went to great trouble to shoot all these African eland. They exterminated them from several thousand square miles of this land.

They then went to still greater trouble to bring in cows and bulls. But cattle didn't do at all well there. The tsetse fly killed them by the thousand. Others perished of hoof-rot. This was a great disappointment and loss to the herders.

The eland are a good grazing animal, they are excellent eating, and largely immune to the dangers which killed off the cattle. So the hard work those herders did, and the stupidity of it, are each most impressive.

Let us open our eyes to the capacities and uses of animals. For instance, consider for a moment the question of language. We should need to communicate freely with our animal workers, and give them complicated instructions and warnings. Of course. But there should not be any great difficulty about doing that.

We cannot communicate freely with

animals now. But this is because our whole attitude is wooden and set. We have only one idea in our heads: make them learn human speech. If they can't learn to speak it, let them learn to understand it, at least. For thousands of years there we've stuck. But the solution is simple.

Who are the greatest specialists in languages? We, not the animals. Why should the poor creatures learn ours, then? Why don't we learn theirs?

Consider the dog. He learns not only dog-talk but a great deal of human speech also, so far as understanding it goes. But how little his master learns of dog-talk—only a few simple sounds. Unless a dog acts it out for us, we can't understand him at all. Dogs have learned to understand men, but men can't understand dogs.

We are adepts at learning several tongues apiece, when we desire to. Some of them are difficult, too: Chinese, Russian, Sanscrit. Why should learning bird-talk or dog-talk be impossible for us?

It wouldn't seem impossible at all if we cared about doing it. Suppose the whole course of invention had been the other way round, and we had invented all sorts of animals but almost no machines, and then suppose someone had suggested that we invent the X-rays, dynamos with thousands of horsepower, and a way to talk across seas. *That* would have sounded impossible. And yet we have done it. How long are we to let ourselves think we can't converse with the animals?

It won't be enough to learn the different animal languages. We should invent better ones for them. Scientists should make a thorough study of the speech organs of animals—their labial possibilities and limitations, their vocal cords and their palates, and the way canine teeth limit the swing of their jaws, as ours used to. Chart the vowel sounds and clickings

and sibilants of which they are capable. Learn how they habitually use them to express what they wish to, and gradually devise ways to teach them to learn many more.

When animal workers talk will there not be a risk of rebellions? It would be possible to answer this by saying that we have those already. Revolutionary animals would be dangerous, but less so than men. It must be admitted, however, that this risk is a real one. It is highly improbable that the animals would revolt by themselves, at least not in any well-organized or victorious way; but it is only too probable, unfortunately, that they would have human leaders, and not merely rascals or outlaws but noble idealists. All the bloodiest uprisings would doubtless be incited by persons with tender, compassionate hearts and cantankerous heads.

But humanitarians ought to consider the trend: the more elaborately the whole earth is organized, the surer it gets that the animals have only two choices—extermination or work. There is going to be no room here for animals that won't play the game. Aside from the few in our zoos and our forest preserves, the number is dwindling each year—we are crowding wild beasts off the planet. Their one chance of being allowed to survive in the future depends on how useful they are willing and able to be.

It is not pleasant to think of free, splendid beasts chained to a job, broken and hopeless, and cowering under the lash. And there may be such scenes. But there will also be factories where interested wolverines work, their eyes shining with happy excitement as they gallop about, pulling levers. Every morning a flock of eager woodpeckers will be seen in the sky, with an aviator herding them up from Navesink to their day's work in town. Ferryboats for the employees

of New York manufacturing companies will steam over from Jersey, full of chattering squirrels to tend bobbins. And parents of children will summon a kangaroo nurse-girl, slip the babies into her pouch with a sandwich, and send them off for the day. They'd be out of the dusty town in two jumps, and away to some sunny hill, watching the elephants haying, or gathering fruit. There might even be night-schools or discussion clubs for the highest grade workers—the Federated Grizzlies of America or the Order of Railway Raccoons.

If tender-hearted lovers of animals need more reassurance, let them hide for a month or a week in the jungle to-day, and learn whether the animals are happy there, or anxious and wretched. They may well return shocked at how little the beasts have to lose.

Idleness is not a blessing for many wild animals. J. L. Buck, the hunter, says somewhere: "I have often heard great tragic beasts that cried in the woods, like a woman, filling me with feelings of wonder and pity at night." No wonder they cry. They want work. They're neurotic without it.

But even if the animals prayed to us to let them have work, to save them from extermination or life in the wilds, there are not many species for which we could do such a favor. It isn't enough—even for men—to be willing to work. Brains are indispensable for creatures that would survive in this world. It was not always so, but it has been obvious for the last dozen eons. The death of the saurian dynasty settled that question.

From the wild-animal point of view the present situation is serious. In the Edelberg district near Nauheim, in 1826, Beleidegung estimated that a non-human census would show:

Wild Animals.....	191,000
Domestic Animals.....	8,220

Machines, simple	988
Machines, complex	3

The directors of the local museum, who discovered this estimate, have prepared the following figures for 1926, as a contrast:

Wild Animals	2,000
Domestic Animals	18,670
Machines, simple	429,832
Machines, complex	37,498

III

Machines are man's new toy. He is so fascinated by them, at present, that he wants to run them himself. And no wonder. To control our most powerful dynamos would thrill Thor or Zeus. But as men have busily swarmed into their new machine-shops and factories, they have forced some of their number to drudge until they are almost subhuman.

So far from combating this situation by drafting the animals, men's tendency so far is all in the other direction. They have faced but accepted their plight, and they even plan to breed robots. Their objection to drafting the animals is that it wouldn't pay.

But it would be as hard to breed robots as it is to breed geniuses. Men are such a mixed lot that all geniuses have some defects, and robots who were meant to be subhuman would have human gleams. And as to whether it would pay to train animals, it would at least pay politically. Non-voting animal workers would seem a necessity in an age that is bent upon trying the democratic experiment.

Stop and think for a minute what inventors are doing to men. The trouble and expense of teaching laborers to run a machine and the cost of repairs when a stupid workman mishandles the thing are steadily forcing inventors to make their devices fool-proof. Such devices are constantly

lowering the need for intelligence. To use intelligent men for such work gradually debases such men. To import or to breed low-grade men debases the whole population. Hence, the more new machines we invent the more debased we shall grow. Things designed to advance us will degrade us—they are already doing it. So long as we use men on such jobs our civilization will fall.

If our modern civilization, instead of falling, rose to new heights, would it pay? Let us bear in mind how the great advances occurred in the past. The old recipe for a high civilization was to have slaves. There was no dispute as to that being necessary. The only disputes were as to who the slaves were to be. The rich wished to sit on the poor, and the learned on the vulgar. If the poor and the vulgar were too fierce to let the quality sit on them, then both sides invariably joined together and sat on some foreigners. The Normans went and sat upon the English: result, a high civilization. The Romans sat on everybody: another. When the Huns wouldn't let the Romans exploit them any more—the Dark Ages. When abolition was forced on the South, the Old South went to pot.

Even if on the dollar and cents basis it wouldn't pay to use animals, it might save us politically and socially from going down hill.

But purely as a matter of business, why shouldn't it pay? It didn't pay at first to milk cows, but it has become very profitable. There would seem to be no limit to the profit a machine age could gain by using on its lower levels a new type of labor, that not only wouldn't strike for more wages but would ask no wage at all.

The more one studies human nature, the plainer it seems that the one crying need of civilization is Edible Workers. It is only when toilers are

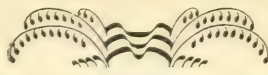
edible that they never grow old. At present the employer has no great financial incentive to keep his men ruddy and plump, and in fresh, sunny workrooms. At present there is suffering when he suddenly discharges his men. How happy a good employer would be with appetizing young workers whom it really paid him well to keep healthy when business was good and whom he could lay off when he liked without anyone's suffering. In fact, it would be the other way round—there would be public rejoicing, and the employer would become a benefactor when he laid off his labor, and when nice young edible workers were sold at a discount. The unemployment problems of to-day would be instantly solved. In hard times there would be no more bread lines, but feasting instead.

Consider the cannibal. He used to devour captured warriors instead of broiled chickens. But as he grew civ-

ilized he lived on his fellows no more; he cooked other creatures, which he learned in time to make more delicious. A similar step should be taken by some modern cannibals. Men do not eat men but they live on them, they live on their labor, they use them for purposes quite as fatal to their existence. Are there no other creatures that men can exploit thus instead?

If we handled things rightly, the animals ought not to suffer. Men are kinder to animals, on the whole, than they are to their fellows. They select them more wisely, they fit their work more to their shoulders. They do not mistakenly stimulate the beasts' discontent. Using men as machine-tenders, they now educate them too much and surround them with incitements to be something more than they let them. But when they use animals they keep every beast in its place—they do not encourage their sheep to yearn, but to grow wool.





WINTER GONE

BY J. C. SQUIRE

DESOLATE winter has fled from the woods of my heart,
The boughs again quicken, again the crocuses burn;
Oh must spring, and summer, and autumn go relentlessly over,
And winter again return?

Once more, after all that stirless and deathlike age,
I feel the irresistible sap that climbs;
Young I am grown again, all my blood is in tumult,
I ring with unearthly chimes.

And June and summer are coming, the wild-wood rose,
The opulent trees, the idle days on the stream,
When the hand let fall in the murmuring waters lingers,
And love is an effortless dream.

And then is it autumn, the high, full, culminant fever,
The hills all blazing with scarlet and silver and gold,
The singing mad challenge exultant while the skies still are tender,
And then has the tale been told?

And then is it chillier suns and briefer mornings,
And saddening twilights and the last of the leaves that go,
Till the trunks forlorn and the widowed penurious branches
Shiver bare at the menace of snow?

Oh no, I will not believe that the loves of men
Must all in their course like insentient Nature be,
And bud, and blossom, and winter with seasons changing:
The heart of a man is free.

Till the dust of my dreams returns to dust, that winter
Shall never come back to still my passionate breath;
Oh never again till my ultimate day, that waning!
Oh never again that death!



NICE PEOPLE

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

I INTEND to write an article in praise of nice people. But the reader may wish to know first who are the people that I consider nice. To get at their essential quality may perhaps be a little difficult, so I will begin by enumerating certain types who come under the heading. Maiden aunts are invariably nice, especially, of course, when they are rich; ministers of religion are nice, except in those rare cases in which they elope to South Africa with a member of the choir after pretending to commit suicide. Young girls, I regret to say, are seldom nice nowadays. When I was young most of them were quite nice, that is to say, they shared their mother's opinions, not only about topics, but, what is more remarkable, about individuals, even young men; they said "Yes, mamma," and "No, mamma" at the appropriate moments; they loved their father because it was their duty so to do, and their mother because she preserved them from the slightest hint of wrong-doing. When they became engaged to be married they fell in love with decorous moderation; being married, they recognized it as a duty to love their husbands, but gave other women to understand that it was a duty that they performed with great difficulty. They behaved nicely to their parents-in-law, while making it clear that any less dutiful person would not have done so; they did not speak spitefully about other women, but pursed up their lips in such a way

as to let it be seen what they might have said but for their angelic charitableness. This type is what is called a pure and noble woman. The type, alas, now hardly exists except among the old.

Mercifully the survivors still have great power: they control education, where they endeavor, not without success, to preserve a Victorian standard of hypocrisy; they control legislation on what are called "moral issues," and have thereby created and endowed the great profession of bootlegging; they ensure that the young men who write for the newspapers shall express the opinions of the nice old ladies rather than their own, thereby enlarging the scope of the young men's style and the variety of their psychological imagination. They keep alive innumerable pleasures which otherwise would be quickly ended by a surfeit: for example, the pleasure of hearing bad language on the stage, or of seeing there a slightly larger amount of bare skin than is customary. Above all, they keep alive the pleasures of the hunt. In a homogeneous country population, such as that of an English shire, people are condemned to hunt foxes; this is expensive and sometimes even dangerous. Moreover, the fox cannot explain very clearly how much he dislikes being hunted. In all these respects the hunting of human beings is better sport, but if it were not for the nice people, it would be difficult to hunt human beings with a good con-

science. Those whom the nice people condemn are fair game; at their call of "Tally-ho" the hunt assembles, and the victim is pursued to prison or death. It is especially good sport when the victim is a woman, since this gratifies the jealousy of the women and the sadism of the men. I know at this moment a foreign woman living in England, in happy though extra-legal union with a man whom she loves and who loves her; unfortunately her political opinions are not so conservative as could be wished, though they are mere opinions, about which she does nothing. The nice people, however, have used this excuse to set Scotland Yard upon the scent, and she is to be sent back to her native country to starve. In England, as in America, the foreigner is a morally degrading influence, and we all owe a debt of gratitude to the police for the care which they take to see that only exceptionally virtuous foreigners are allowed to reside among us.

It must not be supposed that all nice people are women, though, of course, it is much commoner for a woman to be nice than for a man. Apart from ministers of religion, there are many other nice men. For example: those who have made large fortunes and have now retired from business to spend their fortunes on charity; magistrates also are almost invariably nice men. It cannot, however, be said that all supporters of law and order are nice men. When I was young I remember hearing it advanced by a nice woman, as an argument against capital punishment, that the hangman could hardly be a nice man. I have never known any hangmen personally, so I have not been able to test this argument empirically. I knew a lady, however, who met the hangman in the train without knowing who he was, and when she offered him a rug, the weather being cold, he said, "Ah, madam, you wouldn't do that if

you knew who I am," which seems to show that he was a nice man after all. This, however, must have been exceptional. The hangman in Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge*, who is emphatically not a nice man, is probably more typical.

I do not think, however, that we ought to agree with the nice woman I quoted a moment ago in condemning capital punishment merely because the hangman is not likely to be nice. To be a nice person it is necessary to be protected from crude contact with reality, and those who do the protecting cannot be expected to share the niceness that they preserve. Imagine, for example, a wreck on a liner which is transporting a number of colored laborers; the first-class female passengers, all of whom are presumably nice women, will be saved first; but in order that this may happen, there must be men who keep the colored laborers from swamping the boats, and it is unlikely that these men will be able to succeed by nice methods. The women who have been saved, as soon as they are safe, will begin to feel sorry for the poor laborers who were drowned, but their tender hearts are rendered possible only by the rough men who defended them.

In general, nice people leave the policing of the world to hirelings because they feel the work to be not such as a person who is quite nice would wish to undertake. There is, however, one department which they do not delegate, namely, the department of back-biting and scandal. People can be placed in a hierarchy of niceness by the power of their tongues. If A talks against B, and B talks against A, it will generally be agreed by the society in which they live that one of them is exercising a public duty, while the other is actuated by spite; the one who is exercising the public duty is the one who is the nicer of the two. Thus, for example, a headmistress in a

school is nicer than an assistant mistress, but a lady who is on the school board is nicer than either. Well-directed tittle-tattle may easily cause its victim to lose his or her livelihood, and even when this extreme result is not achieved, it may turn a person into a pariah. It is, therefore, a great force for good, and we ought to be thankful that it is the nice people who wield it.

The chief characteristic of nice people is the laudable practice of improvement upon reality. God made the world, but nice people feel that they could have done the job better. There are many things in the Divine handiwork which, while it would be blasphemous to wish them otherwise, it would be by no means nice to mention. Divines have held that if our first parents had not eaten the apple the human race would have been replenished by some innocent mode of vegetation, as Gibbon calls it. The Divine plan in this respect is certainly mysterious. It is all very well to regard it, as the aforesaid divines do, in the light of a punishment of sin, but the trouble with this view is that while it may be a punishment for the nice people, the others, alas, find it quite pleasant. It would seem, therefore, as if the punishment had been made to fall in the wrong quarter. One of the main purposes of the nice people is to redress this no doubt unintended injustice. They endeavor to secure that the biologically ordained mode of vegetation shall be practiced either furtively or frigidly, and that those who practice it furtively shall, when found out, be in the power of the nice people, owing to the damage that may be done to them by scandal. They endeavor to insure also that as little as possible shall be known on the subject in a decent way; they try to get the censor to forbid books and plays which represent the matter otherwise than as an

occasion for sniggering nastiness; in this they are successful wherever and in so far as they control the laws and the police. It is not known why the Lord made the human body as he did, since one must suppose that omnipotence could have made it such as would not have shocked the nice people. Perhaps, however, there was a good reason. There has been in England, ever since the rise of the textile industry in Lancashire, a close alliance between missionaries and the cotton trade, for missionaries teach savages to cover up the human body and thereby increase the demand for cotton goods. If there had been nothing shameful about the human body, the textile trade would have lost this source of profit. This instance shows that we need never be afraid lest the spread of virtue should diminish our profits.

Whoever invented the phrase "the naked truth" had perceived an important connection. Nakedness is shocking to all right-minded people, and so is truth. It matters little with what department you are concerned; you will soon find that truth is such as nice people will not admit into their consciousness. Whenever it has been my ill-fortune to be present in Court during the hearing of a case about which I had some first-hand knowledge, I have been struck by the fact that no crude truth is allowed to penetrate within those august portals. The truth that gets into a law court is not the naked truth, but the truth in Court dress, with all its less decent portions concealed. I do not say that this applies to the trial of straightforward crimes, such as murder or theft, but it applies to all those into which an element of prejudice enters, such as political trials, or trials for obscenity. I believe that in this respect England is worse than America, for England has brought to perfection the almost invisible and half-unconscious control of

everything unpleasant by means of feelings of decency. If you wish to mention in a law court any unassimilable fact you will find that it is contrary to the laws of evidence to do so, and that not only the judge and the opposing counsel, but also counsel on your own side will prevent the said fact from coming out.

II

The same sort of unreality pervades politics, owing to the feelings of nice people. If you attempt to persuade any nice person that a politician of his own party is an ordinary mortal no better than the mass of mankind he will indignantly repudiate the suggestion. Consequently it is necessary to politicians to appear immaculate. At most times the politicians of all parties tacitly combine to prevent anything damaging to the profession from getting known, for difference of party usually does less to divide politicians than identity of profession does to unite them. In this way the nice people are able to preserve their fancy picture of the nation's great men, and school children can be made to believe that eminence is to be achieved only by the highest virtue. There are, it is true, exceptional times when politics become really bitter, and at all times there are politicians who are not considered sufficiently respectable to belong to the informal trade union. Parnell, for example, was first unsuccessfully accused of co-operation with murderers and then successfully convicted of an offense against morality, such as, of course, none of his accusers would have dreamed of committing. In our own day Communists in Europe and extreme Radicals and Labor agitators in America are outside the pale; no large body of nice people admires them, and if they offend against the conventional code they can expect no

mercy. In this way the immovable moral convictions of nice people become linked with the defense of property, and thus once more prove their inestimable worth.

Nice people very properly suspect pleasure wherever they see it. They know that he that increaseth wisdom increaseth sorrow, and they infer that he that increaseth sorrow increaseth wisdom. They, therefore, feel that in spreading sorrow, they are spreading wisdom; since wisdom is more precious than rubies, they are justified in feeling that they are conferring a benefit in so doing. They will, for example, make a public playground for children in order to persuade themselves that they are philanthropic, and then impose so many regulations upon its use that no child can be as happy there as in the streets. They will do their best to prevent playgrounds, theaters, etc., from being open on a Sunday, because that is the day when they might be enjoyed. Young women in their employment are prevented as far as possible from talking with young men. The nicest people I have known carried this attitude into the bosom of the family and made their children play only instructive games. This degree of niceness, however, I regret to say, is becoming less common than it was. In old days children were taught that:

One stroke of His almighty rod
Can send young sinners quick to Hell,

and it was understood that this was likely to happen if children became boisterous or indulged in any activity such as was not calculated to fit them for the ministry. The education based upon this point of view is set forth in *The Fairchild Family*, an invaluable work on how to produce nice people. I know few parents, however, in the present day who live up to this high standard. It has become sadly common to wish children to enjoy them-

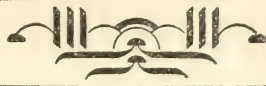
selves, and it is to be feared that those who have been educated on these lax principles will not display adequate horror of pleasure when they grow up.

The day of nice people, I fear, is nearly over; two things are killing it. The first is the belief that there is no harm in being happy, provided no one else is the worse for it; the second is the dislike of humbug, a dislike which is quite as much æsthetic as moral. Both these revolts were encouraged by the War, when the nice people in all countries were securely in control, and in the name of the highest morality

induced the young people to slaughter one another. When it was all over the survivors began to wonder whether lies and misery inspired by hatred constituted the highest virtue. I am afraid it may be some time before they can again be induced to accept this fundamental doctrine of every really lofty ethic.

The essence of nice people is that they hate life as manifested in tendencies to co-operation, in the boisterousness of children, and above all in sex, with the thought of which they are obsessed. In a word, nice people are those who have nasty minds.





SHALL I LET MY CHILDREN FLY?

BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER, JR.

DURING the past year this question has been answered in the affirmative—sometimes a very reluctant affirmative—in about forty thousand American homes. I think it is safe to say that for every boy or girl who has secured permission to take a flying course, at least two have been refused it. To be conservative, let us say that there are a hundred thousand fathers to whom the question has been put during the past year—and this is only a beginning. The forty thousand student-pilot permits which were issued during the past twelve months almost outnumbered those issued in all previous years put together.

People are going to learn to fly just as surely as they learned to drive automobiles. Many of the young men and girls who have not yet succeeded in obtaining permission will be flying in five years; and I think that a fair proportion of the parents who refused permission will themselves learn to fly before they grow too old to learn anything.

I shall try to give a fair, cold-blooded analysis of the dangers and risks which a young man or woman incurs in learning to fly and in flying for convenience or for pleasure after he has learned.

There are persons who believe that all flyers are reckless fools, and these will consider that my own pilot's license disqualifies me for writing this article. There is, of course, no answer to this objection except to point out

that some flying time is necessary to give one the authority of first-hand experience. I am, perhaps, the ideal compromise between the layman and the professional pilot. It is only rather recently that I received my limited commercial license, and I have not yet built up time enough to qualify for the transport license. I have not yet forgotten the layman's attitude toward flying. I have the student pilot's point of view. And I am able to talk to the old-timers and understand their experiences.

I shall begin by stating my conclusion and then I shall try to justify it: Flying is as safe as you want it to be. You can be as safe in the air as you can in a taxicab *provided* you have the strength of character to refuse risks. The risks are always apparent. The danger is always in the open. With a little thought any pilot can appraise the hazard of any course of action before he starts and he can accept it or not as he chooses. And if he refuses and decides to play safe, no one—that is no one whose opinion matters—will call him a coward or think the worse of him.

Major R. W. Schroeder, at that time the manager of the Curtiss Reynolds field, in vetoing a proposed flight made a remark to me which, I think, almost exactly expresses the attitude of every operations manager in the country. He said, "I don't want any brave men in *my* outfit."

Why, then, are there any accidents

in aviation? There are accidents because it is hard to refuse risks. If two courses are open to you, one of which is safe but involves physical discomfort, a serious loss of time, and considerable expense, while the other carries with it the slight, yet real, danger of a fatal accident but enables you to carry out your original program, which will you choose?

Let us take an example. Suppose a pilot is making a cross-country trip in a medium-sized cabin monoplane alone. He has been cautious so far. He has plotted his course carefully and has followed it. Instinctively and without any effort of will, he is constantly inspecting the terrain for landing fields and he keeps a possible field always within gliding range, climbing when he approaches wooded or broken ground. Suddenly his engine begins to miss badly or conks out altogether. He instantly picks his field, then spirals down and makes a perfect forced landing. Let us suppose he is able to find out what is wrong with his engine and to repair it. He starts it again, sets his brakes, and pushes open the throttle. His engine "revs up" perfectly.

So far everything is all right. But now he looks round to plan his take-off. The field is oblong, the long sides running north and south. On the west side of the field is a cement road with telegraph poles and wires running along it. On the north side is a ditch bordered by willow trees about twenty feet high. The wind is a little west of north. A cross-wind or down-wind take-off is out of the question. His best bet would be to fly diagonally across the field, clearing the trees close to the northwest corner. The only question is, *will* he clear the trees?

It looks as if he could. He thinks he can, but it will be close. He is perfectly aware that if there is a sudden lull in the wind, which has been

blowing steadily all day, or if his engine, which sounded so well just now, suddenly goes back on him, he will hit the trees and there will be a nasty crash.

Shall he risk it or shall he call up the nearest town, about seven miles ahead, where there is a landing field, send for mechanics and a large truck, take the wings off his ship, get it towed to the airport and set up, spend a night in what will probably be a poor hotel, and run up a bill of about fifty dollars?

Well, I can tell you what he did. He took off, cleared the trees by about ten feet, and had a good dinner at home that night. I put it to you that seven men out of ten would have done the same. But my point is this: he knew what he was doing when he made that take-off and there was nothing, literally nothing, which compelled him to do it. The choice was his.

I have chosen as my example an exaggerated case; one in which the risk is clear and the cost of choosing the safe course considerable. But the same problem in minor form occurs thousands of times a day. It is apt to occur three or four times in the shortest and simplest of flights. An airplane is taxiing down-wind to get in position for a take-off. The pilot can turn now and make it. He can go another fifty yards and be twice as safe. He can go another hundred yards and be four times as safe. What degree of safety will he choose? Taxiing an airplane, especially down-wind, is a tricky, slow, unpleasant business.

There are two things I am trying to make clear: first, that the question of the amount of care one should take to achieve safety is constantly occurring and that the pilot always recognizes it; and second, that the pilot is really free to choose. There is nothing to force him to take the easy course. In fact, professional opinion is with him if he decides to play safe. The following

incident is an excellent example of this:

One day circumstances (in the form of a south wind combined with tiling operations on the field) forced us to take off over a tree nursery. There were some pretty big trees in it, and just beyond it was a little group of houses. Because of the reduced area of the field, there was a period of perhaps half a minute in each take-off when engine failure would have meant a crash. But it was a fine day, and instruction was in full swing. Charley Smith, a student with about seven hours of solo time, was scheduled to make practice landings and take-offs. He made two and then stopped, explaining to his instructor, before a roomful of us, that he didn't like to take off over the nursery. Now Charley came from Nebraska, and he had made two mistakes which had already made him the butt of his companions. Once he had filled the oil reservoir of an airplane with gasoline under the impression that it was the gas tank, and once when he was asked if he liked golf he replied, "I never played it. Is it anything like shinny?" But his refusing to take off over the nursery was not even considered as a possible subject for a joke. It was accepted as good sense in spite of the fact that perhaps ten other students were practicing landings that day, and the instructors themselves—all careful men—did not consider the risk serious. Charley stuck to that attitude all through his training, and at the end he was given a job as flying instructor by the Curtiss Company.

There is another class of risks beside those involving engine failure and the technic of flying. I mean the risks that attend bad weather. If I were writing about professional pilots, men flying to schedule either with the mail or with passengers, this subject would occupy the biggest part of the article, and I should be talking out of turn

because I do not know much about bad-weather flying. I once got caught over a fog for about twelve minutes and, although I found the situation more exciting than the climax of the best mystery play I have ever seen, I shall never deliberately repeat the experience.

I had been caught by darkness at a small town in southern Illinois and, being unable to find the airport, I had landed on a golf course and then gone to a hotel. The next morning it was cold and raining, and I could hear thunder rolling on the horizon. I had no intention of continuing my trip, but I was very anxious to get my ship under cover. It was an open biplane, and I had no cockpit or engine covers. Accordingly I took a taxi with a helpful looking driver, and we went out to the ship and got it started. The visibility was very bad, but the driver told me exactly where the field was, and I took off.

The golf course was in a little valley, and when I had a couple of hundred feet of altitude I observed that the next valley was filled with a heavy fog. I looked back and found that my valley was filling fast. I thought of all the small and nearly invisible saplings that dotted that golf course and decided to go on and try for the airport. As I got higher I saw that the whole countryside was covered with fog, and in a few minutes I was completely lost in regard to the terrain below me. I flew south in the direction of the airport until I was sure I had overshot it. Then I came upon a hole in the fog. It was not a very big hole and it certainly was getting no bigger. However, it was moving north along a cement road, and I knew that the airport was on a cement road. I flew around above it in small circles and presently the airport appeared. I pulled my nose way up, stuck a wing down, and slipped through that hole

like a roller-coaster. I made a pretty fair landing, too. I had been in the air just twelve minutes, but it seemed a good deal longer.

As I have said, weather is the most serious problem that professional pilots and airline operators have to face, but it isn't very important to the amateur. Weather reports, in spite of the current jokes about them, are surprisingly accurate, and anyone who spends much time about an airport soon gets weatherwise so far as purely local conditions go. A man who flies an airplane for pleasure can use it just as one may use a canoe: that is, in fair weather only. In fact, an airplane has a certain advantage over a canoe in that you can always land an airplane in a very few minutes, whereas if you have paddled away from shore for an hour, it is going to take you an hour to paddle back. As for fog, it can be dealt with very simply. Stay below it, even if it involves letting your airplane get wet or turning it into a temporary hazard on a golf course.

II

So far I have said nothing about the danger involved in the process of learning to fly. In the first place, it is of the utmost importance to choose a good school. There are a great number of flying schools in the country and, although I do not pretend to have made any real survey of them, I know definitely that a few of them are bad. Some of them are so bad that they may be avoided by inquiring about them at the local offices of the Better Business Bureau. These schools are simply out to make money, and if they could make more money teaching people to grow watermelons, they would have classes in watermelon growing, probably with the same faculty. There are certain signs of the poor flying school which may serve

to warn the prospective flying student. For one thing, beware of the school that promises too much. If they tell you that you can fly the mail with a limited commercial license they are not telling the truth. You can do this as far as the government is concerned, but you couldn't possibly get the job. As a matter of fact, it is almost impossible to get any sort of a job with a limited commercial license.

I would mistrust any school that played up too much the romance of flying. If you find that your flying instructor looks the part of an intrepid aviator, complete with breeches, boots, and a small mustache, go slowly. He may be good, but if he is, why all the accessories?

Sometimes schools promise trimotor time in a limited commercial course. That is to say, they undertake to give the student some instruction on the really expensive equipment—trimotor Fords or Fokkers. Even if this is given, it is a complete waste of time. No student at fifty hours is ready to fly trimotored ships, and I imagine that most of them realize this and prefer to spend the last few hours of their course in practicing spot landings for the Department of Commerce examinations. The offer is probably intended to make the course sound more attractive to the inexperienced. Of course, it must be remembered that most big schools have a force of salesmen to sell their courses, and that sometimes a salesman in his enthusiasm will overstate his case.

The Department of Commerce approval certificate is a sure sign that the school is good, but its absence does not mean that the school is not good. Some of the regulations that go with an approval certificate are so restricting and their purpose so obscure that many first-class schools have refrained from applying for one. I suppose the best way to decide whether or not a certain

school is good is to go out to the field and talk to the men who are actually in charge of instruction. But if the prospective student is young and very enthusiastic, it might be better if he were accompanied by someone more able to form a correct opinion.

If you choose a good school—and there are plenty of them—you have practically eliminated the danger from learning to fly. This sounds like an over-statement but I am in earnest. A student in a good flying school is in the hands of an instructor who will see to it that he runs no risks and that he undertakes nothing that is beyond the scope of his technic.

Let us suppose that you have enrolled for a private pilot's course and let us follow what will probably be your course of instruction at a good school. The course will be twenty hours long, and you will do all your flying in a two-place tandem biplane, open, of course. For your first lesson you will be shown how to put on a parachute and told how to use it if occasion should arise; then, if you have never flown before, your instructor will take you up for a ride. He will do no stunts; he will simply go up about two thousand feet to give you a look at the country and show you what it feels like to ride in an airplane. He may keep you up twenty minutes or half an hour. Naturally he will do a few normal turns and banks. In all probability this will be all the flying you will do the first day. The chances are that you will take your ground school at the same time and for the first few days at least you will probably fly about half an hour in the morning and go to ground school in the afternoon.

The next day your instructor will show you how the controls of the airplane, the stick and rudder, work, and you will then go up for air work. At first you will "feel him out": that is,

you will follow the motions of his hands and feet on your own stick and rudders. There are two sets of each and they work together. After a very few minutes of feeling out your instructor in straight and level flying, following his play of the stick to correct for bumps, you will, without knowing it, begin to make the corrections yourself without waiting for the instructor.

At this point he is likely to let go the stick and rudder entirely. I imagine that an instructor often rides as passenger in the front cockpit, chuckling to himself while a student flies the ship without having any idea that he is doing it, or even that he could. Of course, you make mistakes and get yourself into trouble, and then the instructor comes in on the stick and corrects them, but very gently so that you never realize he has been off it. Gradually—or I should say quickly—you begin making fewer and fewer mistakes in straight and level flight and finally you notice suddenly and with a terrific shock that the instructor has both his hands on the edge of the cockpit.

The next step is normal turns and banks. It is more than likely that you will find you are already pretty good at these and can obey your instructor's signals to make ninety-degree, one-hundred-and-eighty-degree, and three-hundred-and-sixty-degree turns.

Landing and taking off are learned in the same way, by practice with an instructor always at hand to prevent your making serious mistakes and to correct your minor ones. Eventually you will be able to take the airplane off, fly it around, and land it without once causing your instructor to take his hands from the sides of the cockpit.

When you have reached this point you may expect a stunt ride. Your instructor will take you up two or three thousand feet and do some ele-

mentary acrobatics while you feel him out. Vertical banks, wingovers, loops, and maybe a half roll or two. He will then give you stalls and spins and teach you how to bring a ship out of a spin. When you come down from this ride you may very well be seasick. Don't let that bother you. I believe that most pilots get seasick riding in a ship which someone else is stunting, although it never bothers them when they are doing the stunts themselves.

I must explain about stunts. In ordinary usage "to do a stunt" means to do something difficult and perhaps dangerous the sole purpose of which is to amuse an audience. In aviation the word has a technical meaning which is quite different. Some stunts are difficult, but if you have a proper ship and plenty of altitude they are not dangerous. And the very last and least important purpose of stunting is to amuse an audience. No one would like to fly behind a pilot who couldn't recover from a spin. It is conceivable, though improbable, that an emergency might arise in which any one of the maneuvers included in elementary acrobatics would be just as essential. The real value of stunting, however, is that it enables the pilot to get the feel of his ship faster and better, perhaps, than any other kind of flying. I will not attempt to explain what I mean by the feel of the ship because I do not think I could. Horsemen will understand it. In many ways flying an airplane can be compared to riding a temperamental horse.

Because the word "stunts" in connection with flying conveys such an unfortunate meaning to the layman, there is a strong movement on foot to substitute "acrobatics" instead. It is a good idea but is not likely to work because there is no verb "to acrobatic." "Acrobatics," also, which some are trying to adopt, has the same

disadvantage and is as ridiculous a word as "avigation."

For a few more hours now your instructor will ride with you as a passenger. You will continue to practice take-offs and landings and air work, and every now and then you will go up and do a spin or two. Then, when he is absolutely sure you are ready to solo, he will ask some other instructor to check you out. If the second instructor finds you competent, you may expect to solo sometime during the next two or three days. Your solo flight will come when you are not expecting it, and will give you some thrills, but you will be safe. Two experts have passed on your technic, and one of them has an extraordinarily accurate estimate of your ability to react properly in an emergency.

This brings up again the importance of choosing a good school. If you are the sort of person who loses his head when things begin to happen fast and if you continue to lose your head even after you have attained a fair technic, your instructor will never solo you. Instead, you will be told that you will probably never make a good pilot, the school will refund as much of your money as possible, and you will be dropped. That is, if it is a good school. But this rarely happens. Flying is easier than most people suppose, not harder.

Somewhat more often, perhaps, a man is disqualified because of a lack of physical co-ordination. This lack is almost always shown up in the simplest maneuver—the normal turn. Some persons never learn to turn without slipping or skidding. They are not able to develop that kinetic sense that helps the pilot to put the ship at the right angle of bank to balance exactly the speed of his turn. If he tips it up too far he will slip down to the inside of the turn. If he doesn't tip it far enough he will skid outward

just like an automobile on ice. It must necessarily be a very fine adjustment, and I am surprised that it is so easy to master.

After the first solo flight you may not solo again for two or three days. It is here that modern pedagogy differs most widely from that practiced during the War. In those days a student's solo flight was almost the end of his dual instruction. He remained under the care of an instructor, but I gather the instructor mostly watched his work from the ground and told him how to do things. This gave the student a chance to acquire many dangerous habits.

III

A great many things were different during the War. I believe the idea that learning to fly is inherently dangerous is a hangover from then, when undoubtedly it was dangerous. There was a pressing need of flyers. Men were soloed after three or four hours of dual instruction, and the instructors themselves often had no more than twenty hours of solo time. I know a wartime pilot who was soloed after two and a half hours of dual. Think of it! The average time now is ten hours. It varies from seven to about fifteen. It's no wonder they killed students.

And those men were learning to fly in jennies. If someone were to offer me a jennie in perfect condition if I would fly it away I should refuse it. They were so badly under-powered that, as pilots say, they almost had to be wished off the ground. I don't know how they landed but they probably floated for miles. This statement will hurt a number of pilots because, for some strange reason, they are often fond of the old ships and remember them with regret. And when they graduated to more powerful equipment many of them got ships powered with

rotary engines the gyroscopic effect of which was undoubtedly responsible for many crashes.

I need not emphasize the fact that all this has changed. Not even in the worst schools will you find anything like war conditions. There were, and are still, a certain number of born flyers. My younger brother, who, after he finished his flying course, had to wait for his sixteenth birthday in order to qualify for a private pilot's license, was as good a pilot at the end of thirty hours as I shall ever be and as good as anyone needs to be. His sort got by all right during the War. My sort probably washed out two or three undercarriages, crumpled a wing, and transferred to the artillery.

And it is his sort that enables inferior flying schools to keep going. As long as the equipment doesn't actually fall apart or burn up while the student is flying he will learn to fly. One such student transferred to my school after his had failed and closed its doors. He had had several hours of flying, and I asked him how he liked it. He said it was fine but it made his arm awfully tired. This was an astonishing statement because, of all the qualities necessary to make a pilot, strength is least important. It developed that the ship he had been using was so wing-heavy that it had actually tired him out to hold it level.

After the first solo flight more attention is paid to the development of accuracy, the ability to put the ship where you want it. In my opinion, the instruction in this respect could be improved. As it is, the student practices figure eights of all sorts: eights around pylon and eights across a road, high eights and low, tight and loose. They are undoubtedly of great value. Then he practices various methods of approaching the field, spiraling down to landings from great heights, three-hundred-and-sixty-degree

turns to a landing, one-hundred-and-eighty-degree turns to a landing, essing in, slipping in, and so forth.

In all these landings he is shooting at a mark. Sometimes whitewashed lines are provided. More often he has to use an imaginary line between two points. He dares not use the actual fence around the field because his object is to see how low he can cross it without hitting it. Any school that would provide and maintain a fairly high barrier, made, say, of light cane or rushes, which the student could hit with impunity, would greatly assist him to develop the accuracy necessary to make safe landings in small fields—an ability which is sometimes of the greatest importance. To the best of my knowledge it has never been done in any school.

All through your course your attitude towards flying will be under the closest scrutiny. Some men in the first flush of their growing technic get reckless. I think they are the ones who are fundamentally afraid of the air and who feel that learning to fly is in itself a bold undertaking. As they discover that there is really nothing to fear in sane flying their confidence rushes far beyond its legitimate bounds, and they lose their respect for the very real danger in reckless flying. This is a passing phase. As soon as the feeling of freedom and power which always accompanies solo flying loses its novelty, some small fright or the experiences of others, or even common sense will bring the student back to his senses.

In the meantime, though, they must be closely watched. It is the custom in many schools to ground students who misbehave in the air; that is, to forbid them to fly for a certain number of days or for a week, according to the seriousness of their offense. I think this is a mistake. There is a suggestion of daring in the phrase "grounded for

reckless flying" that tickles the vanity of some people. A better form of discipline would be to condemn the student to a certain number of hours of elementary dual instruction.

Here again one sees the importance of choosing a good school. The instructors in a civilian flying school have no real hold over their students except the power of dismissal and that, of course, they do not want to exercise. At the same time they must maintain their authority. In the case of the boys it is not so bad; but many of the students are men who are paying their own money for the course and who know that they can transfer to another school if they wish. It is hard to discipline a man in that situation, especially if that discipline involves his paying more money.

While we are on the subject of recklessness, I imagine a great many parents have said to themselves, "I can never let my boy fly. He is too reckless." Well, I have seen a good many "reckless" boys learn to fly, and often it has a curious effect on them. They very quickly realize that they aren't playing with some imaginary danger; they are up against the real thing. They are usually careful in the air, and this new attitude is very likely to hold over when they are on the ground. Learning to fly has a very good effect on some characters.

A possible criticism of the course I have outlined is that practically your whole instruction depends on one man. You are, so to speak, entrusting your present and future safety to a stranger. Although frequent check hops by other pilots than your instructor and the final flight test by the Department of Commerce examiner modify this to some extent, it is largely true. It is true, but I am not sure that it is a criticism. Granted he is a good man, personal instruction by one man is by far the best way of learning to fly.

And I think you will find that pilots as a class average a good deal higher in responsibility and professional integrity than men in other similarly paid professions. They are fine men and only the best of them get jobs as instructors.

I will say again, and this time I hope I shall be believed, that if you choose a good school you have practically eliminated the danger from learning to fly.

There is a word to be said about flying equipment, about the ships themselves and their engines and parachutes. There is no doubt at all that ships are intrinsically safer than they were a few years ago. Structural failure is practically unknown. They do not fall into involuntary spins. The Department of Commerce sees to it that all repairs are well and carefully made and grounds any ship which through age or for any other reason has become unairworthy. I am speaking of licensed ships, of course. What is most important, perhaps, is the almost universal use of steel instead of wood in fuselage construction, which gives the pilot a much better chance of getting off with minor injuries if his ship does crack up.

Engines are much better. Dead stick landings are getting rarer and rarer. A great many pilots have never had an engine die on them in the air. The improvement in ships is certainly all good, but the improvement in engines carries with it a danger that must be taken into account. In the old days when forced landings were common occurrences pilots were always ready for them. Nowadays pilots are beginning to act on the assumption that their engines will not fail. They are taking short cuts over cities, flying low over woods, putting themselves into positions where engine failure would inevitably mean a crackup. Now even though you have

flown behind a certain kind of engine for three thousand hours with never a miss, it is still possible for that engine to stop in the next five minutes. As more and more ships get into the air, that thousand-to-one chance is going to make itself felt. I do not know what the answer is. I consider myself lucky in having made some forced landings in the early hours of my training. It is a possibility that I shall bear in mind.

Wearing a parachute is another precaution which obviously should be taken but which it is very hard to take. There are three classes of emergency in which a parachute is the only thing that will help. They are: fire in the air, collision, and running out of gas over a fog. I deliberately omit structural failure. If your ship and engine are clean and you are not going far, I suppose you are justified in leaving your parachute behind. I myself never feel comfortable without one. I shall be very much surprised, however, if I ever have to use one.

Three of my friends have been killed since I started flying. You will say at once that that is too many; that in your whole life you haven't had three friends killed in accidents. Well, wait a minute. In the case of two of them, who died together, the crash was undeniably due to their own carelessness, strongly tinged with recklessness. In leaving a regular airport they took off cross-wind over trees, using only half their field, tried to climb too fast, turned down-wind, stalled, and fell into a swamp.

The third man was as fine and careful a pilot as I have ever known. He was making a cross-country trip with passengers at night. The time came for him to land for gas. He found a regular intermediate field lighted with a beacon, boundary lights, *and* obstacle lights. On the field, not far from one of the edges, was a large tree. Work

had been started the day before to remove the tree, and the obstacle lights outlining it had been disconnected. The work was to be completed the next day. Harold hit the tree and was killed. One of his passengers broke both legs, and the other escaped unhurt. Harold had every right to believe that since there were obstacle lights on the field all the obstacles

were lighted. He picked the one night when the tree was both standing and unlighted. He might almost as well have been hit by a falling tile on Fifth Avenue.

But I haven't said that flying was intrinsically safe. I said that a man flying for convenience or pleasure could be as safe as he chose to be. I think I am right.

PURE SPACE

BY ORRICK JOHNS

*SO LET no eagles come—
The sky's enough,
Empty and dumb
And wide and of no stuff
That perishes or stales or harbors must;
No corners has the wind,
In its uncertain dance,
That give the idiot hand of death mischance
To strike and leave behind
Dissembling crust,
Or obscene parchment falling into bits,
Or water without wits.*

*This element sky,
Whose utmost commonplace is being high,
And daily business, size;
Whose memory's painted out—
Sets every prize
The heart can run to, offers to the eye
A sensible occupation when it's done
With gazing round about
Among small shadows hustled by the sun.*

*So even they,
The eagles, let them wait
And the sky be to-day
Untroubled by dark, feathered things in spate,
Empty as crystal vessels put away—
And front my face
With promises of pure space.*



A RUSSIAN INTERLUDE

BY ARNOLD HOFFMAN

WE HAD been in Moscow a week when I suddenly recollected that I had not yet purchased a collection of stamps. We hurried along the broken *Twerskaja Ulitza* and entered the commodious Post Office, one of the few modern structures in the metropolis to which every Communist points with pride. The stamp windows were crowded. We took places in line and awaited our turn.

The clerk was a thin, yellow, Tartar looking man, prematurely old. His slanting brown eyes lifted inquiringly as we faced him at last.

"*Schto khotite?*" he murmured.

I pronounced what I thought was the Russian word for stamps, but he shook his head sadly. I then tried German, and this time he understood. At once he commenced to detach the stamps from his long books. While engaged at this he seemed to be preoccupied and once or twice gazed at us furtively as though he wished to say something but did not dare. Finally he paused, squared his shoulders, and addressed us in perfect English.

"Pardon me, but aren't you Americans?"

"Yes!" Rosa and I regarded each other in astonishment. "Yes, we are Americans."

"Americans." He repeated the word slowly, with lingering emphasis. There was a moment of puzzled silence. Then he gulped strangely and spoke again.

"I am an American, too."

He said this belligerently, his tone indicating that perhaps we did not believe him, but that he was an American none the less.

"How interesting," said Rosa without conviction. Neither of us knew what to say. Behind us the line was becoming more congested, and mutterings, some of which we partially understood, reached our ears. I hastened to place a five-ruble note on the window ledge and gather up the stamps.

"May I have your address?" pleaded the clerk, his voice suddenly trembling. "I would like to speak, speak where there is no—" and he rolled his eyes slightly towards the waving line of people.

"Of course. Have dinner with us to-night."

I scribbled "Grand Hotel, eight o'clock" on an envelope and pushed it to him.

"Thank you."

He placed the envelope in his breast pocket with a rapid gliding motion, glancing timidly at the line to see if he had been detected. With a "*Dosvidiana*" Rosa and I left him and proceeded to the hotel.

Exactly at eight o'clock the telephone rang.

"This is Sorval, the postal clerk, you know," sounded a voice over the wire.

"Come upstairs," I said.

In a few moments there was a knock at the door and Sorval entered. His

tall spare form doubled like a jackknife as he bent low to kiss Rosa's hand. He then greeted me and accepted the chair I proffered him. He reminded me of a schoolboy called for a cross-examination. We did our best to put him at his ease, but he remained sitting stiffly while his eyes roamed uneasily about the room. I noticed for the first time how shabbily he was dressed, though from his appearance I judged he had taken considerable pains to appear well groomed. His pince-nez glasses, perched aristocratically on the bridge of his nose, were glaringly out of harmony with his threadbare coat, shiny trousers, and blue canvas shoes. He had a peculiar manner of glancing at us over the rims of the glasses when we addressed him.

"Let us go to dinner," said Rosa briskly when our preliminary conversation halted.

"No, no!" Sorval half rose from his seat. "I have eaten already!"

"But you were invited!" Rosa did not disguise her astonishment at his vehement refusal. He noted this at once and cleared his throat to speak. Changing his mind, however, he moved his chair closer and whispered, "I cannot stay. I am watched."

"Watched!" Rosa's voice quivered with excitement. Sorval nodded like a mechanical toy.

"Yes. It is better not to stay here," and he looked about him with apprehension. I had a sudden suspicion that he was a "Tcheka," one of those dreaded government spies about whom tales were rampant. Often their duties led them to investigate visiting foreigners like ourselves. But one glance at Sorval reassured me. His face was greenish, and his fingers twisted nervously.

"Shall we meet outside—later?" he asked haltingly. "It would be wiser to—to be in the streets when we talk." And he looked at the opposite wall

as though he were trying to pierce it.

"All right, if you wish it."

I held his coat. He smiled at the gesture, but his face quickly regained its solemn rigidity.

"We'll go with you as far as the dining room," said Rosa.

"No!" He held up a warning hand. "Allow me to go first. Alone. You wait."

"My dear fellow!" I exclaimed, "do you mean to say that we cannot leave this room together?"

"It isn't safe," he answered doggedly. "Will you meet me at the Holy Shrine in an hour? Yes?"

"Yes. We shall be there."

"In an hour," and with that he departed.

We waited several minutes before going to the dining room. We found it almost deserted. Never had the service been so quick and the waiters so attentive. Usually the meal, simple though it was, required at least an hour to serve, but to-night everything moved with startling efficiency. We finished eating, therefore, long before the appointed hour with Sorval and faced the prospect of a long monotonous wait. It was decided that our best procedure was to stay where we were. This we did, smoking at the table and vainly trying to suppress our growing excitement. I tried to read the soiled menu and watched the sober pedestrians who passed the window and stopped to regard us enviously. Rosa impatiently demanded the time at frequent intervals. The waiters hovered near. . . .

It was nine o'clock. As casually as possible we left the dining room, descended to the lobby, and strolled towards the door. Though the clerks and porters were engaged in their various tasks, I instinctively sensed a ripple of interest as we appeared. Perhaps this was due to the state of my nerves, tried by Sorval's ominous manner and the interval in the dining room. I do

not know. Rosa clung heavily to my arm.

Sorval was waiting in the darkness and emerged from a shadow to greet us.

"Come," he said after kissing Rosa's hand, "let us go to the Red Square. No one will overhear us."

We trudged over the cobblestones and soon reached the center of the Square, in front of the Lenin Mausoleum. A pair of figures could be seen bending over the wooden picket fence which surrounded the sanctified uncorruptible body of Russia's new deity. Save for these and the ghostly forms of the sentinels within, the Square itself was deserted. Glancing back to assure himself that he was not being trailed, Sorval prepared to speak. His whole body vibrated with sudden energy, and his heavy eyes became brightly alive. Grasping my arm, he squeezed it until I cried out in pain.

"You must see my mother and father!" he cried wildly. "Tell them not to come to Russia, for God's sake!"

"Your mother, your father?" I stuttered.

"Yes, yes! You live in New York, perhaps."

"Near there," interposed Rosa edging nearer to me. She was alarmed.

"They are in New Jersey, Englewood." He slipped a paper into my limp hand. "Here is the address."

"Can't you, that is, it seems to me—why don't you write?" I finally blurted, fumbling for my wallet into which I dropped the paper.

And he told us, jerkily, much as if the recollection of what had happened still exerted a terrifying influence over him. Oh, he had written, yes, of course; he had answered his father's inquiry about returning to Russia. No, he had said in reply, a thousand times no. Remain in America, stay where you are and do not think of coming to a living death. That was Russia, a living death. There was nothing in the

country, especially for old people, nothing but misery, terror, starvation, the prospect of a slow death.

"Did you receive an answer then?" asked Rosa.

An answer, yes, but not from America. He was summoned to appear before the local authorities. He dreaded this, knowing what to expect. A man going to certain doom. He wanted to disappear, kill himself even, but there was a wife and child—yes, he was married—so he faced the ordeal. A copy of his letter was placed before him.

"Did you write that?"

"Yes, citizen, I wrote that."

"Good, very good. Then please explain why you advised your parents not to come here."

For a moment he lost control of his faculties. The Red Terror, unlike the quick guillotine, was closing its tenuous arms about him. Unable to utter a single word, he thought of bolting through the door, running, running anywhere. Only to be shot while moving. Again the fleeting image of his wife—a child, too, and their helplessness. He must speak. Controlling himself at last, he replied to the head-shaven inquisitor.

"Yes, I have written, but why not, citizen? My mother and father are old; the journey is long and might kill them."

"Perhaps, yes."

The shaven head wrinkled. More officials entered, and there was conversing in low inaudible tones. The verdict came.

Sorval, non-party member, was hardly qualified to judge the traveling capacities of anyone. Parents were people like all other citizens, and nothing more. Was that understood?

Perfectly understood.

Good. Nothing was to be done about this indiscretion, that is, nothing at the present time, but in the future . . .

"Terrible," said Rosa.

"It is our fate," he said simply.

"And were you called again?" I asked.

"Yes, one other time, but not for a letter. There was a woman, an American, who came to the Post Office as you did, and I spoke to her. She became interested and invited me to the hotel. But I was afraid and did not go. We saw each other only at the window, the stamp window. The night before she left Moscow I was weak and agreed to see her. I desired badly to hear of America, your country which is mine, too. And the next day they called. Yes, I was called and they asked me where I had been the night before. I told them. They knew; they were watching every move I made. It was a trick to catch me lying. But I said the truth. They told me that every word of my conversation with the American was recorded. I was warned for the last time."

"So that explains why you did not stay for dinner to-night," I said.

"Yes. I was risking to come at all, but there has been another letter from New Jersey. I had to give you a message."

We could not understand the relentless persecution by the authorities; and to enlighten us Sorval related his unhappy history.

He was born in Crimea thirty years ago, and when only an infant was taken to America with his family. His father, a copy clerk, became a naturalized citizen of the United States, and Sorval was duly educated in the public schools of Englewood. Early in 1914 he returned to Russia with his mother to visit his aged grandfather who was bedridden. War was declared; enterprising officials in the town discovered that Sorval was in fact a Russian citizen by reason of his birth, and hence was liable to military duty. He was, therefore, prevented from leaving the

country. The heartbroken mother returned alone to America and with her husband made a vain attempt to secure permission for the unfortunate son to leave Russia.

Sorval's voice became dry and rasping. He appeared unnerved, crushed, and stopped to recover himself.

"I envy you," he said in a lifeless way. "I would give fifteen years of my life to be in your boots."

"And you were not allowed to go to America?" I said.

"Not allowed. They played with me and the years went by and nothing was done. Then came the Revolution."

"Why didn't you leave Russia then?" asked Rosa. We were in full view of the Moskva River.

"Why?" He made a gesture of despair. "It was impossible. They were killing, killing everywhere. Some people did escape through Poland and Roumania, but in the Crimea I had no chance. And now I am still military obliged until I am forty. My second term begins in October."

I kicked at the cobblestones.

"There is no chance to leave," went on Sorval. "Russians are forbidden to leave the country except on official duty. I could try to escape, but then I must leave my family. Oh, I suppose I should not have married, but my grandfather died and I was lonely. I wanted someone."

"Oh, well," I said, attempting to cheer him, "you will serve in the army a few months and then return to your wife."

"But we have almost nothing to eat now; and what will she and the baby do when I am gone? We might have war, too; there is so much talk of it. Ah, I would give fifteen years of my life to be in your boots," he said once more.

"There must be some possibility that you will leave the country as the

son of an American citizen. Surely, Sorval, your case isn't hopeless."

"Hopeless, hopeless. I have tried through the American Relief Association, and my people in America have tried. No use. I must stay here until I am forty; then the Commissariat will consider me. That's all, consider. I am a lost man."

We had come back to the Red Square. The Kremlin, scarred and ponderous, stood out against a luminous gray sky. Behind those guarded walls where rose a dim glow of lights, a small hive of men were planning a new universe. The Square, matching the sobriety of the Kremlin vista, was shrouded in a veil of mist which hung over us like a blanket. Sorval shuffled over the cobblestones and continued to speak.

He discussed, now, the problem of existence in Russia, as perhaps many people were doing at that moment all over the perplexed land. Being the son of an old bourgeois, he was forbidden membership in the Communist Party. He could not obtain employment with a more lucrative salary than that he was receiving. Oh, he was willing to labor, sought every variety of menial work, but "they" would not have him. He was a softy, an intellectual, and for him a woman's job at starvation wages was enough.

"How do I live?"

Well, there was his monthly salary of one hundred and ten rubles, about fifty-five dollars. For food there was bread, tea, bologna, a little milk for the baby. He shared a five-room apartment with twelve other people. His budget was carefully figured, so much for club dues, so much for food, a few kopeks for cigarettes, eighteen rubles for rent, so much for kerosene to operate the "primus." What would his wife do while he served in the army? It was hard to say exactly. His miserable soldier's pay, of course, would be

allotted to her and the child. And then, as Communists say, a woman was the equal of a man, so Madame Sorval could help provide for herself by working as a tramcar conductor or operating street-track switches.

He suddenly stopped talking. Rosa asked him if there was anything we could do for him. Money, perhaps?

"No!" He shook his head emphatically. "Only the message to my people."

"Nothing else?" I persisted, for the hotel was not far away, now.

"Well, yes, one thing." He hesitated, smiling wanly, and we encouraged him to make the request.

"Could you tell me about the new American songs?"

"Songs!" Rosa and I laughed together, but without mirth.

"Yes, one or two, please," he said, growing bolder. He stopped by the Holy Shrine and waited expectantly. Rosa, unseen to him, pressed my hand.

"I remember what they were singing in America when I left," he said reproachfully. And as we stood there, vacillating, wondering what we ought to say, he threw back his head and began to sing in a tremulous voice, taking care not to be heard by the occasional pedestrian:

"Come, Josephine, in my flying machine,
Going up she goes, up she goes,
Balance yourself like a bird on a beam,
In the air she goes, there she goes."

An overpowering melancholy came over us. Rosa turned to one side and wiped her eyes, and I found myself straining to keep back the tears. For Sorval only the past remained. Haunted by the spell of the old songs—absurdities, perhaps, but to him living roots still binding him to the soil of his lost America—our poor friend continued to sing:

"In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia,
On the trail of the lonesome pine,

In the pale moonshine our hearts entwine
Where she carved her name and I carved
mine,
Oh, June . . ."

His voice was no more than a loud whisper, intense, tuneless. At times he made pitiful attempts to sing with expression:

"There's a girl in the heart of Maryland
With a heart that belongs to me."

He stopped and cleared his throat, looking at Rosa and me alternately.

"Won't you give me something new?" he begged. "I wish to hear what they're singing now in America. Please. Anything."

"Yes," said Rosa, and she turned her back to the Holy Shrine and began quietly:

"Carolina moon keep shining,
Shining for the one who waits for me,
Carolina moon I'm pining . . ."

Sorval listened attentively, his eyes blinking all the while. When Rosa had finished, he declared that the songs had indeed changed from those he had first known. And he pleaded for something more. I steadied myself, and after some thought rendered "A Little Kiss Each Morning." Several times I faltered, but Sorval's smile, the way he listened to each husky word, strengthened me. I completed the chorus to the last bitter word.

"You will send me a few of these songs?" he asked.

This we quickly, almost hysterically, agreed to do.

We walked on towards the hotel, slowing our steps as we realized that in a few moments we should be parting forever.

"Don't worry," I said, "we shall see your family and give them your message. Not only that, but we'll write them from Poland. And you will have your songs."

"Thank you. I will not forget."

"Nothing more we can do?"

"Nothing. Except a magazine now and then if you happen to think of it. 'They' don't allow many to come through, usually. Too many capitalistic stories, you know," he added with a heart-rending smile.

We were near the hotel entrance. Sorval drew us into a corner where we were out of sight of the doorman. First he turned to Rosa and kissed her hand. Then he shook mine in an unsteady grip. Tears gleamed in his eyes, his body hunched forward like a cripple's, and for the last time he said, "I envy you, honestly. I would give fifteen years of my life to be in your boots."

"Good-by . . . good-by."

"*Dosvidiana.*"

His long form melted into the darkness of the street, and we remained, overcome, gazing after him. Then we went into the hotel and climbed upstairs to our room.

Just as I opened the door, the distant notes of the "Internationale" came from a remote part of the street. Rosa walked across the room swiftly and shut the window.



The Lion's Mouth



OH, THESE TIMES

BY AGNES ROGERS HYDE

FOR a great many years I have got on without the multiplication table. That is, I have got on without a knowledge of it. But I'm beginning to wonder if I can hold out much longer. I'm afraid the thing has me licked.

The multiplication table, as you have probably observed, is one of the things you either know or you don't know. Feeling or a sensitive touch or a gift for expression cuts no ice. "Somewhere in the fifties" does well enough for how old Aunt Phoebe is, or the address of a speakeasy, but it's no good for six times nine.

I've often wondered why I never learned the multiplication table. So many people do know it—almost everyone, I sometimes think sadly. Probably I had the measles when it came up in school and afterwards, what with this and that and bounding the States, I never got around to it.

In a way, it seems absurd that it should ever come up in adult life, except during moments of insomnia or seasickness when, I believe, it is said to be a soothing thing to repeat. For that matter, poetry or sheep counting do perfectly well for most people, and I for one go to sleep con-

tentedly enough by naming three animals beginning with A, then three beginning with B, and so on.

However, I've no quarrel with using the multiplication table for those purposes. It's about all I think it's good for. What I resent, is having to face the silly thing as an element of everyday life. You'd think that with civilization being what it is—or what so many prominent people say it is—there would no longer be any necessity for such an uncompromising set of rules. How can we have any elasticity of mind, any liberal thought, any fundamental tolerance so long as we are dominated by a convention so rigid!

Wishing to do my bit for progressive thought, I've held out against the multiplication table so far, but I must confess that I haven't the stuff which leaders are made of. I'm cracking under the strain. I can endure the jeers and hoots that greeted my efforts to figure out what my yearly rent and salary come to. I've learned to stand by in quiet dignity while the salesgirl decides what I must pay for $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards of lace at \$1.19 a yard. I refuse to be intimidated by young men in stylish waistcoats who attempt to bully me into taking out insurance by performing feats of multiplication under my very nose. I have even contributed a good deal of money to the Prince of Monaco by my failure to interpret a system that is simplicity itself, provided you know how to multiply.

But all this has not been accomplished without a price. My nervous

system is not the robust collection of ganglia it once was. The drops of water do wear away the stone. I'm jumpy and high strung. If my partner snarls at me, "How many times have I told you to get out trumps?" I haven't a thing to say. I don't even know that one.

I may as well confess that I've about come around to beginning to learn the wretched thing. At least, I've started investigating methods of study. So far I haven't found any that strikes me as sympathetic. When I was very small I learned a poem that taught me the parts of speech. What a comfort that has been! It is a very sweet poem beginning:

A noun's the name of anything,
As hoop or garden, book or swing.
Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As great, small, pretty, white, or brown.
How things are done, the adverbs tell,
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.

It goes on describing them all right down to the articles which are artlessly defined as

Three little words we often see
Are articles, "a," "an," and "the."

I don't know what I should ever have done without that poem. Or, for that matter, the helpful one about the kings of England. You remember it surely—"First William the Norman, then somebody his son."

Perhaps I'd best not go on with it. It seems a little cloudy. But if you're interested, I could fill in the blanks quite easily with the aid of Green's splendid work.

You'd think there would be several about the multiplication table, now wouldn't you? So far, I haven't found a single one. I did make a few half-hearted attempts to compose one, and even got a little way. I'm going to show it to you and ask you honestly whether or not you think I should go

on with it. It's so hard to tell anything about your own stuff.

2×2 is always four—
Twins again! Oh, what a bore!

2×3 amounts to six—
That's a little slam in tricks.

2×4 and you have eight—
Cook complains when dinner's late.

2×5 will equal ten
Nights in a barroom now and then.

2×6 is twelve or noon—
Dad will wake up pretty soon.

2×7 is size fourteen—
Johnnie's heard as well as seen.

2×8 and you're sixteen—
Smoking keeps Jemimah lean.

Eighteen comes from 2×9 —
Mother's golf is worse than mine.

2×10 is all of twenty.
School is over. You know plenty.

So much for the two times. It occurred to me after I'd got that far that practically everybody must know them. I know I do. That is, I know the answers even if I add instead of multiply. So I jumped to a harder one—the eleven times. I don't know whether you'll notice it, but the meter's harder, too.

11×2 is twenty-two—
Nothing seems terribly hard to do.

11×3 is thirty-three—
A very agreeable age to be.

11×4 is forty-four—
A trifle stout for the dancing floor.

11×5 is fifty-five—
And you've a few more wrinkles than I've.

11×6 is sixty-six—
Grandmother, whisky, and gin don't mix.

11 \times 7 is seventy-seven—
Pondering more on Hell and Heaven.

11 \times 8 is eighty-eight—
The heirs are all in a frightful state.

11 \times 9 is a hundred and ten—
Rarely attained by the healthiest men.

The mathematics of that last one is dubious, I admit, but the thought is certainly beyond dispute, and you can't make any other figure rhyme with "men"—at least I can't.

What do you think of it—candidly? Do you think I should finish it? It would have to be awfully long, and it would be bound to be somewhat monotonous, and then shouldn't I feel like a big stupid if, after I had it all done, Einstein actually persuaded everybody that the whole thing was questionable?



THE COMMODITY OF A GOOD NAME

BY ARTHUR COLTON

ISAAC TAYLOR, Canon of the Church of England, wrote a number of books both learned and readable. Of his *Words and Places* and *Names and Their Histories* the late Henry Bradley of the *Oxford Dictionary* remarked that they were the only books on English place names not entirely worthless.

The new bridge from upper Manhattan to New Jersey has been named "The George Washington Memorial Bridge." George Washington needs no memorial. The country is already plastered with his name. So far as a place name does memorialize, or inevitably recall anyone, or any other place than itself, it is unfair to the place. Fortunately, as a rule, the attempt is unsuccessful.

Mackenzie is a better name for a river than McKinley is for a mountain, because the river has forgotten the man, and the mountain is not yet quite able to do so. Whether Mackenzie was a Canadian statesman, or a deer-shirted trapper or explorer, is indifferent to the consciousness of nearly all of us. He does not intrude. He left his reasonably useful name to cling along the river like its mists, or recall, if it recalls anything else, only Scotch Highlands and clans as wild and misty as itself. But the mountain cannot be thought of by name without there rising, between us and its mass and summit of white perils the figure of a suave and portly gentleman, who, whatever his qualities or virtues, has no more to do with the mountain than with the Milky Way. The objections of a bridge to be named after an unforgettable statesman are less urgent than those of a mountain, the incongruity is not so appalling. But if one can imagine the new bridge itself, after long years of consideration and experience, expressing its objections, they might run something as follows: "If I remember correctly the last rivet in me was made tight by a man named Baringer or Branigan, something like that. If they had named me after him, it would have been perfectly satisfactory to me. Baringer Bridge or Branigan Bridge—good name, alliterative, rememberable, meaning me, belonging to me only, welded and rusted into me as tight as a rivet. But, no! They named me after a man who bulks larger than I do in the imaginations of men. And yet I'm a good deal of a bridge. They gave me a name they had already used to label a capital, a State, scores of towns, and dozens of bridges. I don't object to their remembering George Washington with all the reverence he is entitled to, but I don't want to wear his three-cornered hat and benevolent waistcoat. I'm a bridge, not a biography."

Isaac Taylor, then, and the new bridge are the texts of my sermon, whose theme is: The Principles of Place Naming.

An American, reading Canon Taylor, is struck, and it may be illuminated, by the abundance and variety of European place names, and by the fact that most of them are, at first sight, obscure. Farms, glens, islets, conspicuous rocks, have ancient and interesting names. Some of them, of course, are of obvious origin, like Newhaven; some partly so, like Exmouth and Oxford. But *Ex* certainly and *Ox* probably are Celtic for water; the word rambles about from *uisge* to *oise* and *ax*. Wansbeckwater is a blend of four words, Cymric Celt, Gaelic Celt, Anglian, and English, all meaning water. Each successive language, hearing that small stream called something it supposed to be a proper noun, tacked on its own word for brook. Most of these European place names are fragments or blends, sea-changed into something rich and strange, transformed beyond recognition by any but an etymologist. They have been through the process that in language is curiously called corruption and decay. The name of Alexander was plastered all over the Near East but usually it did not foolishly stand pat as Alexandria. It developed into Samarkand or Candahar or the like. Cæsar and Augustus were memorialized and forgotten all over western Europe. Cæsar is innocuously buried in Jersey, Kesri, Zershall; Augustus in Autun, Augsburg, Aosta, Augia; both of them in Saragossa. Forum Julii became Frejus and Friuli.

But Washington, Jonesville, and New York stand unshaded in the glare of their origins. Print keeps them freshly painted, and allows them no mossy overgrowth or dim weather-stain. Time is a great artist, but print cramps his style. Who or what Jones was is forgotten, but one cannot forget

that Jones was his name. New York cannot forget York, because there is a cathedral there and an archbishop. Delaware took its name from a nobleman, and had very good luck. A name that inevitably reminds you of some other place, or some famous person, is not so good as one that does not. Hadlyme is better than Hamburg, Seymour better than Sherman. The crime of naming a town after London is not atoned for by adding New. Haven would be better than New Haven, but neither is as unfortunate as New York City, which is not only patched at one end to distinguish it from York of Yorkshire, but patched at the other to distinguish it from the State. Avoid all *News*, all *Villes* and *Cities*. Call your four corners and a grocery store Crescent if you must, but don't call it Crescent City. Murphy is better than Murphysboro. In the long run the origin of a name is no great matter, or its meaning, if it ever had one. It is the long run that counts, for the run may be very long, centuries or tens of centuries. The chief principles of place naming are that a name is good if it sounds right and the place owns it. That sounds simple, but it is not.

A mountain is named Dana, or Lyell, after a distinguished geologist, but not too distinguished to be in due time sufficiently forgotten, and it is reasonably good naming. If the distinguished geologist had been called Thompson, it would have been bad naming. A mountain of looming cliffs, shaggy forests, and glittering cataracts has an inherent right not to be named Thompson. The State of Washington possesses a noble mountain named Baker. There was heartburning once over another of that State's gigantic glories, whether it should be called Rainier or Tacoma, but the real question does not seem to have appeared anywhere in the dispute. If you have any emotional relations with moun-

tains, any feeling for them that gives your jaded soul refreshment, test that feeling for their names and see. Among the crumbled summits and swooping gorges of the White Mountains, their brooks of falling foam and April laughter, do the names Carrigain and Chocorua give you some subterranean satisfaction? Do the names Washington, Jefferson, Adams at least moderately annoy you, or do they not? Why do they, if they do? Because you cannot keep those distinguished lights of history out of your consciousness, and they are *de trop*, whereas Marcy and McIntyre in the Adirondacks possess their names with no twitching string tied to them. They are enfranchised mountains. Who Marcy and McIntyre were you do not know, or so vaguely as never to think of them. Some of the Adirondack mountain names are descriptive. Among them Noonmark and Gothic are good. Why? Because they are imaginative and not too obvious. Haystack is unimaginative and obvious. Giant is an attempt by the unimaginative to be imaginative. Saranac, I suppose, is Indian. At any rate it is good. White Face and Placid might easily be worse. Who was the enemy of the human race that changed Lake Horican to Lake George?

Some Indian names are good and some are outrageous. Kennebec is well enough and Skowhegan a little distressing. Katahdin is rather good, but Mooselucmaguntic and Chemquassabanticook are not happy in their home life. A little healthy corruption and foreshortening would have softened their dispositions. It is unfortunate that one of the common words for water among New England Indians was the unpleasant syllable *aug*. I myself would rather live in a State pronounced Arkánsas than in one pronounced Árkansaw. But *aw* is not as bad as *aug*. Western Indian

names are generally better than eastern. Oregon had good luck, if its northern neighbor did not. Wyoming and Illinois could hardly be bettered, except that those States are better off which are capable of a good adjective. No name-giver to a State that I ever heard of ever thought of that. There are Pennsylvanians, Kentuckians, Texans, Missourians, Californians; but Massachusetts and Connecticut are "up against it." There is no good adjective for Wyoming; or, for that matter, for the United States of America. There are Brazilians, Canadians, Chileans, and Mexicans. Every country in the hemisphere but our own has a real name with its due adjective. We have to be called something, and are driven to be Americans by our poverty, though every native from Alaska to Cape Horn is an American.

California had rather good luck in its place names. It is afflicted with *villes* and similar juvenile diseases, like other States. But the Sierra foothill names from the era of the gold miners—You Bet, Spanish Diggings—have an aroma of their own. Following generations have sometimes found the scent too gamy for their taste. Hangtown was changed to Placerville. The feeling of its citizens is understandable, only they should have called it Placer. The Indian names, too, are generally good—Shasta, Modoc, Tuolumne. Even Hetch Hetchy is curious and distinct. It is possible to camp in Hetch Hetchy and like its name. Arctic America has had bad luck, and the Antarctic continent is following suit. There is Smith Sound, Jones Sound, and Davis Strait; North Southampton Island, North Island, and Prince of Wales Island; Grant Land, Hall Land, Prince Albert Land, and Cape Morris K. Jessup. Cape Jessup would have been well enough, but Cape Morris K. Jessup is lamentable. Baffin, Prudhoe, Ellesmere, Grinnell would have

been all right if they had left off the Land. Bathurst does not need Island after it any more than Cuba or Sumatra. The motives of the namers are not criticized, but the results; or rather the motives only so far as they are inadequate. A man may be moved by an affectionate memory of his father to name his son after him, but if his father's given name was Zerubabel, the motive is inadequate.

No one expects name givers to remember poetry; it is apt to be disastrous when they do; but any mountain or river whose title is impossible in poetry has probably been badly named. Lanier called his rushing lyric "The Song of the Chattahooche," but he did not use the place name in the poem itself, as he did in "The Marshes of Glynn"; and yet there are virtues, for a mountain stream, in Chattahooche.

The summer voice, Musketaquit,
Repeats the music of the rain.

Emerson was always courageous. He took a stiff risk here, and the doubt is inevitable whether he "pulled it off." I am inclined to think he did. But if Thoreau had practiced independence on the shore of White's Pond instead of Walden, he would have sought another name for his book. If the great rivers of the central continent had been assigned their names in the knowledge that the main stream of the system runs from Montana to the Gulf, not from Minnesota, and if that main stream had any luck, its name would have been Missouri, not Mississippi. Why? Because Mississippi is a mincing, missy, sipping, sissy sort of word, and always will be. But the river is a huge, disreputable slattern, without morals or manners; massive, moody, monotonous; hateful, fateful, fascinat-

ing; terrific, disappointing, bewildering; sullen, sinister, grubby, glorious, contentious, contradictory. A name for the dusky untamed mother of waters that sounds more or less like Misery would not be adequate, but there would be odd values in it. What is adequate? Tornado and Aurora Borealis are not adequate names for the northern lights and the atmosphere gone crazy, turned fanatic like a whirling dervish; but they are creditable attempts.

Place names are very enduring, especially of rivers. River names seem to have an indestructible vitality. The names of the Alpine peaks are not usually very good because they are relatively modern, and that because our remote forefathers took no interest in mountains except to avoid them. But river names in western Europe are almost everywhere the memorials of early races. Our cities may fall as they have risen, but our river names promise to last unimaginable ages and outlive the languages that bestowed them. A river ought to be named with prayer and fasting and ritual. We carve the fifty-foot features of Grant and Lee on the mountain sides and feel extraordinarily solemn about it. We ought to feel silly. The features will crack off presently, anyway. We name a river Well's River or Simpson's Creek, and look down the ages as over a picket fence, feeling nothing at all. We are not peculiar in this. It has always been so. And yet if a man were to question some stony sphinx as to what he could do that would last, what mark he could leave on the world more enduring than brass, he would be properly answered, "Name a river"; and it does seem as if he might sit down and think before making a selection.



THREE IMPORTANT LIVES

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHO is important in the news? Who adorns the front pages with pictures, if possible, and headlines? People in general, to be sure, to whom anything sufficiently unusual has happened, and then high officers of government, criminals, baseball players, movie actresses and actors, persons murdered under circumstances of special atrocity, sportsmen. We are interested when we read in the newspaper what is said—if anything—about people we know; and this may account for the wide interest about the people everyone knows. The sportsmen and criminals and movie actors and flying men and women belong in that group—the persons whom everybody knows. They are public characters.

One can become a public character very readily, say, by murdering a night-club hostess in a somewhat unusual way, or by conducting a kidnapping adventure; but not many of the headliners can really be rated as important people. They are rather cometary. They shoot across the sky and pop out. If Babe Ruth goes to the hospital, does our world really stand so still as the stories in the papers represent? Must there be doles of some sort next summer to make up for the loss of Bobby Jones to sport?

It is interesting to stand by an active newsstand, say at the Grand Central

Station, and see the piles of tabloids melt away. Remarkable! There you learn what readers like and who the readers are. Crime is the topic of leading interest; that is not new, it has always been so. What we politely call sex makes a pretty good showing. Adventure and discovery and pirate gold do pretty well. Archæology is interesting since it is another form of buried treasure story. One goes back to Kipling:

For to admire an' for to see
For to be'old this world so wide—
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried!

People do not seem to want to know what is good for them—so it seems when one watches a pile of tabloids melt away. But after all, they like to read about human life, and that is the great topic. They have to have stories. Look at the New Testament, beginning with the Gospels—almost all stories. So with the rest of the Bible; the stories are what people know, or did know until lately. People want to know what happens, and thousands of diligent persons make a living by telling them.

But are the headliners as a rule really important? Of course not; not relatively! Bees are important as bees and produce honey. Sheep are important as sheep and produce wool and

mutton. A lot of ladies who do not shun publicity are important as items of publicity and produce various things, including divorce.

MRS. WHITELOW REID died the other day, and that is partly the occasion of these reflections. She was seldom in the headlines notwithstanding that she had long been in the newspaper business which her husband had adorned. But Mrs. Reid seems really to have been important. She was the daughter of Darius Ogden Mills, who went to California in '49 and insisted on striking it rich. D. O. Mills was a thoughtful man, an excellent money maker and a good investor. Perhaps he would have read the tabloids, for he was interested in his fellow-creatures and seemed to want to know about them. At any rate he established the Mills Hotels to lodge and feed folks at the lowest charge consistent with a very modest profit. The Mills Hotels are running still and may survive the Empire State Building; but the Mills Building on Broad Street has been superseded by a bigger one (so it was reported last year by a man who had been downtown). Possibly, however, the Mills estate still owns the land.

Mr. Mills had a son and a daughter, and the daughter was Mrs. Reid. Probably she was important. Anyhow testimony abounds that she was kind, able, and rich, had money to spend and spent it to admiration, had more and better people to dinner than almost anybody else, used publicity less than 'most any other noted person, never forgot an old friend and constantly made new ones. When Mrs. Reid's husband was Ambassador to England they lived in Dorchester House, and George Harvey once said that by ten o'clock every morning Mrs. Reid knew what Americans had come to London who were worth attention

and had provided that they should receive it. That was part of her administrative ability. Doubtless many of the young generation of this country never heard of her, but as said, though she owned *The Herald Tribune* and sold advertisements in it, she rarely bought any for herself. The King of Siam is domiciled at this writing in her house in Westchester County, loaned to the Government for his entertainment. He was looking for a big house that would hold him and his retinue, and Mrs. Reid apparently reached out and took charge of him.

She was an active politician for very many years. If one said she held the Republican party of Westchester County in her lap, it would probably be justified. The last time the Republicans nominated an Ohio man for the Presidency, a man few people knew about, Mrs. Reid sighed, accepted the fact, and said, "Now we must have him East and have people to meet him at dinner." With the country and the newspapers so full of striving, aspiring, and advertising women, one likes to think of Mrs. Reid as a simple and serene person who always had enough, and never had to hog anything, nor yet to struggle nor to sweat. But the great point about her was that whatever she had she passed around. She seemed to like human beings, and that is a great quality in a politician.

MR. GEORGE F. BAKER, starting fairly low down in the commercial scale, worked hard all his life and was of a saving disposition from start to finish, and was reputed when he died the other day, at the age of ninety-one, to be very rich, estimates ranging from two hundred to five hundred millions. Mr. Baker's habits were directed more to accumulating money than to diffusing it. He gave away perhaps ten or fifteen millions, possibly more, to various public uses,

yet he had no great renown as a giver, but was much respected as a banker and as one of the powerful fiscal forces of his day in this country. People thought of him as an upright man who played no tricks and whose accumulated money directed by his mind was a force for public safety in times of pinch or panic. So when people thought of his money, which is natural, they did not stop there but thought next of his character, and they never thought of either one of them without the other.

Mr. Baker, like Mr. Rockefeller, seems to have been attracted early in life by the idea that dollars would work for him if he saved them. Neither of them seemed to get away from the fact that savings paid interest and that one could live on the interest or use it for any purpose if there was enough of it. It did not seem to trouble them that the service which a dollar renders has to be furnished by somebody's labor. They accepted that as they found it, as one of the factors of the *status quo*, otherwise known as the capitalist system. That factor, however, is not adamant but, as we notice, subject to modifications and the needs of humanity. Interest is just an arrangement and, without disrespect for anything, one may wonder how long it is going to last.

Mr. Ford, who also is quite rich, seems never to have bestowed much thought upon this capacity of the dollar to work for its owner. Of course he did use dollars, a few when he had only a few, more when he had more; but his idea was always to use them up in the construction of something that would produce lots more dollars. He seems to have wanted from the start to shift labor from human beings to machines, a form of service which to him looked profitable fiscally and no doubt spiritually. So Mr. Ford has the mind of a mechanic and Mr. Baker the mind of a banker, though it was a constructive

mind and did great constructive jobs.

Someone said the other day that the trouble with Winston Spencer Churchill, the British politician, was that he seemed to have the mind of a journalist. That was not at all the case with Mr. Baker. There was nothing of a journalist about him. It was not even the case with Mrs. Reid, since, though as said, she owned a newspaper and was interested in it and did a good deal about it, she did not often talk for publication. But Mr. Baker never said anything for publication that he could help. He was as reticent as he was accumulative.

IN THE pursuit or achievement of affluence there is a Rubicon somewhere between private and public life. Mere possession of power over large masses of money inevitably impairs privacy, and that is natural enough. When you have fifty or a hundred or several hundred millions you are indebted to the police power of the country and to the civilization in which you live for a greater amount of protection than when you have, say, twenty dollars a week. True enough, you pay more taxes, lots more; still the public eye is on you. It is indeed possible that you have come to be an abnormality due to conditions of life which you did not invent but under which you function. Anyone in that state does well to grin and bear it. The papers talk of the generosity of so and so who has vast wells of income spouting at him and begging to be diffused. It is polite to speak of the generosity of such persons, but generosity is not really the most important quality concerned with the apportionment of these sums. What is wanted for that is intelligence. Lovely qualities of the heart may go with it, such as went with the widow's mite, but in the diffusion of large sums in the public service it is intelligence, discernment, imagination that count most.

And yet the great factor in helping the world is not money at all—it is love. Some of these people to whom it has happened to be very rich give evidence of a strong and constant concern and affection for their neighbors. That was probably the particular attraction of Mrs. Reid, whom so many people liked so much and who liked so many people so much. It is true she was an affluent lady, but she would have still been affluent on twenty thousand a year, so much she had to give and did give besides money. She had religion and was a friend and long-time correspondent of Bishop Brent.

As for Mr. Baker, one heard the last year or so that he was getting tired of living because of increasing infirmities; but he was not a Dives, calling upon Lazarus to reach down out of Abraham's bosom and sprinkle a few cool drops on him. There are many amusing stories about him. He seemed to have a very good time but he never stopped working. He liked his wholesale bank on the corner of Wall Street, liked to rescue railroads and repair them, liked, doubtless, to have a vast well of money under his hand, but he always seemed to put it to use in some form of public service—repairing ailing corporations, checking the disorders of panics. He gave away a good deal of money, but his notable services as a banker have obscured somewhat his importance as a giver. A banker whose jobs are big needs to keep control of funds, and, after all, few jobs are more beneficent than to minister, watchfully and effectively, to the prosperity of business. Our neighbors, the affluent, whether they are public or private characters, have fairly free hands. Our President cannot spend public money unless Congress consents, and Congress cannot spend it unless the two Houses and the

President all agree, and politics takes toll of anything any of them do; but our fiscal princes can think things out and take action without so much backing and filling. They can do amazing things and, compared with Congress, compared with organized agencies of government, they often shine in our sky like rainbows of hope.

FOLLOWING close on the departures of Mrs. Reid and Mr. Baker has come that of Mr. Robert DeForest, eighty-three years old, a lawyer, and a citizen of much the same type as these others. He went far on the road to being the Peter Cooper of his generation. As President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Charity Organization, the Sage Foundation, and long an active officer in many other important concerns for improvement of life, Mr. DeForest has left behind a truly amazing record of constant, continuous and efficient devotion to humanity.

Most of us aspire in this life and this world to be as happy as we can, and even as a factor in realizing that aspiration to lead a helpful life is not to be despised. Some persons do it and get rich, others do it without attaining to affluence, but riches are only a by-product anyway, and, fortunately, happy and useful lives can be contrived without them. It is worth remarking, however, that some of our rich men live long and seem to have a good deal of fun, which does not seem to match what used to be inculcated in pious writings. It has been suggested that the assertion that the love of money is the root of all evil is inaccurate and that the true root of evil which is attributed to money is really the love of the power which money gives. That may make mischief, of course, and often does.



THOMAS CARLYLE, IN A MORE PERFECT WORLD, REGRETTING
THE ABSENCE OF ANYTHING TO DENOUNCE

By Will Dyson

Courtesy of the Ferargil Galleries



Harpers *Magazine*

WANTED: PERSPECTIVE

BUSINESS, STOCK PRICES, CURRENT ANXIETIES, AND HISTORY

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

EVERYONE knows the "close-up" in the movies, the projection of the lovers' kiss, the villain's scowl, or what not. There are several characteristics of the close-up as contrasted with the rest of the pictures in the film. For one thing, there is discontinuity, the interrupting of the story while we dwell on a minor aspect of the whole. There is also an absence of all background, the setting vanishing completely, making the immediate act which we witness unrelated. There is also excessive concentration and exaggeration. The face of the lover or the villain, which in the preceding pictures we have seen in proper proportion to the rest of the body and setting, suddenly becomes magnified and occupies exclusively the entire screen. While we gaze on it it blocks all intellectual consideration of cause and effect, the whole nexus of

events with which the drama is concerned. Intellectual attention, mild even as it may be in most movies, is suspended, and the appeal becomes a crudely emotional one.

For the last two or three decades this technic of the close-up has been utilized in fields which seem far removed from the screen, notably in newspapers, magazines, and even education. As a result, we are tending to look at our world, with its interests and problems, more and more as a series of close-ups than as a causal continuum. We concentrate on the act, the problem, the situation of the moment with ever-decreasing effort to see them in relation to their background, as parts of a whole. Both our educational institutions and the press are pushing us in the same direction. The other day I heard of a boy who has lived his life in a tiny settle-

ment remote from what we call civilization. The college to which he has now gone will give him his professional degree in two years by concentrating every single one of his long working days solely on studies immediately concerned with the profession. There is to be no literature, no history, nothing but the technique of the profession itself. That is not education. It is a close-up, and our oldest and best universities are tending to do the same thing by their students. History, in its broadest sense as including both the events and the thoughts of the past, is the background that is essential if we are not to envisage all our life and its problems in a staccato series of moronic close-ups.

We shall return to this point later but I would say here that for the most part we are indebted to the "practical" men of our day, of whatever social or financial grade, for this dangerous tendency which is becoming steadily more accentuated. It is considered by them high-brow to deal with relations rather than with things, to consider the past instead of dwelling exclusively on the present. In the famous phrase attributed to the financially most successful of these men, "history is bunk." Isaac Newton, because he was wholly concerned with relations instead of things, would be considered a "nut" by most of these practical men if he were living to-day. If you declared that Newton had done more than any of them for the material development of twentieth-century America because he had discovered the square root of minus one, you would unquestionably be considered a wild nut yourself. Yet to-day the practical transmission of all electric power is daily calculated and based on formulae which involve that absurd square root which seems such moonshine to the business man, and are impossible to figure in any other way.

But at the moment the most notable instance of our close-up way of looking at things is our attitude toward the business depression and the present level of the stock market. Let us take this for a few moments as a case in my general theme which will assuredly come home to the interest of us all.

II

One hears constantly the remark that this is the worst panic in our history. Newspapers talk about the discount rate as "the lowest in the whole history of the Federal Reserve System," giving a startling impression until one recalls that the Reserve System is only seventeen years old, scarcely of high-school age. People talk of the terrible prices for stocks as though they were unheard-of and spelled the collapse of our civilization. What are some of the facts? What has happened in our history before, and what is the real relationship level of present market prices?

It has always been our habit to indulge in speculation, to overdiscount the future, and then to pay the piper. This present crash is no new phenomenon in our history. We went mad over real estate before the panic of 1837. Sales of public lands by the government jumped from about 4,500,000 acres in 1834 to over 20,000,000 two years later. Between 1830 and 1835 the assessed value of real property in New York City rose from \$230,000,000 to \$408,000,000. Just as in 1909 people thought it was their last chance to buy "equities" in the United States through common stocks, so, absurdly, though no more insanely, people in 1835 thought it was their last chance to buy land in the country. It was said that our timber was nearing exhaustion, and wood lots in Maine rocketed from \$3 an acre to \$50. In the six years preceding the panic 347

new banks were started, and all banks loaned money on real estate at fantastic prices, just as they did on stocks in 1929. When the panic broke they all suspended specie payment, and wild confusion ensued. In North Carolina farms could be sold for only two per cent. of their supposed value. In Alabama it is said half the whole property in the State changed hands. Slaves recently bought for \$1,500 each were offered at \$200.

The failure of the great United States Bank in 1839 redoubled the fury of the storm. During the crisis nine-tenths of all the Eastern factories were closed, and the same proportion of their hands idle. The "white collar class" also suffered, and in Philadelphia from one-half to two-thirds of all the clerks in the city were discharged. Book printing, furniture making, and some other trades stopped completely. The State of Mississippi repudiated its bonds, and even Pennsylvania suspended the payment of interest. Laws were passed in Western States to prevent property being sold for debt. Early in March, 1837, several of the greatest firms in New York and New Orleans failed. By April 8 ninety-eight firms in New York alone had done so, for the then huge sum of \$60,000,000. Within three days thirty more crashed. Commercial paper was discounted at five per cent a month. In all, it has been claimed that 33,000 merchants failed with total liabilities of \$440,000,000. While cotton fell from 20 cents to 10, flour rose to \$12.50 a barrel, and the seamstresses of New York could make only fifty cents to a dollar a week, not enough to buy bread alone. The poorhouses everywhere were crowded. A mob of 5,000 men attacked the City Hall in Boston. In Mississippi taxes were several years in arrears, and sheriffs would not summon juries. Although the panic

started in 1837, the lowest point of employment was 1841.

The panic of 1857 was not quite so severe. There were heavy failures among banks, life insurance companies, and such railways as the Illinois Central and Michigan Central, with suspension of specie payments by all the banks in the country. The crisis had been coming on from 1854, and at its acutest stage in 1857 industry almost stopped for a while with severe distress to labor. All kinds of property fell 25 per cent to 75 per cent in value, and mobs paraded New York with cries of "Bread or Death." There were threats to plunder the banks and the Sub-Treasury in Wall Street, and the latter had to be guarded by Federal troops. Business declined until 1859, making a quick recovery the following year.

The depression of 1873 was much worse, and although there were the usual warnings for those who could see, it burst on the country with great suddenness. In the preceding year the failure of four savings banks in New York had caused runs on others resulting in the withdrawal of \$20,000,000. For the most part, however, everyone, including such leaders of business as Jay Cooke, Thomas A. Scott (Vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad), and William H. Vanderbilt, was living in a fool's paradise. Indeed, the last named, who was considered far-sighted, was paying \$120 a ton for steel rails for his new ventures just before the crash. Every sort of scheme and promotion was being entered upon, especially railway building. With the failure of Jay Cooke & Co., who were compared with the Bank of England for stability, the panic was on. Heavy failures of important houses, such as Fisk & Hatch, Henry Clews & Co., and the Union Trust Company of New York, quickly followed. The New York

Stock Exchange was forced to close for eight days. Other great firms went soon after, the noted textile house of the Spragues in Providence failing for a larger sum than the total State and municipal debts of Rhode Island. H. B. Claflin & Co., the largest wholesale house in America, had to ask for four and a half months' time. In one day, eighteen Stock Exchange firms collapsed. Banks failed right and left, and the President of the United States came to New York to confer on the situation.

By the end of 1875 railroads had defaulted on \$779,000,000 worth of bonds, a sum comparable to several times that to-day. There was no currency to move the crops, and Southern cotton could not be got to even such market as there was. Ships lay at their docks at New York because merchants could obtain no foreign exchange. In October, 1877, it was estimated that in the preceding twenty months there had been a shrinkage of 25 per cent in the amount of capital employed in mercantile business. In many lines of industry products could be sold only far below the cost of manufacture. Nearly 50,000 commercial houses failed between 1873 and 1878. So quickly had the crash occurred that by November, 1873, pig iron could hardly be sold at any price, and by December 1st half the furnaces and mills in the country had shut down. Six months later there were 115,000 men idle in that industry alone. Building stopped on all railroads, and all hands were discharged from rolling mills and car plants. In July, 1877, railway wages were cut 10 per cent, and the *Commercial & Financial Chronicle* stated that "it is unnecessary to review by detail the unparalleled series of riotous outbreaks which, during the week, have run like a wave of fire along our principal lines of railroad." Rhodes

has succinctly described the situation in those five years, which were, he wrote, "a long dismal tale of declining markets, exhaustion of capital, a lowering in value of all kinds of property, including real estate, constant bankruptcies, close economy in business, and grinding frugality in living, idle mills, furnaces and factories, former profit-earning iron mills reduced to the value of a scrap heap, laborers out of employment, reductions of wages, strikes and lockouts, the great railroad riots of 1877, suffering of the unemployed, depression, and despair." The maximum of failures was reached in 1878, after which recovery set in fairly rapidly, the scale of living soon attained thereafter being such as would have exhausted the resources of the country before the panic began in 1873.

The next great depression, in due cyclical course, which I well remember even as a boy, took place twenty years later, in 1893. In a few months 407 public and private banks failed, 47 savings banks, 13 trust companies, and 16 mortgage companies. In 1873, nine out of every thousand commercial houses had collapsed; in 1893, the number was thirteen, with total liabilities 50 per cent greater than in the former crash. Scorching winds reduced the corn crop of Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska from 548,000,000 bushels to 137,000,000. On the other hand, wheat fell to the lowest price ever touched before or after, 49 cents a bushel. The Reading, Erie, Atchison, Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, and other railroads followed one another into receiverships in endless line, until 169 roads, operating 37,855 miles of road, had become bankrupt, unable to pay their mortgage interest, the amount in stocks and bonds involved being \$2,400,000,000. Union Pacific stock sold at \$4 a share and was then assessed \$15. Northern Pacific sold

at 25 cents for a \$100 share, and was also assessed \$15. Currency rose to a premium of 4 per cent above checks and was difficult to obtain for pay-rolls.

There was such great labor unrest as to make many fear that anarchy had arrived. In London mass meetings demanded the abolition of the House of Lords; a mob invaded the City Hall in New York; troops were held in readiness to protect the banks in Denver; and President Cleveland ordered Federal troops to suppress the railway strike in Chicago. The *Herald* in August, 1893, reported 100,000 men idle in New York, 200,000 in Chicago, and half of all the working class in Pittsburgh. Exaggerated as these figures may have been, they reflect more or less truly the most serious social disturbance the nation has, perhaps, ever faced. In June, money was loaned on the Stock Exchange at previously unheard-of figures, and one afternoon became unobtainable at any price, although 360 per cent was bid for it. As one runs over the business news of the time day by day, it is a continuous story of the complete closing down of plants of all sorts in every part of the country. Recovery began in 1895, and was extremely rapid. Between February and November the production of pig iron rose forty per cent, and the price of dry goods staples twenty-five per cent.

We will not describe the minor crisis of 1907, as it was much less severe, but may note that even then, in what we have almost forgotten as a mere episode, the production of pig iron dropped fifty per cent in less than a year.

I have not attempted to recount the story of any of these depressions in detail or to discuss their causes. My purpose has been merely to find some sort of standard measure for the time we are passing through now, so that we may view it in perspective.

Having done this, let us consider somewhat closely the question of stock market prices.

III

In discussing the price of stocks, for purposes of sane comparison we must discard and forget 1928 and 1929 altogether. The country was insane then, and prices bore no relation whatever to business realities. Let us take a year of sound, prosperous business in the post-war era, say 1925, when business was so good as to satisfy everyone before we ran amok.

I am writing this article on June 3, the market having plunged yesterday to the lowest depth yet reached. In making the comparisons the lows of 1925 and the closing of June 2, 1931, have been employed. The worst showing is being made by the rails, as noted below:

	Price 1925	Price 1931
Atchison	116 $\frac{1}{4}$	134 $\frac{1}{8}$
Baltimore & Ohio	71	44
Delaware & Hudson	133 $\frac{1}{2}$	108 $\frac{1}{2}$
Erie	26 $\frac{3}{4}$	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
Illinois Central	111	41 $\frac{5}{8}$
New York Central	113 $\frac{1}{4}$	71 $\frac{3}{8}$
New Haven	28	64 $\frac{3}{4}$
Norfolk & Western	123 $\frac{1}{2}$	142
Northern Pacific	58 $\frac{1}{4}$	32
Pennsylvania	42 $\frac{1}{4}$	42 $\frac{3}{8}$
Southern Pacific	96	67 $\frac{1}{4}$
Union Pacific	133 $\frac{1}{4}$	137 $\frac{1}{8}$

In spite of what seems in immediate retrospect like an appalling decline, we find that four of the roads, or one-third of those taken at haphazard among the leaders, are actually above the prices of a recent good year.

The comparison of the public utilities is much better.

	Price 1925	Price 1931
American Telephone & Telegraph	130 $\frac{5}{8}$	158 $\frac{1}{4}$

Commonwealth		
Edison	130½	230
Consolidated Gas		
(Split 2 for 1,		
1928)	61	83¾ (= 167½)

The last stock named brings up a significant point, one which makes the ordinary comparison of the prices then and now of many of the most important stocks, particularly the industrial ones, difficult and highly misleading. This is the fact that owing to the mania for split-ups and stock dividends, chiefly in 1929, the prices of many of these stocks to-day are really several times those shown in the daily list. For example, if a stock has been split two for one, or has had a 100 per cent stock dividend, the present price should quite clearly be multiplied by two to make the proper comparison with the price before the split or dividend. Since 1925, taking merely active stocks, with no wish to make out a case by using extreme examples, Continental Can, Kennecott Copper, and Timken Roller Bearing has each received a stock dividend of 100 per cent; American Smelters and Union Carbide has each been split three for one; Sears Roebuck four for one; International Business Machines received a 200 per cent stock dividend and three subsequent dividends in stock of 5 per cent each; Burroughs Adding Machine had a 400 per cent stock dividend; International Nickel was exchanged for new stock on a six for one basis; Commercial Solvents was split ten for one, and General Electric, in two steps, sixteen for one. Sometimes, as in the case of American Tobacco, a change in the par value of stocks quoted in dollars per share has had the same effect. United States Steel, which received a stock dividend of only 40 per cent, was unusually conservative. Allowing for these adjusted prices, we may tabulate the comparison as below, recalling the fact

that we are comparing prices at the very bottom, so far, of what is considered a major depression with those of a recent prosperous year.

	Price 1925	Adjusted Price 1931
American Smelters	80	75
American Tobacco	170	200
Burroughs Adding Machine	65	100
Commercial Sol- vents	76	110
Continental Can	60½	82¾
General Electric	227¼	585
International Busi- ness Machines	110	368
International Nickel	24¼	60
Kennecott Copper	46¼	29¼
Sears Roebuck	147	200
Timken Roller Bearing	37¾	66
Union Carbide	65¼	132
United States Steel	112⅞	116

I do not wish for a moment to minimize the extreme seriousness of the present situation or the heavy losses people have suffered. I merely wish to put that situation into some relation with the past, in other words, to consider it intellectually and not react to it emotionally as a "close-up." When we compare the situation to-day with that of the good business year 1925, and consider it in relation to the previous great depressions, I think we may say that, instead of giving way to despair, we have considerable cause for thankfulness. What we are worrying about is that dividends may be cut or temporarily passed, but the fact that the better steel and other industrial bonds and those of public utility companies are selling to yield less than 5 per cent, that many rail bonds yield from 5 per cent down to less than 4, and that good preferred stocks yield from 6 per cent to 4½ per cent, assuredly indicates a very different condition from that which prevailed in most of the great crises of the past.

There may well be a stretch of bad days yet ahead for us, and often failures increase as business picks up. But we are already two years on our way. In addition to the normal factors present in every crisis, each has its own peculiar ones—bad banking, the currency, undigested securities, or what not. To-day we have our special idiosyncratic factors also, political and economic; but although the factors may be new, the mere presence of new factors is not itself new. I am making no predictions and do not wish to indulge in Pollyanna nonsense. The Government gave us all too much of that in 1928 and 1929, at the very time when I was predicting catastrophe. There is one point to note, however, which is that the very same men who shouted the loudest about the "new era," declaring that there was no limit upward in 1929, are now for the most part the same men who can see no bottom and who declare that the new situation of the world is so bad that there can hardly be recovery in our time. On the other hand, it is the men who, trusting to reason rather than emotion, foresaw the crash who are now the most hopeful about an eventual, though not an immediate, recovery to higher levels of business prosperity than the world has ever yet attained.

IV

The difference is that between a man with a "close-up" mentality and the man who insists upon background and relations. The former in 1929 could see nothing but the meeting of the lovers' lips enlarged to fill the whole screen; now he can see nothing but the villain's scowl of equal expanse and equally blocking out consideration of all else. Those two years, 1928 and 1929, appear to have oddly extinguished almost all memory on the part of innumerable individuals for all that

made normal life and business before. It is said that flyers at high altitudes have a somewhat similar experience, and as they approach the earth it seems strange to them, and they have the sensation of having been away for an incalculably long time. Business, the stock market, and most of us with them, went up even into the stratosphere in those years, and now that we are back on earth again (where we should have stayed unless we had better heads for playing around at ten thousand meters), it seems strange and unrecognizable. Of course all this may be but sorry comfort to the man who jumped overboard from the plane with "City Bank stock at 500" instead of a parachute, but we are not here concerned with sympathy for the individual but with trying to study general trends.

I may also repeat that we are not so much concerned even with the business situation in itself as in using the present panic of mind to illustrate our main thesis, namely the need of escaping from the close-up way of looking at life. It is becoming increasingly difficult for all of us to do so. Just as the movies concentrate on it, so do the newspapers and magazines. It is impossible, for example, to escape the stock market. I am convinced from a considerable number of years in Wall Street and a greater number since as a modest investor, that the only way to make money is to think and act in terms of years instead of "turns," and that the best thing to do, having taken a position for a several years' "pull," is to pay as little attention to daily quotations as possible. It is certainly better for one's sane appraisal of the general situation. But it is next to impossible to do so, and during the part of the year that I am in America I find myself waiting almost as anxiously as anyone else for the evening paper. It is not that I

have any more commitments while in America than while in England or Italy, but the American newspapers work up a sense of excitement about it all like the emotional appeal in the movie screen close-up.

This started in 1893. In that year, which now seems almost as far off as the Battle of Salamis, although I was fourteen years old, the close-up began for Wall Street. Up to January of that year Wall Street had not been "news." Up to about July the small-type, closely leaded headlines of the *New York Times* and even the *Herald* were much like the *London Times* today, except that they were even smaller and less inciting to excitability on the part of the reader. The whole financial and business news of the world occupied less than three columns on a far back page. February 18, 1893, was a day of tremendous excitement for "the Street." Sales on the Exchange reached the unprecedented amount of 888,000 shares (although only forty out of the ninety stocks were traded in for more than 1000 shares each), and 392,000 shares of Reading were dumped on the market. All this got some notice on the first news page of the *Herald* but there was nothing about it in the *Times* except a little fine print on page six, in the regular Wall Street column. The *Herald*, however, was in its full career toward "sensationalism" as it was then considered. The Reading road failed on the 20th, and next morning the *Herald* gave an entire page to the story with pictures, a reproduction of some inches of ticker tape recording the crashing prices, and a write-up about "titanic stock dealings" and "battles of financial giants." The *Times* gave a half column on page one to recording the failure but did not mention the market; and the brooding calm of the headlines was undisturbed. The *Herald*, however, had discovered the sensa-

tional value of finance. The public had had its first close-up of the villain or the lover, and the *Herald* continued to throw them on the screen. In the summer the battle of the headlines was on, and the modern newspaper format was emerging.

The magazines were slower to change. During the whole of the crisis of 1893 to 1895 the pages of *Scribner's*, *Harper's* and the *Century*, for example, were unruffled by articles on any current controversial topic, and for all of them there might have been no such thing as business in the world. The contents were excellent. Never, before or after, have American magazines been so well illustrated. They were full of the works of Church, Frost, Abbey, Parsons, Cole, and others. The reading matter was equally good, largely made up of art, history, travel, articles on foreign countries, and the best of current fiction. This was all changed just before the coming of the Great War, and since then it has been almost impossible for any reader of either newspapers or magazines to get away from the incessant domination of events and problems of the present instant. Journalism, to a very great extent, has become one vast screen on which are thrown only close-ups—close-ups of the stock market, close-ups of the latest murder, close-ups of the high cost of medical service, close-ups of ladies who find their husbands difficult and *vice versa*, close-ups of every conceivable thing. The background has disappeared; the thread of the drama is lost.

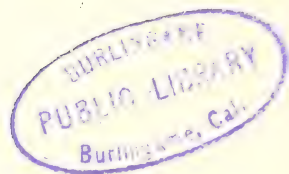
As usual, we have rushed from one extreme to another. We probably used to ignore current problems too much. The magazines became a trifle too dull perhaps. They felt the stirrings of a new age, or was it the promptings of the circulation and advertising managers? At any rate, we have now run to the other extreme. We become

immensely excited over everything, divorce, psychoanalysis, hospital costs, a ten-point rise in General Utility Preferred or a drop in Consolidated common. We all scramble after every close-up thrown on the journalistic screen, and no dinner party is smartly intellectual without a discussion of it.

Just as even the crudest close-up on the real screen has a certain compelling quality and relaxingly relieves us of thought, so has this turmoil of journalistic and literary close-ups in which we have become almost inextricably enmeshed mentally. To react away from it all, to try to see things steadily and see them whole, to search amid the welter of facts and emotional appeals for the abiding and significant relationships intellectually, calls for a genuine act of will and for knowledge with a background, that is, wisdom. Never before has the observer and thinker been able to get so much material from the public press of all sorts, but it is only raw material, and is rank poison unless he can digest it and properly assimilate it.

The only hope would seem to lie in our educational system, which ought precisely to perform the function of training us to see life not in a series of emotional close-ups but in rational and ordered relationships. For this, background and a knowledge of what has been done and thought in the past

are absolutely requisite; but more and more the schools, colleges and universities seem bent also on giving us the close-up on to-day and the ideas only of the moment. The decision just announced by Yale to discard the classics as requirements for the bachelor's degree is merely the most recent step in a continuous movement. For the classics as mere grammatical exercises I have no use whatever, but there is an infinite amount to be said for the classics as a means of rescue from the mentality of close-ups. It is not without significance that just at the time when the market started for the stratosphere one of the principal university clubs in New York, pressed for room in its library, removed the entire section of American history to a storeroom out of sight. Whoopee and the "new era." Perhaps a little history would have saved some margins. At any rate, it would seem as though one of our chief problems were to learn how to keep our mental balance by being able to react against the emotionalistic mush of all and every close-up by clear thought in terms of relations and background. I suggest that educators might well ponder, more than they seem inclined to, what they are doing to save their students from supine yielding to the barrage of close-ups which in daily life will be pouring down on them on every side.





THE HOUND

A STORY

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

TO COTTON the shot was the loudest thing he had ever heard in his life. It was too loud to be heard all at once. It continued to build up about the thicket, the dim, faint road, long after the hammerlike blow of the ten-gage shotgun had shocked into his shoulder and long after the smoke of the black powder with which it was charged had dissolved, and after the maddened horse had whirled twice and then turned galloping, diminishing, the empty stirrups clashing against the empty saddle.

It made too much noise. It was outrageous, unbelievable—a gun which he had owned for twenty years. It stunned him with amazed outrage, seeming to press him down into the thicket, so that when he could make the second shot, it was too late and the hound too was gone.

Then he wanted to run. He had expected that. He had coached himself the night before. "Right after it you'll want to run," he told himself. "But you can't run. You got to finish it. You got to clean it up. It will be hard, but you got to do it. You got to set there in the bushes and shut your eyes and count slow until you can make to finish it."

He did that. He laid the gun down and sat where he had lain behind the log. His eyes were closed. He counted slowly, until he had stopped shaking and until the sound of the gun

and the echo of the galloping horse had died out of his ears. He had chosen his place well. It was a quiet road, little used, marked not once in three months save by that departed horse; a short cut between the house where the owner of the horse lived and Varner's store; a quiet, fading, grass-grown trace along the edge of the river bottom, empty save for the two of them, the one squatting in the bushes, the other lying on his face in the road.

Cotton was a bachelor. He lived in a chinked log cabin floored with clay on the edge of the bottom, four miles away. It was dusk when he reached home. In the well-house at the back he drew water and washed his shoes. They were not muddier than usual, and he did not wear them save in severe weather, but he washed them carefully. Then he cleaned the shotgun and washed it too, barrel and stock; why, he could not have said, since he had never heard of finger prints, and immediately afterward he picked up the gun again and carried it into the house and put it away. He kept firewood, a handful of charred pine knots, in the chimney corner. He built a fire on the clay hearth and cooked his supper and ate and went to bed. He slept on a quilt pallet on the floor; he went to bed by barring the door and removing his overalls and lying down. It was dark after the fire burned out;

he lay in the darkness. He thought about nothing at all save that he did not expect to sleep. He felt no triumph, vindication, nothing. He just lay there, thinking about nothing at all, even when he began to hear the dog. Usually at night he would hear dogs, single dogs ranging alone in the bottom, or coon- or cat-hunting packs. Having nothing else to do, his life, his heredity, and his heritage centered within a five-mile radius of Varner's store. He knew almost any dog he would hear by its voice, as he knew almost any man he would hear by his voice. He knew this dog's voice. It and the galloping horse with the flapping stirrups and the owner of the horse had been inseparable: where he saw one of them, the other two would not be far away—a lean, rangy brute that charged savagely at anyone who approached its master's house, with something of the master's certitude and overbearance; and to-day was not the first time he had tried to kill it, though only now did he know why he had not gone through with it. "I never knowed my own luck," he said to himself, lying on the pallet. "I never knowed. If I had went ahead and killed it, killed the dog . . ."

He was still not triumphant. It was too soon yet to be proud, vindicated. It was too soon. It had to do with death. He did not believe that a man could pick up and move that irrevocable distance at a moment's notice. He had completely forgotten about the body. So he lay with his gaunt, underfed body empty with waiting, thinking of nothing at all, listening to the dog. The cries came at measured intervals, timbrous, sourceless, with the sad, peaceful, abject quality of a single hound in the darkness, when suddenly he found himself sitting bolt upright on the pallet.

"Nigger talk," he said. He had heard (he had never known a negro

himself, because of the antipathy, the economic jealousy, between his kind and negroes) how negroes claimed that a dog would howl at the recent grave of its master. "Hit's nigger talk," he said all the time he was putting on his overalls and his recently cleaned shoes. He opened the door. From the dark river bottom below the hill on which the cabin sat the howling of the dog came, bell-like and mournful. From a nail just inside the door he took down a coiled plowline and descended the slope.

Against the dark wall of the jungle fireflies winked and drifted; from beyond the black wall came the booming and grunting of frogs. When he entered the timber he could not see his own hand. The footing was treacherous with slime and creepers and bramble. They possessed the perversity of inanimate things, seeming to spring out of the darkness and clutch him with spiky tentacles. From the musing impenetrability ahead the voice of the hound came steadily. He followed the sound, muddy again; the air was chill, yet he was sweating. He was quite near the sound. The hound ceased. He plunged forward, his teeth drying under his dry lip, his hands clawed and blind, toward the ceased sound, the faint phosphorescent glare of the dog's eyes. The eyes vanished. He stopped, panting, stooped, the plowline in his hand, looking for the eyes. He cursed the dog, his voice a dry whisper. He could hear silence but nothing else.

He crawled on hands and knees, telling where he was by the shape of the trees on the sky. After a time, the brambles raking and slashing at his face, he found a shallow ditch. It was rank with rotted leaves; he waded ankle-deep in the pitch darkness, in something not earth and not water, his elbow crooked before his face. He stumbled upon something; an object

with a slack feel. When he touched it, something gave a choked, infantlike cry, and he started back, hearing the creature scuttle away. "Just a possum," he said. "Hit was just a possum."

He wiped his hands on his flanks in order to pick up the shoulders. His flanks were foul with slime. He wiped his hands on his shirt, across his breast, then he picked up the shoulders. He walked backward, dragging it. From time to time he would stop and wipe his hands on his shirt. He stopped beside a tree, a rotting cypress shell, topless, about ten feet tall. He had put the coiled plowline into his bosom. He knotted it about the body and climbed the stump. The top was open, rotted out. He was not a large man, not as large as the body, yet he hauled it up to him hand over hand, bumping and scraping it along the stump, until it lay across the lip like a half-filled meal sack. The knot in the rope had slipped tight. At last he took out his knife and cut the rope and tumbled the body into the hollow stump.

It didn't fall far. He shoved at it, feeling around it with his hands for the obstruction; he tied the rope about the stub of a limb and held the end of it in his hands and stood on the body and began to jump up and down upon it, whereupon it fled suddenly beneath him and left him dangling on the rope.

He tried to climb the rope, rasping off with his knuckles the rotten fiber, a faint, damp powder of decay like snuff in his nostrils. He heard the stub about which the rope was tied crack and felt it begin to give. He leaped upward from nothing, scrabbling at the rotten wood, and got one hand over the edge. The wood crumbled beneath his fingers; he climbed perpetually without an inch of gain, his mouth cracked upon his teeth, his eyes glaring at the sky.

The wood stopped crumbling. He dangled by his hands, breathing. He drew himself up and straddled the edge. He sat there for a while. Then he climbed down and leaned against the hollow trunk.

When he reached his cabin he was tired, spent. He had never been so tired. He stopped at the door. Fireflies still blew along the dark band of timber, and owls hooted and the frogs still boomed and grunted. "I ain't never been so tired," he said, leaning against the house, the wall which he had built log by log. "Like ever thing had got outen hand. Climbing that stump, and the noise that shot made. Like I had got to be somebody else without knowing it, in a place where noise was louder, climbing harder to climb, without knowing it." He went to bed. He took off the muddy shoes, the overalls, and lay down; it was late then. He could tell by a summer star that came into the square window at two o'clock and after.

Then, as if it had waited for him to get settled and comfortable, the hound began to howl again. Lying in the dark, he heard the first cry come up from the river bottom, mournful, timbrous, profound.

Five men in overalls squatted against the wall of Varner's store. Cotton made the sixth. He sat on the top step, his back against a gnawed post which supported the wooden awning of the veranda. The seventh man sat in the single splint chair; a fat, slow man in denim trousers and a collarless white shirt, smoking a cob pipe. He was past middle-age. He was sheriff of the county. The man about whom they were talking was named Houston.

"He hadn't no reason to run off," one said. "To disappear. To send his horse back home with a empty saddle. He hadn't no reason. Owning his own land, his house. Making a

good crop ever year. He was as well-fixed as ere a man in the county. A bachelor too. He hadn't no reason to disappear. You can mark it. He never run. I don't know what; but Houston never run."

"I don't know," a second said. "You can't tell what a man has got in his mind. Houston might a had reason that we don't know, for making it look like something had happened to him. For clearing outen the country and leaving it to look like something had happened to him. It's been done before. Folks before him has had reason to light out for Texas with a changed name."

Cotton sat a little below their eyes, his face lowered beneath his worn, stained, shabby hat. He was whittling at a stick, a piece of pine board.

"But a fellow can't disappear without leaving no trace," a third said. "Can he, Sheriff?"

"Well, I don't know," the Sheriff said. He removed the cob pipe and spat neatly across the porch into the dust. "You can't tell what a man will do when he's pinched. Except it will be something you never thought of. Never counted on. But if you can find just what pinched him you can pretty well tell what he done."

"Houston was smart enough to do ere a thing he taken a notion to," the second said. "If he'd wanted to disappear, I reckon we'd a known about what we know now."

"And what's that?" the third said.

"Nothing," the second said.

"That's a fact," the first said.

"Houston was a secret man."

"He wasn't the only secret man around here," a fourth said. To Cotton it sounded sudden, since the fourth man had said no word before. He sat against the post, his hat slanted forward so that his face was invisible, believing that he could feel their eyes. He watched the sliver peel slow and

smooth from the stick, ahead of his worn knife-blade. "I got to say something," he told himself.

"He warn't no smarter than nobody else," he said. Then he wished he had not spoken. He could see their feet beneath his hat-brim. He trimmed the stick, watching the knife, the steady sliver. "It's got to trim off smooth," he told himself. "It don't dast to break." He was talking; he could hear his voice: "Swelling around like he was the biggest man in the county. Setting that ere dog on folks' stock." He believed that he could feel their eyes, watching their feet, watching the sliver trim smooth and thin and unhurried beneath the knife blade. Suddenly he thought about the gun, the loud crash, the jarring shock. "Maybe I'll have to kill them all," he said to himself—a mild man in worn overalls, with a gaunt face and lack-luster eyes like a sick man, whittling a stick with a thin hand, thinking about killing them. "Not them; just the words, the talk." But the talk was familiar, the intonation, the gestures; but so was Houston. He had known Houston all his life: that prosperous and overbearing man. "With a dog," Cotton said, watching the knife return and bite into another sliver. "A dog that et better than me. I work, and eat worse than his dog. If I had been his dog, I would not have . . . We're better off without him," he said, blurted. He could feel their eyes, sober, intent.

"He always did rile Ernest," the first said.

"He taken advantage of me," Cotton said, watching the infallible knife. "He taken advantage of ever man he could."

"He was a overbearing man," the Sheriff said.

Cotton believed that they were still watching him, hidden behind their detached voices.

"Smart, though," the third said.

"He wasn't smart enough to win that suit against Ernest over that hog."

"That's so. How much did Ernest get outen that lawing? He ain't never told, has he?"

Cotton believed that they knew how much he had got from the suit. The hog had come into his lot one October. He penned it up; he tried by inquiry to find the owner. But none claimed it until he had wintered it on his corn. In the spring Houston claimed the hog. They went to court. Houston was awarded the hog, though he was assessed a sum for the wintering of it, and one dollar as pound-fee for a stray. "I reckon that's Ernest's business," the Sheriff said after a time.

Again Cotton heard himself talking, blurting. "It was a dollar," he said, watching his knuckles whiten about the knife handle. "One dollar." He was trying to make his mouth stop talking. "After all I taken offen him . . ."

"Juries does queer things," the Sheriff said, "in little matters. But in big matters they're mostly right."

Cotton whittled, steady and deliberate. "At first you'll want to run," he told himself. "But you got to finish it. You got to count a hundred, if it needs, and finish it."

"I heard that dog again last night," the third said.

"You did?" the Sheriff said.

"It ain't been home since the day the horse come in with the saddle empty," the first said.

"It's out hunting, I reckon," the Sheriff said. "It'll come in when it gets hungry."

Cotton trimmed at the stick. He did not move.

"Niggers claim a hound'll howl till a dead body's found," the second said.

"I've heard that," the Sheriff said. After a time a car came up and the Sheriff got into it. The car was

driven by a deputy. "We'll be late for supper," the Sheriff said. The car mounted the hill; the sound died away. It was getting toward sundown.

"He ain't much bothered," the third said.

"Why should he be?" the first said. "After all, a man can leave his house and go on a trip without telling everybody."

"Looks like he'd a unsaddled that mare, though," the second said. "And there's something the matter with that dog. It ain't been home since, and it ain't treed. I been hearing it ever night. It ain't treed. It's howling. It ain't been home since Tuesday. And that was the day Houston rid away from the store here on that mare."

Cotton was the last one to leave the store. It was after dark when he reached home. He ate some cold bread and loaded the shotgun and sat beside the open door until the hound began to howl. Then he descended the hill and entered the bottom.

The dog's voice guided him; after a while it ceased, and he saw its eyes. They were now motionless; in the red glare of the explosion he saw the beast entire in sharp relief. He saw it in the act of leaping into the ensuing welter of darkness; he heard the thud of its body. But he couldn't find it. He looked carefully, quartering back and forth, stopping to listen. But he had seen the shot strike it and hurl it backward, and he turned aside for about a hundred yards in the pitch darkness and came to a slough. He flung the shotgun into it, hearing the sluggish splash, watching the vague water break and recover, until the last ripple died. He went home and to bed.

He didn't go to sleep though, although he knew he would not hear the dog. "It's dead," he told himself, lying on his quilt pallet in the dark. "I saw the bullets knock it down. I

could count the shot. The dog is dead." But still he did not sleep. He did not need sleep; he did not feel tired or stale in the mornings, though he knew it was not the dog. He knew he would not hear the dog again, and that sleep had nothing to do with the dog. So he took to spending the nights sitting up in a chair in the door, watching the fireflies and listening to the frogs and the owls.

He entered Varner's store. It was in mid-afternoon; the porch was empty, save for the clerk, whose name was Snopes. "Been looking for you for two-three days," Snopes said. "Come inside."

Cotton entered. The store smelled of cheese and leather and new earth. Snopes went behind the counter and reached from under the counter a shotgun. It was caked with mud. "This is yourn, ain't it?" Snopes said. "Vernon Tull said it was. A nigger squirrel hunter found it in a slough."

Cotton came to the counter and looked at the gun. He did not touch it; he just looked at it. "It ain't mine," he said.

"Ain't nobody around here got one of them old Hadley ten-gages except you," Snopes said. "Tull says it's yourn."

"It ain't none of mine," Cotton said. "I got one like it. But mine's to home."

Snopes lifted the gun. He breeched it. "It had one empty and one load in it," he said. "Who you reckon it belongs to?"

"I don't know," Cotton said. "Mine's to home." He had come to purchase food. He bought it: crackers, cheese, a tin of sardines. It was not dark when he reached home, yet he opened the sardines and ate his supper. When he lay down he did not even remove his overalls. It was as though he waited for something, stayed dressed

to move and go at once. He was still waiting for whatever it was when the window turned gray and then yellow and then blue; when, framed by the square window, he saw against the fresh morning a single soaring speck. By sunrise there were three of them, and then seven.

All that day he watched them gather, wheeling and wheeling, drawing their concentric black circles, watching the lower ones wheel down and down and disappear below the trees. He thought it was the dog. "They'll be through by noon," he said. "It wasn't a big dog."

When noon came they had not gone away; there were still more of them, while still the lower ones dropped down and disappeared below the trees. He watched them until dark came, until they went away, flapping singly and sluggishly up from beyond the trees. "I got to eat," he said. "With the work I got to do to-night." He went to the hearth and knelt and took up a pine knot, and he was kneeling, nursing a match into flame, when he heard the hound again; the cry deep, timbrous, unmistakable, and sad. He cooked his supper and ate.

With his axe in his hand he descended through his meager corn patch. The cries of the hound could have guided him, but he did not need it. He had not reached the bottom before he believed that his nose was guiding him. The dog still howled. He paid it no attention, until the beast sensed him and ceased, as it had done before; again he saw its eyes. He paid no attention to them. He went to the hollow cypress trunk and swung his axe into it, the axe sinking helve-deep into the rotten wood. While he was tugging at it something flowed silent and savage out of the darkness behind him and struck him a slashing blow. The axe had just come free; he fell with the axe in his hand, feeling the hot reek

of the dog's breath on his face and hearing the click of its teeth as he struck it down with his free hand. It leaped again; he saw its eyes now. He was on his knees, the axe raised in both hands now. He swung it, hitting nothing, feeling nothing; he saw the dog's eyes, crouched. He rushed at the eyes; they vanished. He waited a moment, but heard nothing. He returned to the tree.

At the first stroke of the axe the dog sprang at him again. He was expecting it, so he whirled and struck with the axe at the two eyes and felt the axe strike something and whirl from his hands. He heard the dog whimper, he could hear it crawling away. On his hands and knees he hunted for the axe until he found it.

He began to chop at the base of the stump, stopping between blows to listen. But he heard nothing, saw nothing. Overhead the stars were swinging slowly past; he saw the one that looked into his window at two o'clock. He began to chop steadily at the base of the stump.

The wood was rotten; the axe sank helve-deep at each stroke, as into sand or mud; suddenly Cotton knew that it was not imagination he smelled. He dropped the axe and began to tear at the rotten wood with his hands. The hound was beside him, whimpering; he did not know it was there, not even when it thrust its head into the opening, crowding against him, howling.

"Git away," he said, still without being conscious that it was the dog. He dragged at the body, feeling it slough upon its own bones, as though it were too large for itself; he turned his face away, his teeth glared, his breath furious and outraged and restrained. He could feel the dog surge against his legs, its head in the orifice, howling.

When the body came free, Cotton went over backward. He lay on his back on the wet ground, looking up at

a faint patch of starry sky. "I ain't never been so tired," he said. The dog was howling, with an abject steadiness. "Shut up," Cotton said. "Hush. Hush." The dog didn't hush. "It'll be daylight soon," Cotton said to himself. "I got to get up."

He got up and kicked at the dog. It moved away, but when he stooped and took hold of the legs and began to back away, the dog was there again, moaning to itself. When he would stop to rest, the dog would howl again; again he kicked at it. Then it began to be dawn, the trees coming spectral and vast out of the miasmic darkness. He could see the dog plainly. It was gaunt, thin, with a long bloody gash across its face. "I'll have to get shut of you," he said. Watching the dog, he stooped and found a stick. It was rotten, foul with slime. He clutched it. When the hound lifted its muzzle to howl, he struck. The dog whirled; there was a long fresh scar running from shoulder to flank. It leaped at him, without a sound; he struck again. The stick took it fair between the eyes. He picked up the ankles and tried to run.

It was almost light. When he broke through the undergrowth upon the river bank the channel was invisible; a long bank of what looked like cotton batting, though he could hear the water beneath it somewhere. There was a freshness here; the edges of the mist licked into curling tongues. He stooped and lifted the body and hurled it into the bank of mist. At the instant of vanishing he saw it—a sluggish sprawl of three limbs instead of four, and he knew why it had been so hard to free from the stump. "I'll have to make another trip," he said; then he heard a pattering rush behind him. He didn't have time to turn when the hound struck him and knocked him down. It didn't pause. Lying on his back, he saw it in midair like a bird,

vanish into the mist with a single short, choking cry.

He got to his feet and ran. He stumbled and caught himself and ran again. It was full light. He could see the stump and the black hole which he had chopped in it; behind him he could hear the swift, soft feet of the dog. As it sprang at him he stumbled and fell and saw it soar over him, its eyes like two cigar-coals; it whirled and leaped at him again before he could rise. He struck at its face with his bare hands and began to run. Together they reached the tree. It leaped at him again, slashing his arm as he ducked into the tree, seeking that member of the body which he did not know was missing until after he had released it into the mist, feeling the dog surging about his legs. Then the dog was gone. Then a voice said:

"We got him. You can come out, Ernest."

The countyseat was fourteen miles away. They drove to it in a battered Ford. On the back seat Cotton and the Sheriff sat, their inside wrists locked together by handcuffs. They had to drive for two miles before they reached the highroad. It was hot, ten o'clock in the morning. "You want to swap sides out of the sun?" the Sheriff said.

"I'm all right," Cotton said.

At two o'clock they had a puncture. Cotton and the Sheriff sat under a tree while the driver and the second deputy went across a field and returned with a glass jar of buttermilk and some cold food. They ate, repaired the tire, and went on.

When they were within three or four miles of town, they began to pass wagons and cars going home from market day in town, the wagon teams plodding homeward in their own inescapable dust. The Sheriff greeted them with a single gesture of his fat arm.

"Home for supper, anyway," he said. "What's the matter, Ernest? Feeling sick? Here, Joe; pull up a minute."

"I'll hold my head out," Cotton said. "Never mind." The car went on. Cotton thrust his head out the V strut of the top stanchion. The Sheriff shifted his arm, giving him play. "Go on," Cotton said, "I'll be all right." The car went on. Cotton slipped a little farther down in the seat. By moving his head a little he could wedge his throat into the apex of the iron V, the uprights gripping his jaws beneath the ears. He shifted again until his head was tight in the vise, then he swung his legs over the door, trying to bring the weight of his body sharply down against his imprisoned neck. He could hear his vertebræ; he felt a kind of rage at his own toughness; he was struggling then against the jerk on the manacle, the hands on him.

Then he was lying on his back beside the road, with water on his face and in his mouth, though he could not swallow. He couldn't speak, trying to curse, cursing in no voice. Then he was in the car again, on the smooth street where children played in the big, shady yards in small bright garments, and men and women went home toward supper, to plates of food and cups of coffee in the long twilight of summer.

They had a doctor for him in his cell. When the doctor had gone he could smell supper cooking somewhere—ham and hot bread and coffee. He was lying on a cot; the last ray of copper sunlight slid through a narrow window, stippling the bars upon the wall above his head. His cell was near the common room, where the minor prisoners lived, the ones who were in jail for minor offenses or for three meals a day; the stairway from below came up into that room. It was occupied for the time by a group of negroes from the chain-gang that worked the streets, in

jail for vagrancy or for selling a little whiskey or shooting craps for ten or fifteen cents. One of the negroes was at the window above the street, yelling down to someone. The others talked among themselves, their voices rich and murmurous, mellow and singsong. Cotton rose and went to the door of his cell and held to the bars, looking at the negroes.

"Hit," he said. His voice made no sound. He put his hand to his throat; he produced a dry croaking sound, at which the negroes ceased talking and looked at him, their eyeballs rolling. "It was all right," Cotton said, "until it started coming to pieces on me. I could a handled that dog." He held his throat, his voice harsh, dry, and croaking. "But it started coming to pieces on me. . . ."

"Who him?" one of the negroes said. They whispered among themselves,

watching him, their eyeballs white in the dusk.

"It would a been all right," Cotton said, "but it started coming to pieces. . . ."

"Hush up, white man," one of the negroes said. "Don't you be telling us no truck like that."

"Hit would a been all right," Cotton said, his voice harsh, whispering. Then it failed him again altogether. He held to the bars with one hand, holding his throat with the other, while the negroes watched him, huddled, their eyeballs white and sober. Then with one accord they turned and rushed across the room, toward the staircase; he heard slow steps and then he smelled food, and he clung to the bars, trying to see the stairs. "Are they going to feed them niggers before they feed a white man?" he said, smelling the coffee and the ham.

THE RATIONAL MAN

BY J. C. SQUIRE

FRRIEND, safe, be certain, you may feel
 With me to sleep and drink and eat;
 I do not want enough to steal,
 I do not care enough to cheat.

I do not hate enough to fight,
 Nor love enough, nor yet believe;
 And having Birth and Death in sight,
 Why should I trouble to deceive?

Credit me not with tenderness,
 Nor yet with generosity;
 Casual and cold is my excess,
 And pitiless my charity.

Sin does not lure me, and I find
 This easiest: to live by rule,
 And leave adventure to the blind,
 Vice to the mazed and fevered fool.



IF OWEN D. YOUNG WERE NOMINATED

BY CHARLES MERZ

IN THE annals of the daily press the story of Owen D. Young does not begin until 1921. On November 6th of that year the *New York Times* reported the arrival of a party of tourists coming from New York to inspect a wireless station recently completed at Stony Point, Long Island. Over a bleak expanse of scrub oak ruffled by a brisk autumn wind these tourists saw twelve columns marching in a line with widespread arms. "They looked," the *Times* reporter said in his dispatch, "uncannily like the Martians H. G. Wells once wrote about." The incident is interesting not only as a reminder that reporters were still writing about radio as a curiosity in 1921, but because a few appropriate remarks on this occasion were spoken by a then obscure official of the General Electric Company. This was the first time any portion of Mr. Young's remarks appeared in print in the *New York Times*, and for some years the only time.

We have moved on from 1921, and it is scarcely necessary to point out that news of Mr. Young's activities has expanded in the last decade at a pace at least as rapid as the whirlwind growth of the radio industry. During the last two years, thanks in part to his identification with the reparations plan which bears his name, Mr. Young has appeared in the *New York Times* on three hundred and twenty-six occasions, an average of approximately three times a week.

Even Henry Ford has had no press since the new model to compare with this. From the obscurity of 1921 Mr. Young has emerged with great renown. Impromptu stories of his life have flourished in the magazines. Newspapers have given headlines to his theories of prosperity, his analyses of the causes of depression, his testimony before Congressional committees on banking laws, the bonus, foreign trade, radio communications, and the regulation of utilities. Particularly in recent months the publicity which centers in his opinions and activities has multiplied and at the same time entered a new field of prophecy. By more than one expert we are told that, whether or not he so desires, Mr. Young is destined, by virtue of a brilliant career in business and the accident of his political faith, to lead the Democratic party in its next campaign.

Of this possibility a large part of the press is increasingly aware. Mr. Young is now met on the steps of the Capitol by reporters who wish to know not only what he thinks about the reparations question but what he thinks about the Presidency. Editorial writers speculate upon the efforts he would expend as President to check the decline of commodity prices, to stimulate the movement of accumulated goods, and to rescue the railways from inaction. A political expert in the *Herald-Tribune* detects evidence of favoritism for his candidacy on the part

of the central Democratic organization. Mr. Julian Harris reports to the *Times* from Georgia "a growing sentiment among southern Democrats that Mr. Young's nomination would consolidate the party."

Additional evidence of this popularity among the politicians is to be found in the straw ballots which are now beginning to foreshadow interest in the 1932 election. A recent poll of 844 delegates and alternates to the last Democratic national convention showed this order of preference: Roosevelt 478, Smith 125, Young 73, Ritchie 39. A still more recent poll of 1200 key men and women in the party stood as follows: Roosevelt 562, Young 256, Smith 115, Robinson 95. Instead of a few scattered votes well down the list, Mr. Young's name suddenly appears among the leaders.

Unquestionably there is a widespread belief that, while the odds at the present time may not favor his selection (or acceptance), a series of events far less fortuitous than those which have given us many of our presidential candidates might easily project a man with Mr. Young's great prestige into the Democratic nomination.

II

It is not difficult to identify some of the considerations which have set people thinking of Mr. Young in terms of politics and stimulated discussion of his availability as a candidate for President. He has, in the first place, all of the personal qualifications with which a candidate for President ought properly to be equipped. Even the Georgia Democrat, who knows him only at second hand, through the medium of the rotogravure section or the talking news reel, rightly guesses him to be a man of personal charm and simplicity of manner. His career is in the best American tradition: farm boy,

homespun college student, law clerk, junior partner, man of large affairs. He is an attractive figure at a public meeting, thoroughly at ease, an engaging speaker, amazingly youthful for a man of fifty-seven. He has an easy grace in making friends and an intuitive talent for winning gestures. New York, in the person of Mayor Walker, offered him a brass band and a shower of ticker tape when he returned from Paris with the Young Plan. He refused to believe that New York was moved to brass bands by its interest in a remote event which it did not understand and appealed to the Mayor by radio from the *Aquitania*, "Please let me come home quietly."

Moreover, there are certain political considerations which are more important here than matters of prestige and personality. Mr. Young is a New Yorker. He is thereby eligible for the nomination under the rule which requires that the nomination go to the resident of a State with a large number of votes in the electoral college. But he is also a New Yorker who has never been linked in the headlines with either the "new Tammany" or the old one. No one has laid at his door—and no one can lay at his door, since he is a complete outsider—failure either to reform Tammany or to chastise it. He is equally impregnable in the controversy over prohibition. For while he has declared that he "resents the whole theory of the constitutional amendment and the fanaticism and unreasonableness of the Volstead Law," he has also declared that he wishes "to be very patient with this effort of a great democracy in self-discipline" and that he, "for one, does not propose to take any chances on liquor again obtaining the upper hand in this country." Both wets and dries may hope that this statement of the case foreshadows an ultimate conversion.

Another fact bearing on Mr. Young's availability is that he is definitely identified in the public's mind as a man who has thought seriously and consecutively about questions of foreign policy. In this respect he differs from Messrs. Smith, Roosevelt, Ritchie, Robinson, Cox, Reed, Moody, and all other possible candidates for the Democratic nomination, with the single exception of Newton D. Baker.

This interest in foreign policy is a political asset in 1931 for the first time since the War. In the elections of 1920, 1924, and 1928 interest in foreign policy was at low ebb; it was at least a luxury, if not actually a nuisance, for any candidate for President to feel concerned about our relations with Europe, the Far East, or South America. The situation to-day has changed. It is not a revival of interest in the World Court or the League of Nations that has brought the change. It is a revival of interest in world markets.

Eleven years ago, seven years ago, even three years ago, Europe was still a place where an American army had fought a war. To-day Europe is a place where American business would be overjoyed to sell more goods. For the first time in the recent history of the American Republic questions of international economy have actually become street-corner topics of discussion. The laundryman assures his barber that we shall not be out of the woods until things pick up abroad. The drugstore prophet talks persuasively of the influence exerted upon prosperity in the United States by such novel factors as gold movements from the Bank of France, wheat exports from the Argentine, and the collapse of silver in the Orient.

Mr. Hoover, too, it should be noted, was presumed to have a wide acquaintance with these matters in 1928. But Mr. Hoover was an engineer. It is part of the Young legend in 1931 that

engineers are specialists who work on technical problems in the sheltered laboratories of General Electric.

III

The portrait sketches which attempt to detach Owen D. Young as a man from Owen D. Young as material for headlines are seldom satisfying. It is easy enough to write the chapter headings for a popular biography, from the family farm at Van Hornesville through St. Lawrence University and a career in private law to the chairmanship of General Electric. But when these episodes have been recorded they fail to suggest what the average person would like best to know: namely, the type of mind which Mr. Young possesses, the manner in which he approaches a given problem, the faculty which enables him to appear suddenly on a new front as master of an apparently unfamiliar situation.

He was a lawyer who had specialized for some years in public utility cases when General Electric offered to take him on as general counsel and vice president in 1912. A lawyer who had specialized in public utility cases was precisely what General Electric wanted at the time. But by virtue of what hitherto unsuspected talent on the part of a young lawyer in his thirties did General Electric, in acquiring a new counsel, acquire also its most competent executive?

He was a veteran of six years' service in General Electric when the war-time expansion of wireless telegraphy pointed the way to a glamorous future for an infant industry. It was easy, perhaps, to behold the vision of a thousand Statler Hotels with a radio in every room. But by what combination of tact, energy, and exhortation did Mr. Young succeed in persuading Westinghouse, American Telephone & Telegraph, General Electric, Western

Electric, and United Fruit (which controlled a wireless service in the Caribbean) to take part in the negotiations leading up to the creation of that bold and amazingly successful patent-pool which bears the name of Radio Corporation of America?

He was a merchant of electrical equipment with some knowledge of the metropolitan markets of post-war Europe when he was invited in 1924 to accompany General Dawes on a mission to Berlin—his first real appearance in the headlines. He knew enough of the existing reparations plan to know that it had failed. But by what qualities of mind and temperament did he manage to get the threads of the Berlin conference so securely in his hands that General Dawes said later, in explaining how the schedule of reparations came to be revised, "He told me what to do, I told the others they must do it, and they did"?

The difficulty in making such episodes as these intelligible is the unwillingness of men who have worked with Mr. Young to credit him with any mysterious quality which would at once enable the outsider to feel that he had caught the secret of the man. To close associates of Mr. Young there is, in fact, no secret. These associates say of him simply that he possesses an exceedingly effective combination of qualities which are ordinary in themselves. They say that he has patience and urbanity. They say that he has a genuine respect for facts. They say that, while he has a normal set of dogmas about the way business and politics should be managed, he can rid himself of these dogmas effectively enough to permit him to consider without prejudice a problem placed before him. They say that he is an expert listener even to arguments with which he vigorously disagrees. They say that he has an unerring faculty for finding the right spot in which to place

an entering wedge of compromise between conflicting theories.

As evidence of the practical fashion in which these habits of mind and traits of character can be put to service, consider Mr. Young's conduct in the face of certain crises confronting the conference on reparations payments over which he presided in Paris in 1929. This conference assembled in early February and, after the usual exchange of courtesies, ran into difficulty over the question of how large a total sum Germany would consent to pay and how small a total sum Germany's creditors would be willing to receive. The two figures proposed were more than ten billion marks apart. Both parties were adamant. The conference was deadlocked. Predictions were freely made that it would fail. It would certainly have failed if the two opposing factions had been permitted then and there to argue their difference of opinion to a final disagreement.

At this point, however, Mr. Young suddenly brought forward his plan for the creation of a new international bank. This proposal had nothing to do with the amount Germany would pay or the amount Germany's creditors would receive. It was a proposal concerned merely with the creation of new machinery to collect and to distribute whatever payments might ultimately be agreed upon. It was a proposal, however, which commended itself both to Germany, because it promised to aid the Reichsbank in stabilizing its exchanges, and to Germany's creditors, because it promised to facilitate the uninterrupted flow of annuities and to lay the basis for the ultimate commercialization of the German debt.

At once attention shifted from the old deadlock over reparations payments to a new agreement over the advantages to Europe in the creation of an international bank. Mr. Young had brought into play his faculty for finding

the right spot in which to place an entering wedge of compromise. He had shown patience and urbanity in the face of an obvious temptation to abandon what seemed to many men in Paris a hopeless and a thankless effort. He had listened expertly to the claims of two opposing factions. He now led discussion of these claims away from a disagreement over ultimate sums to an agreement on immediate methods.

The result was promptly apparent in the news from Paris. The conference revived. It went about the business of perfecting plans for the establishment of the bank which Mr. Young had advocated. For some weeks thereafter, through a succession of such crises and such methods of diverting attention away from danger spots to safety zones, the dozen men who represented their respective governments in the Paris conference proceeded to lay the basis for so large an agreement over detail that when the time came ultimately to face the question of the annuity which Germany would pay, too much had been accepted on both sides to permit the conference to break up without a final search for a compromise.

Mr. Young's own formula for this compromise, when it was at last submitted at the end of May, was rightly timed and ultimately accepted.

IV

There is little evidence in any quarter of a desire to quarrel with those appreciations of Mr. Young which set high value upon his methods of work, his broad experience, his skill in finding a least common multiple for diverse interests when they threaten to make trouble, in lower Broadway, Paris, or Berlin. All this is the well-earned reward of an unbroken series of successes over a period of ten active years. No one, discussing the part that Mr. Young may one day play in public life

or the question of his availability for public office, has seen fit to question his ability. Such doubts as have been expressed in this respect rest rather upon his point of view.

This point of view, as Mr. Young himself describes it, is essentially liberal in outlook. "All of my people for many generations have been supporters of the liberal party," he has said. "I think it would be helpful to put the liberal party in power. . . . A conservative party must naturally be a party of inaction in new fields. Frequently it falls into reaction. Now I think [this was 1928 and would presumably be true in 1932] that it is time to try again the initiative of liberalism. Let even the poorest man really feel the government to be his own. The conservative party cannot help being the party of the people who have. It cannot help, for the same reason, being somewhat insulated from the people who have less."

Nevertheless, though Mr. Young has chosen to mark himself a liberal rather than a conservative, it is among people loosely described as liberals that opposition to his nomination has appeared. It is not the members of the Bankers' Club or the National Association of Manufacturers but the Senate radicals who deplore the proposal to draft Mr. Young even against his will. It is the Senate radicals who insist that, with due appreciation of his readiness to align himself on the side of those "who have less" rather than those "who have," Mr. Young is too closely identified with corporate wealth to warrant a belief that he would champion any program of taxation or control unwelcome to big business. What other attitude, they ask, could reasonably and in all fairness be expected of a man who is chairman of the board of General Electric, chairman of the executive committee of Radio Corporation, a director of American &

Foreign Power, and a director of General Motors Corporation?

Worse than this, from the point of view of the Senate radicals, is their belief that the nomination of Mr. Young would blur the edges of an issue on which they hope to stir the country in the 1932 campaign: the issue of public utility regulation, the control of holding companies, and the taming of the "power trust."

Senator Norris voices the suspicions of one left-wing member of the Senate when he says: "We know right now that the Power Trust is doing everything it can to nominate Owen D. Young as Democratic candidate for President."

In examining the record of Mr. Young on the power issue it is useful to note first that "power issue" is a somewhat indeterminate phrase, meaning different things to different men. To some men it means government operation of power plants at publicly-owned sites like Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam. To other men it also means government operation of transmission lines constructed at these sites. To still other men it means one or both of these proposals, plus federal regulation of power transmitted by privately-owned utilities across state lines. To still other men, opposed to an extension of federal authority, it means more effective regulation by the States. To another group it means a deliberate effort to supplant privately-owned utilities with federal, state, and municipal electric light and power plants.

There are certain points in this wide range of controversy on which Mr. Young's position is unmistakable. He is, by instinct and by training, an advocate of private methods of operation as against public methods. Not only is he on record to this effect in various statements—"governmental organization is an inefficient and uneconomical instrument to do our public

utility business"—"it is scarcely too much to say that the best of the publicly-owned enterprises are comparable only with the worst of the privately-owned concerns"; in addition, he has played an active part in the management of a privately-owned utility.

In 1925 General Electric took a hand with United Gas Improvement in consolidating a group of important power companies in eastern New York into the Mohawk Hudson Power Corporation. For some time, before General Electric sold its Mohawk Hudson stock in 1928 to J. P. Morgan & Co. (thereby leading to the creation of United Corporation), Mr. Young was a director of this enterprise. Moreover, General Electric was allied with Aluminum Company of America and the Du Pont interests in the ownership of Frontier Corporation, the last privately-owned company to bid unsuccessfully for a lease to develop the vast water-power on the St. Lawrence River. Of this lease Mr. Young said in 1926 that it "preserved the interest of the state to the fullest possible extent and gave to private capital no more than was necessary to induce people to invest their money." Of the same lease Governor Smith of New York said at the same time that it was "unjust to the state" and in certain respects "prohibitive, confiscatory, and worthless."

There is this point, however, on which Mr. Young and Governor Smith were able to agree, a little later in 1926, and would presumably agree to-day. Mr. Young had expressed the opinion in an address before the National Electric Light Association that "where vast rivers, either on international boundaries or within the United States, require development for several purposes, such as navigation, irrigation, and flood control as well as for power . . . public ownership cannot be objected to; personally, I prefer that the

construction and ownership of such an enterprise be in the hands of a public corporation, the stock of which should be government owned, with the provision that the corporation finance the enterprise with its own securities."

It is an interesting sequence of events that five days after the collapse of the Frontier Corporation's bid for St. Lawrence water-power, Governor Smith proposed a plan for development of this power through the agency of a public corporation; that Mr. Young expressed himself in sympathy with certain features of this plan; and that Governor Roosevelt declared he would like to have Mr. Young at the head of the public corporation. "I will ask Mr. Young to do it. It is true that he is an officer of a private power corporation, but I believe that he has the state's interest at heart and that he could be depended upon to do the job right in every respect."

We arrive, accordingly, at this somewhat paradoxical situation: we find Senator Norris in 1931 denouncing as an agent of the private power interests the man selected in 1926 to head a public power corporation by the Presidential candidate for whose sake Senator Norris bolted his own party on the power issue in 1928.

At bottom, however, there is no real reason for confusion here. Certain essential facts are clear enough. Mr. Young differs with those dogmatists among the private-power interests who can see no health in government development of water-power at any place or at any time. But he likewise differs with those critics of the private-power interests who demand a drastic revision of existing methods of utility regulation.

There is nothing in the record to suggest that on this point he sees eye to eye with Senator Norris or with Governor Roosevelt. There is nothing remotely to suggest that he exists in

the same world of ideas with Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania, who believes that "a power monopoly, fully conscious of its financial, industrial, and legal powers," is now seeking "to seize the powers of government, or, failing that, to intimidate lawful authority to do its will."

V

The question arises at this point: If power is to be an important issue in 1932, along with prohibition, and if there is nothing in the record to suggest that Mr. Young is prepared (as Messrs. Pinchot, Roosevelt, and Norris are prepared) to go to the country on the issue of public utility regulation, and nothing to suggest that he is prepared (as Messrs. Smith, Ritchie, and perhaps Roosevelt are prepared) to go to the country on the issue of repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, in what manner would the candidacy of Mr. Young on the Democratic ticket differ from the candidacy of Mr. Hoover on the Republican ticket, except in so far as it offered the public a choice between these two men as individual leaders?

The answer is: If Mr. Young were nominated on the Democratic ticket in 1932, power certainly would not be and prohibition probably would not be an important issue, unless an independent candidate were nominated on a third-party ticket in an effort to rally the voters who are deeply interested in one or the other of these questions.

With Mr. Young and Mr. Hoover leading their respective parties, the campaign of 1932 would be fought on a different front. The dominant issue would be neither power nor prohibition, but an economic question: the question of what disposition shall be made of the surplus of farm products, raw materials, manufactured goods, and credit which has hung over a depressed industry and hindered its recovery. This issue has been latent

in American politics for some years—at least since 1920, when commodity prices first turned down. It is an issue which has achieved considerable prominence at the present time. It is an issue which would have very large importance in 1932 if no fundamental change had taken place meantime in the outlook for American business.

The program of the Hoover Administration during the depression years of 1930–31 has consisted of an effort to dispose of the problem of an unwanted surplus by a policy of price-stabilization and high tariffs. Price-stabilization has involved the purchase of two hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat which are to-day precisely as welcome in the hands of an harassed bureaucracy in Washington as two hundred and fifty million red-hot bricks. High tariffs, at least to this point, have not had the desired effect of reducing a large domestic surplus of manufactured goods by excluding foreign imports.

On behalf of Mr. Hoover it is argued that the economic policies of the Administration have not had and cannot have a fair test when business all over the world is depressed. It is quite possible that a majority of the American people accepts this thesis, but it is certain that Mr. Young, for one, does not; that he regards depression at home and abroad as in large part the result of high tariff walls, subsidized prices, and economic insularity.

"Isolation in our politics and exclusion in our tariffs," he said in a recent address in San Francisco, "mean that we shall retain as a just penalty to our own littleness the surpluses which we might otherwise market to the peoples of the world. . . . What shall we do with our surplus of wheat or cotton or what you please? We must get rid of it. . . . There is no way out except to market this surplus where men are hungry and unclothed. . . . As our

production per man increases in our factories and goes beyond the power of our consumption, we must export that surplus or have corresponding unemployment in those industries. . . . How can we market these surpluses, both agricultural and industrial? The method is well known. Those who need our goods are the potential buyers. One cultivates his potential buyers. He does not rebuff them. He seeks their friendship and goodwill. If they need credit he extends it. If they have goods which he can take in exchange without curtailing the business of his own country he makes it a point to take them. . . . Something must come in if wheat and cotton and meat are to go out."

The corollaries of this policy are plain enough. They involve an abandonment of the Hawley-Smoot tariff. They involve the rejection of governmental price-stabilization plans which, if this theory is correct, are condemned to failure in the absence of foreign markets. They involve the use of idle funds for the extension of foreign credits. They involve a re-examination of the war debts, with particular emphasis upon those due to the United States.

VI

It is idle to guess in the summer of 1931 whether there is any real likelihood that Mr. Young will be offered (or will want) the nomination of the Democratic party at its next convention. Presumably he is the candidate of a minority at the present time. But certainly in the event of his nomination issues would at once be raised which would cut across party lines.

Of the various factions which compose the two dominant parties in the United States, the most noticeably restless faction at the present moment is the group of interests which represent big business. Politics seem

strangely out of joint to the spokesmen of these interests. It is the small Republican business man, and not the great Republican banker or industrialist, who regards the Hawley-Smoot tariff as the last word in economic statesmanship. Big business has no use for the Hawley-Smoot tariff. It has no use for a policy of insularity. It deplores the action of the Hoover Administration in yielding to political pressure in the matter of price-stabilization. It sees in this action a threat of other subsidies in other forms, quite aside from the subsidy which big business itself has long enjoyed in the form of protected industry.

Certainly it is a fact of some significance that at a time when an active faction of the Democratic party, led by Mr. Raskob, is doing its best to assure Republican business men that the Democratic party is eminently safe and sane, the newspapers should carry abundant criticism voiced by important business men of the policies pursued by a Republican Administration.

It was a partner in the house of Morgan, and not a Democratic Congressman, who declared at the last meeting of the Academy of Political Science that the time has come for "the governments of all nations, our own included, to stop this war of tariffs and subsidies with which they are strangling the world's trade." It was the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, until recently Republican national committeeman from the greatest of all protection States, who said amid applause from members of the Bond Club of Philadelphia that "impediments to international trade are one of the greatest obstacles in the way of commercial recovery in 1931": "because of our international relations we are unable to use our great surplus of production to advantage, not only to ourselves but

to the world at large." Heterodoxy of this sort finds champions to-day among men of large affairs in constantly increasing numbers.

After all, as we may learn once more, there is nothing permanently binding about allegiance to party. We are accustomed to think of big business as so comfortably housed under the banner of Republicanism that it could prosper nowhere else, but there is no real reason why this should be the case. Big business could drift into the Democratic party without inviting undue risk. It would find a bulwark of emotional conservatism in the Democracy of the Solid South. It would have the support of many voters in the metropolitan centers of the North, if the issue were resistance to new subsidies, since it is the metropolitan centers, traditionally under-represented in Congress, which pay the major share of the cost of any subsidy, whether it takes the form of purchases of wheat, federal aid for marketing associations, or appropriations for good roads.

A great deal will depend upon the course of business between now and June, 1932. Concede for a moment the continuance for another year of a halfway state between depression and recovery. Concede the increasing pressure certain in this case to be brought to bear upon the Administration to stabilize farm prices and to add new parapets to existing tariff walls in the real or fancied interest of small manufacturers. Concede, finally, the completion of whatever chain of events is needed to persuade the Democratic party to nominate Owen D. Young as its candidate for President.

In this case we shall witness a great migration about the fourth of next July. With a little nostalgia but no real regret, big business will load its vans and cross the line.



SUN BATH

A STORY

BY PHILIP CURTISS

IN ANY town except West Gosset if an honest citizen should turn suddenly and find a state policeman standing at his elbow he would probably experience a certain feeling of shock. In West Gosset, however, such an encounter would have meant nothing at all; for the civilian population had always been on the most informal terms with the half dozen gray-clad troopers who were stationed in its midst. Indeed, two of the men had been recruited from the neighboring district, while the sergeant commanding had married a West Gosset girl. The force as a whole occupied a definite social position in the village, so one sunny morning, as Molly Payson looked up from her flower beds and saw Sergeant Cassidy, very trim and official in his shining black puttees, descending from his car in the driveway, her thoughts were tinctured by anything but alarm. On the contrary, the wave that she gave him was almost fraternal.

"Good morning, Sergeant," she hailed. "What do you think of my delphiniums?"

The Payson gardens were among the show spots of West Gosset, and with no little admiration in his eyes, the Sergeant gazed over the rambling expanses of blossoming borders, graceful arbors, casual stepping stones, and soft lawn.

"They're elegant, ma'am," he an-

swered heartily. "My missus has got some gladiolus that are doing pretty good, but they're way behind yours. Mr. Payson in?"

Molly laughed. "If he is, there's only one place to find him. Let's go and see."

At the steps of the west piazza she called, and from a deep navy hammock appeared first a newspaper, then a cigar, then a head; but at sight of the officer Andy Payson rose to his feet.

"Oh, good morning, Sergeant," he said. "Come on up."

As Molly went back to her work, Sergeant Cassidy accepted a seat diffidently on the edge of a wicker porch chair, removed his cap, and with his handkerchief mopped the red line that was left on his forehead.

"Mr. Payson," he began, "there's a rather funny matter come up, and I was wondering whether you wouldn't be the man to help us."

Andy appeared distinctly flattered. "Gladly," he answered, "if I can."

"Well, I'm not so sure," replied the Sergeant, smiling faintly, "when you know what it is." He paused a moment, then shot the worst. "You see, it's about Miss Olympia Keith."

"Oh, good heavens!" exclaimed Andy. "What's she done now?"

"It's not what she's done," said the Sergeant, "but what she's threatening to do. She's going to stand out in the

middle of her lawn and play a bass horn in her pajamas."

"Play a bass horn in her pajamas?" demanded Andy. "For goodness' sake, what for?"

The Sergeant laughed. "Principally, I guess, because she's Miss Olympia Keith but, besides that, there seems to have been a bit of a rumpus. As near as I can make out, it all started over Major Hamilton's sun baths."

Andy sat down abruptly. "Sergeant," he said, "I was never very good at school, and even now my head is not quite like other people's. Suppose you tell me this just as you would tell it to your little son."

The Sergeant laughed again. "It is a bit complicated," he admitted, "but I thought maybe you'd heard the first part. Anyway, you know that the Hamiltons' place and Miss Keith's are side by side and that only a hedge is between them, running down to the lake."

"Yes, that much I know," replied Andy. "My head is a lot clearer now. I think you can go on."

"Well, as I get the story," continued the Sergeant, "Major Hamilton, like most other people, has got the sun craze—thinks that if he lies in the sun with nothing but a bath towel around his middle it will cure all his troubles. So he goes out and lays a blanket down on the hillside, next to the hedge, and tells the sun to go to it. The idea was that if anybody rowed near on the lake he could roll up in the blanket, but one day Miss Olympia Keith comes along on the other side of the hedge, where he wasn't expecting anybody—"

"And catches him cold?" suggested Andy.

"That seems to have been the size of it," admitted Sergeant Cassidy. "I guess—having been on the stage and all—Miss Keith didn't mind that sort of thing as much as most people.

At any rate she lighted a cigarette, leaned over the hedge, and started to have a cosy little chat. For all I know, she was giving him points on where to get the best sunburn, but at just that moment a boat did come by near the shore of the lake and in it was Mrs. Hamilton. You can guess what happened."

"My first guess," replied Andy, "would be that Major Hamilton stopped taking sun baths."

"If he didn't," answered the Sergeant, "at least he stopped taking them there. And, from that day on, Mrs. Hamilton had the icy eye for Miss Olympia Keith. One thing led to another until, about three nights ago, Miss Keith had a party. Between you and me," nodded the Sergeant, wisely, "I guess that it *was* a pretty gay affair. There was some of her stage friends and a bunch from the artists' colony over in Lebanon, and along about two o'clock in the morning somebody seems to have got a French horn and begun to play solos under the pine trees, with the result that the next day Miss Keith got a note from Mrs. Hamilton. She told her, in so many words, that West Gosset was not Broadway and, the next time that Miss Keith wanted to entertain Sousa's band, would she please hire a hall? At that Miss Keith comes back with a note of her own and says that she'll entertain whoever and whenever she blooming well pleases. Then she tells everybody in town that she's sent to New York for the biggest bass horn that money will buy and that every night, just before she goes to bed, she's going to stand out on her lawn and play 'Lonely Acres'."

"A pretty scene! A pretty scene!" commented Andy. "But where do you enter the picture?"

"I enter the picture," replied the Sergeant, "when Mrs. Hamilton comes down to the barracks. She's heard

what Miss Keith is threatening to do and says that if she pipes a note she wants her arrested as a public nuisance."

"Sounds to me rather fun," mused Andy. "Why not let the drama unfold to its logical end?"

"Now, Mr. Payson," pleaded the Sergeant, suddenly becoming his true paternal self, "I know it's funny when you try to tell about it, but what kind of business is this for two respectable ladies in a town like West Gosset? Of course up here on the hill you people all understand Miss Olympia Keith and you also know Mrs. Hamilton; but just think how it's going to look around town. How can I go down by the tracks and arrest Mary Powlick for throwing a bottle at Kate Finn if right up here on the lakefront two of our swellest ladies are fighting like badgers? No, Mr. Payson, the only thing is to stop this foolishness before it begins."

"Oh, I suppose so," agreed Andy, somewhat disappointed. "But what did you have in mind?"

The Sergeant grinned, rather maliciously. "To tell the truth, Mr. Payson, I had you in mind."

"Me?" exclaimed Andy. "What in the world do you mean?"

The Sergeant nodded. "Just a little matter of diplomacy. Fact is, Miss Olympia Keith thinks a lot of you."

Andy stared at him, incredulously. "Olympia Keith? Oh, no, Sergeant, you're miles off the track. Of course I know her—the way everybody does—but I don't suppose I've really spoken to her twice in my life."

"Well, that's all right," answered the Sergeant sagely. "I know what I know. You see my wife's sister has sewed for Miss Keith ever since she's been in town, and when Miss Keith has something on her mind she doesn't keep it to herself. The first day she came here she saw you go by. You were riding that big chestnut horse you

used to own and you had on white riding breeches and spiffy brown boots, and Miss Keith says to someone, 'Now I know why I came to West Gosset.' Even now, every time you go by, Miss Keith rushes to the window and says, 'Ha! The young master!' She also speaks of you as 'Honey-Love'—according to my wife's sister."

Andy's face had become like a Turner sunset.

"Well if that's the case," he replied, "the one thing for me to do is to go in the house right away and lock all the doors. I will admit that at various times in my life I have courted adventure, but not with Miss Olympia Keith."

"Now, Mr. Payson," begged the Sergeant soothingly, "there's nothing to get scared about, and if you people up here at the lake don't hush up this matter, who's going to do it? Just go over and say a few quiet words to Miss Keith, and I'm certain everything will be all right."

As Andy still sat, hesitating and silent, the Sergeant added what experience had probably taught him to be the most powerful weapon in a policeman's repertoire. "And any time," he suggested, "that I or any of my boys can do *you* a favor, you can be sure that we won't forget it."

Whether or not that clinched the argument, Andy cleared his throat. "Well, anyway," he suggested, "suppose you let me think about it."

"Certainly, certainly," answered the Sergeant, rising. "But please don't make it too long. Almost any night now we may hear the music."

Among many other points of wisdom, Sergeant Cassidy had learned when to end an interview and with a wave of his hand he went down the steps but, a moment later, Molly replaced him.

"What did the Sergeant want?" she demanded.

"You'll never guess," answered

Andy, gloomily. "He wants me to go over and talk to Olympia Keith."

"Is that a law now?" asked Molly, puzzled. Then suddenly came enlightenment. "Oh, of course—that crazy business with Mrs. Hamilton. I did hear something about it from Helen Perrier. But why does he want you?"

Very naturally this was one phase of the interview on which poor Andy did not care to touch. "Well, he seemed to think," he answered slowly, "that it would be a very disgraceful affair for West Gosset if it ever went very far. He thought it was a matter for us in the lakeshore crowd to smooth over quietly by ourselves."

Strangely enough, this was an argument that appealed to Molly. "I think he's exactly right," she answered heartily. "Of course Mrs. Hamilton *can* be peculiarly unbearable when she puts on the Queen Victoria stuff, but, after all, she is an older woman and entitled to respect. It's just about time that someone who is well known and respected in the village gave Olympia Keith a few pretty stiff hints. You're going to go, aren't you?"

"Then you don't mind?" asked Andy, in surprise.

For answer Molly's eyes opened very wide as she looked straight at him. "Andy Payson," she said, "if you could be such a flathead as to fall for Olympia Keith, our whole love life has been but a sham. We might just as well sit right down now and divide the children and all the garden tools."

Andy laughed but as, even now, he did not seem quite convinced, Molly added, briskly, "Oh, naturally I wouldn't want you running around there every morning, but this is a simple question of neighborhood policy. It's just a matter of a little quiet tact."

"You and the Sergeant," suggested Andy, "seem to have a very funny idea of what constitutes a quiet little

matter. Why don't you go yourself—or Helen Perrier?"

"Now, Andy, be sensible," ordered Molly. "You know that no woman in West Gosset has ever called on Olympia Keith, and we certainly couldn't begin with a matter of this kind. She'd stick us with daggers the moment we tried."

"Every word you say makes it easier and easier," replied Andy. "Do I like being stuck?"

"But men are different," argued Molly, "and you know they are. You could just drop in as if it had merely happened—tell her you wanted a subscription for the fire department or something of that kind. Then you could casually bring up some laughing reference to Mrs. Hamilton, and the whole thing would be forgotten inside of an hour."

"Well, I don't know," mused Andy. "Just let me think."

As a period of quiet meditation was a usual preliminary for everything that Andy ever did, Molly accepted this as a sign of progress and went into the house, while Andy himself, taking the chair that had been vacated by the Sergeant, lighted a fresh cigar and let his eyes wander over what might very soon be the scene of the crime.

Beyond the piazza rail, on which, by instinct, Andy's feet had found a resting place, lawns and gardens sloped down to the sparkling blue waters of Lake Winnemaug. The nearer shore, which was still heavily wooded, lay entirely within the limits of the Payson estate, but the right hand, or northern, shore, containing a public beach and boat houses, was separated only by narrow, open fields from the village of West Gosset, while the farther, or western, shore of the lake was divided among several small summer properties. Among these Andy's eye could easily distinguish the white façade of Mrs. Hamilton's cottage—chaste, Geor-

gian and, like Mrs. Hamilton herself, utterly correct—while, partially hidden in a neighboring grove of trees was a darker English cottage which, for nearly two years now, had been recognized as the trouble spot of West Gosset.

For if, as the Sergeant had somewhat too generously stated, the half dozen families living on the lakefront had really understood Miss Olympia Keith, they would have succeeded in doing something that nobody else had ever done before. Miss Keith, in short, was one of those people who seem to become almost national figures, without anyone, apparently, knowing just why. At one time, to be sure, she had had a certain brief prominence on the stage, and if you had mentioned her name to people in the theatrical world they would have exclaimed, "Olympia Keith? Oh, surely, surely!" but if you had further asked them what she had ever played, or when, they would have been considerably put to it to answer, as her stage life was now definitely in the past, and the later and better known years of her progress had apparently been devoted to the curious ambition of being recognized as America's craziest woman. Miss Keith was one of those ex-actresses who are constantly reported as engaged to prize fighters or maharajahs; she was endlessly suing or being sued by somebody, and she could never come into New York on a steamer without being caught by the customs officers with a string of pearls. She had had three husbands, from one or more of whom she had apparently acquired a considerable affluence, but all of them had long since disappeared from the pages of history and no one now even remembered their names. Why Olympia Keith had ever come to West Gosset was a point as mysterious as everything else in her career, but there she was, and now Andy Payson was faced with the problem of what to do about it.

For certain people of vast efficiency a period of meditation may always bring results but, after half an hour of it, poor Andy found his ideas no farther advanced than when he had started. Feeling, indeed, neither confidence nor enthusiasm for his enterprise, he went to the garage and, backing out his runabout, drove slowly around the southern, or more secluded shore of the lake. A run of five minutes brought him to the end of his journey where, parking his car with somewhat unusual care in the shelter of the bushes, he walked down a slope, through a pleasant grove of elm and oak trees and presently found himself knocking at Miss Keith's screen door. There came no answer, and as he patiently waited Andy looked about him. And as he looked he had to admit that Miss Keith knew how to arrange a cosy little nook. On both sides of the doorway careful plantings of laurel and native underbrush merged into a woodland shade at which Wordsworth himself would not have sneezed, while inside the screen door could be glimpsed a dim, Persian-rugged hallway as modest and restful as any in West Gosset. He knocked again and this time a distant voice answered:

"Hello! Come on in."

Obedying the summons, Andy passed through the dim hall to another screen door which opened on a flagstone terrace overlooking the lake. Here he waited, uncertain, until suddenly he heard a stirring to his right and a voice came from outside the door:

"Well, bless my soul! The answer to prayer!"

Opening the door, Andy stepped to the flagstones and saw Miss Keith stretched in a chaise longue in the cool, filtered sunlight which came down through the trees. With a whirl of silken draperies which Andy did not quite dare to analyze, she rose to her feet and came forward, holding out

both her hands. On her face was a look of ecstatic amazement.

"Mr. Payson!" she exclaimed. "I can't believe it! Tell me it is true. For half an hour I have been sitting here in the sunlight, looking down at the lake and thinking to myself, 'Now, this would be absolutely perfect if only I had the right person here to enjoy it with.' Then I started thinking and wondering whom I would choose from all the wide world. Napoleon? No. Richard Barthelmess? No. Then, as I sat thinking, I happened to see your house on the other side of the lake and I shut my eyes and I made myself tense and I said, 'Kindly Fates, send me *him!*'"

Without knowing just when it had happened, Andy found that he was still holding both her hands. Miss Keith gave their joined fingers a happy little shake. "And now you *are* here!" she exclaimed. "Tell me—honestly—what made you come?"

Andy blushed. He could hardly answer, "The Police Department," but his embarrassed silence only seemed to delight Miss Keith the more.

"Well, never mind what sent you," she exclaimed, "so long as you are here." With the attitude of a Greek slave welcoming a Roman emperor, she pushed another chaise longue beside her own. "For you, my lord."

As Andy relaxed somewhat awkwardly on his long chair, Miss Keith bounded happily back to her own while, from her proximity, came a faint scent, exotic and disturbing—distinctly Oriental. At the same time, with the gay sweep of her movements, Andy realized that what he had taken for silken draperies were nothing more or less than pajamas—very super pajamas, to be sure, but nevertheless pajamas, possibly the identical ones that she had in mind for her midnight solos. In view of this fact, the idea did not now appear so preposterous.

Lifting her slipper-clad feet to the cushions, Miss Keith gave the flowing garments a final tug and a pat.

"Well now," she said, "do you want to talk or just sit and dream?"

For the moment poor Andy had no ideas on that subject, for, sitting thus in the morning sunlight and in such unexpected intimacy, he had suddenly grasped a fact that no one, oddly, had seen fit to mention. This was the fact that in certain lights and in certain attitudes Miss Olympia Keith could be the dickens of an attractive person. Considering her history, this discovery might have seemed a bit tardy; but so accustomed had Andy been to hearing her spoken of as "that woman" that unconsciously he had grown to think of her as he might have thought of an Amazon or a sword-swallower. Seen now, however, with flecks of sunlight on her fluffy, girlish, auburn hair and with her slight, eager figure bent wistfully forward, Miss Keith did not in the least look like a sword-swallower. She looked, to be frank, about twenty years old and a very innocent twenty at that. As Andy was now forced to realize, nothing in this world ever happens without a reason, and even to be an outrageous person calls for some basic talents. Seeing Olympia Keith as Andy now saw her, the three legendary husbands did not at all appear like the utter idiots that they might previously have seemed. A minute more and Andy would be believing in the Maharajah.

As if reading his thoughts, Miss Keith turned toward him and smiled lazily. "Do you mind?" she asked and held out her hand.

How *could* Andy mind? The next moment he not only found that he was holding her hand but that all their fingers were interlaced, while on their cushions both of them had sunk back in a peace that was almost sultanic. On the lake, far below them, a canoe

with a little leg-o'-mutton sail had put out from the southern shore, and now another, almost exactly like it, appeared from the opposite side. With the faint wind abeam of each, they were sailing directly towards each other, and suddenly it became fascinating, almost exciting, to watch the gap close slowly between them and wonder how long it would be before they would meet. Miss Keith also was apparently enthralled by the spectacle for, still holding Andy's hand, she gazed down from her cushions, her eyes dreamy, her lips slightly parted; but, when the two little sails were still six or eight lengths apart, one of them suddenly turned and scuttled for the other end of the lake.

"Coward!" exclaimed Miss Keith, and Andy laughed aloud.

By common consent, however, the "just sit and dream" suggestion seemed to be winning, and for three or four minutes neither of them spoke again. The sun, slowly changing position overhead, sent delicious new warm spots on their outstretched knees. From the far-off village to the left came busy, smug sounds of daily routine—the honk of a motor horn and the rattle of a dump wagon unloading crushed stone on the highway while, at some unseen wharf, hidden by the trees below them, a group of small children plunged into the water with shrieks and shoutings. As the sun baked hotter on the flagstone terrace, a row of boxwood bushes gave out a faint, sickly-sweet smell, like a garden in Italy, while a roving bumble bee looked into the matter, then moved away. Miss Keith gave a troubled, uneasy stir, like that of a sleeping child, then deliberately drawing Andy's hand to her lap, she studied it for a moment, as if to see wherein and how it differed from all other hands. Very gently she placed her own other hand over it.

"Mr. Payson," she asked, suddenly,

"do you think that I am a very bad woman?"

"Does it seem so?" laughed Andy.

"No, I mean it seriously," answered Miss Keith. "Because, of course, you know that everyone else in town does."

"Why do you say that?" asked Andy, but Miss Keith only shook her head impatiently.

"Please don't bother to be evasive," she commanded quietly. "You know as well as I do that not a single person in town has been here in two years, except the tradesmen, and that even at big things, like the country club, groups mysteriously dissolve when I go near them."

"Do you care?" asked Andy, and his question was genuine. So also was Miss Keith's answer, as she looked again toward the lake, her eyes thoughtful and distant.

"I wonder whether I do," she replied slowly. "I mean whether I care. Theoretically I shouldn't. I have always lived just the life that it pleased me to live—done just what I wanted. I have also recognized that I must pay the price. Still, one is human. No one in reality likes anyone to dislike them."

Abruptly she hitched herself around on her cushions, at the same time curling her legs under her.

"Mr. Payson," she said, "I'm going to tell you something. Yes, I *do* care, if you want to know. I have always prided myself on the fact that I could get along with all sorts of people, and still without ceasing to be myself. You may laugh at me if you want, but I had quite a little ideal in coming here to West Gosset. I've 'had my fun where I found it' and all that sort of thing, but in the back of my head I've always had the idea that I'd like to end up in a place like this, with a sort of horse-and-hound, call-on-the-vicar kind of crowd, where I could be proper

but not too proper and where I could just loaf around with four or five easy-going but still really decent souls and look back and laugh at the whole thing."

"I see," nodded Andy, gravely. "And it hasn't worked out that way?"

Miss Keith laughed curtly. "You know blame well that it hasn't worked out that way. To dear old West Gosset I am still America's tin pan darling, the whoopee girl from the Great White Lights. Oh, of course," she broke off, abruptly, "I don't mean that I want to put on white gloves and go to the poetry circle but I *should* like to think that people here in town would say to each other, 'There's Olympia Keith. She's a blame good sort.' I'd like to have an open fire going on autumn afternoons with the idea that someone or other would always drop in—drop in in twos and threes—your sort of people." She patted his hand. "For, after all, you know that you *are* quite a sweet soul."

Andy's eyes turned and met hers—looking at him very solemnly—and when he answered his voice was a trifle husky.

"Yes," he replied, "I think that I can understand that." He also laughed briefly. "I don't mean what you said about me but about the rest of it. You mean with a bottle of Scotch always on the table and a dog to come into the room and sniff at people's knees."

"Precisely," said Miss Keith. "Now, honestly, isn't there room even in West Gosset for that sort of person?"

She was still holding his hand as Andy turned toward her, with a distinct twinkle in his eyes. "If you must know the truth," he answered, "West Gosset would be a *very* much nicer place with that sort of person in it. If—I may say—you have the dog, I have the knees."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Miss Keith.

"Now that's all settled. When do we start?"

Andy, however, had suddenly sobered, and around his eyes faint, troubled lines were beginning to appear.

"Well, that," he suggested, "is something that I'd like to discuss. Your idea is excellent. I'm heart and soul for it, but to make it go big with the public isn't there one little problem that ought to be ironed out?"

Miss Keith dropped his hand and stiffened slightly. "Just what do you mean?"

"Well," remarked Andy, slowly, "out of a thousand ways to promote the bonhomie spirit and start the ball rolling, was it *absolutely* necessary to begin by poking a nice old lady in the nose?"

For a minute, even now, Miss Keith pretended not to understand him, then suddenly she laughed. "Oh, you mean Mrs. Hamilton! But in the first place she's not a nice old lady. She's a despicable old shrew. And as for that, all that I did was to stop in most neighborly fashion and tell Major Hamilton that the small of his back was almost done."

"Still, to Mrs. Hamilton," said Andy, "the Major's back—"

"I wish you'd seen it," broke in Miss Keith. "Three minutes more and it would have been a mass of blisters. And after all it was fifty-fifty. When he wouldn't believe me, I offered to show him mine."

"Fair enough!" laughed Andy. "But, having done your little act of kindness and mercy, will nothing now make you happy except a bass horn? Wouldn't a piccolo do, let us say, or a soft-wood marimba?"

"Oh, goodness!" exclaimed Miss Keith. "Have you heard about that, too? But they got it all wrong down in the village. It wasn't a bass horn. I couldn't even lift a bass horn. It would weigh twenty tons. It was

nothing except a bass saxophone that I had in mind. I'm really marvellous on a bass saxophone." She half rose from her chair. "Do you want to hear me?"

Andy lifted his hand. "Please! Please!" he begged. "Sometime, when the autumn fires are lighted and the vicar drops in, I think that it would be splendid, but frankly I believe that you ought to get the dog first."

"Just as you say," replied Miss Keith, settling back on her cushions. "I'm clay in your hands." Then abruptly a terrible idea seemed to come to her mind. "Mr. Payson," she asked, "is *that* really why you came?"

"Is what really why I came?" replied Andy.

"Just simply to lecture me," answered Miss Keith. "A delegate of the public peace and the general welfare—to cow me properly into my place and tell me that I must be good and respectful to all of my neighbors?"

"Well, I—" began Andy wretchedly, but he was a very bad liar, and Miss Keith would not even listen to him.

"Oh, dear!" she wailed. "That *is* why you came. And poor, innocent I thought it was nothing but sheer sex appeal."

"Is that why Napoleon would have come?" asked Andy.

"Well, I don't know so much about Napoleon," confessed Miss Keith, "but at least I don't believe that he would have bothered a great deal about Mrs. Hamilton."

"Neither am I—" replied Andy, recovering, bravely. "Neither am I bothering very much about Mrs. Hamilton."

"Then who are you bothering about?"

"I'm bothering about you," said Andy quietly.

Miss Keith looked at him meditatively. "Just try that again," she suggested. "You might do it better the second time."

"All right," repeated Andy, looking straight into her eyes, "I am bothering about you."

For a moment Miss Keith returned his gaze steadfastly, then her own eyes dropped. "That time," she said, "I almost believed you." Instantly, however, her mood changed, as usual, and she wriggled toward him. "Here, give me that hand," she commanded and, as Andy obeyed her, she spread out his fingers on the arm of her chair.

"And so," she said, pensively, "you want me to stop?" With the tips of her own fingers she was now softly tracing the lines in his palm and she added, quickly, "I mean stop playing the saxophone—not stop doing this."

"Well," replied Andy, "wouldn't it be just a little bit wiser if you did stop? But I also refer only to your first question."

"I see," mused Miss Keith. "Then that is the price of West Gosset's nod. A sober, silent, and industrious life and a bob and a curtsy to all the old ladies. It is, I confess, a rather higher price than I had intended to pay. But perhaps it is worth it." Abruptly she stopped the movements of her fingers and looked at him squarely. "But have I," she demanded, "got to do it all? Suppose I do throw my saxophone into the lake and say 'Yes, ma'am' and 'No, ma'am' to Mrs. Hamilton. What are *you* going to do about it?"

"What do you want me to do?" asked Andy.

"Well, for one thing," laughed Miss Keith, "you might stroke my hand at least part of the time, instead of letting me stroke yours."

"An idea indeed!" replied Andy and as, somewhat awkwardly, he put it into effect, Miss Keith watched his work with a practiced eye.

"That," she commented, "is just about the way in which I would have expected a representative of the public

peace and the general welfare to stroke my hand. I can see plainly that when one lives in the country one rusts. We must look out for that when the autumn fires are lighted."

For answer Andy bent forward and touched his lips to her wrist. "That better?" he asked.

"Oh, very much better," applauded Miss Keith. "That's practically original sin."

Just the same, she stopped him gently and tucked his hand under her arm. "Not too much at a time," she suggested, "if you're not used to it. After all, the meditative silence goes more with your type."

From somewhere on the lake below them came the *putter-putter-putter* of a motor boat and they both looked up expectantly but nothing appeared and, after a moment, even the sound had ceased. The bee came buzzing back to the boxwood, again saw that he had been fooled, and went humming off. The water of the lake, which had been blue and sparkling, was now dark green and glassy while the full noon sun beat mercilessly down. From the direction of the village came the sudden whine of a siren whistle. Miss Keith started with lively interest.

"A fire?"

Andy smiled. "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but that only means twelve o'clock."

"Oh pshaw!" said Miss Keith. "Just the same old story. In West Gosset, then, even sirens become domesticated? Their principal duty is to call people home to lunch?"

"I'm afraid so," Andy laughed, as he swung his feet from the long chair to the flagstones. "And, unhappily, I am one of those called."

With an air of dismay, Miss Keith also swung her feet from her chair and stood up beside him. "But," she exclaimed, "we haven't got anywhere yet!"

"We haven't?" smiled Andy, and Miss Keith actually blushed.

"I mean," she explained, "that you don't know at all, yet, whether your errand was a success."

"You mean," suggested Andy, "whether saxophones sound or whether fires are lighted in the fall?"

"Oh, damn the saxophones!" exclaimed Miss Keith. "I don't care whether I ever hear about them again."

"The words of sound reason," applauded Andy. "I think, myself, that there is much more promise in the idea of autumn fires."

Yet, even then, they stood there, uncertain and expectant, a look of faint mischief in Miss Keith's eyes and an answering twinkle in Andy's own. He moved slightly forward, and his arms were half lifted. "But the autumn," he suggested, "seems a long time to wait."

"Exactly," said Miss Keith. "That was just what *I* was thinking," and the next instant she was locked in his arms. Around him in waves and in billows seemed to float miles of silken pajamas and, under his own, were two laughing eyes. A swallow skimmed under the trees, took one look and abruptly departed, while, this time, a honey bee—one who really knew his business—settled down on the hedges and went to work. Around his neck Andy felt two slender arms, tightly clasped—his lips were slowly descending when, suddenly, they both sprang apart. From the lake again, but now very loud and near, had come that same *putter-putter-putter* and a moment later, from behind the thick screen of trees on the shore, glided a long, glistening motor boat. In the cockpit, turning the pages of a magazine, was Molly's best friend, Helen Perrier, while at the wheel, looking straight ahead, was Molly herself. For an agony of suspended time the boat glided across an open space,

then, as suddenly as it had come, disappeared behind the trees.

Miss Keith glanced at Andy, completely aghast.

"Wasn't that . . . ?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Andy, "it was."

"And do you suppose," gasped Miss Keith, "that they could have possibly seen us?"

"That," confessed Andy, "is something that in about twenty minutes I am going to learn."

"Oh dear!" wailed Miss Keith, "I do hope they didn't. Because then the vicar would *never* come to see me, and this time I should have to play *two* lone saxophones—one on each side of the lake."

For a moment she stirred around, perplexed and unhappy, then suddenly the dash of mischief came back to her eyes.

"Oh, well," she sighed, "if you're going to be hanged, you might as well be hanged good and plenty."

"You mean—" suggested Andy.

"Of course I mean—that we might just as well finish that kiss."

Half an hour later a bruised and bewildered creature who had once called himself Andy Payson drove up to his own doorway—distinctly surprised to find that it was still there. He glanced around cautiously, through the lower hall, but the only sign of life was furnished by Edwin, the colored butler, who, in his shirt sleeves and a green baize apron, was cheerfully operating a vacuum cleaner. Even he seemed to have no inkling that the world had come to an end, and Andy felt his confidence begin to return.

"Mrs. Payson home yet?" he asked.

Edwin turned off the switch of the cleaner in order to make himself heard. "No, Mr. Payson, but she just telephoned from Mrs. Perrier's boat house that she's bringing Mrs. Perrier back to lunch."

This at least was promising, for if the last chapter of Molly's married life were about to be written she would hardly have brought home Helen Perrier to be in at the death. Still more reassured, Andy continued through the hallway but suddenly, in the familiar atmosphere, he was conscious of something that he had not previously noticed. Furtively, he raised the sleeve of his coat to his face and—yes, it was unmistakable—a faint scent, exotic and distinctly Oriental. With assumed carelessness, Andy turned to Edwin, who was now spreading down the rugs.

"Edwin," he said, "I'll be upstairs, changing my clothes, if anyone calls. It's growing pretty warm for tweeds."

"Yes, sir, yes, sir," replied Edwin, enthusiastically. "This time of year we got to expect a good deal of steam."

In the silence of his own room, however, Andy found that changing his clothes was not by any means all that he wished to do. In increasing bewilderment and amazement, he was also wondering just how much sponging and pressing he would have to do to his soul. For now, with the peace and solidity of familiar surroundings, it was increasingly unbelievable that the morning's adventure had ever really happened, that his strange two hours had not been the wildest kind of a dream. Stepping from a cool shower, he slipped on a bathrobe and wandered to the open windows which, like the piazza below, looked over the lake. Yes, there it was, exactly as he had seen it a thousand times from those same windows—the little brown English cottage, dreaming demurely in its grove of oak and elm trees. Was it even credible that, half an hour before, he, a quiet married man and pillar of West Gosset society, had actually stood on the open terrace of that cottage, embracing an auburn-haired lady in silk pajamas? Why, Major Hamil-

ton and his sun baths! Andy laughed suddenly. Major Hamilton was a positive beginner compared to him!

So engrossed indeed did Andy become with this amusing speculation that he was not even conscious of the slam of a screen door below, but a moment later he did hear light running steps on the polished stairway. He had scarcely time to busy himself with a sock when Molly appeared, bright and eager, at the doorway.

"Oh, here you are!" she exclaimed. "What luck did you have?"

"What luck?" repeated Andy, vaguely, and at his apparent incomprehension Molly's face fell.

"With Olympia Keith," she explained. "Don't tell me you lost your nerve and didn't go after all."

A huge wave of relief passed over Andy, as he leaned down and fastened a garter. "Oh, yes, I went," he replied. "And she's really a very good sort."

"Well, anyway, I hope she's reasonable," said Molly. "You can tell me all about it at lunch," she commanded, hurriedly, as she passed into the adjoining room. "My one desire now is to get into something cooler. It was hot as sin out on the lake."

"So was it on the other shore," replied Andy. "I decided to change, myself."

So that was that! And as for the autumn fires, they would in time have to take care of themselves. But just what, Andy wondered, was Olympia Keith herself thinking now? Was she laughing at him? Did she really mean half of what she pretended? Did she honestly want to settle down with a vicar and a dog?

But in whatever state of mind Andy might have pictured Olympia Keith, he would have been certain to be wrong for, at almost that moment, as Miss Keith still basked in the sunlight on her flagstone terrace, the screen door

opened and out came a plain-visaged young woman with a tape measure draped around her shoulders and in the front of her dress a long row of pins.

"Miss Keith," she said, "I've let out the hems in both those print dresses and I've pressed all the blouses. Is there anything more?"

Olympia Keith stirred lazily. "No, I don't think so, Sarah. You'd better have your lunch and go home." However, as the girl put her hand on the door, Miss Keith called her back. "Oh, by the way, Sarah, you may be glad to know that I've called off my war with Mrs. Hamilton."

Sarah's honest face flushed. "You mean you're not going to play the what-do-you-call-it?"

"The saxophone?" laughed Miss Keith. "No, I'm not going to play any saxophone. As if I'd know one end from the other."

"I'm glad to hear that, Miss Keith," replied the seamstress. "I hope you don't mind my saying it, but the people here in West Gosset are really very nice when you get to know them."

Miss Keith nodded soothingly. "Yes, yes, Sarah, I'm sure they are." With a smile she also allowed her gaze to pass over the lake to where, on the opposite shore, a single big house stood alone among its trees. "I have an idea that I'll find it much more agreeable from now on."

Again the girl put her hand on the door but again Miss Keith called her back. "Just one thing more, Sarah," she added, suddenly. "Your sister—the Sergeant's wife. Do you think that anyone else knew that the Sergeant was going to send Mr. Payson to talk to me this morning?"

Sarah's face became very grave. "Oh, no, Miss Keith," she answered, solemnly. "Neither of us told anyone but you."



WELLINGTON AT PARIS

BY PHILIP GUEDALLA

Last month Mr. Guedalla told the story of Wellington at Waterloo. This month, in his second installment, he presents the triumphant Duke at Paris after the great victory.—*The Editors.*

SUMMER

Paris

IN TWELVE days they were in front of Paris. There was a spectral interlude, in which ghosts walked the Paris streets. For the long figure of La Fayette, last seen when Marie Antoinette was Queen of France, leaned from the tribune; and men heard a voice of 1790 unmake the Empire. It was as though Mirabeau had spoken. The Emperor, almost a ghost already, haunted the green alleys of Malmaison like an uneasy spirit. The little house among the trees filled with imperial *revenants*. His brother Joseph came, the shadow of a King of Spain, and Jerome, faint simulacrum of a King of Westphalia; less shadowy, the indomitable Madame Mère took leave of him; Walewska came to sob out the last echoes of their love in Warsaw; and Hortense made a last home for him among her mother's flowers. His tired eyes watched round every corner for the lost figure of an Empress bending above her roses; for the roses were in bloom at Malmaison.

Uneasy gentlemen flitted in all directions—to safety in the south, to make their peace with the returning King, to Wellington's headquarters with bewildering proposals for an armistice. He had one answer for

them all, since in his clear way he discerned the objects of the war. Long before Waterloo he had stated them to Marmont:

La France n'a pas d'ennemis que je connaisse. . . . Nous sommes les ennemis d'un seul homme, et de ses adhérens. . . . La situation où nous allons nous trouver ne peut pas donc s'appeler un état de guerre contre la France, mais bien une guerre de la part de toute l'Europe, y inclus la France, contre Buonaparte, et contre son armée, de laquelle la mauvaise conduite a donné occasion aux malheurs qui vont arriver, et que nous déplorons tous.

With these opinions it was not surprising that he reminded the invading army that "their respective Sovereigns are the Allies of His Majesty the King of France, and that France ought, therefore, to be treated as a friendly country." But these refinements were far beyond the simple-minded Prussians, who clung to the consoling thought that France, which had so recently dominated Germany, was now defenseless, and behaved accordingly. The Duke, on the other hand, burned with the chivalry peculiar to citizens of uninvaded countries. Even his troops were slightly irked by his tendency to side with the civil population; and ministers grew almost plaintive over his leniency. "It is quite right," wrote Liverpool, "to prevent plunder of every description, but

France must bear a part of the expenses of the war. . . . We do not exactly know what course in this respect the Duke of Wellington has been following. . . . I trust, however, that you will be able to satisfy him that the French nation ought to bear a part of the expense."

Not that his chivalry was mere knight-errantry. For it had a distinct and practical purpose, since he was determined to restore King Louis. His devotion to the Bourbons was anything but sentimental. Long before Waterloo, he had described their restoration as "the measure most likely to insure the tranquillity of Europe for a short time." He recognized that their cause did not command unanimous enthusiasm, but wrote cheerfully to Henry Wellesley that "if we are stout we shall save the King, whose government affords the only chance of peace." After the victory he moved King Louis on his own authority into the neighborhood of Paris, because he "wished His Majesty should be on the spot, or as near it as circumstances would permit"; he told the delegates from Paris that he "conceived the best security for Europe was the restoration of the King, and that the establishment of any other government than the King's in France must inevitably lead to new and endless wars." With that in view it was vital to avoid anything which might render him distasteful to his subjects. It was unhappily inevitable that King Louis should return *dans les fourgons de l'ennemi*; but if that enemy were only reasonably well-behaved, his subjects might forgive his choice of a conveyance. So the Duke's army orders became a protracted correspondence-course in good manners, and his command found that its business with the French had been changed from winning battles to the more exacting task of winning golden opinions.

Prince Blücher, a devoted partner in the field, was disinclined to enter this tournament of chivalry. Prussia had bitter memories (as well as natural bad manners), which it was comforting to gratify by scaring French villagers and devastating French country houses. So Müffling, duly installed as Governor of Paris, proposed to apply himself with gusto to the collection of a fine of one hundred million francs. And was it reasonable of Wellington to discover scruples about blowing up a Paris bridge, whose mere existence was an affront to his allies, since it was named *Pont d'Iéna*? Blücher was strong for it, although the French offered helplessly to rename the offensive structure *Pont Louis XVIII*; and when Wellington still pleaded for the bridge, the old man tartly inquired what would have been the fate of any bridge in Washington named after Saratoga. But the Duke summarily closed the discussion by the heroic measure of posting a British sentry on the bridge. The Prussians, it was thought, would hesitate to blow up an Allied soldier. But this view was based upon an underestimate of their distaste for ill-timed historical allusions. For, less sentimental, Blücher's engineers promptly set to work upon the simple problem of destruction; but though thoroughly determined, they did not know their business; and the bridge, which ultimately survived under the abject name of *Pont des Invalides*, was saved by their complete incompetence rather than by British chivalry.

It was a reasoned chivalry; for the Duke insisted that "if one shot is fired in Paris, the whole country will rise against us." That would mean a war of conquest for the Allies and a civil war for Louis XVIII. If such disasters were to be avoided, France must be reconciled to the new terms of peace. It was hardly customary to consider the feelings of defeated states; but the

Duke's reasoning rendered this novel course inevitable. It followed that the terms must be of a character that would command French consent; and this effectually precluded further annexations. As the Duke wrote, "*Nous avons raison de croire que la France cédera sans grande difficulté sur le système qu'on veut adopter, et que la nation entière s'opposerait à son démembrement.*"

The problem was not simple, since *ex hypothesi* France was still a European menace standing in grave need of restraint; but the restraining measures must be such as would command French consent. Lord Castlereagh devised an ingenious expedient; but since its character was wholly military, it depended upon Wellington's support. His views were as clear as ever:

In my opinion . . . the Allies have no just right to make any material inroad on the treaty of Paris, although that treaty leaves France too strong in relation to other powers; but I think I can show that the real interests of the allies should lead them to adopt the measures which justice in this instance requires from them. . . .

My objection to the demand of a great cession from France upon this occasion is, that it will defeat the object which the Allies have held out to themselves in the present and the preceding wars.

That which has been their object has been to put an end to the French Revolution, to obtain peace for themselves and their people, to have the power of reducing their overgrown military establishments, and the leisure to attend to the internal concerns of their several nations, and to improve the situation of their people. The Allies took up arms against Buonaparte because it was certain that the world could not be at peace as long as he should possess, or should be in a situation to attain, supreme power in France; and care must be taken, in making the arrangements consequent upon our success, that we do not leave the world in the same unfortunate situation respecting France that it would have been in if Buonaparte had continued in possession of his power. . . .

If the King were to refuse to agree to the cession, and were to throw himself upon his people, there can be no doubt that those divisions would cease which have hitherto occasioned the weakness of France. The Allies might take the fortresses and provinces which might suit them, but there would be no genuine peace for the world, no nation could disarm, no Sovereign could turn his attention from the affairs of this country. . . . We must, on the contrary, if we take this large cession, consider the operations of the war as deferred till France shall find a suitable opportunity of endeavoring to regain what she has lost; and, after having wasted our resources in the maintenance of overgrown military establishments in time of peace, we shall find how little useful the cessions we shall have acquired will be against a national effort to regain them.

In my opinion, then, we ought to continue to keep our great object, the genuine peace and tranquillity of the world, in our view, and shape our arrangement so as to provide for it.

Revolutionary France is more likely to distress the world than France, however strong in her frontier, under a regular Government; and that is the situation in which we ought to endeavor to place her.

With this view I prefer the temporary occupation of some of the strong places, and to maintain for a time a strong force in France, both at the expense of the French Government, and under strict regulation, to the permanent cession of even all the places which in my opinion ought to be occupied for a time. These measures will not only give us, during the period of occupation, all the military security which could be expected from the permanent cession, but, if carried into execution in the spirit in which they are conceived, they are in themselves the bond of peace.

He added shrewdly that "the troops of those Sovereigns should be selected for this service who would have the least inclination to remain in possession of the fortresses at the termination of the period."

A later paper neatly summarized the choice before the Allies:

If the policy of the united powers of

Europe is to weaken France, let them do so in reality. Let them take from that country its population and resources as well as a few fortresses. If they are not prepared for that decisive measure, if peace and tranquillity for a few years is their object, they must make an arrangement which will suit the interests of all the parties to it, and of which the justice and expediency will be so evident that they will tend to carry it into execution.

Other Allies at the end of other wars have faced the choice between a negotiated and a dictated peace; but the alternatives were not so clearly stated, and the statement did not emanate from their leading soldier.

The Allied policy of moderation in 1815 owed its main driving-force to Wellington. His lucid reasoning served largely to impose it on a reluctant Cabinet and unenthusiastic Allies; but his reasoning prevailed less because it was lucid than because it was his. For the Prime Minister referred to it respectfully as "the Duke of Wellington's project," and its reasonableness was gilded by the prestige of Waterloo. Other problems faced him, as the Allies mounted guard in Paris, and irreverent Parisians enjoyed the unwonted spectacle of redcoats in the Bois and bewildered Cossacks staring at the Palais Royal, of "Prussian and Russian officers in blue or green uniforms, waists drawn in like a wasp's, breasts sticking out like a pigeon's; long sashes, with huge tassels of gold or silver, hanging half-way down their legs—pretty red and white boyish faces, with an enormous bush of hair over each ear; lancers in square-topped caps and waving plumes; hussars in various rich uniforms . . . Austrian officers in plain white uniforms, turned up with red." Whilst Europe strolled on the boulevards in every color of the rainbow, the Emperor, in Europe still, admired the coast of Devonshire from *Bellerophon*; and the Prime Minister dis-

cussed his destination with the First Lord of the Admiralty. His presence was embarrassing; but Lord Liverpool, stifling a hearty wish that "the King of France would hang or shoot Buonaparte as the best termination of the business," was prepared, if necessary, to take him into custody. The Duke, for once, was not consulted; he had already expressed a strong distaste for Blücher's bloodthirsty opinions on the subject, stating firmly that "if the Sovereigns wished to put him to death they should appoint an executioner which should not be me." And when Napoleon's surrender was announced in Paris, they heard the Duke say that he must have an interview with him and that he ought to be imprisoned at Madras. But Mr. Barrow, of the Admiralty, recommended St. Helena; Sir Hudson Lowe accepted the appointment; and Lord Bathurst anticipated comfortably that "Buonaparte's existence will soon be forgotten." Charged with this hopeful mission, *Northumberland* sailed through the summer days into the south, until the roar of Europe sank to a distant murmur and the Western Ocean fell silent round them.

In France the Duke of Wellington attended conferences, inspected troops, and drafted inexhaustibly. It was still raining decorations; and his uniform became a gallery of European orders of chivalry as the long procession of saints and heraldic monsters resumed with St. Andrew of Russia, the Black Eagle of Prussia, and the Elephant of Denmark; and the stout King of France detached the ribbon of Saint-Esprit from his own sacred person, hung it on the Duke, and offered him a park; though Wellington's good sense preserved him from the *gaucherie* of celebrating a French defeat with an estate in France. The grateful Netherlands, going one better than the rest of Europe, made him a Prince—the Prince of Waterloo. But his own country was a

shade embarrassed by the problem of its gratitude, since he had everything already. He was a Duke; he had the Garter; so they were reduced to voting him a further two hundred thousand pounds towards the purchase of an estate. But although the fountain of honor had run dry, the Regent could still gush; and that royal hand acquainted his dear Wellington that even the consummate skill of the Corsican could not withstand the superior genius of our own hero, and that England once more fulfilled a glorious destiny under the auspices of her transcendent General, adding with condescension that his most sincere friend was George, P. R.

The Duke went cheerfully about his business. The worst was over now. The King of France was on his throne again; and Wellington, more than any other man, had seated him there. For the second Restoration was the outcome of his prompt initiative after Waterloo and those endless conferences in the Paris suburbs, when Wellington, watched by the narrow eyes of Fouché, imposed the King and (stranger still) imposed a minister upon him who had sent his brother to the guillotine in '93. He had kept uncongenial company, with Talleyrand limping beside him and Fouché's whisper in his ear; and clever Count Molé thought him so innocent. But Wellington was a deft matchmaker; the King's reluctant hand lodged safely in the old regicide's, the peculiar *mariage de convenance* was successfully contrived, and King Louis, to the Duke's infinite relief, reigned in France once more. Not that his troubles ended there. For the peace-treaty was still on the anvil. He knew his own mind, which was in complete agreement with Castlereagh; but there was still the Cabinet to be persuaded, and the Allies had strong opinions of their own. For Allies, once wooed (like Danaë) in a shower of gold, grew

sadly independent with no further British subsidies in prospect. The Prussians were stiff-necked by nature; Metternich was sly; and the Tzar was torn as usual between Russian interests and the Sermon on the Mount. But Russia being largely satisfied, his better self prevailed. Besides, the Duke required a counterpoise to the dead weight of Central European reaction; and there was less than usual to fear from what he used to term Alexander's "Jacobinical flights."

There were distractions, though; for the Paris season of 1815 was an endless whirl of balls and reviews. Half London was in Paris to renew the glorious emotions of that unforgettable June evening when a chaise drove up Whitehall with the Waterloo despatch and a French eagle sticking out of each window. Croker was there, rejoiced by the spectacle of "the old Life Guards patrolling the Boulevard last night, as they used to do Charing Cross during the Corn riots"; Walter Scott came, thrilling with patriotic fire; and Palmerston prepared to leave the War Department (and Lady Cowper's smiles) for a lounge round Paris. They strolled about the conquered streets, linked arms with friends in uniform, and filled the theaters every night. Not that Paris minded; for that mercurial city was in raptures over a ballet in which Waterloo was positively mimed and a grateful *ballerina* received her wounded lover from the hands of a noble-hearted Briton. Britons were quite the mode, and kilted Highlanders the rage. But though gentlemen abounded, the town seemed to be fuller still of ladies. All the world was there; white shoulders gleamed in all directions, and curls shook at every turn, though Kitty Wellington lingered in England, mildly astonished by the accuracy of her own presentiment (confided to Scott long before the battle) that when her hero met Buonaparte he would

destroy him at *one* blow. But the bright eyes of half the Continent followed the Duke, as he went briskly about Paris in his blue frockcoat. None followed him more closely than the adoring gaze of Lady Shelley. That devotee was among the earliest arrivals; and as Lady Granville acidly observed, she and her husband "ran after the great Duke in a very disgusting way, but as they were together, '*sans peur et sans reproche*.'" Expanding slightly in the sunshine of her simple-minded worship, he talked to her about the battle, said solemnly, "The finger of God was upon me," and let her cut off a lock of his hair in the reassuring presence of her husband. Her sensibility was quite prodigious; for a *tête-à-tête* with the Duke was almost too much for her; and (as she told someone) it was positively sacrilegious to degrade her adoration with the coarse name of love. But she drew him out. One day he showed her all his gold boxes with the portraits of European monarchs and let her watch him answering his letters. He liked to talk to her about the battle and tell her what he said to Uxbridge and how experience gave him a pull over other soldiers. Not that he struck martial attitudes before her. "I hope to God," he said, "that I have fought my last battle. It is a bad thing to be always fighting. While in the thick of it, I am too much occupied to feel anything; but it is wretched just after." He told her that next to a battle lost the greatest misery was a battle gained, and that he was only just recovering his spirits. (He could write more cheerfully about the losses now—"Never did I see such a pounding match. Both were what the boxers call gluttons.") Now he looked forward to a cheerful life—"I must always have my house full. For sixteen years I have always been at the head of our army, and I must have these gay fellows round me."

Flushed with these confidences, she glowed with pride in being born an Englishwoman and living in the same age with this great being, though the sharp eye of Lady Granville observed the Duke to be a trifle inattentive to her strenuous pursuit.

The bright round continued, with reviews by day and parties almost every night. Lady Castlereagh's were dull (though she did her best to enliven them by wearing her husband's Garter as a hair-ornament); and Wellington preferred more cheerful company. So he was sometimes to be found in a livelier milieu than the grave-eyed world of monarchs and diplomatists. Caroline Lamb (who startled Paris with a purple riding-habit) amused him with her outbursts; and French ladies were a little apt to express their royalist opinions by embracing him in public. Had not a roomful of beauty in Vienna offered him a vista of conquests beyond the dreams of Alexander? The world whispered (and even wrote) unseemly things about his friendship with Lady Frances Webster, though the world knew nothing of the hurried note which he had scrawled to her in the rainy darkness of the night before Waterloo advising her to remove from Brussels. But Lady Shelley, whose devoted gaze rarely left him, remained quite convinced of their perfect innocence. He seemed so simple and so fatherly. But then Lady Shelley was a goose.

He was the savior of Europe, just forty-six, with a trim figure and a handsome face. He dressed the part at last; and an admiring world crowded to watch him bow by candlelight or sit his horse in Field-Marshal's uniform with his sword drawn as the long lines of infantry went stiffly by. In the Peninsula they had sometimes called him "the Dandy"; now he was "the Beau"; and what is a beau without his due accompaniment of belles? Sometimes

he rode with Lady Shelley; and how it thrilled her to hear him say, "Stick close to me." Once she was actually close enough to hear him order an aide-de-camp to "tell that damned adjutant he can't ride; tell him to get off his horse." It positively made her feel as though she could have charged up to the cannon's mouth under her hero's orders. He showed her how the infantry formed square at Waterloo, and once he told her how much he disliked cheering in the ranks—"I hate that cheering. If once you allow soldiers to express an opinion, they may on some other occasion hiss instead of cheer." They dined at Malmaison one night; and after dinner she walked in the dark garden with him and explored Josephine's conservatory by the uncertain light of a few candles. Not that their evenings were invariably so restful, since he once polonaised with her all through the house. He let her ride on "Copenhagen"; and one hot afternoon, as they were sitting in a garden, she watched him playing with a grubby little child—he positively took a bite out of its apple and sat the urchin on his knee. Then they all went off to a fair and rode on the merry-go-round, the ladies circulating gaily upon swans, and the Duke more suitably accommodated with a wooden horse.

But there were statelier occasions, when he received his guests. All Europe came; and the Duke bowed them in—sovereigns, field-m Marshals, Allies, Frenchmen, diplomats, and Cossacks. M. de Talleyrand limped up the stairs; Fouché was there; and the big double doors flew open, as the footmen bawled, "*Sa Majesté le Roi de Prusse*." Walter Scott was there as well; and his eyes filled with tears, as he saw Wellington shake hands with Blücher. Paris was full of thrills for Scott; did not old Platow dismount and kiss him in the Rue de la Paix?

Besides, he had been presented to the Tzar, wearing his blue and scarlet Selkirkshire uniform; and royalty, eying his lame leg, floored him at once by asking in what affair he had been wounded. The Duke awed him; he told someone that he had never felt abashed except before the Duke, because Wellington—the greatest living soldier and statesman—possessed every mighty quality of the mind in a higher degree than any other man had or had ever had. But that evening Walter Scott sat down to supper with him and two ladies. The royalties were supping somewhere; but the Duke apparently preferred the company of Scott and Lady Caroline Lamb, who punctuated their repast "by an occasional scream." There was a bust above his head, which displayed (the house had once belonged to Junot) the marble features of the Emperor; and two thousand miles away *Northumberland* sailed on into the South Atlantic.

AUTUMN

The ship sailed on below the horizon; and the leaves fell in Europe. Waterloo was fading into retrospect, and the Duke wrote polite discouragements to eager historians. For he was quite convinced that no true account of it could be written, and that it was just as well.

The object which you propose to yourself is very difficult of attainment, and, if really attained, is not a little invidious. The history of a battle is not unlike the history of a ball. Some individuals may recollect all the little events of which the great result is the battle won or lost; but no individual can recollect the order in which, or the exact moment at which, they occurred, which makes all the difference as to their value or importance.

Then the faults or the misbehavior of some gave occasion for the distinction of others, and perhaps were the cause of material losses; and you cannot write a true

history of a battle without including the faults and misbehavior of part at least of those engaged.

Believe me that every man you see in a military uniform is not a hero; and that, although in the account given of a general action, such as that of Waterloo, many instances of individual heroism must be passed over unrelated, it is better for the general interests to leave those parts of the story untold, than to tell the whole truth.

He was prepared to help, but added ominously, "Remember, I recommend to you to leave the battle of Waterloo as it is." For he was grimly positive that "if it is to be a history, it must be the truth. . . . But if a true history is written, what will become of the reputation of half of those who have acquired reputation, and who deserve it for their gallantry, but who, if their mistakes and casual misconduct were made public, would not be so well thought of?" With these opinions it was not surprising that in later years "the Duke entertains no hopes of ever seeing an account of all its details which shall be true." Truth, he believed, might well be damaging; and he was disinclined to expose brave men to undiluted truth. Besides, he was more indulgent now and even pleaded with the Horseguards for a delinquent, whom a later age would have diagnosed unhesitatingly as a case of shell-shock:

Many a brave man, and I believe even some very great men, have been found a little terrified by such a battle as that, and have behaved afterwards remarkably well.

(Had he, one wonders, any recollection of the distant night when a scared young Colonel staggered into camp from Sultanpettah Tope?) His diagnosis was sympathetic:

From what I have heard of the case since I received your letter, it appears that ——— having left the field as wounded, the surgeon of the regiment could not return him in the list of wounded. It will turn, first, upon whether the surgeon was right or

wrong; and, secondly, whether he was not so stunned as to be obliged to quit the field, although not in such a state afterwards as that the surgeon ought to have returned him as wounded.

But now the Duke was busy with a fresh problem. For the Allies, denied any further opportunities of territorial gain, developed a wholly unexpected passion for the fine arts. There were excuses, since France under the Empire had been a connoisseur of comprehensive tastes, appropriating every major work of art from The Hague to Rome, until the Paris galleries came to resemble less a national collection than a complete history of European painting and sculpture. Laocoön writhed in the Louvre; the horses of St. Mark's stepped decorously on the arch outside the Tuileries; Apollo Belvedere posed in his niche; and, far from her native Florence, Venus dei Medici simpered in exile. Art had indubitably followed the eagles, though in the opposite direction; and the liquidation of this sumptuous collection promised the Allies all the delights of a gigantic jumble-sale where there was nothing to pay. Vast inventories were prepared; military working-parties took pictures down from walls and handled unaccustomed packages; Canova came from Rome with an interminable list of Papal property; there were the Hessian pictures at Malmaison, the Dutch pictures in the Louvre, and the Pope's statuary everywhere; and Prussia developed a wholly unsuspected wealth of art treasures. The Venetian horses gave endless trouble, since they were now Austrian property; but the Austrians, who had no tools, were quite incapable of moving them. They requisitioned British Engineers, lined the Place du Carrousel with a guard of whitecoats, and slung the horses down under the watchful eye of Lord Palmerston, who clambered up the arch himself. These exercises somewhat dimmed the luster

of the Duke's popularity in Paris, since the recovery of stolen property is rarely popular among receivers.

Major and minor diplomacy absorbed him; and he corresponded vigorously upon the composition of the Allied army of occupation for north-eastern France. The Duke was to command it in the name of the Allied monarchs; and he was full of cares about the British contingent. Ministers, in a sudden access of post-war economy, were demolishing the army, and he advised them gravely that "my opinion is that the best troops we have, probably the best in the world, are the British infantry, particularly the old infantry that has served in Spain. This is what we ought to keep up, and that I wish above all others to retain."

He had his fill of troops that summer; for it was the season of the great reviews in Paris, when the streets were lined with every color of the Allied rainbow and Wellington took the salute in the Place Louis XV beside a King and two Emperors. He watched the Prussians at Grenelle, the Russian Guard at Neuilly, and expounded the superiority of line over column to Palmerston, a fresh-faced young gentleman who had figured in his correspondence as the source of irritating departmental queries. He told the attentive Secretary at War that he had started in the last campaign with the very worst army that was ever got together, fortunately leavened by four or five of his Peninsular regiments. Nothing, he thought, could equal British soldiers in the field. They might not look quite so well as others at reviews, because appearance was, he felt, a trifle underrated. But in the field he was always confident that a detachment would maintain its post against any force until they dropped. So he was proud of them, as he showed off their paces in the field beyond Montmartre. It was a replica of Salamanca,

faultlessly performed without rehearsals. The Prussians were apt to require two days of preparation for such performances and to peg the ground with finger-posts. But Wellington, who saw the *terrain* for the first time that morning, took it impromptu; and the watching foreigners were vastly impressed as the long scarlet lines wheeled and deployed with the added (and, in Paris, wholly irresistible) fascination of swinging kilts.

Diplomacy recurred in an unusual form that autumn. For while negotiations for the peace-treaty followed a comparatively normal course, the Tzar soared beyond protocols into a region inhabited by the sublime platitudes of revealed religion. This revelation was principally vouchsafed through the ecstatic agency of Baroness von Krüdener, whom Castlereagh described irreverently as "an old fanatic, who has a considerable reputation amongst the few highflyers in religion that are to be found at Paris." Her vein was highly mystical; she had a Swiss disciple, a private entrance to the Elysée, and a flow of words by which the Tzar was frequently reduced to tears. But tears were not enough; for action was required of a repentant Tzar. His noble attitudes had already inspired disrespectful British to term him "the Magnanimous Dandy"; but refreshed by nightly draughts from her apocalyptic well, his magnanimity dilated to more than Wilsonian proportions. Not that she led him towards a novel idea; since he had been vaguely haunted for more than ten years by the nebulous conception of a European union of Christian states, which now emerged, wreathed in sanctimonious garlands of Scriptural allusion. Diplomacy raised polite eyebrows; Prince Metternich concluded that the Romanoff "mind was affected"; Lord Castlereagh agreed that it was "not completely sound"; the Duke was present when the plan

was mooted by its Imperial patentee and experienced some difficulty in keeping a straight face. The Foreign Secretary thought it a "piece of sublime mysticism" and its proposal "what may be called a scrape"; but if the Tzar derived satisfaction from addressing autograph letters to the Prince Regent inviting him to conduct his policy upon the principles of Holy Writ, it was not easy to refuse him; and as the October days drew in, they signed the blameless articles of the Holy Alliance in Paris, Alexander glowing with a slightly evangelical pride at the circumstance of their signature in that godless capital.

Far to the south the ship sailed on into the silence. South of the Line an island waited. It was the island where Sir Arthur Wellesley had stayed ten years before on his way home from India. Fate had transposed them now; for he commanded on the soil of France, while the Emperor descended at the very house where he had stopped on St. Helena in 1805. In those October days a lonely figure paced the garden at The Briars, while kings and emperors in Paris subscribed their august signatures to the Holy Alliance. Europe was growing chilly now; the year was almost over; winter had come again.

GHOSTS

BY DOROTHY SEAGER

THOUGH you are very far away to-night, reach out
 A gentle hand. I need your strength to keep
 The peace you gave me; help me put to rout
 Dim ghosts that walk and will not let me sleep.
 Old wraiths of half-forgotten loveliness
 That I had thought to bury when you came
 Are haunting me till I must needs confess
 I knew them once, and they are still the same
 Who tortured me so long. . . . O agony
 Of love remembered that can come no more!
 O pain that follows after ecstasy
 When time has set her lock upon the door!

*My dear, my dear, reach out to me I pray,
 And let your love turn all the ghosts away.*



THE PREDICAMENT OF THE CLERGY

BY CHARLES W. FERGUSON

IT IS certain that the Protestant clergy has experienced a considerable loss of caste during the past thirty years and, as a result, now suffers a rather touching embarrassment and discomfiture. The enlightened minister to-day is in the delicate position of a king who abdicates voluntarily in the hope that loyal subjects will rally round and call him back. He must meanwhile carry on the duties of his princely estate, as if in pantomime, and await with growing distraction the chance of return to an eminence long held by divine right.

This sense of banishment accounts, no doubt, for the sadness and confusion which have taken hold of him. It is not long since the preacher had everything his way. He was a man of undisputed learning, and no one disagreed with him save men of another denomination and infidels; the latter generally died repentant. The parson's opinions on all matters of life and death were accepted at face value or else put on the agenda of unfinished business to be taken up in heaven. Any suspicion that the local divine, as he was called by the press, might be mistaken about this or the other world was construed to mean that the unbeliever harbored some sin he wouldn't give up—a neighbor's cow, an appetite for the squire's daughter, an unchristian ambition, or what not. As Moody put it, voicing the judgment of an age, "If you pluck out a doubt, you will find a sin at the root of it every time."

A hierarchy of mores lent imposing dignity to the cloth. The minister enjoyed a deference accorded only to executives and men of science to-day. The land teemed with righteousness. It was the heyday of religion, the Elizabethan era of the Lord.

Not only so, but the Church touched and dominated every phase of life. Its gross was enormous. On one Sunday Spurgeon alone spoke to ten thousand persons in London. In America, Moody, Beecher, and lesser men swayed great crowds in city, town, and village. Churchgoing was a divertimento as well as an act of faith. Its music was superior. No institution, save possibly the lodge, rivalled the Church in influence and prestige. Even education was still a work of grace. Entertainment, social life, ideas, morals, culture, theology—these were items which the Church dispensed with the matter-of-fact air of a monopoly. By virtue of this corner on the world's intangibles, the minister became a man who could make or break the fortunes of the race.

All this has changed with the suddenness and sweep of doom. Even Doctor Fosdick's crowd in these days could be handled by a single battalion of Roxy ushers. Diversions of every description have multiplied with such swiftness that the Church has been compelled gradually to lower its tariff of moral disdain. As a result, competition between the Church and other institutions grows more and more

vicious, and the Church, seeking to maintain its former position of custodian of pleasure as well as faith, has no choice but to encompass and purify one by one the outside attractions of the world. The limit to which this purification may be pressed is to be seen in such enterprises as the Worship Through Drama Guild, blessed by Otto Kahn and inaugurated recently at Union Theological Seminary, New York, when a student with a slightly bald head was placed on a stage so lighted as to make it appear that he wore a halo. Once the Church condemned the theater. Now a single denomination appropriates a quarter of a million dollars as a beginning toward the development of religious talkies.

In matters of faith the outlook is more unsettling still. The spectacle of Fundamentalism pitilessly exposed the weakness of traditional foundations. Modernists, alarmed by that weakness, scurried, or were driven, to positions of extreme liberalism—positions which under normal circumstances they doubtless would not have taken for fifty years to come. And it was the publicity resulting from this controversy which spoiled religion for the public. Men and women grew curious about religion and less actively religious. They began to display an academic interest in the anatomy of faith and in the psychology of religious behavior. A God who had persisted for four thousand years was suddenly inflated into an hypothesis. All the while the notions of science spread as pervasively as gas, attacking the religious emotions of men and bringing atrophy.

Is it conceivable that this diffusion of secularism, in science and sideshow, should have left the clergyman unmodified? Actually, it has not only changed the outward status of the man of God, but it has even contrived to

produce two distinct mutations in the species. There is, for example, what we shall call Type A. He is less distinct and less important—a kind of missing link between Moody and S. Parkes Cadman. He is the type that manages somehow to keep all his vestigial organs active. For all practical purposes and in methods and attitudes he is Catholic and belongs outside the province of this article. For, just as the failing of liberal Protestantism is its appeal to reason, the genius of Catholicism and Fundamentalism lies in their incomprehensibility. The Church of Rome has not only kept its priesthood unspotted from the world of secular thought, but it has managed also to dramatize theology. Thus Catholicism remains theatrical and spectacular enough even for the modern mind. It has shown that, in the long run, assertion without proof is the strongest argument. Type A, though often busy with an attack upon the Pope, has thus been driven by the edict of circumstance to accept the two essentials of the Church of Rome—drama and defiance. He makes no concessions to the modern temper, no treacherous compromise with the world of science, save to sanctify modern contrivances to the Lord's ends. With radio, effective lighting, and all the other appliances he produces a religious spectacle as dazzling and real to some people as the medieval pomp of Rome.

Whatever his manners or his future, he fares for the present measurably better than Type B. It is this Type—the liberal offshoot of the species—who feels most keenly the sense of exile and dispossession I spoke of. In the main, the Type is probably equally divided between liberal Protestant clergymen and liberal Jewish rabbis. The two are surprisingly kin, and their problems, in the last analysis, are identical. The liberal in religion has

been shoved into the arena of social conflict as a combatant rather than a performer. He has lost that aloofness which is the badge of priesthood. He has tasted of the tree of knowledge and has made his first compromise with the devil. Generally, he is not sensational enough to attract idolaters, or belligerent enough to ward off the bats of doubt. No one is better aware than he is of the inhospitality of our age to religious ideas. He has hung his harp on a willow, but he must sing the Lord's song in a strange land. Regardless of what he may think in his bath, he must appear in public twice each Sunday during the winter months and reconcile two worlds—the one dead and the other already born and gaining weight each day. He is at once a waif and a priest, a man of God and a man of the world.

II

Here is the new clergyman, cast up in a disheveled epoch, astonished, uncertain, but withal genteel. There are times when he seems to those who do not understand merely to be going through the motions of religion, a sort of aged choir boy. There are times when it must appear that his every gesture is a nudge to assure you that he doesn't want to be stuffy or troublesome about the Lord's business. He takes on a good many of the traits clergymen showed before John Wesley smoked out the Church of England. But there is a difference. That difference lies in his sensitiveness to the general hostility of the modern world toward him, his feeling that he is not wanted, that he must remove one by one the icons and lock the temple door. His ambitions, his hopes, his values are all tied up in religion. His is not a congenial business for hypocrisy and badinage—those twin imps that keep other professional men from complete mania. He is sincere, and if he has

been deprived of the habiliments of priesthood, his conscience remains. He looks upon the world through confused eyes, for in his heart he has heard the death rattle of a dream.

It is this essential decency of the new clergyman, together with the thoroughly ignoble part into which he has of late been thrust, that contributes most to his odd behavior. He must, given his present circumstance, employ every device he can lay his hands upon by means of which to keep his poise and circumvent despair. For this reason we find him girlishly hospitable to science. Often when he finishes a performance in the pulpit, his hands are red from backslapping science. His ideas smell of strange gases and unwashed beakers. He reads scientific books and utilizes scientific points of view. He lunches with scientists when he has a chance, and carves them in stone over his church door, taking pains to point out to the visiting scientific dignitary that he is there among the other saviors of mankind. In ensemble he forms a regular society for the diffusion of scientific knowledge.

Possibly his behavior may be due largely to the fact that he shares the prevailing interest of his day. If that were true, though, he would not have to be so excessively ceremonious when he approaches science. Nor would he, after he has sniffed science and decided to be friends, need to go a step farther and attack those who attack science. The new clergyman deplores, in all sincerity, the traditional attitude of the church toward learning. He does not, like his Catholic brother, keep smiling and say that religion has been a muse. No one knows more scandal about the Christian commonwealth than the minister of the new age. He is honest, almost to the point of arrogance, forming an inquisition before which all past theologies are summoned, tried, and beheaded. During the introduction

and first two points of any sermon he preaches on the cosmic question—about which he is very much in earnest—he is a warm ally of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism and Harry Elmer Barnes.

It would be a mistake to assume that he is merely turning the other cheek. His difficult position demands strategy, and the strategy in this instance is one of partially disarming the opponent. Type B assures his hearers before the benediction that, properly understood, there is no conflict, but rather a spirit of Rotarian fellowship, between true science and true religion. He surrenders acres to science in every sermon, yet always manages to keep a toehold for his God. With a glad cry he grasps the cosmic items on which science does not speak with finality. There was a day when Ingersoll lectured on the Mistakes of Moses. To-day the liberal clergyman lectures on the mistakes of savants. From the miracle of science the new minister has gathered up twelve baskets of fragments and with these he feeds the multitude.

In a word, he preaches the religion of what's left.

Such practices reveal clearly enough the disposition of the man. He is inherently reasonable and good-humored, but he is commissioned by his own conscience and calling to keep the world straight and to read meaning into life. Naturally amiable, he is anxious not to be looked upon as curious or divorced from the man in the street. Thus his attitude toward his fellows outside the pale of Christian belief is remarkably different from that of his fathers. In the old days the "moral man" (and by that was meant a man who behaved irreproachably but never joined any denomination) was one of the worst creatures in the community. The visiting evangelist would lambaste him, and the local pastor would worry about his soul.

He was so impossible to get at, like an obscure functional disorder or a fire in the attic. The influence of a man who could be good without religion was generally regarded as pernicious.

Does the new minister worry about a man's soul because he is outside the church? Not at all. He will go you one better and proclaim that everybody and everything is religious. It is his natural friendliness again which makes this proclamation, but he converts it into an argument for the universality of faith, a merchandisable kind of theosophy. God is good and everything is God's and, therefore, good. He defends modern youth. Hooch, jazz, promiscuity, iconoclasm—these charming practices of the perennial younger generation he finds to be only aberrations of spiritual impulses. He makes friends of publicans and winebibbers but does not trouble to transform them. He boasts of actors and actresses among his buddies, going backstage when opportunity allows. He visits artists in their studios, and rushes into the pulpit to tell the world that these people, once looked upon as lechers and outcastes, are fundamentally good and essentially religious. He denies that the world is irreligious by denying irreligion.

Not only does he thus give his marbles to the bad boys on the playground, but he also makes friends with the teachers and trustees. I know of nothing which reveals so clearly the secular-mindedness of the new clergy as the alacrity with which ministers in our day seize upon and exploit to holy ends the utterances of distinguished laymen. The ministry is probably as much to blame as the press for the fact that no man is an authority in America until he gets out of his own field. Doctors, lawyers, merchant chiefs—these are the men who are writing the new testament of the new

religion. Back in 1923, when the late Judge Elbert H. Gary read a brief paper defending the twelve-hour day in the steel industry and immediately fainted from exhaustion, the ministers of the land—save a few of which I shall presently speak—missed the irony and got nothing but a statement which the Judge made about the Bible as the basis of civilization. That statement, coming from a man so high and opulent, became a proof-text. Once the parson thundered, "*Thus saith the Lord!*" The new clergyman, genial and persuasive from first to last, observes, "I see that Henry Ford says . . ."

A conspiracy of circumstances forces the minister in our times to subject himself to almost every kind of indignity. It is little wonder that he takes on the mannerisms of an executive. Type B has been led to believe that the Church under his leadership must do everything at least six per cent cheaper and better than any other concern in town. Every outside usurpation of a function once the priest's is the signal for a new assistant pastor. Faithful members are trailing off to a psychoanalyst, so the minister must work out some technic for counseling the neurotic or else preach a sermon on "Christ and the Inferiority Complex." The young people must be beguiled, so he must either hire an amazon or prevail upon one of the local matrons to drum up stunts and games. It is an age of free discussion, so his pulpit must become a glorified Hyde Park each Sunday evening, with many and diverse points of view served up. He must have his worship through drama, his caparisoned and highly paid choir, and, Protestant though he is, his scented edifice and ritual. He must anticipate fads. He is compelled, lest he appear outmoded, to grasp new theories of education before they are dry in the minds of those who con-

ceive them. Religious education as conducted in the liberal churches today has become as rarefied and technical as some difficult experiment in physics.

To assist the new clergyman's equipment, actual trade journals have grown up, and there has developed a spick and span literature of ministerial efficiency. The minister must be everything. He must champion God against the attacks of the humanists and, if possible, dissolve the jellied indifference of the masses. And with it all, he must be a publicist of the first rank. In a small Western town a friend of mine who is looked upon as the most promising of the younger clerics, has shown his knack for the Lord's work by putting up a huge electric cross on his church, a cross that can be seen for miles. His stationery offers the wares of the altar by announcing "The Church of the Glad Hand."

Heretofore I have spoken of traits which grow, in one way or another, out of good manners and the anxiety to please. If Type B were not hounded by a gaunt, questing conscience, he would be willing to admit—as he generally does—that the customer is always right. But there are extremes within the type. For example, we have yet to observe the ethicists. Young men trained in seminaries and committed by years of preparation for the ministry find upon emerging that they cannot preach as their fathers did. It may be all very well to accept the modernist point of view, but a fellow cannot talk about modernism all the time. His seminary training has perhaps unsettled his stomach for canned sermons. What does he do? He transfers his zeal from God to his fellow-man. He preaches about international peace and the distribution of wealth. He makes a pulpit out of a soap-box and plays church.

III

The Social Gospel, as it is called, is the last refuge of an uncertain priesthood. The rise of ethics in the churches of Protestantism coincides with the decline of theological conviction and evangelism. It is easy here to confuse sequence with consequence, but it seems to me that if the Church's tenets had not been seriously questioned its ministry would be no more vexed about a new social order than it was fifty years ago—no more than the Catholic priesthood is at present. The Social Creed of the Churches was inaugurated by men who were beginning to be wary of the Apostles' Creed.

I know a young minister who finished five years of training and was promptly assigned by his Church to a town of fewer than five hundred inhabitants. The town was located in a backward community and the church was made up largely of Methodists, Free Methodists, Come-Outers, Holiness people, and Nazarenes; two members of the official board claimed the gift of tongues. Theologically, his flock was Louis XVI at latest. On his first Sunday the young man exhorted his congregation to labor for a just economic order and forgive their enemies during the late War. At prayer meeting the next Wednesday night the chairman of the board prayed God to send them a man from the forks of the creek with some oldtime religion.

Obviously, this new Type in the species grows less and less a priest and more and more a reformer. To him religion gradually ceases to be the troublesome business of guaranteeing the security of man in the universe and becomes simply an instrument which will motivate men to ethical action. Sometimes the liberal cleric ends up in a professorship, a sort of open-air

monastery, or in Socialism. Or it may be that he stays in the ministry and, if he is lucky, cries out against the present cruel and competitive order under a four-million-dollar roof which one of the lords of the competitive order has spread over him.

Executive positions at church headquarters absorb large numbers of Type B. Yet with all the avenues of escape crowded, there remains a great army of these unhappy men who must stay in the front line and receive the mail from headquarters. Indeed there are many who stay by choice, sturdy in the conviction that their work is noble and that its importance will one day be recognized. These are the men who reason, with a supplicating hand upon your lapel, that something good must come with the spring. Mencken, the liberal points out with sound discernment, has lost his rage and is shortly to be taken up into a heaven of ineffectuality: Will not his mantle fall upon the Epworth League? Is not reaction inevitable, and can reaction against all that we have suffered of late be anything but a return to what the religionist calls faith and so gifted a scoffer as Ludwig Lewisohn (in the Christmas HARPER'S) calls "certain great affirmations"? Does not the pendulum of history still work? Are we not in for a returning tide of faith—a spiritual renaissance?

Most of these questions the prophet of liberalism answers with an everlasting yea. He feeds upon a hope which shows in his face and in the eagerness with which he leaps up to meet all promises of the dawn. He behaves as though he were marking time until the world got in step again.

Yet there are other questions which trouble his dreams. Some of these have the crack of a whip, others the inflection of doom. Does not the liberal minister understand that he is preparing the way for his own demise?

Underneath his buoyancy and radiance, does he not have the joyless suspicion that his group forms a sort of provisional government between the first onslaught of revolution and the final break-up of the old regime? Does he not secretly fear that liberal religion leads inevitably out of religion, and that his role in days ahead is a character part at best?

In him hope is at war with fear, and all the while he must carry smoothly on. This is the plight of the clergy. It is not the atheist who has defeated him, for an atheist is only a theologian with the jitters. Nor is it the humanist, who is only a lay messiah. History moves in a mysterious way, and God has seen fit in his infinite wisdom to confound one broad division of those who claim to know most about him. There is an old story of a giant whose strength reposed in his hair. He performed stupendous feats. Then, one day, he fell victim to a woman who took off his vestment of power. Having reduced him, she cried out, "Arise, Samson, for the Philistines are upon thee." The story goes that Samson shook himself, "but he wist not that the Lord had departed from him."

There is probably a moral here, if

not a parallel. By his chumminess with the world, the flesh, and science, the new clergyman has been deprived of his vestment of power, and the Philistines are undoubtedly upon him. Here the parallel ends. For the liberal minister knows that the strength has departed from him. His pitiable indecision is redeemed by the stark sincerity with which he faces it and puzzles about it in his own mind. His anxiety is evident from the very desperate and ingenious methods by which he tries to keep the candle burning. Inwardly, he is a martyr without a stake. It may well be that the present upheaval will lead to a new culture and a new world where religion will be beautiful and civilized. It may be that the future lies in a shimmery mysticism which will pervade all life and chasten it. But the way is long and hard, and all these future possibilities have so little to do with lifting a church debt and keeping the men's Bible class in action. The last laugh is a great way off. Until it comes the labors of the liberal clergy will seem ridiculous and futile to all those myopic souls who can see nothing but trends and look upon history as a series of one-act plays.



CASTLE IN ITALY

A STORY

BY LEONARD HESS

THE Trunns were journeying, with but occasional deviations, toward Merano where in the season people with "stomachs" eat the justly famous grapes. Peter Trunn had one of the "stomachs" in question. As for his wife, she did not believe he had that kind of a "stomach" at all, but she knew she would find old castles in the neighborhood of Merano, and old castles were her archeological passion.

One difference between Peter and Beatrice Trunn was a lack of feeling for the historic past in him and its extravagant presence in her. Beatrice could look at the Conciergerie and see the tumbrils carrying the condemned to the scaffold. The Place de la Concorde, however bright the sky above it, darkened as Beatrice Trunn witnessed, in a perfervid imagination, the last moments of Marie Antoinette. She could rest on a bench in the Place des Voges, where it was no effort for her to be a horrified spectator at the tournament in which Henry the second had inadvertently been slain. This historic sense was a magical possession which could persuade the substantial present to dissolve into the vapors of the past; and could, indeed, so detach Beatrice from everything as meaningless as the nowadays as to destroy to an alarming degree her center of balance. She was able to indulge this hobby almost everywhere in Europe.

There was always a cemetery where she could wander among crumbling headstones, murmuring inscriptions from which her stimulated brain wove chronicles of houses long since vanished, while Peter sat patiently on a mound, reading the *Paris Herald*, which followed him about the Continent like a faithful dog, or drawing on his cigar (he had given up Havanas since the market crash), blinking mildly through his pince-nez, and thinking that Europeans had an amazing faculty for departing this life.

Except for some odd corners, Merano was not antique enough for Beatrice's tastes, but castles were in plentiful evidence on the surrounding hillsides. Their gray turrets, festooned with the ivy of ages, pushed up through the greenery of pines and poplars and vineyards, with dramatic effect.

So, while Peter spent his days on the promenade, Beatrice tramped up hill and down in search of ruins, with an indefatigableness which would have exhausted her in two hours of household duties.

One might imagine that taking the Merano grape cure would entail nothing but pleasure. This delusion is fostered by the first glimpse of the sunlit promenade, made musical by the rush of a river alongside, and set within the beauty of semi-tropical vegetation and the more removed beauty of noble peaks. But a study of the faces of

those who are "curing" awakens the suspicion that this is labor not to be belittled. Their intensity of expression speaks of an exhausting application. It is not so much the devouring of several pounds of grapes a day, or the drinking of several liters of juice, as the perplexing question, "Am I being cured?" which constitutes the herculean task.

Happily, Peter Trunn went at the business more sanely. The joy of consuming a reasonable quantity of the succulent grapes and sipping an infrequent glass of their purple blood satisfied him thoroughly. In fact, had Beatrice not been so obviously relishing her immersion in the past of the region, Peter would have considered his recuperation from his imaginary malady accomplished, and he would have gone to visit the children in the school in Switzerland.

It was Peter who most often suggested seeing the children. Beatrice would then say, "You spoiled them quite enough at home, my dear! Do stay away from them a little longer. I spoiled them, too—I admit it—but I'm going to stay away from them and give them a chance to readjust themselves!"

Peter had had for years a dim suspicion that his wife developed theories when she wished to avoid facts. Long absences from her offspring did not seem to work havoc in Beatrice's maternal constitution, although when she was with Janet and Billy she was in a continual flutter over them. Some such thoughts as these were passing insubstantially through his head as Peter sat on a bench, eating grapes out of a paper bag. He examined the idea with a critical faculty somewhat unreliable because of the shock its inception had administered to him, and he was about to eject it from his mind as unworthy, when a gentleman let himself down on the same bench with him and launched a remark.

"This is a great place, ain't it?"

"Very nice," Peter agreed, noticing that the gentleman was eating no grapes and wore, indeed, in addition to a suit of furious pattern, an aspect of health that could have stirred the envy of a pugilist.

"Guess you come from the same gen'l d'rection as me," the man of ponderable proportions went on, outstretching a bearish hand toward his presumed location of the western hemisphere.

Peter beamed at hearing his native tongue, his joy not diminished by his companion's ability to gulp down vast quantities of syllables. He acknowledged himself a citizen of the United States of America; just how much longer he and his family were to remain abroad, he added, it was impossible for him to say at the moment.

"I guess I'm fixed here," the large man interrupted. "I got property here now, sort of. Rented a big house up on a hill, for five years. It's a 'schloss.'"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Peter, "Really? A 'schloss'! A castle, eh?"

"Yeh, a castle. A schloss." He placed a peevish emphasis on the word. It may have been a castle to all the rest of the world, but to him it was a schloss. He frowned. He had a round head of which the least part was a negligible brow. Except for this, the features were good and vaguely reminded Peter of those he had seen on the bust of some Roman Emperor; he could not recall which one.

"I suppose that, like myself, you've deserted business for a while," Peter ventured. "By the way, my name's Trunn. Peter Trunn."

"Mine's Clark. James Clark. I'm from Noo York. That's right, I ain't in business now."

Peter blinked. Something perplexed him. The Roman Emperor named James Clark had an anomalous qual-

ity, as had also the accent or enunciation with which he spoke.

"May I ask what line you were in?" Peter inquired. "I was in the market, myself. I barely avoided the crash."

"Hardware," answered Mr. Clark. "That was my line, hardware."

"Things are pretty bad back home now," Peter commented meditatively.

"You said it," agreed Mr. Clark.

But it developed that Mr. Clark's worldly interest had its entire being in his schloss, and upon this theme he dilated with eloquent variations, informing Peter that although the dwelling was a schloss according to the vocabulary of "Goimany" and "Orstra," by virtue of this territory now being Italian domain, he should say he lived in a castello. Only, the feller who had rented it to him had called it a schloss. These details, however, were unimportant, and finally Mr. Clark turned a pair of black eyes upon Peter, scowled under dark, luxurious eyebrows and said that his schloss had been built by a robber baron in the fourteenth century. This part of his recital he developed most dramatically, his imagination charging over his syllables like the robber baron over the corpses of the slain.

"Dear me!" said Peter. "I'll have to tell my wife about it. She's tremendously interested in all that sort of thing."

"Well," admitted James Clark, the Roman Emperor, grudgingly, "the place has been kind of renovated. It was kind of in pretty bad condition, and the feller I rented it off, feller by the name of Schwinkler, had it kind of renovated."

"To be sure," said Peter. "Fourteenth century!"

"It's all there, all the same," Mr. Clark assured Peter and himself. "All the rooms, same's when the robber baron had it, only kind of renovated. I got the robber baron's suit of armor in the hall. Believe me, boy, it was one

hell of a place to get to in them days and it's one hell of a place to get to now. Way up on a hill. Nothin' but stones. Steep? There ain't a car made can climb up there!"

Peter exclaimed his astonishment and asked how Mr. Clark ascended to his stronghold.

"On a horse, same as him!" declared Mr. Clark.

"Mighty interesting!" cried Peter. "Mighty interesting! I wonder if by any chance it's one of the schlosses my wife's been visiting."

Mr. Clark guessed it could not be, since he was unaware of any callers having been there.

And at this moment Beatrice came fluttering down from the Tappeiner Way, which she had followed out to the Schloss Tyrol and, after an introduction to Mr. Clark, said that no, she had not yet "covered" his castle, but might she "cover" it? For unfortunately she had had no chance thus far to "cover" one of those fortresses from which the robber barons had swooped devastatingly down to ravage the countryside. Thereupon Mr. Clark, who in the presence of a lady did not feed so gluttonously upon syllables, enunciated in his best social manner that it would give him great pleasure to let Mrs. Trunn "cover" his schloss; but, he went on, the building had been kind of renovated to make it habitable.

At this Mrs. Trunn gave a little cry of pity, and her husband soothed her by murmuring, "Fourteenth century, my dear!"

"I go up on a horse!" said Mr. Clark.

This idea comforted Beatrice for her previous disillusionment, and it apparently did not lessen the thrill to think of the extensive Mr. Clark, in a madly checked suit of gray and purple, riding up a hill on a horse.

Peter joined his wife the following morning, and they came presently to

the base of a hill, hidden from Merano by intervening hills. There they were met by their host. They were to have luncheon in the great hall of the robber baron's castle.

The day was of soft, blue mist, with the mountains and hilltops appearing in brief glimpses of silver radiance through vapors which still were not clouds. Atop the particular hill below which they stood Beatrice saw gray, powerful walls jutting ferociously up through the wisps of bright fog, like the walls of a castle one sees in a dream of medievalism. She could not wait to ascend.

Mr. Clark, himself on foot, regretted he had not been able to hire two more saddle horses; which was just as well, since the Trunns had never ridden in their lives. The expedition set out on the hard upward climb, over a stone-strewn path winding among boulders and thorny shrubs. They left beneath them the rich green of the terraced vineyards and felt, perhaps, something of the robber baron's contempt for the lowlands. Humble roofs, crusted with stained red tile and littered with fantastic chimneys, dwindled away below them into jumbled clusters. The boulders became more menacing, until at last they passed between two that formed a natural gateway to the brief sward ending at the castle walls.

Then Mr. Clark led his guests in beneath a grim iron grating which, he informed them, was called the "portycullus." This was guarded, against what possible intrusion is not known, by one of Mr. Clark's retainers, a ruddy-faced, gawky peasant youth whose manner revealed an ignorance as to what it all meant. Mr. Clark, indeed, boasted a small legion of retainers but admitted the difficulty of garbing them in a feudal style that would look convincing. So he had "let it alone." To make up for this deficiency he hastily introduced the Trunns to the

massive suit of mail which had once encased the robber baron. The jointed fingers of a steel gauntlet had been curled around the hilt of a broad-bladed, two-edged sword, and the baron might even then have been leaning upon his weapon while his eyes blazed balefully from behind the slits of a lowered visor.

"He looks as if he were still lord here!" Beatrice exclaimed, clasping her hands with a quick gesture almost of alarm.

"Guess he ain't, though," Mr. Clark chuckled. "Because I'm that!" There was a certain charm about Mr. Clark, for all his boasting, his fortissimo clothes, his diet of syllables.

The luncheon was indeed a small banquet, served under the stained, raftered ceiling and with the now triumphant sun blazing in through the Gothic windows of leaded glass. Two retainers, dressed in green, performed the magic of invoking the dishes and whisking them away, and Mr. Trunn could not but forget he had a stomach and indulge in the wonders of culinary achievements, to say nothing of the bewildering variety of wines constantly replenished at his elbow.

"This is good," he murmured.

"If you do a thing, do it up brown!" So Mr. Clark stated his philosophy. He too had been busy emptying his glass, and he began to expand with wide motions, declaring that he was doing his best to "live up to this here schloss" and that there was nothing in the whole world comparable to the "great feeling" you got from living in the schloss of a defunct robber baron; and furthermore, by Cripes, he sometimes had the feeling that he was the robber baron himself!

"Oh," Beatrice protested, "but *you* wouldn't be that kind of a man! *You* wouldn't pillage and plunder and kill! . . . I declare, this wine's gone to my head!" Which was proved by the

giggle following the statement and by the enlarged, fummy eyes she turned on Mr. Clark.

"Naw, I wouldn't do anything like that!" Mr. Clark assured her. "Cripes—no, nothing like that! Give me a great feeling all the same to live in this here schloss. Like to live in it rest of my life. Guess I will live in it rest of my life! Feller, Schwinkler—renew the lease. Live here rest of my life!" Mr. Clark rose from his chair and swung out an arm to embrace every coign in his castle. "Robber baron's schloss!" he intoned. "Robber baron's schloss!" He fixed his mellow eyes on Peter Trunn and demanded to be told at once who the hell Trunn had ever met before who lived in a robber baron's schloss. In all truth Peter could reply that never before had he met such a one. This satisfied Mr. Clark, so that he roared out, "Come 'long! Show it to you. Show you every dam' hole in it, garret to cellar—dungeon! Come on!"

So Mr. Clark's charm, together with his wines, threw a nimbus around the ensuing hours. Until, presently, repletion of food and drink and facts about the schloss overcame Peter, and he thought he would just smoke a cigar on the western terrace; retiring thereto, he found a reclining chair, stretched himself out in it, forgot the cigar and, warmed by the sun, was asleep in three minutes. They discovered him in this slumber when the day had begun to wane behind the hills. Beatrice jerked his sleeve and called him a sleepy-head. How could he have had the heart to miss a single inch of this wonderful castle? And how could he have had the heart to lose a single word of Mr. Clark's wonderful exposition upon the wonders? Why, Mr. Clark had recited the whole history of Schloss Beckenschwann, as it was called, but she hadn't caught a quarter of it, it was so bewildering!

She would have to go over it all again with Mr. Clark, just as soon as he could accommodate her.

"You bet!" said Mr. Clark.

Peter still lay in the mists of wine, through which it seemed to him that Mr. Clark was not Mr. Clark and had no business to be Mr. Clark, but should be, say, the Roman Emperor whose portrait bust he so closely resembled. This fantasy was brief, for the wine mists now dispersed. His wife, Peter observed, also had recovered; her present ardor and her sparkling eyes were caused by her interest in Schloss Beckenschwann.

"I've never had such an opportunity before," Beatrice said as they walked homeward. "Sightseeing can be so unsatisfactory! I've been simply rushed through the other castles! I'll have a chance to study Schloss Beckenschwann!"

"It's romantic up there, all right," admitted Peter, while he made a mental comment that he must retrieve his stomach by abstinence for half a week.

"Romantic!" his wife echoed. "It's stunning!"

Peter Trunn was eating grapes and somewhat vacantly looking at the other curers on the promenade. He was solitary, for such an opportunity as his wife had found she could not be expected to neglect. A robber baron, in these matter-of-fact times, knocks but once at every door. Beatrice was up at Schloss Beckenschwann. She had been up at Schloss Beckenschwann every day of this week, and if Peter understood aright, she had not nearly completed her archeological studies and might not complete them for a month. Each afternoon, when the sun had already faded, she dashed into the hotel, her cheeks burning and her eyes gleaming, and poured into Peter's patient ear a long, delirious recital of that day's researches.

"I think," said Peter tentatively, "I shall run over and have a look at the children. You seem to have a good deal still to do here. You won't mind?"

She protested that her own yearning to see the children was so strong, she was not sure how long she could withstand it; but that Schloss Beckenschwann was really a duty—in a way—since it was a complete study of medievalism (she was taking notes on every foot of it)—and that—oh, dear! the children would have to spare her a little longer! But of course Peter could go. He *must* go! One of them *must* go to see the children! Peter must go!

Peter was not the man to associate archeological research with love-making. His anæmic faculty of imagination could scarcely compass the idea of an historic Italian-Austrian past influencing a present-day American lady's conduct. Still less would he have been able to conceive his wife—she being the sort of woman he knew her to be—"falling for" Mr. James Clark, who, even though possessing a certain likable gusto, was obviously a social upstart, crude, and not at home in the amenities of the English language. In other words, he would have overlooked the fact that he was dealing with a woman in a very special set of circumstances, and that while to him the Place de la Concorde was just that, and the Place des Voges just that, and the Castle of Chillon just that, to an intrepid pursuer of ghosts, like his wife, Mr. Clark of Schloss Beckenschwann might lose his material personality and become something or someone else.

What, indeed, first impressed Beatrice was Mr. Clark's total immersion in the history of his castle. The feller, Schwinkler, had, he said, produced a bundle of old records. These, Mr. Clark explained, being in "Med'eval

Goiman" he had not himself been skilled to decipher; but Schwinkler, while negotiations pended, had been kind enough to read and re-read the more melodramatic passages until Mr. Clark had them fairly by heart. He unlocked the bolt of a huge carven chest and laid a manuscript yellow with age, and stained so that it resembled a sheaf of autumn leaves, in Beatrice's hands.

"Oh!" cried Beatrice, standing transfixed, with the past in her hands.

Such little "Ohs!" coming from the lips of an extraordinarily pretty woman whose face is all alight, have sometimes more potency than a long string of words. It is not the intention to show Mr. Clark as the villain of this piece, but there is no denying that he was a man. He had in his favor in the game he began to formulate at that lovely "Oh!" Beatrice's amazement that he was so *en rapport* with the necromantic spirit of fled centuries. He was, indeed, the most romance-flavored man she had ever met, and she easily saw him as the robber baron, though not as the kind who would wreak violence; rather he was the essence of robber baronetcy. So, while she fluttered the brown and yellow veined pages, she did not stir when Mr. Clark slid an arm, rather casually, around her waist.

Not the least advantage in such circumstances as were arising was the intricate architecture of Schloss Beckenschwann. When it was not her feet that lost themselves along some labyrinthine vaulted passage, up and down short and long flights of stone steps, in and out of low iron-shod mysterious doors, Beatrice's mind so lost itself; and she moved physically and mentally in a haze in which mundane contacts, casual at best, such as a brushing kiss, for instance, did not count for overmuch. Which is to say that she is to be absolved of the charge of guilty

intention. As Mr. Clark's waist encircling, hand pressures, and kisses, abetted by the numberless secret corners of his schloss, became more frequent and less restrained, there always rose before Beatrice an image of Peter, her husband. Yet this was curiously unreal and meek and unprotesting, as Peter himself was; and it was quite unthrilling, like Peter himself these last few years. Accordingly, with a sudden breathlessness, Beatrice found herself abandoned to a strenuous flirtation within the enchanted precincts of Schloss Beckenschwann. From two points of view it was strenuous; Mr. Clark's efforts to cap it with absolute triumph for himself, and Beatrice's struggle to hold it inside bounds, that there should be no regrets. To achieve this, she had often to summon hastily that vision of Peter, or the children, as a medieval lady might have made the sign to ward off the devil. But since Schloss Beckenschwann and its lord had become the only realities for her, this little world contained her only precepts of right conduct; and very surely Mr. Clark was getting the better of the encounter.

"Why not?" Mr. Clark mumbled at last in her ear, after a short scuffle punctuated by kisses, in an oak-panelled chamber where the robber baron had housed some guest as perfidious as himself.

"My husband," moaned Beatrice. And as she said it, she seemed to have no husband in this twentieth century. She was a captive of the fourteenth, in the not objectionable power of an indomitable but handsome tyrant. It was, in a word, rather beautiful, if perilous—and exceedingly thrilling.

Husbands, in such emergencies as this, were merely to be swept aside by Mr. Clark. But also, as in such emergencies Mr. Clark was prey to a complete inarticulateness and forced to make himself understood by actions,

Beatrice was abruptly imprisoned in his mighty arms. She fought. He managed to bring out, "Gee, it'd be great, sweetheart!"

"No, no it wouldn't!" she wailed. "It's so much better this way. It's been—so utterly divine here! Don't let's spoil it!"

He dropped his arms and muttered, "All right, if that's how you feel about it! Look here—this here porcelain stove has got the coat of arms of the Taugau family. The baron, he had 'em put on special."

But Beatrice was in too distressing a whirl just then for further archeology. Mr. Clark's submission to her will unbalanced her more utterly than his adjurations or even his schloss had done. In his massive lineaments she saw something noble, and she knew that now, finally, she was wavering. "I must hurry home!" she gasped. "I'm expecting word from my children." She said nothing about Peter.

For three days she stayed away from Schloss Beckenschwann, not without the greatest effort of will. She would never enter it again. But it seemed to call her to return to its great rooms, on the boards of which trod the solemn feet of the past. Nor was it the schloss alone which called her.

Then the reward for her resistance came, on the fourth day, in the shape of Peter returned.

"Janet had the chicken pox," he announced, "and they never let us hear a word!"

"But she's quite all right now?" Beatrice gasped.

"All right enough now," Peter answered.

"Well, then!" said Beatrice. "You enjoyed the trip?"

"Yes. But I must say, I missed my Merano grapes."

Peter repaired that very afternoon to the Kurplatz, to make up the loss, and Beatrice went with him, clinging

wordlessly to the sense of security his restored presence gave her. But it was not long before Peter remarked that something seemed to be worrying her. Her manner was, in fact, not a little distracted. No, she protested, nothing was wrong. Perhaps, Peter suggested contritely, he should not have told her about Janet.

"Oh—there's nothing to chicken pox!" she replied.

Yet, as her distraction became more pronounced with the passing of the days, Peter grew worried. This first disconcerted her, and then it angered. She thought Peter an awful fool. He was meeker than ever, absurdly shrunken in her eyes, and irritatingly commonplace. He looked silly, with the drops of grape juice streaking his chin. No longer able to bear the spectacle, Beatrice ran off to mope in the hotel.

This defection saddened Peter deeply. He worried over all sorts of things that might have happened during his absence, with the futile gyrations of a dog chasing his own tail. During this, Beatrice, shut up in her room, somberly admitted to herself that she was in love with the master of Schloss Beckenschwann. She wept over this self-revelation and did not know what she was to do.

There is a fraternity among the grape curers which develops passing nods into acquaintanceships and these, now and then, into friendships. While his wife was trying to adjust twentieth-century standards to fourteenth-century impulses and flying into hysterical rages or breaking down into tears, Peter had made such a contact in the form of an American university professor who had taken a sabbatical leave because indigestion was imparting a sour flavor to his lectures, and who was something of an archeologist.

"You'd be interested in a castle in

this neighborhood," said Peter. "My wife's been studying it." And he recounted the tale of Schloss Beckenschwann and its inmate, Mr. Clark.

Professor Winslow said that, certainly, he must have a look at that place. It was strange that he should have missed it when he had charted all the ancient pieces in the region.

"It's been renovated," said Peter.

"Perhaps that's it, then," said Winslow, sucking on his pipe. "I suppose it's lost its significance. I hope it hasn't been ruined." He stroked his tawny Van Dyke beard.

"My wife says it's quite marvelous," said Peter.

The professor trusted it would not be too forward to suggest that Mrs. Trunn give him an introduction to this Mr. Clark.

"No, no!" cried Peter. "I'm sure she'd be glad to."

It was arranged. Beatrice resisted the desire to conduct Professor Winslow personally to Schloss Beckenschwann. She admitted to herself her fears. The professor trotted away alone, with the note Beatrice had given him. And with this, for somewhat over a week, the archeologist totally disappeared. It was as if the robber baron had come alive and thrown him into the dungeon-keep. But as Beatrice was still at odds with herself and reluctant to approach Clark upon any excuse whatever, and as her unaccountable mood frightfully upset Peter, the vanished professor was not even mentioned. In the midst of a dismal reverie, with unseeing eyes fixed on one of the tall pines of the promenade, Peter heard a voice offering the opinion that he, Peter, was probably an American.

When Peter looked up at the wiry man who had addressed him, and acknowledged the fact, the other said, sitting down in a manner somehow suggestive of authority:

"I spotted you right away. I'm one myself."

"More English people than Americans around here, aren't there?" observed Peter.

His companion nodded a long sandy head and Peter noticed that his eyes, small and greenish, were really gimlets. "Have I anything to conceal?" Peter almost asked himself, in alarm.

"I guess you stick to Americans?" asked the man, lighting a cigarette while he observed Peter sidewise.

Peter, in his usual fashion, sketched his peregrinations, ending confessionally, "I don't really mix very much. Oh, yes, you might say I do stick to Americans, though."

At this juncture the formality of names was exchanged, and then Mr. Henderson admitted that he represented a firm of attorneys "back home" and was searching for a particular American whom he had traced to this general vicinity. The firm of attorneys was McGee, Levy, Levy, McGee, Henderson—himself being the Henderson in question. He had a remarkable talent for description and before he had quite finished, Peter exclaimed:

"That would be Mr. Clark! I'm sure it's Mr. Clark you're looking for." Peter thought of legacies.

"Would it?" said Henderson. "A Mr. Clark—what?"

"Oh, yes!" said Peter. "Absolutely! That would be Clark, all right. James Clark. Looks like a Roman Emperor."

Some minutes Mr. Henderson consecrated solely to puffing the cigarette. Then he turned a most friendly and confiding eye, not a gimlet at all, on Peter, and stated that he took Peter for one of the most trustworthy men it had ever been his blessed lot to meet; and that—well, there was a mystery attached to Mr. James Clark, if it *was* Mr. James Clark he was looking

for. Then Peter gave a start. Henderson's last words had crystallized for him what hitherto had been a formless suspicion. Mr. Clark never *had*, he vowed, seemed a Mr. Clark to him. There he stopped, feeling a trifle absurd, and blinking through his thick bifocal lenses.

Henderson stretched out his long, thin legs, grinned more to himself than to Peter and asked, 'Not Clark—what? Well then, how would Cozotti do—Jim Cozotti? That fit the gentleman any closer?'

"You mean—an Italian?" Peter thrust his face forward, while his fingers poised a grape on its way to his mouth.

"Italian ancestors," said Henderson. "Naturalized American. Nothing for Uncle Sam to be proud of."

Peter tingled. This was excitement!

"He said he was in the hardware business," he volunteered.

"Hardware, eh? Ye-es, you could call it that. . . . I've got to see Mr. James Clark in a hurry, just in case he is Mr. James Clark. Is this him?"

Peter saw the Roman Emperor glowering at him from the photograph Henderson had whipped out of an inside pocket.

"It is!" shouted Peter. "It's Clark!"

"It's Jim Cozotti," Henderson grunted. "We'll take him back to America on a large assortment of counts—and forging a passport is about the least of them."

"Really!" Peter darted his eyes about him, then leaned over and whispered hoarsely, "You're a detective!"

"You're almost one yourself, aren't you?" said Henderson, with an admiration too excessive for sterling worth. A remarkable transition now changed him from a smiling man into one with a heavily portentous brow. "I thought I'd catch him through an American," he said, "once I'd tracked

him into this district. Had it all figured out just that way. He's a loud speaker and he'd look for someone to broadcast himself to—only he didn't broadcast the truth. I took you into my confidence, Mr. Trunn, because I'd kind of lost track of my man and I admit I needed some help. But this is between us two, y'understand."

"Certainly!" said Peter.

"Cozotti was a bootlegger, and no mean one, let me tell you. But I can't bring him back for that. He's wanted for murder, and lots of it. He lit out when the temperature back home rose to a thousand."

All of Peter's amazed soul was in his bulging eyes.

"I never!" he cried. Then he cried immediately afterwards, "Here is my wife!"

Beatrice had come out into the fresh air to escape the madness she had felt coming on her with her solitary reflections in the hotel. Peter was too upset and horrified to remember he was pledged to silence, or to be aware of his wife's pallor and the drawn and miserable appearance of her face. Or, it is likely that, having taken his wife into his confidence in matters small and large for the past fifteen years, this had become an ungovernable habit with him. At any rate, he blurted it all out then and there, with the jerks of a mechanical puppet dancing from one foot to the other. This was his wife. Mr. Henderson, a detective. And did she dream that Mr. Clark—yes, Mr. Clark!—was a bootlegger and a murderer? And that he was wanted in the United States for his crimes—yes, yes, of course—for murder! What did she think of that? His real name wasn't Clark—it was Cozotti. Murderer! Well!

"There's no time to stop and pick up the beans you've spilled all over the lot," said Henderson, with much severity. "Now you lead me up to

that Schloss Beckenschmidt and we'll get him."

"I believe my wife isn't well!" Peter cried. "What is the trouble, dear? Aren't you—?"

She had sunk down onto a bench. Her cheeks were white and a rather ghastly smile curved her lips.

"It—it isn't true!" she said, the words sounding stiff and broken.

"What, dear?" asked Peter, his cheeks beginning to turn white.

"It isn't true!" she repeated. Then she began to cry.

A tragic illumination grew brighter and brighter in Peter's brain as he gazed mournfully at his wife and wished he could comfort her. He was angry with the historic past for betraying Beatrice. Completely forgetful of the presence of the agent of justice, he might have given words to some of these sentiments, had not a familiar figure rushed into view toward him, breathless, and with eyes as protuberant as Peter's own. It was Professor Winslow. He halted before the group, waved his cane, and poured out another episode, perhaps the most astounding of all, in the annals of Schloss Beckenschwann.

"What do you think he's doing up there? . . . He's breaking up the place! The whole castle! Chopping it to atoms with an axe—one of those battle axes from a wall—He's—!"

"Hold on," said Henderson. "Let's have it all. Who are you?"

The preliminaries were got over to the detective's satisfaction. It then appeared that the professor had spent the week in investigating the archeology of Schloss Beckenschwann. He had discovered that, as it were, it had no archeology.

"Fake!" he announced, with a snort midway between the grunt of a pig and the whinny of a horse. "Fake, from top to bottom! Built by some Viennese actor in 1895! Stage effects from

dungeon to turrets! That real-estate fellow, Schwinkler, or whatever his dishonorable name is, saw our friend Clark coming, and furnished the robber baron and the family tree, and the records—everything! Renovated! Ha!” Another snort. “I should say—renovated!” Another snort. “I thought I’d do Clark a favor, open his eyes to the fraud that had been imposed upon him. Went so far as to get the true records, showed them to him, black on white. Well, anyway I escaped with my life. He was smashing things right and left when I fled. Yes sir—I’m not ashamed to say it—I fled!”

“Is he up there now?” asked Henderson crisply.

“I’m telling you, he’s attacking the masonry!” The professor foamed, profoundly shocked by Mr. Cozotti’s ingratitude.

“Lead the way,” said Henderson. “I’ll get him if I’ve got to dig him out of the ruins!”

Peter remained behind with his wife. The afternoon was closing in an exquisite glow and tenderness and silence. The curers, their labor of the day heroically accomplished, had most of them returned to their hotels and pensions. It was the kind of perfect coda to a day, whose music would have been destroyed by any speech. So Peter, at least, thought. He merely took his wife’s hand and sat patiently with it in his own. Then Beatrice, after a very long while, spoke.

“Was there a chicken pox epidemic, or was Janet’s the only case?”

About a week thereafter, on the very day when the Trunns were leaving Merano for Venice, Peter met Professor Winslow on the promenade. The professor had not found it in his heart to forgive the late master of Schloss Beckenschwann, and he related with

dyspeptic venom how the detective, with the aid of three lusty gendarmes, had trussed up the murderer, after finding him still engaged upon demolishing the castle.

“He’s on his way to America—to jail!” snarled the unforgiving archeologist. “But what do you think he did after they nabbed him? He yelled that he didn’t give a hoot; only he didn’t say ‘hoot,’ I can tell you. He said he was glad to go back—would have gone back of his own accord, after what had happened to him over here. Said he’d break jail and raise the dickens all over again and be worse than he ever was before! Pretty specimen, don’t you think? And then he broke down and cried!”

“No!” gasped Peter.

“Yes! Like a baby! Said he didn’t care what they did to him. Said he could have led a quiet, harmless life in a robber baron’s schloss—made him feel great, bossing it in a robber baron’s schloss; but that now, as it wasn’t a robber baron’s—”

“Will you excuse me?” Peter interrupted shyly. “I’ve got to fetch my wife. We’re off for our train in an hour. I was very pleased to know you, Professor Winslow.”

“Where are you going?” inquired the bilious professor.

“To Venice. My wife wants to look at the art down there,” said Peter. “I suppose, being on the sea, Venice must have had her troubles with pirates in the old days?”

“That goes without saying,” answered the professor, as though Peter were a weak-minded sophomore.

“But not robber barons!” Peter chirped. “No robber barons down there, eh?” He waved a hand brightly. “Well, *auf wiedersehen*, as they say in these parts!” And he trotted briskly off.



THE VITAL IMPORTANCE OF EUGENICS

BY JULIAN HUXLEY

EUGENICS is running the usual course of many new ideas. It has ceased to be regarded as a fad, is now receiving serious study, and in the near future will be regarded as an urgent practical problem.

It is convenient to pigeonhole our ideas, and the usual way of pigeonholing our ideas on eugenics is to divide the subject into negative and positive. Negative eugenics is concerned with preventing degeneration, while positive eugenics aims at the improvement of the human stock. Perhaps a better method of classification is to divide the subject into short-range and long-range eugenics. Short-range eugenics concerns itself merely with altering the proportions of already existing and commonly recurring human types within the total population, while long-range eugenics sets itself the aim of bringing new types into existence. And both of these, of course, have their positive and their negative sides. I said that short-range eugenics aimed *merely* at altering the proportions of existing kinds of human beings. That *merely* must be taken in relation to the much larger aims of long-range eugenics, and to the slow and enormous processes of evolution in general. In relation to human history (itself so far a short-range process, biologically considered), short-range eugenics is of utmost importance, and may well turn out to be the most urgent human problem of the next few centuries. For do not let us forget that the human race

consists of an astounding variety and range of different kinds of men. From savage to Nordic business man, from hunting pygmy to Chinese sage, the race is prodigal in types; and even within the single race or nation we range from imbecile and moron to man of talent or genius; from those congenitally weak and susceptible to disease to those born to be champion athletes; from those who through inheritance lack moral or æsthetic feeling to those hypersensitive to virtue or to beauty. And even when we have made all allowances for environment and upbringing, the major part of these differences in type are due to differences in inborn constitutions. Even if we leave the rare extremes out of account, the monsters and the idiots, the hypersensitives and geniuses, any reshuffling of the proportions of the types that are left will be important enough. It matters a great deal whether one quarter or three quarters of the community shall have brains of poor quality or of good quality; whether the proportion of those endowed by nature with initiative be halved or doubled; whether, when we have made England a home fit for heroes to live in, we shall find that there are fewer heroes and more human sheep to inhabit it; whether congenital debility and defect go up or down.

Let us take in illustration the case of mental defect. I am using the term mentally defective in its strict sense—someone with such a feeble mind that

he cannot support himself or look after himself unaided—and not in the loose sense which would include the much larger class of borderline types generally called morons by American writers. The number of such mentally defective persons in Great Britain is now over three hundred thousand, according to a very careful Government Report published in 1929; in other words, one in every hundred and twenty of our population is through sheer insufficiency of brains incapable of pulling his weight in the national life; and this, of course, leaves on one side all those incapable on account of insanity or of purely physical handicap.

That is bad enough. But there is worse behind it. Another committee reporting on the same subject twenty-five years previously found a far lower proportion of mental defectives.* We are making two mental defectives grow where only one grew before.

The only plausible reason advanced for this state of affairs is that it is an effect of the improvement in our measures of public health and preventive medicine, especially with regard to infant welfare. Mentally defective children are on the average less resistant in other ways; and their usual upbringing leaves more to be desired than that of normal children. Accordingly, if our infant-welfare schemes save a thousand babies which otherwise would have died, we are likely to save a disproportionate number of mentally defective children among them. Nine hundred and ninety of them may be fine babies, whose preservation is a national asset; but if the remaining ten are mental defectives, and if ten per thousand is a higher proportion of

defectives than exists in the population at large, then we are increasing the percentage of defectives in the new generation. By reducing the rigor of natural selection, we are allowing an undue proportion of unfit types to survive. And as in all probability new hereditary varieties towards defectiveness are more common than those towards an improvement of the type, there is no saying where such a process may end.

What is to be done about it? The purely biological method of keeping the stock up to standard by natural selection is, though effective, cruel and uneconomical. It involves wholesale destruction to make sure that the few types you want destroyed shall be included in the holocaust, thus showing a resemblance to Elia's account of the original method for obtaining roast pork. It is of the essence of civilization to set its face against such haphazard, blind, and wasteful methods.

There is only one immediate thing to be done—to ensure that mental defectives shall not have children. Whether this should be achieved by the prohibition of marriage or, as many believe, by combining the method of segregation in institutions with that of sterilization for those who are at large, is not our present concern. We want a general agreement that it is not in the interests of the present community, or the race of the future, or the children who might be born to defectives that defectives should beget offspring. When discussing concrete proposals this simple question should always be kept in mind—"Do you want mentally defective people to have children?"

If, by whatever means, defectives can be prevented from reproduction, then, since the considerable majority of mental defect is due to hereditary factors, it will decrease from generation to generation. The decrease will unfortunately not be very fast, since much

* It may be objected that the increase from then to now might be only apparent, due to a greater ease in the ascertainment of defect: the earlier committee simply missed a lot of defectives. But, for a variety of technical reasons, this appears quite definitely not to be the case. At its face value the increase in twenty-five years represents an actual doubling of the percentage of mental defectives. When all possible allowances have been made, the real increase it would seem must be not less than fifty per cent.

hereditary defect is caused by what are known as recessive factors, which can be carried in a latent state by apparently normal people. When two such "carriers" mate they will produce a certain proportion of defective children. But in spite of this, to prevent defectives themselves from having children would in point of fact steadily decrease the percentage of defectives and of carriers in each generation.

The next step, could it but be achieved, would be to discover how to diagnose the carriers of defect. If these could but be detected, and then discouraged or prevented from reproduction, mental defect could very speedily be reduced to negligible proportions among our population. There is nothing inherently improbable in our being able to discover a test for carriers: but we have not done so yet, and have no very immediate prospect of doing so in the future.

II

I have spent some time over this question, since it brings up the issues of short-range eugenics in clear-cut form: There is in process a change in the proportion of genetic types within our population; it is a regrettable change; we can give a reasonable explanation for it, and we can envisage practical measures for putting an end to the racial degeneration which it involves.

But a more penetrating prophecy of degeneration has recently been given by Dr. R. A. Fisher, whose mathematical talents, so long devoted to the analysis of experimental agriculture, are now vivifying eugenics as well as the general theory of evolution.

His starting point is the celebrated observation made by Galton, that noble (or other) families whose representatives marry heiresses tend to die out with abnormal frequency. This fact Galton brilliantly explained by

pointing out that the heiresses would not have been heiresses if they were not members of very small families, so that the probability was that they inherited, together with their wealth, a congenital tendency to low fertility. Thus two factors which are not of necessity interconnected, female wealth and low fertility, are automatically brought into correlation.

Fisher has simply generalized this particular case and applied the principle to society as a whole. He points out that in primitive societies, organized for efficiency in war, with polygamy as the recognized practice, the qualities which made for success would in general come to be coupled with an increased fertility. For prowess, on the whole, would lead to success, and success to more wives: while large families are not only honored and applauded but, far from being an economic or social drag, are a help and a solace to their parents. But the historical change from tribal times, through an aristocratic period where wealth was based on land, to unrestricted commercialism or individualism, particularly since coupled with the change to monogamy, and particularly in its later stages, when the world is filling up, has completely altered the picture. And Fisher lays down as a general law that in any society of our general economic type the two biologically independent variables of those tendencies making for success and those making for low fertility, of social necessity become coupled together. And since these tendencies are largely genetic, the result is a progressive and cumulative diminution within the population of the proportion of gene-units making for success and, therefore, of the successful type of person.

I speak of "tendencies." These may be of the most varied nature. The tendencies making for low fertility may be purely physiological, such as defects

in the reproductive apparatus; they may be temperamental, like extreme caution; they may have a more complex psychological basis, as when ambition overrides desire for children, and the tendencies making for success may be pure intellect or mere energy, charm, or ruthlessness, personal magnetism or literary genius. So long as there is any hereditary basis for any, the coupling of them together can have only one result—the decrease within the stock of the qualities which make for success. For of two business or professional men of equal brains and ability but with a different number of children, the one with the fewer children will usually be able to concentrate more on his work, to avoid more worries, to rise more rapidly; and, what is biologically even of greater importance, his children will receive a better education, more chances of travel and pleasure, a more favorable start in life, a greater financial inheritance at his death, and be able to contract marriages which socially and financially are more desirable. Conversely, of two men with the same-sized families, but of differing abilities, the one with more of the qualities making for success will usually rise the faster. And this applies throughout society in so far as society is commercial and individualistic. It will not apply of necessity to the lowest grades of unskilled labor; but as this stratum must presumably contain more than its due proportion of unsuccessful types who have slipped down the social ladder, and as families in this stratum are well above the average, actually it provides no exception. The only notable exception concerns that type of agriculture in which the children can be usefully employed from an early age, and are, therefore, an asset; but this constitutes but a very small and a decreasing fraction of modern society.

Let us give two examples to point the moral. Most people would agree that

men who have been educated at Harvard come from stock which is above the average of success in America. Now if Harvard were to recruit itself entirely from the sons of its alumni, then, even if every Harvard man were compelled to send his sons to the old college, the institution would progressively and quite rapidly decline; for the average number of sons which Harvard alumni now have is not three or four, as it would have been in earlier ages, not even one, which is necessary to maintain the absolute numbers of Harvard-educated stock, but only about three-fourths.

The other example comes from England. In the Census of 1911—the only one for which accurate figures on this subject are available—the population was grouped into five main economic classes, of which the highest included all the professional classes, as well as some others, while the lowest consisted of unskilled labor. This lowest economic class had a fertility which, even after all corrections were made for infant mortality, age of marriage and so forth, was not only about double that of the professional group, but was nearly fifty per cent above that of the population as a whole. As a result, the economically least successful twenty per cent of the working population existing in 1911 gave rise to about twenty-five per cent of the next generation of Englishmen.

Fisher goes on to point out that, far from man being universally more exempt from natural selection than are wild species of animals or plants, in regard to one characteristic at least he is exceptionally subject to selective influences, and that is fertility. The reason for this is that human beings vary far more in regard to their actual fertility than do wild species of animals or plants. Lions may vary from, say, two to five in number of offspring, snowshoe rabbits from perhaps three to

twelve; but human families range regularly from zero to ten, fifteen, or even twenty. The number of couples with two, one, or no children is relatively large; and thus the possessors of six, five, or even four children are at an enormous reproductive advantage. If this were all, then the quicker-multiplying stocks would simply increase at the expense of the slower, a process which we may observe in Eastern Canada to-day. But if other qualities, desirable or undesirable, come to be associated with fertility, then the automatic reproductive selection which fertility brings will change the stock in these regards as well. And the evolutionary changes thus effected can be, as Fisher points out, far more rapid than any evolutionary change brought about by selection in any non-human species.

What, then, is the effect of this coupling, which has come into being through the agency of our economic system, between the tendencies to failure and fertility? There are tender-minded people and liberal doctrinaires who will argue that the qualities which make for success are on balance not particularly good, or even that they are evil. Ruthlessness, egotism, vulgarity, double-dealing, subservience, the limitations that are willing to concentrate on dull routine—all these only too often make for success, and it is a good thing that the race should be purged of them.

Granted; but we must not forget that brains, energy, concentration, special gifts, devotion to ideals—these, too, in general make for success. And most people would, I think, agree that this second list more than counterbalances the first; for even if vulgarity and ruthlessness and the rest are unpleasant, they can be combated; but without brains, energy, and special talents the world would both collapse and cease to be worth living in. It is true that there is scriptural warrant for the view that

the meek shall inherit the earth, and a tendency in that direction is one result of our modern civilization. But it is only one result; the other tendencies are for the stupid to inherit the earth, and the shiftless, and the imprudent, and the dull. And this is a prospect neither scriptural nor attractive.

III

I, for one, regard the state of affairs as extremely gloomy. What may be the remedies for it? One is to alter your whole economic and social system; but that, however desirable, could only be brought about so slowly that the cumulative dysgenic process would have had time to work a very great deal of harm before the remedy began to be effective. This may be the ultimate goal; but meanwhile we need some remedy which will work within the limits of our existing system.

R. A. Fisher himself suggests a comprehensive scheme of family allowances, not restricted to the laboring classes, but running right through society; not all on the same scale but with the amount per child proportional to the man's total or, at least, his earned income. The extension throughout society is necessary if the progressive reduction in the numbers of the best-trained, most intelligent, and most successful stocks is to be checked. By the same token, the second proviso is also necessary. A contribution per child which would mean a great deal to an unskilled laborer would be trifling to a professional man, while the really successful would not even find it worth while to fill in the necessary forms. The proviso has the additional merit that it is elastic. If the economic system changes so that the manual workers receive more, the manufacturer or organizer less, their family allowances will go up or down to suit the new scale.

At first sight, such a scheme may appear unjust and undemocratic, pushing to extreme lengths the principle of giving to those who already have. But if we look at it in its true light, the injustice is seen to be apparent only. The scheme is simply intended to remedy the existing economic disadvantages of having children: it is an adjustment of wages or salaries to the conditions of family life. Under our present economic system, we pay different amounts to different groups of people: one group, say, gets two hundred pounds a year, another group two thousand. In each group the man with children is being economically handicapped, while the childless man is for all practical purposes receiving a bonus for his childlessness. The suggested scheme of family allowances is merely intended as a biological measure, designed to equalize matters within each group, by correcting wages or salary for number of children. If society decrees that the poorer classes shall be better paid, or that the richer shall get less, the correction automatically follows suit. But it is a correction which has to be applied for biological reasons, and in applying it we must accept economic facts as we find them.

For the wage-earning classes the system of wage-pools already successfully adopted as the basis of the widespread system of family allowance in vogue in France would be satisfactory; and a similar method could be applied to many of the professional classes. With those who draw money from many sources, like doctors, it would be more difficult to devise a scheme which could be put into immediate operation; but once the principle had been agreed on, its general application could be slowly but surely worked out.

It is difficult to see any other measure which would have any marked effect on this degenerative tendency,

apart from radical change in economic system, as in Russia, or equally radical change in social system, involving State charge of children; and even with such a comprehensive scheme of family allowances, it is difficult to believe that the process would be wholly checked, for there are intangible factors at work, such as the desire to be free to travel, to write or do research, as well as merely financial considerations, operating to restrict the size of families of successful people; and there will remain the temptation to marry money, and with it bring low fertility into the family. All one can say is that such a measure, combined with similar measures such as free (and good) higher education for all, would undoubtedly help to check a process which, if left to itself, will inevitably cause the collapse of our civilization, and to give us a breathing space in which to look for other weapons to combat the unfamiliar menace.

Mr. Churchill, when Chancellor of the Exchequer a few years ago, in answer to a reasoned request for higher income-tax rebates for children, said that, while the aim of encouraging the professional classes to have more children was in every way praiseworthy, it had no connection with the Budget, whose only preoccupations were to finance the country. It is precisely such a point of view which needs changing. In the long run, the quantity and quality of the country's population is its basic economic asset. Chancellors of the Exchequer already consider the effect of their proposals upon trade; there is every reason for them to consider their effect upon racial stability and racial health.

IV

Finally there remains the question of what I have styled long-range eugenics—the attempt to alter the character of the human race out of its present mold,

to lead it on to new evolutionary achievements. We are sometimes told that the more likely fate for humanity is for it, like many another organic type, to pass its apogee and degenerate, owing to the rise of other forms of life; and claimants for the biological throne have been named, such as the rat or even, straying outside the vertebrate field, the ant or the termite. This prophecy we need not take too seriously. There is no likelihood of any other animal species becoming a biological rival to man. Man is unique among organisms in his power of speech and conceptual thought, which have resulted in his equally unique characteristics of an enduring and cumulative tradition and the power of making tools and machines. Thanks to these properties, he has entrenched himself over a wider range of the globe's surface than any other kind of animal, and is in a position of dominance which would appear to be quite impregnable so long as he continues to cultivate his distinctively human characteristics, the proper exercise of which will inevitably make for further progress. Nowhere is the dictum "unto him who hath shall be given" truer than in the spheres of competitive evolution; it is only when the progress of a given type is halted that others have the chance of ousting it.

Along these lines, the one possibility is that of *self-caused* degeneration of our species, leading to a collapse of the human domination which would then leave the door open for the rise of other forms of life. There are cases known in the paleontological history of life which can perhaps be best interpreted as a degeneration of the species due to some inherent decay of the germ-plasm, rather than to competition or changed conditions; but we need not appeal to these; for man is from the biological point of view very young; and no one acquainted with the evolu-

tionary time-scale could possibly accuse him of racial senility. If the human race is to bring about its own collapse, it will be because it has counteracted the effects of natural selection without attempting to put anything in its place, has allowed harmful mutations to accumulate instead of weeding them out or prevented them from appearing, and, in fine, has neglected eugenic measures.

The commonest objection to such constructive eugenic ideas is that we do not know enough about the subject to decide upon the most desirable direction in which to push forward, that the views of, say, clerics, medical men, politicians, men of science, artists, business men, and trades union leaders upon the most desirable type would be altogether at variance, and that in any case to entrust any body of men with the task of deciding who should be allowed to propagate and who should not would be to place too large and dangerous a power in their hands.

But this is to misrepresent the position. No eugenicist in his senses ever has suggested or ever would suggest that one particular type or standard should be picked out as desirable, and all other types discouraged or prevented from having children. Here biology joins hands with common sense. The dictum of common sense, crystallized into a proverb, is that "it takes all kinds to make a world." The evidence of biology, drawn from the facts of evolution, is that this dictum applies as much to different species and groups of animals and plants as to types within the one human species.

All ordinary people would agree that there are certain qualities which it is desirable for the race to possess. Among desirable qualities we should all put health and energy, physical and mental; special aptitudes, for music or mathematics, practical engineering or administrative genius, poetry or leader-

ship; all-round qualities, such as general ability, perseverance, manual dexterity, humor, adaptability; and do not let us forget beauty. It is possible and indeed probable that certain desirable qualities in an individual exclude others; in any case, no one in his senses would set out to breed a race of supermen who should all combine the good qualities of, say, Keats, Henry Ford, Buddha, Abraham Lincoln, Adonis, and Sir Isaac Newton. The task is a simpler one—to encourage the breeding of those with desirable qualities, even if they also possess defects in other qualities. It will be time enough after a thousand or ten thousand years of this to look into further questions such as the precise proportion of poets, physicists, and politicians required in a community, or the combination of a number of different desirable qualities in one human frame.

It is perfectly true that it is at the moment very difficult to envisage methods for putting even this limited constructive program into effect. But this is due as much to difficulties inherent in our present social-economic organization as to our ignorance of human heredity, and most of all to the absence of a eugenic sense in the public at large.

A change in public opinion is indeed the first requisite. Dean Inge, in a recent essay, asserted that once a man has grasped the implications of biology in respect of evolution and inheritance, eugenics becomes for him not merely an important aim, but the most sacred ideal of the human race as a race. It becomes not merely an outlet for human altruism, but the outlet which is

most comprehensive and of longest range of all outlets for altruism. It becomes, in fact, in Dean Inge's words, one of the supreme religious duties.

It is this attitude which we want to see grow and spread among civilized men and women, of every profession and of every class. Man has become what he is by a process of evolution which has taken perhaps a thousand million years; there is no reason why that evolution should not continue; and we can look forward, according to the astronomers, to at least another thousand million years of earth's habitability. If the past with its crude methods has taken life from single cells, or whatever simpler units it at first inhabited, to man, what may not man do in the future with the aid of conscious reason and deliberate planning?

Once that attitude has been assimilated, the idea of eugenics will take its proper place in our repertory of ideas. On its negative side it becomes racial preventive medicine; on its positive side, racial hope.

And once this is so, the pressure of public opinion to get something done will become so great that something *will* be done. More minds will be set to amass the necessary knowledge, more will be detailed to think out ways and means of applying knowledge. We cannot yet see what those discoveries will be, or envisage the organization of a eugenic society. But knowledge will slowly grow, ways and means can surely be found. And so man may take up his birthright, which is to become the first organism exercising conscious control over its own evolutionary destiny.



THE ROEBUCKS CONVENE

BY CLARKSON LLOYD

IT IS a Friday morning, late in June. On the platform of the Union Depot, in the city of Metropolis, a perspiring gentleman consults his watch for the hundredth time and mutters under his breath. He is arrayed in a double-breasted jacket of sky-blue flannel, white trousers, blue suede shoes, pink silk shirt and sky-blue necktie. Grouped about him are thirty-odd other perspiring gentlemen of assorted shapes and sizes, identically attired, even to the blue and pink striped bands on their coat sleeves and on their Panama hats. If they were better matched, physically, one would assume them to be the male chorus of a stranded musical comedy troupe. Inasmuch as a majority of them obviously have not the build for that kind of work, that theory must be abandoned. But if they are not troupers, or circus clowns, or entertainers of some sort, what are they? Close scrutiny reveals that each is wearing on his lapel a large, impressive badge. Now we have a clue. The gentlemen in the comic clothes must be fraternalists.

That is exactly what they are. Last summer representatives of Metropolis Lodge, No. 333, Benign and Altruistic Herd of Roebucks invited the Grand Lodge, in convention assembled, to vote for Metropolis as this year's meeting place. The invitation was accepted. The Roebucks are coming. Already, though the convention proper does not start until next Monday, the

vanguard of visiting brothers is straggling in. Later to-day, and during the week-end, they will arrive by the thousands.

The impatient gentleman who keeps looking at his watch and cursing under his breath is an important person. He is General Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Grand Lodge Convention Board of Metropolis Lodge of Roebucks. Those with him are Chairmen of sub-committees, together with the entire cast of the Committee on Reception. They are gathered at the Union Depot to greet their Grand Elevated Leader, buck of bucks in the Roebuck herd, who, with several Past Grand Elevated Leaders and other members of his "official family," is headed for Metropolis aboard a special train.

Lined up on the station platform are the fifty-piece band, the fife-and-drum corps, the string orchestra, the troubadours, and the drill team of Metropolis Lodge, each unit sweltering proudly in a natty, if uncomfortable, uniform. Outside, in the station yard, stands a fleet of opulent open motor cars, painted in the official Roebuck pink and blue and gaily festooned with streamers, bunting, and artificial flowers. On the sides of each car are emblazoned the seal of the fraternity and the name and rank of the visiting official who will use it. Waiting at the head of this column of automobiles is a squadron of motorcycle police, detailed to escort it through the city.

The General Chairman is cursing because the train is late. He has nine million things to do, but he dare not rush off and leave the welcoming of the Grand Elevated Leader *et al.* to his subordinates. He must be on hand in person to do homage to the big chiefs and to make sure that nothing goes wrong. He must see to it that the several panjandruns shall be welcomed with exactly the due degree of respect. No White House dinner requires a nicer discrimination than that which must be exercised in the course of a national fraternal convention. In his love of Democracy your ardent fraternalist yields to no man; but also he yields to no man in questions of prerogative involving the dignity of his rank. Having been an active Roebuck for twenty-five years, the General Chairman knows this. He realizes that one inadvertent slip at the very beginning might easily cast a shadow over the entire convention, bringing discredit on himself, his committee, his lodge, on the fair name of Metropolis itself. He shudders at the thought of the unbrotherly feelings that would be aroused and the unbrotherly words that would be uttered should certain of the Past Grand Elevated Leaders—the real rulers of the order—be given cause to feel slighted. Therefore, controlling his growing impatience as best he can, he continues to wait.

II

While he is waiting, let's try to discover what this convention business is all about. Why, in the first place, must the Roebucks convene? Why, in the second place, does Metropolis rejoice that they are about to convene in her midst? The latter question, being the simpler, will be considered first.

Metropolis, like most other American cities, has housed conventions of sorts before. This is the first time in

her history, however, that she has played hostess to the national convention of a great fraternity. She regards her selection by the Benign and Altruistic Herd of Roebucks as a signal honor. It has raised her, for the time being, from the inglorious status of a third-class manufacturing and railroad center to the plane of Seattle, Atlantic City, Columbus, Atlanta, Houston, Los Angeles, and other famous Convention Cities. It is giving her nationwide publicity. It is affording her an opportunity to show thousands of people, to whom perhaps she has hitherto been only a name, what a fine, up-and-coming community she is.

Metropolis welcomes the Roebucks Convention for the same reasons that Maine and California welcome tourists. To her each visiting Roebuck is a potential booster, possibly a future resident. It, therefore, behooves her to put her best foot foremost and do all she can to captivate the Herd. For, as her Mayor said, in his proclamation calling upon every citizen to do his bit: "If Metropolis, our beloved Princess City of the Great Mid-west, can sell the Roebucks one hundred per cent, in a year or two she may be able to attract even larger fraternal orders, like the Elks or the Shrine."

There is another item which, though tainted with materialism, should not be overlooked. This is that the visitors will spend an average of ten dollars apiece, per day—outside money brought into Metropolis and left there. The principal desideratum, however, is that the Roebuck Herd be made to feel when it is all over that they have had a better time at this convention than at any other they have ever attended. They must be sent home sold on Metropolis; sold on her climate, her hotels, stores, and theaters, her country clubs and bathing beaches, her natural beauty, the purity of her drinking water and bootleg goods, the hos-

pitality of her citizens and the amiability of her policemen.

That, at any rate, is the view of the majority of her people. There are a few—obstructionists, reactionaries, snobs, Bolsheviks, call them what you will—who do not agree that the coming of the Roebucks will be a blessing. They regard the invasion much as a farmer regards a visitation of locusts. They do not know the Roebucks, their aims, ideals, or achievements; nor do they wish to know them. They are deaf to suggestions that they place their beautiful estates at the disposal of Roebuck picnic parties—and to all similar suggestions. Fortunately for Metropolis, or unfortunately, according to the point of view, they constitute but a very small minority of the city's population. They can refuse to cooperate, but they cannot stave off the convention.

Now as to why the Roebucks must convene. There is no more mystery inherent in the necessity for their convening than there is in the need for the convening of Congress. The Benign and Altruistic Herd of Roebucks is made up of half a million men who hold membership in local branches, called subordinate lodges, which are distributed throughout the United States. Each of these lodges is autonomous, but all are under the jurisdiction of a national governing body: the Grand Lodge. The relationship is somewhat analogous to that between the Federal government and the State governments. There are certain things the subordinate lodges may do without specific Grand Lodge sanction, others for which such sanction is required. In the Herd of Roebucks the individual member can express his will by exercising his right to vote in the councils of his home lodge and also through the medium of that lodge's representatives in the annual Grand Lodge conventions.

Clearly, the Roebucks have a per-

fectly justifiable reason for convening. And if the thousand-odd representatives and alternates necessary to the conduct of the fraternity's business simply met, quietly did their work, and then went home again, nobody would find anything incomprehensible in the performance. If they celebrated the close of their deliberations by giving themselves a banquet, followed by a theater party or a dance, it would still be understandable. But that is not the Roebuck way, nor the way of similar organizations. To them a national convention consisting solely of business sessions and attended exclusively by representatives bent on working would be, in everyday terms, a complete washout. To be adjudged successful, a convention, from their point of view, must be attended by thousands of members who have no direct connection with the actual work in hand. The greater the attendance, the greater the hubbub, the more successful the convention. To be really first-class, a convention should completely dominate and disorganize the normal life of the city in which it is held. (That is why the fraternities steer clear of New York. She is too big to be upset by them. Chicago is almost as imperturbable.)

It is the fuss and fury attendant upon these conventions that baffle the outsider. He does not see the Roebuck legislators earnestly deliberating in the convention hall, planning new ways to serve their fellow-man. He sees only his city descended upon by hordes of men, women, and children who, seemingly, have nothing to do but amuse themselves and be amused.

He sees this throng, wandering about the streets, being conveyed hither and yon in "motorcades," gathering in parks or on corners to listen to bands of their own importation; and, not unnaturally, he wonders why they came. Obviously, they have no direct con-

nection with the actual work of the convention. Yet here they are, ten, twenty, thirty thousand of them, possibly more. They fill the hotels, boarding houses, tourist homes, and camps. Some are even billeted with private families, or sleep on railroad sidings, in the Pullmans that brought them. They take possession of the city and for upwards of a week turn it into a bedlam.

Driven from his office by their incessant band music, the outsider seeks refuge at his country club, only to find the links crawling with strangers, to whom the courtesy of the course has been extended. At the beaches, the baseball park, the gun club, the movies, anywhere he may turn for a place of escape—except perhaps the public library—he finds exuberant Roebucks, their ladies, and offspring. It all seems terribly strange—and strangely terrible—to the outsider.

From the Roebuck point of view, however, this is simply grand. "Thirty thousand people already," chortles the Chairman of the Committee on General Registration to the Chairman of the Committee on Publicity. "Thirty thousand—and they aren't all registered yet. Some convention, boy!"

The Roebuck point of view, as will be explained later, has a basis in long-established tradition.

III

At last the special train pulls in. The committeemen scatter to their designated stations along the platform. The band, the fife-and-drum corps, the string orchestra, the troubadours, and the drill team snap to attention. The General Chairman gives a signal. Instantly there is a blare of music from the band. The drill team, with military precision, lines up on either side of the pink and blue carpet that leads to

the waiting motors outside the depot.

The Grand Elevated Leader and the rest of the national officials descend from their Pullmans. Some are alone, others have brought their families. All are carefully dressed and exude an air of prosperity. They look, the men, like solid citizens: successful merchants, manufacturers, bankers, lawyers, sales managers—which, in private life, is what they are. At the moment, however, they are not in private life. As the directing heads of a great national fraternity, they are semi-public figures. The eyes, not of Metropolis alone, but of a large segment of the American people will be upon them during Convention Week. They will be photographed for the newspapers and the newsreels. Their actions will be reported and their remarks quoted. They must be on their dignity, yet not too rigidly so. They must convey an impression of bearing their honors modestly, yet not too modestly. They must convince the rank and file of Roebuckdom that the affairs of the order are safe in their hands; but at the same time they must avoid the slightest suspicion of being "high hat." Theirs is a difficult course to steer, but long experience has made them adepts. Like most office-holders everywhere, these men owe their positions to a combination of personal popularity and political sagacity.

Alighting upon the platform at Metropolis, noting at once the arrangements made for their reception, the official brethren are genial, yet judicial. Metropolis Lodge is evidently on its toes, anxious to do everything right. Well, so it ought to be; a town like this doesn't get a Roebucks Convention every day. "This welcome is fine and dandy, but let's see what else they've got." Thus think the Grand Elevated Leader and his confrères, as they take their places in their respective official cars.

At a signal from the General Chairman, the motorcycle escort gets under way. Immediately behind it, the musical units swing into line. As the procession slowly moves out of the station yard, two members of the drill team mount the trunk rack of each car, like postilions. The motorcycles roar and chatter, the drums roll, the bandmaster juggles his silver-mounted mace, the troubadours burst into song, accompanied by the brasses, woodwinds, and strings. The General Chairman fans himself with his hat and breathes a sigh of relief. So far all is well.

As the cortège pursues its triumphal way from the station toward the heart of the city, it becomes increasingly evident that Metropolis is awake to her responsibility. Her streets are vivid with the official sky-blue and pink. Lamp-posts are swathed in it. Buildings are draped with it and bedecked with red, white, and blue bunting and American flags. Festoons of colored lights are strung everywhere. Across intersections hang banners bearing the legend: "Welcome Roebucks." Store windows are dressed with special displays in the fraternity colors. Private automobiles carry windshield stickers reading: "Hello Brother—Ride With Us." Even the trolley cars are plastered with posters.

All this is splendid, yet scarcely startling to seasoned conventioners. But when the caravan at length files into Lindbergh (formerly Woodrow Wilson) Square, the official brethren are forced to gulp with amazement and delight. For this open space has been transformed into the Roebuck Court of Honor. At each of its four corners is a huge triumphal arch, crusted with colored lights and ornamented with classic figures, in high relief, symbolic of the tenets of the Roebuck creed—Fraternity, Generosity, Patriotism, and Universal Love. Every few feet, on both sides of the broad thoroughfare

surrounding the landscaped park, stand heroic plaster roebuck, mounted on ten-foot pedestals, with electric bulbs for eyes and at their antler tips. Between each pair of these animals is a flagstaff, flying the Stars and Stripes or the Roebuck banner. Midway along the far side of the square—directly facing the official headquarters hotel—is a large grandstand, flanked by plaster band-shells. As the procession, passing the million-dollar municipal auditorium, comes to a halt in front of the grandstand, three thousand school children seated therein rise and wave little pennants in unison. Two bands play the introductory bars of the "Star Spangled Banner." The children sing it and follow with the Roebuck anthem. When they sit down again, it is seen that their pink or blue berets form the letters B A H R.

Applause and cheers from the official family bring a smile of grim satisfaction to the face of the General Chairman. "Guess that got 'em," he murmurs, alighting from his car.

"Brother," exclaims the Grand Elevated Leader, his voice thick with emotion, "you boys have certainly done yourselves proud! That was beautiful, just beautiful. I wish every member of our great order could have seen it. It would have given them a new conception—"

"Excuse me, Chief," the other interrupts, having no time to listen to a speech, "but when can I go over the final program with you? I got a meeting of the Executive Committee right now. Will I be able to see you in an hour? That's fine. I'll be over."

Leaving the bigwigs in charge of the Vice-chairman, the G. C. scurries off. En route, he hopes that for the sake of harmony all the official brethren will be satisfied with the accommodations reserved for them in the headquarters hotel. He trusts there will be no screams of rage because Brother B's

windows open onto an airshaft, whereas Brother A's open onto a park. He suspects that this will be a vain hope, but there's nothing he can do about it. The assigning of rooms is the Grand Secretary's job, not his, thank heaven. The only connection he has with the rooms is to make sure that his subcommittee on Floral Decorations supplies them with plenty of fresh-cut flowers daily.

IV

Who will pay for those flowers? The visiting Roebucks? No, not directly. The local Roebucks? No, not entirely. The city of Metropolis? No, not officially. Who, then? And who is paying for the miles of bunting, the thousands of electric bulbs, the plaster arches and effigies, the posters, badges, printed programs, contest prizes, and entertainment features? It costs money—anywhere from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars—to play host to a big national convention such as this. Where's the money coming from?

Some has been contributed by the Roebucks lodge, but the bulk of it has been subscribed, in varying amounts, by the public-spirited merchants and business men of Metropolis. If the attendance is as large as hoped for, if the weather is clement, if the visitors are in genuinely festive mood, and the prohibition agents not unduly active—in short, if the convention is a success, this investment will yield a handsome return to its underwriters. If not—but we need hardly go into that.

The actual work of promoting the event, including the raising of the money, has devolved upon the National Grand Lodge Convention Board of Metropolis Lodge. This body, composed of a dozen or more committees, was organized almost a year ago and has been functioning with increasing activity ever since. Chosen for their

ability and their willingness to make sacrifices for the good of the order, its members have spent months in voluntary labor for the cause, often neglecting their personal affairs.

Staging a national Roebucks convention is a task not to be undertaken lightly. The cost of failure runs high. Long before the local lodge decided to invite the Grand Lodge it canvassed the situation, conferring with the city authorities, the Chamber of Commerce and other organizations, obtaining pledges of moral and financial support. Had it found the general sentiment adverse, or merely lukewarm, the lodge would not have dared extend its invitation; for such an invitation may not be subject to withdrawal. Small wonder, therefore, that the Convention Board awaits with anxiety the outcome of the next six days. In its hands are the reputations of both the lodge and the city. Small wonder, also, that the General Chairman begrudges every second wasted.

The complexity of his task arises from the fact, already touched on, that a Roebucks National Convention is attended not only by working delegates, but by thousands of lay brothers and their families. To explain the presence of these hordes, and the efforts made to attract them, it is necessary to go back a few years.

When the Benign and Altruistic Herd of Roebucks was a small, struggling organization, composed of half a dozen lodges, its annual conventions partook of the nature of social reunions. Everybody knew everybody else, more or less, and when the business was finished they all got together and had a party. To show the world how big they were getting to be, they held a parade. In those days, there was keen rivalry among the lodges. Each wanted to show the others how large and active it was becoming. Each lodge, therefore, tried to take as

large a delegation as possible to the convention. Any lodge having a band took that along, too, to help its delegates make an impression. As the lodges grew in size and number, it became obvious that provision would have to be made for the entertainment of these non-working delegations, to give them an inducement for making the trip. Out of this need, evolved the elaborate programs which feature the Roebuck conventions of to-day.

Persons who do not care to seek their pleasures *en masse* find it difficult to understand why anybody, not under compulsion, should wish to attend a convention. It is scarcely within the scope of this treatise to delve into differences of psychology. Suffice it to say that for every individual who abhors crowds there are probably nine who adore them. Among the nine is your typical Roebuck. The main reason for his becoming a Roebuck was to build up a wall of human contacts between himself and loneliness. He goes to his lodge, primarily, for the pleasure of mingling with his kind. He endures the boredom of a business meeting for the sake of the "social session" that is to follow. He is not particularly ambitious, does not aspire to office, but is content to be one of the rank and file, paying his dues and assessments and receiving value in exchange. Like most of us who live uneventful lives, he loves a show. At a Grand Lodge convention he gets one. He gets a big, varied show, sees new sights, makes new contacts, feels important because he is an integral part of so huge an enterprise. In short, he has a wonderful experience, an experience that not only lifts him out of the humdrum rut, but serves also to kindle afresh his enthusiasm for his fraternity. And since the powers that be, in their wisdom, encourage him to bring his wife and family—they help to keep him out of mischief and add tone to the

proceedings—he includes them in the treat.

The program devised by the Convention Board is a dual one: two programs that interlock. There is a schedule of entertainment for the high officials and another, on a larger scale, for lesser officers and the rank and file. The former, consisting of small, exclusive receptions, luncheons, dinners, and dances, requires no detailed description. Such functions are, for the most part, quiet and orderly, as befits the dignity of the guests. Ostensibly they are dry, though some of the brethren will have had a little something beforehand as a precaution against undue solemnity, but there is nothing remarkable about that. The program designed for the delectation of the crowd is more interesting. To include it in full would be impracticable. Here is a condensed version:

Friday, Saturday and Sunday—Reception of visitors. Registration of delegates at Grand Lodge Headquarters. General registration of Roebucks and ladies at Civic Center. Golf at all country clubs. Sight-seeing drives. Band concerts in Court of Honor. Special services (Sunday) in all churches. Note: To gain free admission to all entertainments during Convention Week, visiting Roebucks and ladies *must register*.

Monday—A.M. Sightseeing drive to beautiful Lake Mohunkus, stopover for bathing and picnic lunch. Start of Roebucks National Golf Tournament at Indian Hollow Country Club, and Roebucks National Trapshoot at Metropolis Gun Club.

P.M. Baseball at Blue Sox Park, followed by Roebucks National Drill Team Contest. Band concerts in Court of Honor. At 8 o'clock, Public Opening Session at Municipal Auditorium, featuring addresses by Governor, Mayor, local Roebuck officers, with response by Grand Elevated Leader. Music by Metropolis Chorus of Mixed Voices and orchestra of Metropolis Lodge. Everybody welcome. Grand Outdoor Opening Ball and Carnival, in Court of Honor.

Tuesday—A.M. First Grand Lodge Busi-

ness Session, Municipal Auditorium, for Grand Lodge Delegates and members only. Sightseeing drive to Admiral Richard E. Byrd Dam, with trip through power station. Continuation of Golf and Trapshoot tournaments. Al fresco luncheon and sports at Skylight Park, free rides on all concessions.

P.M. Roebucks National Band Contests at Blue Sox Park, followed by concert of massed bands. From 6 to 8 o'clock, giant open air barbecue at Lake Mohunkus, followed by \$20,000 fireworks display. Pink and Blue Carnival Ball in Court of Honor. . . .

The schedules for Wednesday and Thursday are much the same, except that on Thursday afternoon the *pièce de résistance* is a monster parade, taking three hours to pass the reviewing stand. The end of the parade will mark the official end of Convention Week.

V

I have stated that two principal classes of visitors make up the Roebuck convention crowds: those who have come to work and those who have come for pleasure. To these, in order to draw a true picture, must be added a third, recruited from the other two. This third class comprises the brothers who regard the occasion as a God-given opportunity to run amuck. Taking advantage of the fact that the lid is temporarily off and that the police have been instructed to wink at practically every irregularity save murder, these fellows let themselves go.

Bawling their rallying song, "We have no wives with us," they range the town, afoot or in motor cars, making infernal nuisances of themselves. Reinforced by the local rowdy element, male and female, they throng the sidewalks and the streets, filling the air with Wild West whoops, catcalls, shrieks, and bellows of inane, raucous laughter. They blow tin trumpets, toot automobile horns, fire off blank

cartridges, making not only the nights hideous, but the days as well. They infest the hotels, cram the lobbies, jam the elevators, overrun the corridors, congregate noisily in the rooms, whence float the joyful clink of glasses and the crash of empty bottles into metal wastebaskets. They are never quite sober, these roistering brothers, yet seldom do they appear hopelessly drunk. They manage to stay just drunk enough to give the entire proceedings the atmosphere of a major cataclysm. Between midnight and dawn they indulge in two of their favorite pastimes. One of these is to roam the corridors in packs, banging on bedroom doors at random; the other is to shout bawdy pleasantries to one another from the hotel windows. It is such as they who turn fraternal conventions into saturnalia, thereby helping to bring fundamentally admirable organizations into disrepute.

If that's the case, why don't the Roebucks in authority put a stop to these exhibitions of rowdyism? Ah, Brother, as well ask why those in authority don't enforce prohibition. They can't, that's why—and furthermore they don't want to. The noisy brothers have shown their fraternal spirit by coming to the convention. They must be allowed to enjoy it in their own way.

For the matter of that, banging on bedroom doors and shouting from hotel windows is not exclusively a Roebuck pastime. The scions of our best families indulge in them. Spend a night in New London, after a Yale-Harvard boat race, if you want proof of that. And if you think the Roebucks—and the other fraternalists—are the only people who behave like monkeys when they're in the carnival spirit, go to a few select parties at Palm Beach, or Southampton, or wherever else they have select parties.

And here is something else, Brother.

You can laugh at the Roebucks all you want. Maybe their ways of doing things aren't your ways. Just the same they do things, a lot of pretty fine things, that outsiders like you never hear about. Why, in this Metropolis Convention, do you know what they did? They appropriated the money to build and maintain a string of free orthopædic clinics all over the country, to treat children whose folks can't afford to pay surgeons. That means taxing every member for the next ten years. Those boys making all that racket out in the hall—they'll help pay for those clinics. But go ahead and sneer at 'em. . . .

VI

It is six o'clock on Thursday afternoon. Into the lobby of the headquarters hotel comes the General Chairman, arm in arm with the Grand Elevated Leader, who has just finished reviewing the parade. The lobby is a

madhouse. Two bands are under the rotunda, each playing a different march. A delegation of Texans, in cowboy costume, are doing a snake dance and shooting revolvers. A hundred Roebucks, eager to avoid the rush, are clamoring for their bills. Two bibulous brethren are playing catch with a pair of tall brass cuspidors. Others stand about in little knots, attempting to talk above the general hubbub.

The Grand Elevated Leader—he is a Past Grand now—takes the weary General Chairman up to his suite, where he brings out a bottle of Scotch.

"Brother," he says, raising his glass, "this was the best convention the Roebucks ever had. You boys certainly did your stuff. The Past Grands are tickled to death. I thought you'd be glad to know."

"And how!" says the G. C., flushing with gratification. One of these days, perhaps, as a result of his handling of this meeting, he may be elected Grand Elevated Leader himself.





POLLY

A DAY IN ONE MACAW'S LIFE

BY GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

SHE never wakes me, never moves till I move even if it is ten o'clock, but when I do has her left eye close down on me—the left because the right is blind.

She lifts one foot. "Put me down." I do, and she waddles off along the hall into the bathroom, perches there on the heater, waits her breakfast till I am ready for mine, talks to me while I shave, suddenly giggles—has seen my toes. A perfect human giggle. She climbs down from the heater and rushes at the toes. I shake her off, but when that is how she feels I may as well get into the tub.

She herself hates water. If any splashes from me on her she screams, yet if I set out a cup she takes a bath, bathes in a cup although from tail to beak she is three feet long. She goes round and round the cup. The pupil of the left eye gets big and little, as always when she is having a feeling. This cup is the Atlantic. She sticks one toe into the Atlantic. She touches the Atlantic with her beak. Then the tail knocks over the cup and she is instantly as cold to the cup as to one of her bursted eggs. She mounts the pipes at the end of the tub, her face coming up over the rim like the face of Judy. She looks down on me, giggles. She stretches. She spreads one wing, cannot spread the other—they cut the tendons of the other so as to get out of her head the idea that she might ever fly.

We begin breakfast. She has made up her mind that it will not rain today, that, therefore, she will go with me to the Medical College, so she hurries her breakfast, fixes herself on my shoulder, and says nothing till we are in the automobile and the automobile leaps forward. Then she squeals—squeals, squeals, squeals for a quarter of a mile, when she forms one lonely human tone. I am invited to form the tone after her. She forms the tone an interval higher. I form the tone an interval higher, and so on up the scale, except that presently it is I am the interval ahead. I never know how that happens, but it is plain she wants me to be the interval ahead, wants me to be drawing her up the scale, up, up, up, till I get too high—when each time she begins me emphatically at the bottom again. Suddenly she thinks of the rooster that lives next door to my mother's, imitates him, and as suddenly throws together everything she knows, low notes, high notes, squeaks, squawks, shrieks, and in her exuberance rushes out my arm and bites me in the hand. Also she cracks the blind side of her beak into my face. Pretty close to my eye. I scold her. She looks into the sky. I feel my face and discover blood and scold her some more. She sings.

A traffic policeman lifts his hand. We stop. Everything going our way

stops. She does not understand, screams. The policeman is enraged, turns on me, sees her, feels pricked, cannot arrest me though, blows harshly into his whistle, wears off his wrath on traffic going the other way. We rush on, beat the automobile ahead, she looking back and letting out a yelp, a kind of thumbing of the nose, then another automobile and another yelp, then a turn to the right and a dive down a hill and up on the other side, and she growls. At this street corner she always growls. That is because this street corner is one street corner before the end of the ride. "Medical College, Polly," I say that. She growls in answer, and while we are going round the road that runs back of the College she growls uninterruptedly.

I step from the automobile. She leans toward the building. I step into the building. She leans toward the elevator. I step into my laboratory, and she leans toward the radiator and stares at something standing at the end of the chemical bench. My green bowl with the water and the seeds. I get the green bowl, and she busies herself with the seeds; but when I look again she is perching on the radiator, one foot up, one foot down, head to the side, left eye to the ceiling, left eye open but she asleep.

She feels me looking, wakes, climbs down from the radiator, makes for the chemical bench. But I do not like her in the chemical bench. It is dark and there are gas pipes, and lately, too, she has got the habit of going far back into the bench, has gouged herself a hole through the inch board of the back wall, for hours will look from the other side of that hole as a boy might. Hard to get her out once she is in, so I slam the door. The door has a knob and in the middle of the knob a button, and when you press the button the door pops open. She knows perfectly why I slammed

that door, stands looking at it. To the left are five drawers. She looks at the drawers too, finally goes to the drawers, works her beak over the lowermost, pulls it out—it heavier than she—mounts on it, works her beak over the one above, pulls that out, mounts on that, and from here is able to reach across and touch the button. She touches the button, giggles. I slam the door a second time and shove a weight against the bottom. Promptly she remounts the drawers and promptly bites off the knob.

That is the way she opens Brazil nuts too, the same clean way, never eats Brazil nuts, opens them for the joy of the technical process, can use those jaws with as much delicacy as power—will be standing on my shoulder while I am typewriting, will begin to nod, will be frightened by a noise, will grab the thing nearest her, my ear, has grabbed that ear again and again, and always when thus frightened out of sleep, yet never has nicked the skin.

The man at the Zoo says she is seventeen years old. She comes from South America, as a matter of fact was stolen from a nest. Boys were paid to do it. She and her sisters and her brothers were all stolen at one swoop, none with feathers yet, but not too young to have a tip clipped off one wing. (This was a preliminary precaution; the cutting of the tendons was to come later; a tip was enough, the young bird at its first attempted flight being so unbalanced and bewildered that it was not apt to try that again.) Then she was tied by a foot to a long branch, the others tied to the same long branch, far enough from the others not to be able to reach the others, but not so far as not to be exasperated by the others, sometimes to forget she was tied and fly at the others, quickly remember, and so on till tamed—if it happens you

speak the language of a robber of nests.

How long they kept her at the Zoo I do not know, or when she lost her feathers, but she did lose them and kept losing them, so she was loaned to me. She is what is called a blue and gold macaw, but there is no gold, nor a feather on her breast or belly or legs; she is moth-eaten on the edges of her wings, and if you push apart the wings you come down on the oily pale back of a plucked chicken. Now and then there is a small crop, but she always digs it up. To-day she dug up one of the long tail ones. I groaned. I showed her. She looked at the feather as a man at his extracted tooth, as at a dirty ugly thing that never could have belonged to her.

So her appearance may be bad, but newsboys and Indians and baggagemen think her all right. I rode with her once in a baggage car from Cincinnati to Chicago after the brakeman and conductor, both with shiny buttons and pants pressed, had had a conference and decided to put me out of the day coach. And newsboys squeeze their faces against the outside of the automobile window, she hers against the inside; they scream then on both sides, the glass keeping everybody's courage high. And Indians. I was at the pueblo in Domingo the day they dance from dawn to dark so that the Great Spirit may not forget to send them rain; and Indian after Indian came, talked to me, talked to her, eyed the tail, grew more and more excited. Finally one, reaching a conclusion, said he would give me thirty dollars for her, could not understand when I said I could not sell. Two offered me two dollars. All promised to be kind, yet even while the words were on their lips they must let the tail slip between their fingers. Perchance one of the bluest, longest, royalest, was just at the point of dropping

out. She hates to have her tail touched. That night I carefully locked my adobe house.

Here at the Medical College it is not feathers so much as absence of feathers that interests people. It is natural too, doctors speculating on how to make feathers grow. One professor thinks I ought to give her quassia. He says I can buy quassia chips at the drug store and that there are quassia trees where she comes from. She likes to chew wood, mahogany especially, especially the legs of my piano, but does not do things deliberately for her health, and when I brought the quassia she giggled. One professor thinks she needs infinitesimally small quantities of copper. Another, not a professor, thinks that if I waited till the spring and the warm rains came, and if I let her stand in the rains, the feathers would sprout. Sort of nice idea that. The man is bald. One professor thinks she does not get enough starches. He is bald too. One says there is cystine in feathers and cystine in Brazil nuts and that I ought to *make* her eat the nuts. As for myself, I like her bald, as one gets fond of a wart with two hairs on the nose of a Dutch burgher in a portrait painted by an old master. One professor calls her a wreck, but is fond of her. The truth is that whoever first sees her says she is beautiful, then looks again, sees the great patches of featherlessness, knows that a bird should have feathers, ergo, the bird cannot be beautiful and is not.

One professor thinks that her diet ought to be sunflower seeds, lettuce, and water. "They suffer from pellagra, and meat-eating is what causes the plucking of the feathers." So I began her on sunflower seeds, lettuce, and water. When late that night I returned to the laboratory she was not asleep, too hungry to sleep, and there was such a sadness round her so

wonderfully expressive one eye. I called the professor over the 'phone. He said I must persevere. He said I could not hope to see the results of a nutrition experiment in a day. He said she was a stubborn beast. My will was much fortified by what he said, and I held out another day; but by night of the second day she looked as if she were going to die, and we hurried to mother's and ate everything we could find. It was like Easter Sunday. One professor thinks I ought to feed her radiated straw, says she has a vitamin D deficiency, but he is guying me. The colored mechanic at the garage says I must let her out on the ground more, as one does a dog. Soon she would find what she needed, something, in the colored mechanic's opinion, that she would recognize and that neither I nor those doctors over there could ever figure out. He says, though, that the bird is not worth the fuss—she can't talk. He knows half a dozen parrots who talk. I told him that the noises she made were Portuguese, and it eased him.

"Shedding?" That is what a tramp said as he squeezed his face like a newsboy against the automobile window. I said no. It galls me when just anyone thinks they can ask about our bodies. "Oh, diseased then?" I said no, more emphatically. "Wait till she gets her a husband, then the feathers will come." That is what the tramp said. Smart tramp.

Twelve o'clock. For the last half hour she has been throwing things from the writing desk, papers, music, books, all to remind me. I rise. She dashes at me, bites at the hard-boiled egg that I hold in my hand. She eats only the yolk. A yolk a day. She weighs two and one-half pounds. Fifty yolks for a small-sized man. The yolk is hot, so she cracks it, eats the smallest pieces first, knows the smallest are the coolest. Then, ham fat. Then, boiled

beans. Then, noodles. At the first sight of noodles she is as moved as at the first sight of yolk. Then, orange juice. Then, oh Lord, milk. Then, oh Lord, oh Lord, cold potatoes. "Her feeding habits are as bad as your own." The cold potatoes I keep till last, else she would eat nothing but cold potatoes. French fried. She peels them, rather culls out the soft inside and drops the brown outside to the floor. She peels her beans too. And her peas. Canned peas she will not eat. If the French fried potatoes are hot she dips them in water, then picks heat out of her toes as if it were splinters. She also dips her cheese, and that is not hot. Her graham cracker she dips in the canaries' bath water, then fishes it out and seems disappointed because it is not soaked with coffee. Finally she goes back to potato, is too full now to pick up the potato, just bites at it as it lies there, a few times misjudges where it lies and must bite a second time, and once bites, immediately chuckles with her pupil, then chuckles with her voice. "Funny, bit for potato and got egg."

Two o'clock. I carry her to the book closet and she perches on the tallest book, naps.

Three o'clock. She comes down from the tallest book, tells me it is time for the afternoon ride. This afternoon we go where she has not been since she left, to the Zoo. It has turned cold, and I cover her with my coat. She hates coats, hates anything that restricts her wings, as all birds do, struggles, bites one or two new places into the lapel but really is glad of the warmth. We walk from cage to cage. I thought all this must interest her, and it is true she looks back several times at the baby hippopotamus, but mostly is indifferent till we come where in a great hoop behind glass, for fear he may catch a cold, perches a blue and gold macaw, not one featherless spot on him, gold

all down his broad front. In a flash his male eye has picked out Polly's neat head where it lies against the lapel. For years he has been perching in that hoop, and creature after creature, thousands, dull, have passed and leered, and now comes one of his own kind, and a female, Polly. He begins to swing, back and forth, back and forth, accents each end of each swing, shakes his hoop as the monkeys their cage. Polly follows the swings. Polly has not seen any of her own kind either. Polly turns away. Polly leans toward the gate, is glad to be out of the Zoo and when we are once more in the automobile gives me many small bites all over both sides of my face.

Five o'clock. The children come along the pavement that runs past the dump. She is at her window, calls to the children, sings to the children, screams to the children, but they do not hear. They never hear. One time she walked out that window, made her way on the outside of the building from sill to sill, in horror realized she was lost, lost among windows one like another, and when at last I got to her she clutched my fingers as never before or since. This evening she only looks down into the dump, then up at the fast-moving clouds, is interested in clouds, but draws quickly back when the night mail plane rushes by.

It grows darker and darker. I light the light over my table. She goes again to her tallest book, chews for a time in the neighboring bindings and jackets, for a time with her toe dreamily picks in her ear, then screws her head half round and buries her beak in the feathers of her neck, cuts off her air like someone sleeping under a blanket. I think of the day she first came. We were all so careful of our ankles. I did not know then that one eye was blind and that, therefore, she must keep the other side of her head forward if she was not always to be bumping

into things that lay to the right. Once she turned the head exactly upside down and looked at me from the bottom. Once she turned it on the other axis and looked at me from the end of the circle. All this made her paralyzingly quaint, and I let myself sink on to the concrete beside her. And that is how our friendship began.

Midnight. A knock at the door. Perdita has come from the other side of the hall. Perdita helps me with my work, seems to know me, yet thinks me and this bird a little queer. Perdita is talking to me and every so often has her talk broken upon by a low laugh from the book closet, a laugh like a comment. I remark how late it has got and that we ought to be going home, and Polly hears my remark, draws her head from under her blanket. "Not yet, Polly." I say that, then see Perdita's astonished face. "Why, Doctor, she understands you." And so she does, has gone back up her book and under her blanket. Perdita thinks us cracked, an animal and a man talking to each other. Perdita leaves.

This great College with its chambers and corridors is become a silent concrete heap. Opposite are the lights of the hospital, and next to the hospital over the roof of the morgue rises the moon. The moon is cold to-night. It is so easy to hate that cold moon, hate her like a person. I tell Polly, talk to Polly of the moon, as anyone would who was alone with her in this concrete, and she draws the head once more from under the blanket, listens half a minute as if to a noise, then pokes the head with a definite emphasis back under the blanket again. "Polly, we go home." She does not answer. "Polly, get awake, we go home." A grunt. When she is sleepy it is hard to start her. "No nonsense, Polly, I am not in the humor." She is not in the humor either, but softens toward me after we have ridden a time in the soft night,



once lays her cheek against mine, vaguely sings, then dozes and wakes, her body limper than a sleeping child's. Once she shakes herself—the night air chill—fits the under side of her naked neck and belly as close as she can against my breast and shoulder, becomes almost a part of me. Last month when she was to have an egg she sat herself in my lap, pressed her face into the bend of my elbow, quietly let me help her with her egg, gave me that same feeling of being a part of me. And now as every other night I lift up the palm of my hand, and she lays her head into the palm, lets it lie so, lets me carry it so out over the bumpings of Brotherton Road.

Silently we slip into the house,

silently partake of the late supper. At the end of the supper I bring her a scrap of paper. She bites viciously into the paper, wants a clean mouth before going to bed, suddenly looks sharply at the window, wants the shade more closely drawn, does not want to be waked by the day, and when the shade is drawn looks sharply at the light. I snap off the light. In the dark I touch her oily back. Some nights she acknowledges the touch, low. Some nights there are already the noises of dream. To-night, nothing. I wonder if in the dark she also sleeps with an open eye? I touch the bareness of her belly. The bareness trembles. "Wait till she gets her a husband, then the feathers will come." Smart tramp.





TOWNLESS HIGHWAYS FOR THE MOTORIST

A PROPOSAL FOR THE AUTOMOBILE AGE

BY BENTON MACKAYE AND LEWIS MUMFORD

IT IS a commonplace to say that the automobile has revolutionized modern transportation. But the truth of the matter is that this revolution has not got beyond the Kerensky stage. The motor car has taken the place of the horse-and-buggy, and the motor bus has wiped out the street car in many sections of the country; but motor car and motor bus are still largely crawling along in the ruts laid down by earlier habits and earlier modes of transportation.

When one says crawl one means crawl. There is scarcely a town in the country where, at least on two days of the week, the traffic does not become a snarl and a nuisance; there is scarcely a street leading to a school where, unless the motorist does crawl, he may not kill a thoughtless child (a loss that offsets the gain from improved methods of treating such a scourge of childhood as measles); there is hardly a major crossing or a bottle-neck on our modern highways where, in the daily confusion, a car may not be wrecked or a body maimed in someone's impatience to move swiftly where movement is almost impossible. Like the fly, the motorist buzzes his wings vigorously; but his feet are stuck to the flypaper of the old-fashioned highway: a spavined horse could often travel as fast as a 120 h.p. car.

Even in the open country, when the cars at last begin to make a little speed,

the adaptation of the motor car to civilized ways of life is still incomplete. There is the scorching ugliness of badly planned and laid out concrete roads peppered with impudent billboards; there is the vast, spreading metropolitan slum of multiple gas stations and hot-dog stands; and on the through highways there is the conflict between speed, safety, and pleasure. The October revolution of the automobile, which will effectually transform the physical means of life and make possible a higher type of civilization, has hardly begun.

What has been responsible for the backwardness of the automobile? A glance at the development of the railroad will perhaps give us some notion. When the locomotive was invented it arrested attention as an entirely new kind of contrivance. Except in the design of the original coaches, there was no temptation to compare Stephenson's Rocket with a stagecoach. From the beginning, the steam locomotive traveled on rails: a special kind of road was laid down for it. In order to prevent its wider and more untrammelled use, the British House of Parliament passed a law making it necessary for a locomotive used upon the highways to be preceded by a man waving a red flag. Had it not been for this law, England might have endured the evils and nuisances of the motor age two generations be-

fore they actually came into existence.

The internal combustion engine, which gave us the automobile, was unfortunately first attached to an innocent-looking carriage. The first automobiles were in fact called horseless carriages; and even those of us now in middle age can remember at least the stamps of the Buffalo Exposition of 1901, with the chauffeur perched high on the seat of an old-fashioned four-wheeled cab. So slowly and insidiously did the motor car make its way that, at the beginning, no one thought of putting it on a new kind of road. The first effect of the car was to bring a growing demand for filling up the gullies in the dirt road—gullies and ruts that the old-fashioned buggy had taken without a blink. Then came a demand for a binder that would lay the dust, and after that came road-widening, for the motor car could not turn out so easily into the weeds or ditches beside a narrow road. Finally arose the demand for a better surface, and in the last decade the smooth, well-graded concrete road with the banked turn and the center division has come into existence.

Having achieved thousands of miles of wide, concrete-paved highways, having projected many thousands more on almost exactly the same pattern, we lean back complacently in our chairs and fancy we have solved the problems of motor transportation—although our jammed city streets, our run-down suburbs, our spoiled villages, our devastated tracts of countryside, our country homes that are as quiet and peaceful as a boilerworks are all large and ironic commentaries upon our pretensions. Laying roads is one thing, and making movement on them safe and swift and pleasant is another. At present the only point where the automobile is permitted to come within sight of its potential efficiency is in the factory.

II

Where have we fallen short? Our chief mistake has been that we have not had the acumen of Uncle Harvey, who never saw an automobile. Back in 1892 Uncle Harvey said to one of us, "My boy, I'll make you a prophecy—the railways of the future will be quite different from the present, for instead of riding on trains each household will have its own family locomotive."

The fact is that in designing our new roads we have continued to provide for horseless carriages; whereas in actuality we are confronted by a kind of vehicle completely different from the carriage, something much closer to the steam locomotive. It is no use for us to assert innocently, as does the United States Government Report on the highways of Connecticut: "It is an interesting fact . . . that many of the present Connecticut trunk lines are not only in the same general location but occupy the identical rights-of-way upon which the old turnpikes were built." That is just the nub of the difficulty. We have tried to adapt the instruments of one age to the demands of another. This is what we do, it is true, when we are thoughtless enough to put an electric-light bulb into an oil lamp or a colonial candlestick; but in dealing with the automobile the results are not quite so innocuous. The loss of efficiency, the loss of life, the destruction of beauty, the dulling of pleasure that attend the spread of motor transportation call for a thorough re-orientation. When we try to travel swiftly in the old ruts we are ditched.

Now, if we had been thinking of the family locomotive instead of the horseless carriage we should have profited by both the good points and the mistakes of the railroad age. The chief merit of the railroad was that it created an independent system of transportation which, for the most part, did not

even parallel the existing system of highways. The roadbed was specially designed for the new type of vehicle; a special right of way was created; large tracts of land were laid aside for yards and terminals; stations and junctions were specially designed with facilities for storage and switching, and on the bigger systems the local tracks were separated from the express tracks.

The defects of the original railway system equally merited study: they had much to teach the motor age. The passage of railroad tracks and railroad yards at grade through the center of the community is a blight and an obstruction: once done, it requires many thousands of dollars to undo; and in the meanwhile, the man-hours wasted, the property that has been ruined by fronting the tracks, and the loss of lives all mount up to an incalculable but plainly dreadful total. The other great menace of the railroad is the grade crossing. Where the railroad crosses a main artery, it should do so, we see now, by a bridge or a cut. With other weaknesses of the railroad, such as the neglect of feeder lines and the consequent deterioration of the inaccessible back country, one need not deal here: the transformation of the railroad *line* into a closely articulated motor *mesh* is one of the important contributions of the motor age itself.

Once we have grasped the essential notion of the automobile as a private locomotive, the example of the railroad will give us a clue to its proper treatment. It must have a related but independent road system of its own, and this system must be laid down so as to bring into use all the potential advantages of the automobile for both transportation and recreation. This means a kind of road that differs from the original turnpike, from the railroad and, above all, from the greater part of the existing automobile highways. One can perhaps characterize it best by

calling it the Townless Highway, to denote its principal feature—the divorce of residence and transport. But this phrase does not cover all the aspects of modern road planning, as opposed to the muddle and chaos of the past: so let us examine one by one the various parts of the new system.

III

Let us first consider the motor road as a long-distance form of transportation. Following the existing network of roads, we have in the past put through our highways from one large urban center to another. We all know the results of that process. All the time that is saved in the country stretches is lost once the car enters the city streets: the bigger and more important the trunk road, the larger and more cluttered the town, the greater amount of time that is lost. Since aviation fields are naturally on the outskirts of the city—where they will remain unless the autogiro completely supplants the existing types—this clogging of the motor roads also diminishes the success of aerial transportation. One can fly from Philadelphia to Newark as quickly as one can come in by car from Newark to Times Square.

Our cities sometimes make feeble attempts to accelerate through traffic by routing it off the main avenues. But the first principle of the townless highway goes a long step farther: it requires that the highway avoid passing through the town. The demand for this kind of planning has already come from the motorist and is being met by the more progressive highway engineers. Take Federal Route No. 1 along the Atlantic coast, from Eastport, Maine, to Miami, Florida. Plans are in the making to relocate several sections of this route so that instead of going through the big cities along the Atlantic Coast it will pass them by on

the inland side. Other plans would connect these revised sections by revised locations between cities. And so, by these two awkward back steps, Route No. 1 would be relocated farther inland and turned from an old-fashioned turnpike into what it should have been from the beginning—a townless highway.

The by-pass, or belt-line, is part of the big regional plan for New York City and its environs, as envisaged by the planners of the Russell Sage Foundation; it is likewise part of the Philadelphia Tri-State Plan, and of the Boston Bay Circuit project. The State of New Jersey has put through an almost complete system of such by-pass highways. More than once this sort of plan has been opposed by near-sighted business men, against their own better interests. In attempting to keep long-distance traffic on their own Main Street, they would not merely congest avenues that are already congested, with tourists and travelers who are not in the mood for shopping, but they would make access to their own district almost impossible to the local shopper—who would thereby be tempted to travel by train or motor to some larger center.

Intelligent highway planning would prevent such a reckless misuse of local thoroughfares. Local traffic needs ample parking space, as the Sears Roebuck stores have been intelligent enough to discover and to provide for in the layout of their new buildings; through traffic, on the other hand, should go completely outside a town, be it big or little. This is a fundamental maxim of sound motorway planning. Where it is forgotten only confusion and congestion can result.

If the passage of a trunk-line highway through a town is against the best interests of the shopkeeper and merchant, what shall we say of its relation to the suburban center and to the

village? Here the case is even more emphatically against it. Already people are demanding to be rid of the endless stream of gasoline locomotives that pass under domestic windows—the private locomotive, pleasure car, or truck, with its hum, its dust, its exhaust, its constant threat to the lives of little children who have for the moment escaped the eye of their mothers and nurses, to say nothing of grown adults, confronted by much greater hazards on the peaceful highway than the bold highwaymen who terrorized the Pony Express. The demand for relief has been increasing in volume; let us take one state—Massachusetts.

In the famous little village of Deerfield the Connecticut River thoroughfare was relocated eastward, both to relieve the residents of a nuisance and to preserve one of America's truly colonial towns, in effect almost an historic museum. In Harvard, Massachusetts, a main road from Worcester northward was put through the village center before its residents had awakened to its cacophonous possibilities. Very soon after, a vigorous local movement started to demand its relocation outside the village. Meanwhile the next village of Still River was asking why the heavy traffic should pass before *its* doors—and the logical answer is another relocation. From Fitchburg, a city of forty thousand, has come the demand to relocate the "Mohawk Trail" from Boston to Troy, New York, by making a by-pass southward, and so relieving the intolerable congestion of Main Street.

This sort of demand from the small town and village is important, and it points to an interesting fact. In the days of the horse and buggy the highroad served as company. As the cart or carriage joggled by, the farmer in the field or the housewife on her porch could hail it; the horse would stop almost of his own accord, and a chat

would follow. But once the country road becomes a main highway, filled with fast traffic a good part of the day and even of the night, when the cars themselves are driven mostly by strangers, not neighbors, the whole situation is changed: the road ceases to be a symbol of sociability; it becomes very largely a curse. We know a suburban real estate man who suddenly became aware of this fact. His property adjoined a large through highway; and thinking in terms of the old-fashioned road of the past, he had put the highest values on the corner houses that were on the highway. It turned out that these houses were the last to be sold, and they did not sell until their prices were reduced. Living on a trunk motor road is like living on the railroad. More and more the sensible property owner is shying off the wide and handsome highway. He wants to travel on it, not to settle there.

IV

Unfortunately, the by-pass is not by itself the solution of the problem of motor transportation. As our roads develop now, the usefulness of the by-pass is checkmated by the roadtown—sometimes called the motor town or the motor slum. We refer to the familiar row of frontage developments—the peanut stand, the hot-dog kennel, the dewdrop inns, the superfluous filling stations with their cut whisky and applejack and their cut-price gasoline, and the smear of badly designed bungalows which make up such a large part of what on Sundays we prayerfully call the great outdoors.

What is the use of a road's by-passing a town, only to find that the road itself has turned into a town—and a cheap, nasty town at that? This is the question that confronts the motorist who chooses the car instead of the railroad because he likes to be in the country;

it is the question that the city dweller ruefully asks himself each Sunday as his car follows the slow procession out of the town that never, somehow, no matter how far away he manages to steal, escapes into the open country. This mean frontage or ribbon development is not merely an American product; they have the same eyesore in England. Mr. Raymond Unwin, the chief consultant on the Greater London plan, after a thorough investigation condemns this development on three counts: it is unsafe, it is inefficient, and it is destructive of the amenities. To all of this one can only say Amen. How will an intelligent road program meet this situation?

So far American opinion has not given much attention to the factors of danger and inefficiency in this roadside development: the danger that comes from the too-numerous entrances and exits from roadtown, and the inefficiency of duplicating equipment or of providing it at the wrong points. In America we have been most aware, perhaps, of the distressing lack of amenity, the hasty, sordid, shantytown look which used to be characteristic of pioneer mining towns in the midst of a quick boom.

The first way of meeting this, by competitions designed to improve the looks of hot-dog stands or filling tanks, has very little to commend it; chaos would still be chaos, though each of the badly related units were as fine in itself as the Parthenon. A second way shows a little more realistic sense of the situation; it takes the form of attempting to "get there first" by obtaining open spaces along the wayside in the form of public parks and forests. The State of Massachusetts got there first on the Mohawk Trail up the east side of Hoosac Mountain in the Berkshires by purchasing the wayside land as a State forest: on the other hand, the State allowed roadtown to get there

first by neglecting to purchase the summit and the west side of the mountain—the result being a development that differs only in its primitive background from the purlieus behind Scolay Square. At the present time the same race is starting on the new highway over the Taconic Range. In New Hampshire a campaign has been started to secure gifts of public woodlands along the wayside. But the only satisfactory way of guarding against the roadtown slum is that taken by, for example, the Bronx River and Westchester County Parkways—providing no place on the road system for its existence.

This brings us to the second important principle of modern motorway planning. Not merely must the motor road make up an independent system which by-passes the existing towns; it must be provided with enough land on both sides of the road to insulate it from the surrounding area, whether rural or urban. There are various ways of obtaining this land: some have been explored, others have just been projected. In Massachusetts the suggestion has been made to zone the land a certain distance back from the motor roads on exactly the same principle as is now applied to the zoning of urban land. This would perhaps do away with that early speculation in suburban and bungalow sites along main highways which now encourages slum development and leads to an early deterioration of the rural quality of the environment. But perhaps the most important and feasible means is the acquisition by purchase of a rural strip on each side of the main highway as a necessary part of its original development.

The through road must be a parkway. This would increase the original cost of such roads, but the increased value of the neighborhood tends to offset the original cost of the road itself,

and where parallel roads exist, it tends to do away with slum development, since the value of the land lifts it out of the cheaper forms of exploitation. If the further expense of this method counteracted the tendency to spend money lavishly on aimless and unimportant highways, not demanded either by traffic or the beauties of the natural scenery, this would be all to the good. The wastes of bad planning and extravagant planning which we now cheerfully pay for to-day would probably more than pay for the cost of necessary and efficient planning on the lines here suggested.

V

But the planners of effective motorways cannot rest content with by-passes and an improved wayside environment, much though these would contribute by themselves to the speed and pleasure of the run. This is only a part of the revolution to be effected by the motor car. Both of these measures are working backward to what this revolution demanded in the first place: a roadway located quite apart from the towns with a wayside free from the eyesores of town growth: in short, a townless highway. Both of these measures are schemes for building this highway backward. Better that way, of course, than not at all.

Nevertheless, such hindsight is expensive. Has any definite project yet been undertaken which recognizes all the implications of the motor revolution? Yes; there is at least one. It is a town in New Jersey near Paterson, which has been built by the City Housing Corporation, a limited dividend company, and has been working successfully for over two years. Its name is Radburn. Seen near at hand, Radburn is merely a fairly closely built up suburban town, of well-planned but very modest houses, sur-

rounded by an unusual amount of communal open space in the form of a communal park. One can wander over its pedestrian paths for half an hour, perhaps, before one is suddenly struck by the fact that one has not crossed a road and has not seen an automobile. Or, on the other hand, one may drive up and down the concrete highways and lanes of Radburn for an equal time before realizing that one has not encountered a pedestrian—has not even had him for company on the sidewalk, if only for the reason that on the motor avenues no sidewalk has been provided for him. What is the secret of this unique sense of safety and freedom of movement?

By going up in an airplane or by looking at an aerial map of this little town one discovers that one has been in a new kind of city—a town deliberately built for the motor age. In an ordinary city the streets form a continuous system, and wherever the street goes, through traffic can go, too. Not so in Radburn. In Radburn through traffic is confined to the through avenues; from these main avenues, which define the Radburn superblocks, there stems a system of motor lanes each of which comes to a dead end. The greater number of residences can be reached only by motor lanes, and no car is tempted to enter a motor lane unless the driver has definite business there. Such a town was unthinkable before the coming of the automobile; the motor car not merely makes it thinkable, but expedient and necessary.

By dedicating the wide through avenues to through traffic, by likewise dedicating the narrow local motor lanes to local traffic only, the two different purposes are automatically separated. Result: quiet homes and fast motor travel, not by ignoring the advantages of motor transportation but by boldly facing them and provid-

ing for them. Where pedestrian traffic must cross motor traffic within the great superblocks that make up the residential sections, the deadly grade crossing is eliminated and a bridge or an underpass separates the two systems: they cross but very rarely meet. Since playgrounds, a school, and other community facilities are provided in each superblock, no child need ever cross a traffic artery on its way to school or to the playground; indeed, the housewife who goes to market on foot is equally safe.

The insulation of highways from residential neighborhoods and the connection of these two elements by side lanes are a necessary complement in urban planning to our modern system of transportation. It is only by such a bold and radical departure in the planning of new cities or the extension of old ones that the congestion brought by motor transportation can be permanently relieved. If every city were side-laned within its limits, and if it were itself connected with the main trunk routes by side lanes, the congestion and danger that now make motor transportation so inefficient would be lowered. How much they would be lowered it is impossible to estimate. In smaller centers like Radburn both items would probably approach close to zero. The side lane in motor transportation corresponds to the switch in railroad systems: it is the only orderly way of entering a main line.

Harvard, Massachusetts, which has already been cited, is considering a plan for being side-laned. This will show how the principle concerns the external relations of the town as well as its internal planning. The proposed Harvard plan is to relocate the main road now going through the village, to establish a mile away on the new main road a separate group of buildings, a station for gas, food, rest rooms, and

other needed roadside utilities, and to connect this wayside station by means of a side lane with the old residential village of Harvard Center. The station here, you will note, corresponds exactly to the railroad station. The principal function of such a station is transport and commerce, not residence; and the motor car has dispensed with the need, slow as we have been to acknowledge it, for the "two minutes' walk" to the station—in two minutes one can go a mile with a timorous driver and a new car!

The side lane would not in this case be a blind alley; for it would connect with other local roads. This would be true of the planning of such lanes in existing towns and villages generally. The point to remember is this: it is only by a deliberate separation of local and through roads, of traffic and residential functions, that the motor road itself can attain its maximum efficiency in the number of vehicles served at the highest safe speed, and that the community can attain its maximum efficiency as a place for living, recreation, sleep, and the care of the young. It is sheer habit that makes us expect to live on through roads: that was convenient and efficient only when the horse was our quickest means of transportation and when, lacking concrete surfaces and motor plows, it was impossible to clear the country roads of snow. The speed of the automobile has increased our effective radius at least tenfold. To be a mile from a main highway by automobile is to be no farther away than five hundred feet on foot. Separating through traffic from local traffic by side lanes not merely increases safety but increases the total speed of a journey. Turning off is a quicker way of reaching the center of a city, all other things being equal, than remaining on a main highway that attempts the hopeless task of going through.

VI

There is still, however, one problem that remains to be taken care of: that is the road between the stations. To concentrate the roadside services in definite units, instead of letting them dribble inefficiently along its entire length is an important step; the next is to follow the example of the railroad and keep the road itself absolutely free.

It is physically impossible on a railroad for the rolling stock to enter the track between switches. Since no other vehicles can enter, there is no occasion for frontage development, and such does not occur between stations except by some chance unrelated to the railroad. On the other hand, the basic cause of frontage development on the ordinary motor road is that vehicles can enter and depart at any point. This makes for the danger, the inefficiency, and the impaired amenities pointed out by Mr. Raymond Unwin. But every motorist is his own authority on this subject: he knows what a hazard crossroads are, how his foot moves toward the brake as he approaches intersecting streets, how often he has almost sideswiped another car in the effort to avoid a careless driver slipping out of an unsuspected gas station.

Plainly, then, the fewer the intersections the safer and faster will it be for long-distance traffic. The only way to dispose once and for all of roadtown is to make it physically impossible to enter or leave the motorway except at properly planned stations. Chairman Edward Bassett, of the National Council on City Planning, has suggested this simple device and given it the name of the freeway. On high-speed arteries, the stations on these freeways would undoubtedly be at considerable distances apart—perhaps as much as ten miles or more—and ordinary traffic would usually cross the express road by the overpass or the underpass.

The Townless Highway would, like Radburn, recognize the motor revolution and attempt to meet at every point the new situation it has raised. None of the principles embodied in the Townless Highway is altogether new or untried: the main element of uniqueness in the proposal is the putting of all of them into a coherent plan. The Townless Highway would be, like the railway, an institution in itself, a system. It would always be a through highway and not a local road. It must follow its own lines of topography. It must be based upon motor-age principles, not stagecoach methods or even railroad methods, much though we can learn by imitation or avoidance from both of these. It must disregard all previous turnpikes and local roads, unless these by chance should be suited to its special purpose. It will avoid towns big and little, not by dodging around them via by-passes, but by following the less developed territory. It would have its stations adjacent to the several towns within this territory, the two in each case being connected by side lanes. Between stations the road would constitute a freeway.

In connection with the planning or design or regulation of each of these features various problems would, of course, arise. Should the stations be designed as part of the highway and controlled by some regional authority? Should they be built and owned by the government—or merely planned? How are we to prevent slum towns from springing up around the stations, as they tended to, seventy-five years ago, around the new railroad stations? These are all important and difficult questions; but we cannot go into them here.

Let us rather try to picture the working out of the main elements in the system as they would touch the motorist himself. He awakens after a good sleep: the rumble and wheeze of long-

distance traffic is at least a mile from his residence. He glides out with his car on to the relatively narrow local road, which need no longer be wide enough to take care of the heavy cross-country traffic, and he remembers, with a smile, how his local tax bill has gone down since the assessment for the widening of these local roads has been removed and the tax for their upkeep has gone down with the decreased wear and tear. He heads his car for the nearest station on Route No. 1. When he reaches the station he remembers that he is low on gas. As he pauses for a minute to have his tank filled up he watches a group of tourists eating their breakfast on the veranda of the well-equipped restaurant which has supplanted the half a dozen greasy hot-dog incubators that used to be scattered over the roadside. The food at this particular station is good enough to acquire a local reputation, and often people come out from town for a shore dinner; the restaurant itself, turned away from the road, looks out on to a pleasant vista of fields and salt meadows. He now approaches the road, but he must wait for the lights to change before he can turn in from the local road. Now he is off; in a minute the car is doing close to sixty on the flat stretches where the curves have all been smoothed out. With no danger of anyone suddenly cutting across, with no officious advertiser begging him to halt and change his tires or his underwear, or to patronize a hotel in the town he has just left, with unobstructed right of way and unobstructed vision, our motorist has less anxiety and more safety at sixty miles an hour than he used to have in the old road-town confusion at twenty-five. Even the intersections do not mar his pleasure: they are far enough apart to warrant traffic lights, and unless the red signal is set—in this respect we are at last getting abreast of the rail-

road!—he speeds past the crossing blithely.

The motorist reaches the country quickly; he sees the country when he is in it. Whether he is traveling for sheer pleasure or to get somewhere, his major purposes are served by the Townless Highway; the motor car has become an honor to our mechanical civilization and not a reproach to it. When our motorist arrives at his destination he is still smiling and fresh; he has been irritated neither by threatened accidents nor by unexpected delays nor by tedious battles with the congestion of Main Street, attempting to rival all the mistakes of Fifth Avenue and Broadway. This is not utopia any more than the efficiency of a limited train on a fine railroad is utopia: it is merely intelligence, effectively applied. A civilization that can achieve the Twentieth Century or the Broadway Limited will not be content forever to wallow in the confusion and chaos of

antiquated motorways and all their ugly accompaniments.

How shall we achieve the Townless Highway? The most feasible means, perhaps, would be through Federal direction. Let the Federal aid law of 1916 be brought abreast of the planning needs of the nineteen-thirties. A simple proviso would do it. Let the Federal moneys flow to the States, as now, for weaving together a national system of motor thoroughfares—provided that the specific principles here outlined be applied to such thoroughfares within each State. This would be a genuine recognition of the motor revolution. For the helpless and bewildered efforts of the past, good though they were in intention, it would substitute a conscious and well-directed intelligence, capable of assimilating all the lessons we have learned in fifteen years. That would be the October revolution of the automobile.





IN A WINTER DUSK

A STORY

BY PAUL HORGAN

HOW long the afternoon had seemed, and how empty! The pale filter of the sun's light through the wayward snow turned a yellow haze upon everything it touched. The far line of the low hills, with the trees marching on their crests in black ranks, the fall of the little valleys to the hollow where the river ran under ice, the hard edges of the farmhouses and the cluster of the village, all looked flat, like brushed planes in a picture. It seemed to her that the travel of the sun behind its sad obscurity was endless. For a long time she had sat, staring out the window, her book resting on her knees, her chin upon her hand. Basil was restless. She turned to look at him when the snow flashed away from the resistant white window, and she knew he was uneasy and as undirected as the flakes in their fall.

The short brown oval of her face was expressionless. Even her eyes, which were black and profound, held none of the wise light that he had come to love so deeply. Her distress was familiar, for it made her pale, as she always was when she was very happy or very excited. Her mouth looked infirm; its pointed lips wet with the moisture of anxiety, which he had known before as a token of passion and wit.

The long drawing-room was dusky, even in middle afternoon, and they regarded each other in its shadows

with a strange hostility. The room was finished in white, and its deep dark chairs and its long tables with the plain lamps changed its charming known aspect under the gloom of the winter and the fear that they both cherished helplessly.

They could hear Miss Martin upstairs, moving around at her duties.

"Perhaps I had better go up," said Lydia after a pause, looking at Basil with an expression of wonder.

He came over and pressed her head with his hand.

"There's nothing to do; he said it was just time for waiting. He couldn't tell anything till this evening."

She lowered her head. It seemed to him that she wanted to displace his touch. He took his hand away and smiled.

"Bal," she said, using the nickname she had for him, "you sound pretty indifferent."

"Now that's not kind, Lydia."

She recognized the cruelty of her words.

"I know. I can't think straight about anything."

Miss Martin went into the hall upstairs and walked along to the sitting room. Her heels made a small noise, and her walk suggested that she was a nurse, going on an errand. Lydia stood up.

"She shouldn't leave him, for a minute," she said, "I'm going up."

Basil took her arms and pushed her gently back to her chair.

"Listen, darling," he said; "if you go up there you'll only feel worse."

The picture of little Bill lying in his small bed, looking infinitely sweet and pitiful with the wild look of sickness, came to both their minds. He seemed so ill, they thought, searching each other's gaze, his cheeks were so flat and hot, and his hair turned so curly under the heat of the fever. He was three years old and beautiful with the tokens of his father and mother both. He had her dark face and body and her clear eyes with those suggestions of humor and mind. And he had Basil's straight nose, in small mimicry, and a sense of attitude and gesture that amused them both tremendously. It was so touching a miniature of the things they loved best in each other that the baby's danger and his silence and his look of strangeness frightened them for themselves as well as for him.

Lydia opened her book petulantly and lighted a cigarette. But when she tried to read it was an effort to travel with the sentences. She threw down the book, turned and told Basil irritably to come away from sitting in the window seat. She didn't want another pneumonia on her hands.

He got up and said nothing, then picked up a book and put it down again.

"Why don't you work?" she asked. "At least you could try to forget."

He replied, with poor spirit:

"I can't get hold of anything."

"Oh, my heaven, Basil, that's such nonsense! If you have anything at all to say in writing, you can say it any time. I think it might cut you loose; it might give you an explosion of feeling to write now. And it's exactly what you need. You're tight, you're empty. It makes me furious to see you ignoring your talent with those

noncommittal things you're doing. . . . You haven't touched anything since before we were married that compares with the things you ticked off then."

Her eyes had assumed their old burn, and her mouth taunted him with its fury and its sweetness. This tirade placed him in a void of shock. He tried to say to himself, she is overstrained. Little Bill is killing her. She doesn't mean it. But, touched and made guilty by his look, with his blue eyes puckered in hurt, and his hand brushing his brown hair, Lydia had a perverse distaste for his irresolution.

"There's no use wasting words in praise, Bal, and you know it. It makes me sick to see you pounding away at story after story, with all your richness inside and none coming out. I don't know what in God's name is the matter. I know, as your wife and your lover, that you've got it. It's the same thing that ought to work in your writing, and it doesn't. I appreciate it, God knows, at night. But I want you to . . ."

She held her breath and shook her head, arresting that angry rush. Basil was blushing deeply with amazement and distress.

"Well, I try," he said. "I don't think you're quite fair to demand a genius from me which, if I've got it, will be long in shaping. I'm not a brilliant writer. But I may some day be a solid one."

She shook her head.

"Oh, rot," she said. "It goes way down farther than that. It goes down to *you*."

She turned to stare through the white glass at the black and yellow and gray country outside.

"It sounds as if you were attacking my whole integrity, Lydia," he said with a patience that hurt her more than a curse.

"You know I believe in you," she answered, with tears in her eyes.

"I doubt it."

She turned very fast.

"Bal! That's damnably unkind."

"You have established my second-rateness in a few well-chosen words," he said, with his first note of bitterness.

"Oh, Bal, my dear, you're such a fool," she said. "I mean that all you must work toward is to be a complete person, all yourself . . . like Nat O'Malley or Christine."

Basil said:

"O'Malley is a better example. One that appeals more to you."

"Well, Nat has been successful because he is a good man at his trade, but more than that, he knows how to put himself all into it."

"The bedside manner," said Basil, going back to sit in the window seat and watch the eclipse of the fogged day by the reddening cast of the sun moving toward the sharp trees on the hills. "I hate these sessions of frankness."

"You're afraid of them, then," said Lydia, "and if you can't stand it, that's a weakness and a big one."

Basil chewed his finger idly, trying to look absorbed in the countryside. But in his heart there was a feeling that Lydia and Doctor O'Malley shared a casual understanding which was more precious than his with her because of that very casualness. He and she were always fused silently by passionate memories and futures, or else they were preoccupied in their tasks. He told her some of this feeling in words. He saw that it gave her the most acute concern, for her eyes grew dull again, and she shook her head, her mouth trembling, and her head uneasy with fatigue where she rested it on the back of her chair. The whole afternoon was exhausting. Little Bill; the clicking of Miss Martin at her terribly futile work; the fact that

O'Malley didn't come, though he had promised to be in around three; Lydia's strange agitation, taking an angry, personal, almost evil line (he thought); and the discomfort which the long, handsome room gave for the first time since they had contrived it for their happiness. . . .

Their hostility was arrested by Miss Martin. She came in firmly, with her starched skirts whistling as they rubbed.

"Mrs. Vane," she said, "the temperature is the same as it was after lunch."

"Is he asleep?" asked Lydia, frowning.

"Yes, he's asleep. I had to give him another injection. I thought I'd better, about an hour ago."

Lydia sucked her breath. The poor little boy, amazed at this sudden withholding of air from his lungs.

Basil watched the nurse idly and, with Lydia, he played the game of being married, so that the woman, with her wide face and her nose glasses and chain, wouldn't suspect any bitterness downstairs. They both felt more or less normal, while Miss Martin stood, smoothing her hip and its starch with a clean, shapeless hand.

"Doctor O'Malley is coming soon, I imagine," said Lydia. "I do wish he'd hurry."

Miss Martin stared through her placid lenses.

"I don't think there's any change; he's resting quietly," she said.

Lydia knew the futility of trying to talk with this woman in anything but a professional tone. She nodded and dismissed her with a smile.

When the starch had whipped itself up the stairs, the wave of estrangement rolled over them again. It was worse for its brief confinement under convention. They both felt bitter, they felt divided, and Lydia's sweet attempt, with a kiss, to excuse them both all

their sins was a pitiful failure. Basil turned from her, knowing she was wise, and that he was not, and that the temper of the afternoon's weather was not responsible for the hot talk between them, and that neither little Bill's danger nor the fury of their love in the past had the value of the commonplace to suggest permanence or steadiness. The snow continued to tremble down to the darkening ground. Basil went out to the porch, leaving her inside poking the logs in the wide fireplace. After a brief draw of the wet air into his mouth, he walked up the little hill behind the house to the stable. The straw smelled sharp and soft; the sudden thump of a hoof on the wooden floor made the whole exciting but remote landscape immediately personal. He stroked the horse, murmuring heavy nonsense to it between lips tightened with affection, and listened to the murmurous shift of the snow, falling, falling, with tiny intimate noises like breath upon the thin roof of the stable.

Lydia turned quickly from the logs, from arranging the ashes, dismissing the hot smell of them from her, and listened eagerly. The road up from the village ended at their door in a curve of gravel. With ice on it and packing snow, the wheels of a car made sharp press. O'Malley. The dusk was equal, now, inside and out. She could only sense the firs, marching on the distance and, looking out for his silhouette, she could see nothing but the graying shapes under the wet fall.

But Annie came past her and went to the door. Lydia followed, and when the door swept open with its rush of the cold and the glistening air, she saw Nat standing there. She took his arm and drew him in, helping him out of his furs and gloves.

He watched her with a simple tenderness, in which his black eyes and his smile, young, under the short crop of

his black hair, played an intimate meaning for her.

"Oh, Nat, come right up, for God's sake."

"Is he worse?" asked the doctor, putting her arm under his own and walking with her.

"I don't know. I don't know, but I am so frightened."

"But I told you, darling, that the little nubber's fight is all on himself. We can't do anything really. . . . I think he'll make it. I truly do."

"Miss Martin says the temperature is the same."

They were going down the wide hall upstairs, with its walnut panels. At the door of the baby's room they paused, and Lydia, taking hold of Nat's arms, pressed them and looked up at him with the most appealing intensity.

"What is it?" he asked her, his deep voice halved by his gentleness.

She shook her head, and he watched the beautiful shape of her lip grow fuller in a sad, timid uncertainty.

"Nat, I am in one hell of a way."

He leaned and kissed her on the forehead. She smiled, with a sudden return to calm, and dismissed his lips with a friendly laugh.

In Bill's room Miss Martin was bending over the little bed, watching, with an excitement suggested by her pose. Lydia whispered as if in a cry:

"Martin, what is it!"

Nat lifted the nurse away and called for more light, and bent over the bed. Lydia's heart turned within her, for little Bill lay there, his eyes wide open, his mouth, unutterably sweet in its open wonder, his chest rounding up and down with the noisy breath which was so reluctant.

"Nat!"

O'Malley didn't answer. But he motioned to the nurse to give him a thermometer and he adjusted it beneath the baby's arm and then he used his stethoscope. There was a sudden

sense of activity in the white room, although nothing really was being done. Miss Martin stood looking hopeful, and Lydia, her hands on the post of the bed, stood thinking, I am in a bad way; this is damned awful.

Basil was coming from the stable at the moment Nat had the lights turned up. Outside, with the levelling dusk, Basil saw Bill's window leap up, and he wondered. Then he went around the front of the house and saw Nat's car, and the sort of peace he had been tasting out of doors, in that sparse, yet complete season, deserted him. Poor Lydia! and poor little Billy. He hurried into the house and up the stairs. He couldn't hear anything on his way but the metallic clink of basin and instrument. It was a noise that survived in his terror from his own childhood. He felt that his small son must be noticing those doctory noises with fear.

He found Nat and Lydia and Miss Martin silent and busy. The treatment for the inflammation was simple and hopeful. That was all, he knew, they could expect. He tiptoed into the room, his face white from conjecture, and in a moment Lydia turned, and gave him a brief smile, to reassure him, and he loved her deeply for the idea it brought him that she was assuming the whole burden of this fright. She included him and Bill in her troubles. She was going to be strong. He adored women intensely, for she was their epitome.

Then suddenly the situation relaxed. Nat sat back, and Miss Martin took the things away, and Lydia sighed deeply, with a try at a smile. He saw Bill for the first moment then. The little shape was a dead weight on the mattress, and the face with its tender curves was empty of expression. The shockingly colorful eyes stared at him. Basil felt remote.

"It's one of those times . . ." said Nat quietly. "I believe he'll weather

it." He stood up and said he wanted to smoke. Miss Martin accepted his instructions, and the rest of them went downstairs, feeling that everything had been done for the moment, and that the issue was as inevitable, whatever it was, as the fall of the sun behind the deep curtain of the snow upon the hills.

Lydia arranged them in chairs before the fireplace, but Basil was up in a moment to say that they would all do well with a highball. He went to the dining room, working with glasses and ice which Annie brought him and the gold warmth of whiskey. When he returned, Lydia was laughing silently at Nat's conversation, and he saw that she had been inspired by trust in the baby's hope and Nat's great assurance.

"Lydia says her temper's been foul all day," said Nat, taking a glass.

"She's been an angel," replied Basil, holding her drink to her.

"Basil never gives me a moment's relaxation," she said, frowning humorously at him, "I have to be an angel all the time; it grows very wearing. I had a harridan moment before you got here, Nat. I drove Bal out to the horses."

They smiled. But there was a wry air in the talk, and Nat turned to gossip, trying to shape the atmosphere. It failed. Lydia, overwrought, he was sure, was too easy with her eyes on him, and it made the pretense of his friendliness difficult. Basil regarded him with an understanding that was troubling, because it seemed to say, I know what it's all about, and I don't think there's anything to be done about it except wait; Lydia is loyal. But she is also a direct person. I can hope that she'll get by this time, but I know you are fond of her, and I'd almost rather have it admitted, here and now.

"I've about decided," said Lydia, "that we ought to go up to town and live. Bal is absolutely aimless down here."

He turned to her.

"Lydia!"

"You are doing nothing," she said.

Nat laughed.

"My God! Lydia, you can't deny him a slump now and then."

"I don't mind slumps that have some weariness in them. But he's nervous and fussy. He wants to work and won't."

"She has theories about me," said Basil.

"I dare you to deny what I told you."

The fire curled and disappeared in little flames among the resinous smoke. They were suddenly speechless. Nat was deeply annoyed. It was another of the awkward moments that they three had had several times lately. Basil probably knew how she felt, and he surely resented her strict loyalty more than he would a betrayal of it.

The moment lasted so long that they could hear Miss Martin's heels upstairs. Then Nat began to talk.

"I'm going to Florida."

They looked at him. His tall, full shape was easy in the chair, and his amusing face, with its wide smile and likable eyes, assured them that he had solved their trouble.

"But, Nat!"

"I've had no vacation for two years. I want a couple of months of sunshine and foolishness and blondes."

"You're an unfaithful *dog*," said Lydia. "I never knew about this blonde business."

"Well, we'll miss you like the devil," said Basil.

"I'll send post cards."

Lydia was charmed with Nat's tact, but wondered for a moment if it wasn't a little too obvious to suit Basil, who, with his deep affection for her, was honest with her and himself. She was irritated, too. Nat would save the situation, but in doing so he was giving her an implicit farewell. Yet there was

also a joy; for, with him gone, the old feeling might come back to her and Basil, and she was sensible enough to realize that it would be more convenient so, if less exciting. Basil was frank with his relief, which he betrayed in the warmness of his words to Nat.

"I don't know what we'll do without you," he said. He leaned forward and put his hand on Nat's arm, feeling contempt for suspicions he had held and realizing that they must have been without excuse.

"I'll not be going for a week or so," said Nat. "By that time Billy should be all right. Then I'll be off. The Werners are down there, and Kate wrote me to stop with them. But I'll be damned if I'm going to tempt heaven's vengeance by fooling around with her. She's awfully attractive, but she has no sense. Jack Werner doesn't care, either. It would be too . . ."

"Too younger married set," said Lydia, "wouldn't it?"

They all laughed. Then Nat stood and said he must be off on another call before dinner.

"Can you come back to us for dinner?" asked Lydia.

"Good gal," said Basil. "Do come along back."

Nat shook his head.

"I have to go to my sister's to-night. She's having some people down from the city."

They bundled him into his fur coat, and Lydia set his hat on him, and they took him to the door. They had a moment of complete intimacy at the door, which stood open, with the lamp-light pouring out in a gold haze to the black wet of the porch and the last tokens beyond the trees across the village of the red, snowy sunset. The fresh snow was an aching smell, full of hints of past winter evenings; and Basil and Lydia shivered with pleasant chill, and Nat smiled at them both with af-

fection and wisdom. Then he turned and went down to his car, got in, and drove away. They watched for a moment his lights sparkle on the shrubs and the low trees and the wet stones.

"It looks like Christmas," said Lydia, with her pleasure in remembering her childhood and relating it to the present. Basil put his arm on her shoulders, drew her inside and closed the door. The long room, with the light from the widely spaced lamps, had its old look again, and Basil felt a return of happiness when they sat down near each other to read until dinner.

They could hear, between the pages of their books, the pleasant sounds of their household, now private again: Annie moving around in the dining room with silver and glass and china, and, more remote, Bertha in the kitchen with slow fat movements, devising their dinner, and the hum of the electric plant in the basement like a reassuring monotone, and the hushing drip of the slow thaw from the eaves. Miss Martin was inactive, and Billy must be sleeping.

Lydia reached for a cigarette, and she saw Basil, with his book idle on his lap. He was staring at her with a wistful look. She had an immediate wish to comfort him. She leaned and kissed him, saying to herself that her only loyalty was to him, and to Billy—which was a part of the same.

"Can't you see, darling," she said softly, "that whatever I say, however I try to tell you when you're being stupid, that I still love you?"

He stirred uneasily.

"I didn't ever doubt it," he said, patting her arm. "Whatever you'd do, I'd never doubt you."

"That's generous," she said, settling back again to her reading, in which the thought interfered that he took a lot for granted, or was really worried.

The household sounds went on. Outside, the evening was repeating its

course, with the six-thirty train whistling at the road, its call traveling with romantic sorrow over the frozen river and vanishing into the snow. Lydia looked up, then she stood. Miss Martin was clattering down the stairs as fast as she could. Basil lifted his head, and then Lydia ran to the door where the nurse stood, motioning her frantically to come upstairs. The two women disappeared, Lydia saying, "'Phone Doctor O'Malley at once, call his sister's house, Mrs. Tait, tell them to send him back here when he gets there."

Basil shook his head. The old fear took him by the belly; he remembered vaguely its familiar gripe, and the fact that only an hour ago it had been always there, and that now it was back again. This sudden rush of Miss Martin, the clatter of feet on the stairs, the nurse's voice on the upstairs 'phone, the hundred accents of catastrophe that he couldn't separate at the moment, seemed to involve his whole life, and he got up heavily from his chair and started for Billy's room.

Lydia was kneeling by the baby's bed, her arms about him, yet not touching him. Her head was on the bedclothes. Basil stood silently in the door. Miss Martin was trying to get her connection on the country telephone line in the sitting room. It was a photographic moment, with everything arrested forever in a short picture.

"I love you," said Lydia in the saddest whisper he had ever heard. "I will never again deny it if you'll come now; oh, hurry."

The baby was blue in the shadowy places of his face, and Basil felt tears try his eyes and recede hotly as his son fought the air for breath. Lydia put her head on the bed, and murmured, "Oh, Nat." Basil wanted to tell her gently that Nat would come, and that they would save whatever they could out of the tragic time.

Miss Martin returned, and Lydia looked up, seeing her and Bal in the same glance.

"Mrs. Tait says he will come as soon as possible," she said, going at once to the kitchen for boiling water.

Lydia nodded. Then she turned to Bal and, with her sparkling eyes deep in tears, and her mouth red and beautiful with her three sorrows, she shook her head at him. It was tender, and it was hopeless. She went back to the baby with her attention, and he leaned on the door-cheek, watching.

She had shown him everything. Nat was the one; Billy was the impulse. He felt never so lonely, and at any other time he could have gone furious, have reduced her to wifely obedience with his anger or his passion. But Billy lay between them and any protests. How complicated their hearts were, he thought. They were both suffering with every breath of the baby, they were both tender for each other's distress. He was as much in love with her as ever, and she was impatient of him and affectionate, and drawn to Nat. Nat was going to save Billy, he adored Lydia; who could say what resolution would come out of the mess?

Basil only knew that he must remain impersonal in his action and cherish what he had, and remain fierce in his demand for Billy's recovery—demand of God or what not. Leaning on the door, he saw with sharpened sight everything before him. It was a farewell that his gaze made, passing upon everything he loved. She knelt there, with the warmth in her heart declared by her pose, and he caressed in his mind the sweet places of her body that he had discovered so often and so passionately. He said to himself in a kind of agony of remembrance, that was cloudy and inexact except for its feeling, I love her forehead, it is so pure and shadowy; her eyes, that look like pain when she laughs, and like laughter

when she is hurt; her mouth that moves like wild strawberries on their tiny stems; her neck, which my hands have supported; her golden body that has shadows where I could dream forever; her voice which can make me strong or weak.

He made a farewell without speaking a word, of which she would never know. His eyes rested on her, giving him a remembrance of how often each had played the game of staring at the other until one of them had felt the regard and looked up. How strange it is, he thought, that I could easily laugh now, the way we have laughed so often.

He sighed.

"Basil!"

Lydia turned from the little bed, her eyes searching over him for signs of her betrayal. He smiled at her and shook his head. She patted the bed nervously with her hot hand, and then stood up, going to him, her tears frankly running now.

"Darling, how long have you been watching?"

"A long time, Lydia. A long, long time."

She wrung her hands in a kind of primitive admission of her grief and her terror. Then, looking for the last refuge, she put her arms around him and let her head fall on his breast. He smoothed her hair, murmuring. He had said good-by, hating all good-bys.

In a moment they went to sit on the window seat. A slender draw of cold air came through behind them, reminding them of the cold wet night outside, the unfriendly aspect of the black stones of the road, and the brittle cry of the trees, going nakedly up.

"Nat thought he could fix everything by going away, didn't he?" said Basil softly, looking at her with clear pity.

Her black eyes, that snapped to temper or laughter with equal quickness, lighted.

"Do you want everything very open?" she said, putting her hand almost angrily on his arm.

"We have always been honest, darling."

"That's a marriage convention without anything behind it," she answered firmly.

Her tears stopped. He saw that she had gone to a control that kept her aware of the baby and of himself, and their strange confusions.

"I heard you praying," he said, "when I came up a few minutes ago. I said to myself, everything would be all right if little Bill were only safe. Then I could behave as I ought to. But I know what you're going through," he said with a sort of plea in his voice, "I can't double it."

She began to weep again, shaking her head. Miss Martin came in with objects of her craft in both hands. She gave a suggestion of humming, to indicate how professionally occupied she was. Basil said to himself, Then our troubles are quite plain. Miss Martin knows all about it; perhaps she knew before we did!

Lydia took his hand and led him to the hall. She closed the door after them. She stood straight to him, her breast near his own.

"Little Bill is the thing in this whole world," she said, "that I love best. If he dies I could never leave you. Never. I would know too much of what you'd have to accept and suffer."

He felt himself get white with fear and astonishment at her terrible directness, knowing it to be anything but idle, identifying it at once as a token of her deepest character.

"Oh, my God!" he said, looking at her.

She shook her head at him, her brow clouding with familiar lumps of pity and horror.

"But he mustn't die," she said, so softly he hardly heard. "Oh, for the love of Jesus, why doesn't Nat come!"

She turned to go to the telephone. He was stirred to action. He took her elbow and made her face him again. Temper had come up in him, his face was red, and insistence lay bated in his throat.

"Listen," he said, "Lydia, my dear, what if Bill recovers? Then what?"

She took breath into her chest.

"Then I love Nat," she said. "I'd have to go."

"Thanks," he said. "I only wanted a confirmation. I've already said good-by to you. You know what I wish."

"Oh God, Basil," she cried softly, "There's only one thing you *can* wish. . . . Wait: I must telephone again."

She went down the dark recession of the hall.

He stood leaning against the wood panels, listening to her controlled voice as she spoke to the operator. And in the same time, brief and endless in a strange dimension of meaning, he heard Nat's car crush the black gravel on the road and stop. He heard the run and the jump up the steps, and the door bang open, ringing the crystal lamp on the table downstairs as it hit the wall. Nat ran up the stairs, dropping his fur coat on the banister. He nodded to Basil, and went in to Bill.

Heads I win, tails you lose, said Basil to himself, pushing himself from the wall by wrenching his shoulder. He went to the library where Lydia was waiting at the 'phone.

"He's here," he said.

She dropped the 'phone into his hands and ran past him to little Bill's room. He put the 'phone down, and sat in a deep chair, lighting a cigarette and pouring a long drink from the carafe on the table at his side. I will not get drunk, he said. He could hear small noises down the hallway, and he informed them in his mind with fatal meanings. But nothing, he thought, could be so final as the temper of Lydia's mind, or the separation she her-

self made between her heart and her will. He admired all that. All that made him ill and unhappy. He drank his whiskey, tasting none of it.

Opposite him on the long table where he kept his picture books and portfolios there stood a photograph of the baby, laughing at him intimately. A swift triangle in his mind connected the happy, appealing picture and the terrible sounds down the hall and the times in his own childhood when doctory noises had made him cry without showing it. He felt the tears rise and fall. He reached his hand out and snapped off the single lamp beside him. He sat in the dark, with the faint square of reflected light from the hall falling through the doorway.

His mind made pictures for him now. He refused to dwell on the outcome of the issue in the little bedroom. Either way he would lose a whole segment of life that had been woven to him with love and care. Instead, he found his thoughts playing around Nat, the least important of the helpless actors in his tangle. He found that he liked Nat, that he respected him wholly. He knew him to be a first-rate physician. Surely he would win again. . . .

He sat a long time in the dark. He felt remote when Miss Martin appeared in the doorway, leaning into his darkness and saying tentatively:

"Mr. Vane? Ah, Mrs. Vane and Doctor said they'd be downstairs, and will you join them for a sandwich?"

He got up, stretching, turning on the light.

"He could leave Billy, then?" he said.

"Baby is a little better," she said cautiously. "Doctor got his temperature down a degree and a half."

"Is that good?" said Basil, following her.

"Doctor said if he got it down at all, Baby would be safe."

"Then . . ."

"We *think* so," she said, smiling. "Doctor said from now on it would be another story."

Basil stopped at Billy's door. He looked in. The baby was sleeping, looking ill and worn, but without the frightening remote look about him or the fight with small fists for pulse and breath. Basil's eyes went tearful, his mouth shaped a caress across the white room. Miss Martin tapped and smoothed the covers, lightly and protectively. She leaned, looked at Billy, then smiled with satisfaction at her observation, and went on with her straightening of the room.

Basil said to himself, Well, I see. He recognized the absence of the heavy burden in his belly, that filling fear. Billy was sleeping. . . . He was a beautiful child and, asleep, he always suggested to his father the time of his mothering and the love and the things in them both that would so inevitably be born all over again.

With a strange sense of unwillingness to intrude anything upon Lydia's relief and her self-promise of happiness, he nevertheless put his hands in his coat pockets, and went downstairs.



THE DANGER OF BEING A GENTLEMAN

REFLECTIONS ON THE RULING CLASS OF ENGLAND

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

IT IS the boast of England that the idea of being a gentleman is peculiar to her people, and I think there is solid substance in the boast. As an ideal, it has at least the supreme merit of simplicity. The gentleman is, rather than does; he maintains towards life an attitude of indifferent receptivity. He is interested in nothing in a professional way. He is allowed to cultivate hobbies, even eccentricities, but he must not practice a vocation. He must not concern himself with the sordid business of earning his living; and he must be able to show that, at least back to his grandfather, none of his near relations has ever been engaged in trade. It is desirable that he should have attended one of a limited number of schools, preferably Eton or Harrow; and it is practically essential that he should have been to Oxford or Cambridge. He must know how to ride and shoot and cast a fly. He should have relatives in the army and navy, and at least one connection in the diplomatic service. It is vital that he should belong to a club, urgent that he be a member of the Conservative Party, and desirable that his ideas should coincide with those of the *Morning Post*. An ability to endure the Riviera in the winter, and to make the round of English country houses from August to November is a valuable, though not an integral, part of his equipment.

These may be termed the foundations upon which the ultimate superstructure is raised. But there are certain emotional and intellectual penumbrae which should not go unemphasized. His favorite authors should be Surtees and Kipling. He should deprecate the moral elasticity of modern fiction. He should feel the fine sanity of Gilbert and Sullivan while he is alien to any profound concern about Beethoven or Mozart. He should know how to arrive late at the opera, and his feeling about the theater should be that a man wants to be amused there. A visit to Paris should leave him with a sense of pleasant proximity to sin, and he should be quite unable to speak intelligible French or German. He should play most games in some fashion and feel that their cultivation is the secret of national greatness; but he should play none so well that he is thereby distinguished from his fellows and he should be convinced that professionalism ruins the true spirit of sport. Under no circumstances can he be a teetotaler except upon medical grounds.

Certain other qualities are important. He should know nothing of political economy and less about how foreign countries are governed. He should equate bolshevism with original sin. While he should never be a free-thinker, he should not be enthusiastic

about religion; to be so is to run the risk of obtrusiveness. He should be properly conscious of the merits of Empire and feel that only the strong hand can maintain our prestige in the East. When he dines out he must be able either not to talk at all or to confine his conversation to that plane which indicates a full knowledge of the right gossip without being an index to a dangerous profundity in any special theme. He must feel that America is passionately materialist; but if he marries an American he must take care to ally himself only with those properly endowed families who are received into the best London houses. He may be good at gardening. He may become a director of a company, provided he is not too well informed about its business. He must find speech difficult, and eloquence impossible. He must feel intensely the moral beauty of good form; and he must recognize that to wear, for instance, a black tie with a tail coat in the evening is proof (unless one is a head waiter) of a debased origin which cannot be outgrown. If, finally, he travels he must return without having suffered the deformation of a broader mind.

There are great qualities in the English gentleman which must not be overlooked. He believes with ardor in playing the game with those of his own status. He has the habit of graceful command. Save to Indians, Socialists, trade union organizers and poachers, he is almost uniformly tolerant. He is invariably courageous and, to women of his own class, chivalrous and deferential. He rarely parades his vices and he has a horror of ostentatious virtue. If he forgets to pay his tailor, he is always punctual with gambling debts. He profoundly respects the Royal Family (of whose failings he breathes no word in public), and bishops, and those Ministers of the Crown who belong to his own party.

He rarely pushes a claim too far and he is too intellectually humble to take long-term views. If he grumbles much, at least he can laugh at himself; and no one is so apt to extricate himself skilfully from a dangerous situation. He enjoys the exercise of power; and since he rarely knows how to make money, it is still more rare for him to be corrupted by it. Having, in general, received a classical education, he has, like Shakespeare, as a rule, small Latin and less Greek.

He is the type by whom, with the aid of the lawyer, England has been governed until the last half-dozen years; it is only since the War that his supremacy has been seriously threatened. For the greatest event in English history was the fact that we have had no revolution in the modern time. Our social structure has remained largely unchanged since at least the middle of the eighteenth century; and a people with a genius for deference has preserved almost entirely the allotted privileges of leisure and of station. Your average Englishman still admires the class which does not have to earn its living; he feels safe and respectable in its hands. He may have doubted Lord Rosebery when he published a book; but he admitted his title to the Premiership when he won the Derby. Between a self-made Welshman like Mr. Lloyd George and a squire whose mind, like that of Mr. Henry Chaplin, is unstained by thought, the Englishman has seldom hesitated to choose the latter type. The workman rarely respects his master; it is rare for him not to respect the peer who lives by owning. The employer may like the individual worker but, in the mass, he is convinced of his unfitness to govern; free trade apart, therefore, all his natural aspirations tempt him to look upwards to the class which represents past tradition and the glamour of high estate. Since the

gentleman has always realized how much his power depends on the prosperity of business, the alliance between them has been mutual; and intermarriage with the more eminent of the business community has always persuaded the latter that the preservation of the gentleman is his own best safeguard. And the gentleman's tenacious hold of power has given him something like an instinctive knowledge of when compromise and concession are desirable. However much he may have opposed the wants of other classes, he has never so far challenged them as to threaten his own security. His genius for compromise and his capacity for absorption have given him control for two hundred years of English destiny.

II

The condition upon which he maintained his supremacy was simple enough. For a century after the Industrial Revolution, England's commercial leadership was unchallenged. The state was largely a negative state, and there were neither grave economic nor grave international problems to solve. The prosperity of the upper and middle classes was solid and ample and, save for the brief moment of the Chartist Movement, the rights of private property were never in serious question. England was in a position to afford government by gentlemen. No one had, in politics at least, to take long views; and the main questions in issue did not seem to require any complicated or technical *expertise*. Just enough national education to produce the foreman who could read and write; just a high enough level of national health to prevent the recurrence of cholera and typhus; a well-advertised charity to meet the wants of the really deserving unemployed—upon these foundations Englishmen might well feel that their lines were fallen in pleasant

places. Political economists proved to demonstration that the more exuberant hopes of the working class were impossible of fulfilment; and the capitalist had the satisfaction of knowing that his abstinence made him the effective author of the prosperity which was the wonder of the world.

In that epoch, indeed, the gentleman imposed himself upon civilization. No one in England seriously challenged his right to leadership; and English domination of foreign markets made his habits the example upon which the leisured class of every other state sought to model itself. All the best people used English materials; and their solidity and workmanship gave them an unquestioned title to pre-eminence. The gentleman's conquests were unending. He made it the right thing to go to the Riviera, to Switzerland, to Egypt. His picture galleries formed the basis of future American triumphs. He made the world mad on golf and tennis; he invented the week-end; he showed how to polish the rough edges of business enterprise by casting the kindly eye of patronage upon the more expensive fine arts. To the theory that a little learning is a dangerous thing, he invented the reply (which England, at least, accepted) that much learning is ungainly, and in any case drives men mad. He made Wimbledon and St. Andrew's into international cathedrals; while fashionable women of all countries went to St. James's and Ascot as a Mahometan might go to Mecca. Until, at any rate, the outbreak of the War, the gentleman had persuaded the world to believe that he was the final term of human evolution.

Men, of course, there always have been who doubted the hypothesis; but they have been too few in number to affect the argument. One has only to read the letters of Ambassador Page to see how a distinguished

American could fall, even in middle age, beneath the gentleman's spell. One had only to meet Lord Balfour to appreciate the exquisite artistry of the type. One might resent Lord Curzon's superb insolence; at least it was impossible to deny that so imperial a manner was obviously born to rule. And those who doubted were, after all, for the most part unsuccessful men—exiled scholars like Marx, dyspeptic prophets like Carlyle, thin-lipped and poverty-stricken agitators like Philip Snowden, poetic craftsmen like William Morris. Who listened in America to Debs or Henry Demarest Lloyd while the gilded age was coming to maturity?

There is, in fact, little evidence that before the War Englishmen, at least, questioned the title of the gentleman to lead them. There were passing waves of unrest; but, in general, the sense of security was sufficiently widespread for so careful an observer as President Lowell to report that the British Labor Party was destined to remain a mere wing of Liberalism. The gentlemen of England had made her what she was; not merely Waterloo was won upon the playing fields of Eton. The traditions they embodied saved England from the materialism of America. They prevented her from seeming, like the new industrial Germany, a nation of *nouveaux riches*. Her tolerance permitted wide dissidence of opinion. Her social experiments showed the amazing adaptability of her ideas. The War proved not only that her gentlemen knew how to die; the solidity of her credit in crisis showed that she had absorbed the best lessons of bourgeois economy. Matthew Arnold's plea that England needed to temper her gentlemanly tradition by a dose of social equality seemed largely falsified, at least to the gentlemen themselves, by the victory of 1918.

III

Yet it may be predicted with some certainty that the historian of England in the last century will be largely occupied in explaining the dangers of being a gentleman. For no small part of the present difficulties of England are the outcome of his leadership. He has been the model to imitate, the example to follow. His habits, his tastes, his way of life have determined the conduct of all save a small handful of insurgent Englishmen. Broadly speaking, his philosophy has been a refusal to think in terms of principle. Do not be forehanded. Meet the day's problems as they arise. Make your ideal of life one in which there is neither excessive effort of intelligence nor undue ardor of emotion. Follow your own bent and assume that the world will adjust itself to your requirements. Be suspicious of the thinker and skeptical of the man who dwells upon the heights. Be so certain of yourself that your code of behavior is imposed as a universal. Never doubt your superiority over other people. Never show yourself so ardent in pursuit of an object as to convince the foreigner that you may be pained by failure to attain it. Take life as a game in which excessive seriousness is fatal to the spirit of play. Never be driven by a purpose so as to be its slave; thereby, like Robert Owen and Bentham, Clarkson and Plimsoll, you may become a bore to other people. Remember that manners and tradition give to life that dignified emollience without which it loses half its savor. Be sure that in every sort of conflict the rules (which you must take care to make) are more important than the victory. Never allow the unpleasant to obtrude. Do not discuss inconvenient truths if there is danger that they may give offense.

The roots of this attitude are his-

torically clear. They result from the mingling of the aristocratic ideal of chivalry with the Puritan notions of the successful middle class. In it all, the predominance of the aristocracy is obvious, for the main objective of the successful middle class in England has always been alliance with the aristocracy. And let it be said that the attitude, as it has worked, has always possessed a certain mature graciousness. It has imposed itself without conveying an undue sense of domination. It has won allegiance from its inferiors without excessive strain. It has been kindly, it has had a sense of obligation, there has been about it a certain shrewd worldly wisdom which it is impossible not to admire. With something like the grand manner, the English gentleman keeps his word. He can administer with less bureaucratic irritation than any other type I have known. He can arbitrate commercial or international differences with the same fine equity that he umpires a cricket match. Once he has won, it is difficult for him (as the General Strike and the War made clear) to bear a grudge. He does not like to see the weak and the helpless go unnecessarily to the wall.

But the problem is not the virtues of the type so much as its adequacy for its function; and it is here that grave difficulties begin to arise. For there is no field of activity in the modern world in which the amateur, however benevolent, can retain his function as leader without risking the survival of those who depend upon him. The gentleman's characteristics are a public danger in all matters where quantitative knowledge, unremitting effort, vivid imagination, organized planning are concerned. How can the English gentleman govern India when he starts from the assumption that the Indian is permanently his inferior? How can he measure the strength of

Russia in 1914 when Sir George Buchanan, his Ambassador there, does not even think it necessary to learn the language of the people to which he is accredited? How can he prevent the rise of the Labor Party when England is divided, as Disraeli said, into those two nations of rich and poor neither of which has effective acquaintance with the other's life? How can his aristocracy breed great soldiers when a large part of the officer's life in a crack regiment is passed not in professional study, but in the fulfilment of traditional social obligations?

The general theme admits of innumerable illustrations. Here, as I think, its implications can best be shown by tracing its results in three entirely disparate realms. Of these, perhaps industry is the most important, as also the most obvious. It is significant that foreign challenge to English industrial supremacy became effective at the moment when the alliance between the aristocracy and the middle class became an essential feature of English life. The main defects of British enterprise have been exactly those most characteristic of the gentleman. A refusal to consider adequately the wants of the customer; he must buy not the thing he desires but the thing you have to sell. An inadequate attention to technological development; the scientist in industry ought not to have the weight of the practical man. A disbelief in the necessity of large-scale production in the modern world; just as the gentleman would rather lose his income than his uniqueness. A passionate devotion to excessive secrecy both in finance and method of production; so the gentleman must live his own life in his own way without counsel or interference from outside. An incurable and widespread nepotism in appointment; so the gentleman has always been loyal to his relatives without undue regard for their fitness

for the posts to which he has called them. This enables you, further, to discount ability and to rely upon a mystic entity called "character," which means, in a gentleman's mouth, the qualities he traditionally possesses himself. A refusal to be absorbed by one's business activities; so Saturday afternoon becomes gradually a holiday which extends from Friday until Monday, with golf on weekdays, a fortnight at Christmas in Nice, and a conspicuous expenditure which satisfies the craving for social prestige; so the business man comes to think that by adopting the *mores* of the gentleman he may be regarded as free from the taint of trade. If his business becomes a limited company he may invite a couple of needy aristocrats on to the Board of Directors and thus find a side door into society. As he grows more wealthy he may send his son to a public school, there, in all probability, to acquire the habits of mind which the born gentleman possesses by inheritance.

Or, in the second place, we may examine the history of the two traditional political parties in England. From the nineties of last century they were increasingly unable either to devise a program which should attract the working classes to their ranks, or to select from among proletarian leaders men who should represent them either in the House of Commons or the Cabinet. From the enfranchisement of the urban worker in 1867 until the close of the War, Liberals and Tories between them had never had a score of working class supporters in the House; to-day neither has one. Mr. John Burns is the only workingman who has ever sat in a Cabinet not distinctively Labor in complexion. The reason of this inelasticity is simply absence of imagination; for many of the older leaders of the Labor party to-day began as members of the traditional parties, and left

them through the experience that there was no effective place in their counsels for men of a working-class origin and outlook. The gentleman, in fact, is prepared to broaden the basis of power; but he is willing to share the entrance to its inner citadel only with his friends. Neither Liberal nor Tory has known how satisfactorily to define the place of trade-unionism in the state. They have not, as Lord Haldane sorrowfully confessed, appreciated the real importance of a system of national education. They have never really sought to democratize either the army or the navy; the officer class in each has been carefully preserved for those who were fortunate in the choice of their parents. Right down to the close of the War, the diplomatic service was preserved also as what John Bright called the "outdoor relief department" of the British aristocracy. So, too, the legal and episcopal Benches have been rigidly confined to members of the upper middle class and the aristocracy. Even a Labor government finds it difficult to appoint working men and women to the unpaid magistracy.

The political failure of the gentleman, in a word, is that he had not the imagination to perceive that the inevitable accompaniment of political democracy would be the demand for social equality. In any case, he did not believe in it; and even the weak Labor government of 1924 seemed to him something like a convulsion of nature. Just as he could never bring himself to believe that brown men or yellow men might resent white control, so he could not convince himself that poverty might give rise to claims. The rich and the well-born had always governed and they were strongly allied. To him it was intolerable pretension that people like Ramsay MacDonald or Arthur Henderson should claim an equal share in the disposition of the state. Like Mr. Churchill, they could

not believe in Labor's fitness to govern. They were the victors in the battle of life; and it was part of the rules of the game that to the victors should belong the spoils.

The result on English politics is decisive. The gentleman's lack of imagination, the narrowness of his social loyalties, has ranged against him one of the fundamental estates of the realm. Even to-day he does not know why. For him the workers have been misled by wicked agitators whose ideas are probably inspired by Russia. He, the leisured and secure, thinks that the workingman has been pampered into disobedience against his masters by reckless social legislation. He believes that there is too much education abroad, and that the natural loyalty of his inferiors has been unsettled by training above their station. He is incapable of that imaginative realism which admits that this is a new world to which he must adjust himself and his institutions, that every privilege he formerly took as of right he can now attain only by offering proof that it is directly relevant to social welfare. He has no sense that the urge of the common people to expansion is one with which he must come to terms. His heart is in the old world; and because he is utterly unversant with life as it exists for the vast majority, he cannot adjust himself to the new. The gentleman in the presence of modern democracy is as bewildered as Pilate before the spectacle of Christianity.

Another consequence of his influence has peculiar significance in England. As a people, said Bagehot, the English have a genius for deference; by which, I take it, he meant that they know their betters when they see them. One of the results, certainly, of governance by gentlemen has been a curious humility in the average Englishman which has the most complex ramifica-

tions. It affects even the Labor Party, many of whose members assume that the battle of social justice has been won because they dine at the great houses. For them the appearance of a man like Sir Oswald Mosley in the ranks of Labor has a significance of distinction which far outweighs the socialism of Mr. Shaw or Mr. Wells. They assume that a gentleman who throws in his lot with them is entitled to the reward of office. They are anxious themselves to show that they can act and think as gentlemen do. They maintain all the panoply of a court; they appoint only aristocrats to the posts which aristocrats traditionally occupy. A people, in brief, which has been ruled by gentlemen is more timid in affirming its own essence than one which has been accustomed to the self-exercise of power. That is why there is so much less servility in France and America than in England. That is why the eminent English man of letters is proud to be selected as poet laureate and to accept social recognition from the great families. That is why the *Times* will print a letter, however absurd, from a duke in large type, and one, however important, from the secretary of the Trade Union Congress, in small. That is why, also, the births, marriages, and deaths of even the remotest members of the Royal Family cast light and shadow upon every home in England, why the coming of age of a great gentleman like the Duke of Norfolk, of whose character and intelligence nothing is known, is almost a national event, and the fit subject of leading articles in the press.

Foreign observers, Dibelius, for example, have severely criticized this English snobbery and argued that it shows how complete is the lack in England of a democratic spirit. But this is to take too superficial a view. English snobbery is a collective in-

feriority complex. It is the result of two hundred years and more of instruction in the thesis that only the gentleman is fit to govern. The distance between the workers and their governors in wealth and refinement and access to distinction has been so vast as to seem to the majority an unbridgeable gulf. And most of the things in which, accordingly, they have sought refuge—their grim Nonconformity, their coarse pleasures, their narrow and confined homes—have done little to develop elasticity of mind or that graceful skepticism which enables man to question where he does not understand. They have been limited in outlook because they have been limited in opportunity. Like most prisoners, they have grown accustomed to their chains; when they are struck off they are bewildered and act as though they were still bound.

The gentleman, in fact, has become a public danger to England because he is now merely a costly, if decorative, appendage to a civilization in which he has no longer a useful function to perform. He has never encouraged himself to use his imagination; and for our problems imaginative leadership is above all essential. He has never disciplined his intellect to organized analysis; and it is only from that scientific approach that authority can be maintained. His distractions have been so many, his luxuries so great, that he has become concerned rather to enjoy life than to master it. He has been too individualist to welcome organization and too self-confident to welcome ideas. Having been born to power, he does not know how to share it; having inherited unquestioned leadership, he does not know how to act so as to justify its retention. He has been so long unchallenged in his preëminence that rivalry tends, by its surprise, to embitter him. He has had so much certitude of temper that he is paralyzed by the new

uncertainties. He has been so much accustomed to command that he feels it unnatural to be called upon to obey. His familiar landmarks are disappearing, and he thinks and acts like a sailor upon an uncharted sea. The prestige of his superiority has gone because the ideal of life he embodied no longer commands universal respect even among those of whom he was once the spoiled favorite. He has lost the basis of his self-esteem because he has no longer either a purpose to maintain or that conviction of its necessity which might give it life.

IV

Yet no one, I believe, will see the passing of the gentleman without a brief annotation of regret. In the period of his apogee, he was a better ruler than any of his possible rivals. I, at least, would rather have been governed by Lord Shaftesbury than Mr. Cobden, by the gentlemen of England than by the Gradgrinds and Bounderbys of Coketown. There was something picturesque about his thick-headedness, something monumental about his complacency. Compare him with the elegant trifler who was the gentleman of the *ancien régime*, or the rigid disciplinarian whom the German aristocracy provided, and he shines in the comparison. He was often capable of the generous gesture, he was frequently tolerant, there could be about him a fine quixotism it was difficult not to admire. He threw up odd men of genius like Byron and Henry Cavendish, statesmen of public spirit like Lord John Russell and Hartington; he would found great public galleries and establish the British Museum. He was very costly, and, in the mass, depressing and dull. Yet, through it all, he always had the saving grace of a sense of humor.

Nor is it certain that we shall replace him by a more admirable type. The

new Renaissance bravo like Mussolini, the new Jesuit writ large like Stalin, those new plutocrats of whom Mr. Barron's *Diary* has been giving us so striking, because so innocent, a picture; are we certain that these represent a change for the better? The leader of the future seems not unlikely to be the remorseless one-idea'd man, who governs us by hewing his way to his goal. He has no time for the open mind. He takes clemency for weakness and difference of opinion for crime.

He has a horror of a various civilization and he means by freedom only a stronger kind of chain. Where we would be peaceful, he calls us to the affirmation of power. For the music of idle dreams he offers us the relentless hum of giant machines. The majesty of the forest is, for him, the volume of a timber supply, the rush of waters in the river, the source of electric power. The gentleman scourged us with whips. We must beware lest our new masters drive us to our toil with scorpions.

MIDSUMMER MEADOW

BY DAVID MORTON

THE summer idles where these meadows are:
 Here is no valued fruit or wealthy grain,
 But here or there a daisy's sudden star
 Is a quick answer to the sun and rain.
 No trampling hoof will move across these grasses
 Grown for no gain nor any cattle's keep,
 But only lazy thought that broods and passes
 Drowsy and slow to images of sleep.
 Here are no questionings and no replies,
 No seeds for better harvest—or for worse,
 But an old wisdom lost to all the wise,
 And found again in summer-idling verse
 That rhymes the earth and heavens for a boon
 That may outlast this sun-warm afternoon.





The Lion's Mouth



HOW TO PAY THE WAR DEBTS

BY B. K. SANDWELL

I SHOULD like to know, Mr. Editor, if it is still Open Season for Suggestions about War Debts and How to Pay Them. I think it ought to be. I do not think the Perfect Suggestion about War Debts and How to Pay Them has yet been put before the magazine-reading world. I am prepared to do so.

We are talking, of course, about the War Debts owed to the United States of America by certain other countries of this large but compact world. They amount to a considerable sum of money. I forget the exact total, and by the time this article appears it will probably have been changed again anyhow; but it is something in the order of magnitude of several billions of dollars. In a recent fiscal year there was paid to the United States the interesting little sum of one hundred and sixty millions of dollars in interest on these debts, and that sum, I understand, did not cover all the interest that became due, and will fall vastly short of covering the interest that will fall due annually some years from now, when the process of paying up really begins. The total capital debt, I take it, must be quite large.

I want to see this debt paid. Not

cancelled, but paid. Not deferred or changed into some other kind of debt or provided with some fresh sort of security, but paid. Paid so that everybody except the economic historians can forget that it ever existed. Paid in full, just like that.

Now there have been millions of suggestions as to how this debt should be paid, but there is something wrong with every one of them, except mine. They all—except mine—consist of variations on two principal themes, both of them so obvious that nobody is entitled to any credit for suggesting them. The first is that the debt should be paid in the form it was contracted to be paid in, namely American gold dollars or their equivalent in gold bars. The other is that it should be written off, cancelled, not paid at all. Between these two lie the millions of variations. They are all alike. They all suggest that X per cent of the debt be paid in gold and 100 minus X per cent be cancelled; X can be anything you like, from the smallest decimal more than nothing to the smallest decimal less than 100. My suggestion is different from all these.

I need not, at this advanced stage in our painful economic education, recite the objections to the payment of this debt in gold, and the equal objections to its total cancellation. Everybody knows them. The payment during these two years of even an inadequate annual interest charge has upset the world's entire system of prices and caused a pretty state of affairs, as well in the creditor country

as in the debtor countries. The disturbance caused by the payment of the debt itself, even if spread over fifty or a hundred years, would be terrific. As for cancellation, its evil results would be moral rather than economic, but that would not make them any the less serious. No; the debt cannot be paid in gold, or for that matter, in the ordinary goods of commerce which are exchangeable for gold, and it should not be cancelled. These obvious methods are no good. Let us rule them out.

What this debt needs is a form of payment which will not involve gold or anything that is ordinarily exchanged for gold in common commerce, and which will not affect the ordinary movement of trade between the two continents.

In the good old days the large readjustments of wealth that always follow a good-sized war were customarily settled by the transfer of territory. Such transfers did not interfere in the slightest with the ordinary course of business. Territory, which means the right of sovereignty over land, not the ownership of land, is not an article of commerce. A hundred thousand square miles of the vanquished enemy's territory can be handed over, and scarcely a ripple of disturbance is felt upon the calm waters of international finance. The transfer of a hundred million dollars' worth of commercial goods to settle the same obligation would mess up the export and import trade of both countries for years.

Unfortunately the method of transfer of territory is not available in the present instance. The United States entered the war with a definite declaration that it would acquire no territory, and the annoying principle of "self-determination" promises to make trouble if anyone proposes any further transfers of sovereignty.

But is territory the only thing, other

than commercial goods, which can be transferred by one Government to another in settlement of a debt? I think not.

I take up a guidebook of England (the country which seems to owe most of the debt), and I find that it contains some two or three hundred cathedrals, abbeys, monastic establishments (not occupied as such), and parish churches of the largest kind, all of them structures of immense antiquity, great beauty, and the richest historical associations. It is, I admit, extremely difficult to put a cash value upon them, because they hardly ever come into trading in the open market; but I feel sure that a board of expert arbitrators could arrive at a valuation. It seems to me that it would not be difficult for the United States to acquire at least a billion dollars' worth of such buildings, with their furnishings, monuments, and other equipment, from the Church of England alone. A few of the major cathedrals would probably have to be left out of the transaction: there might be sentimental objections to the relinquishment of Canterbury, York, Winchester, and St. Paul's, or of Westminster Abbey and St. George's Chapel, Windsor. But there are hundreds left.

I think I hear two objections promptly raised; neither of them is valid. The first is that these buildings are not the property of the British Government. But if the British Government ever saw a prospect of wiping out a billion dollars of its external debt by turning over some cathedrals and abbeys to a committee appointed by Mr. Hoover, and the Church of England refused to surrender those cathedrals and abbeys in exchange for a reasonable sum of money for the building of adequate edifices for the services which they at present perform, the Church of England would be inviting disestablishment at the very least.

Even churchmen must be realists. I think we may trust the British Government to get hold of the cathedrals, somehow, if the United States Government will make a decent cash allowance for them as soon as it does so.

The other objection is that the United States Government as owner of the cathedrals could hardly continue to carry on the religious functions for which they are currently employed. This I admit; those functions would be transferred to the new cathedrals built with the purchase money, and the old cathedrals would become "museum pieces" and nothing else. It is regrettable, in some aspects, but is it as regrettable as it looks? For one thing, the religious functions which are at present performed in these structures have only the remotest resemblance to those for which they were originally erected. What goes on in most of them to-day is not the gorgeous spectacle of High Mass for which they were intended, but the strangely dry, secular-looking, and very rational Morning and Evening Prayer as evolved in the seventeenth century and crystallized in the nineteenth—a pleasant and dignified affair of university hoods and white surplices, with nice chanting and some lessons read and prayers recited in a charming Oxford voice, and an organ recital before it begins or after it is through. A sort of thing that is quite effective in St. Paul's, which was built for it, but infinitely too modern and too chilly for Salisbury or Ely. I am sure that the Church of England will be able to erect buildings far more suitable to her present ritual requirements.

I have mentioned the cathedrals and abbeys because they are the most obvious things. But there are a great number of secular buildings of equal antiquity and almost equal interest—guildhalls, almshouses, tithe barns, monastic ruins, castles, and city walls

—all of which could be turned over to the United States at a fair valuation, and which ought to total another billion of dollars. For a price, a dozen entire villages of immense antiquity could be vacated and placed in charge of the officials who would naturally be sent out by Washington to administer this newly acquired and immensely valuable property of the American people. The increasing interest in the study of medieval economic and social life will make these villages more valuable with every passing generation.

I am not, at this stage of the discussion, saying anything about whether the United States should remove these monuments of the ancient past to America or not. My personal opinion is that it should acquire by treaty the right to do so without any obstruction in the way of export duties or embargo; but I question whether any extensive transplantation is at present desirable. There are æsthetic considerations. I am not convinced that York Minster would look as well in Detroit as it does in its present surroundings. A sample building could be brought over from time to time, to be shown to that dwindling fraction of the American people which does not visit Europe; every time a World's Fair is held, a European cathedral or castle could be taken down and re-erected in the Fair Grounds as part of the contribution of the United States Government. With adequate artificial lighting it would make a good art gallery. But I doubt whether it would be altogether fitting to assemble a complete set of Early English cathedrals or French châteaux along the Atlantic City boardwalk or at Coney Island. The majority of the acquisitions should be left where they are, at least for a generation or two; and it would be a generous gesture if the selling nation were given an option to repurchase at the original price in the

improbable event of its again becoming rich and prosperous.

The United States would in this way become the owner, or the trustee if you like to put it that way, of the major part of the ancient historical memorials of Europe outside of the countries which were neutral during the late unpleasantness. The funds for their proper maintenance could be provided in the shape of a perpetual annuity paid by the debtor governments. This, it is true, would be a perpetuation of part of the existing debt; but I cannot too strongly bring out the point that there is no objection to the perpetuation of any amount of the war debt provided only that the payments on account of it are expended within the territory of the debtor country; it is payments involving a transfer to another country that are ruinous. Another billion dollars of the British debt could thus be converted into an annuity of fifty millions a year to be expended in Great Britain upon the supervision, management, and maintenance of the United States Trust for Ancient Buildings, and everybody would be perfectly happy. An immense number of cultured and public-spirited American citizens would take up their residence in the British Isles in order to look after these buildings, and would enjoy themselves and be enjoyed by their hosts. American visitors to Europe would know a new thrill as they saluted the American flag over the portal of every important castle, abbey, and neolithic cave to which their guidebooks directed them. Conventions could be held in the Colosseum. The Fourth of July could be celebrated in the amphitheater at Nîmes. Three or four colleges in Oxford and Cambridge should certainly be included in the deal, and could be used as postgraduate schools by Harvard, Yale, Chicago, and California. Versailles and Blenheim would

make nice country homes for American Ambassadors.

And if you don't settle the war debts in this perfectly pleasant, easy, and effective manner, may I ask how in the world you *are* going to settle them?



GROWING PAINS

BY SELMA ROBINSON

I used to think when I was young
The lip to lip, the tongue to tongue,
Were unmistakable symptoms of
The precious malady of love.
Alas for love, alas for youth!
Uncompromising is the truth.
And now I view as something else
The sweet excitement of the pulse.
How disillusioning to see
The workings of biology.
And so one learns as one matures
That love may fade, but sex endures.



JOURNEY'S END

BY MCCREARY HUSTON

"I DON'T see what Billy Norris could have seen in that kind of a girl—leaving a wife like Millie and two lovely children and all." It was Mrs. Jack Phillips speaking. She and Jack had just started out on their annual automobile tour, and after an hour on the highway Mrs. Phillips had quit fussing about whether they should have taken the southern route through the Blue Ridge or the northern one through the Finger Lakes, and had fallen back on their friends.

"If you're tired, Jack, I'll be glad

to drive; that'll rest you for the afternoon. It'll probably be pretty hot this afternoon. I'd have said Billy Norris was happily married; Millie's such a sweet girl."

"I'm not tired," Jack responded. "I imagine Billy Norris had his reasons."

"I s'pose so—but leaving her for that kind of a girl . . . Don't hesitate to say so if you want me to drive. Somehow driving doesn't tire me. I could drive all day."

"We don't know anything about the girl; she probably suited Billy."

"I know; but we know Millie. They were inseparable till this happened. It's funny about driving. Some people are all in after a hundred miles. It never affects me that way."

"Well, maybe after lunch I'll ask you to relieve me."

"It's only nine o'clock now. What I say is when a man has a wife and two lovely children and everything there must be something wrong when he goes trailing off with a girl like that."

"Probably was something wrong, and Billy never said anything about it. Fellows downtown think Billy's all right. They don't know the story but they like Billy."

"That's always the way with men. They stick up for the man. But they couldn't say there was anything the matter with Millie. You're leaning on the window, Jack. Are you getting tired?"

"Certainly not. I always rest my left arm on the window."

"Well, I just thought, if you were getting tired . . . You've had a hard year. I'll bet Billy Norris will get tired of that girl and come crawling back to Millie."

"Suppose he does. But I don't think he will. Anyway, it's none of my business."

"If you want to and you think you'd enjoy our vacation more, you can trade seats with me and just relax. Go to

sleep if you want to. I don't mind driving and I'd like to feel you were getting some good out of the trip. Maybe if Billy and his wife had gone on trips like this they never would have broken up."

"Went to the Pacific coast last summer; and early in the spring Billy told me his wife had a trip all planned."

"My, my; and they didn't get to take it. I suppose he'll take the other girl now."

"I suppose he will if he wants to."

"Just the same I don't see what gets into men to leave a wife and two lovely children and go off like that. You're not the least bit tired, are you, Jack?"

They were coming abreast of a large filling station around which were a number of cars. Instead of answering his wife, Jack swung the car into the station driveway.

"What's the matter, Jack? You don't need gas already. Look at the gauge."

"Want to look at the oil," Phillips muttered. But instead of looking at it, he glanced across the station grounds to where an open car was standing, with a young woman at the wheel.

"While you're looking at the oil, I'll just slide over into your seat," Mrs. Phillips said. "I'll drive till lunch-time and then, if you want to, you can take it."

Phillips got out and said something to the attendant about the oil.

When the station man had the hood up and was investigating, Phillips walked swiftly across to where the touring car was standing.

He stepped into the car beside the girl. He said something to her in a low, earnest voice. She smiled, nodded, and threw the big car into gear.

Jack Phillips and she—to whom Mrs. Phillips afterward referred to as "that kind of girl"—went racing down the highway into the future.



Editor's Easy Chair

ENCYCLICALS, PRESENT AND PAST

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE full text of the Pope's Encyclical on Labor promulgated in May ran to twenty newspaper columns and seemed, therefore, addressed rather to studious and persevering persons than to the mass of mankind. Most readers got what they got of the Pope's counsels and suggestions from editorial summaries or digests of his remarks. It was evident by the headlines that he thought labor should have a larger share of the wealth which it co-operates to produce. That is not a novel idea. The Holy Father will recall that it develops bursts of energy every now and then which result in wholesale distributions of property from the few to the many. Such a transfer came in England when, in spite of statutes of mortmain, religious foundations seemed to be becoming too rich; such a transfer came in France with the Revolution, resulting in six million peasant land owners. It came to these States in some measure when the Supreme Court allowed the income tax. It came in Russia the other day, and probably something like it will emerge in Spain. These transfers are apparently always going on. The boils on the body politic swell, come to a head, finally burst, making bad messes but eventually providing relief.

Here in this country there is at present constant observation of the pro-

pensity of corporations to merge, increase, and grab the machinery of profitable trade. There has been anxiety of that sort hereabouts for a generation or two. Laws have been passed to restrain the railroads from gobbling up the country. Laws made the Standard Oil Company disband into its constituent units, to the vast profit of its stockholders. Laws worried the Steel Companies for fear they would get together and agree on something that would stabilize their business. But after all, the anti-trust laws are not working very well. There is an alternative—to have government manage everything. We see it proceeding in Russia and do not like the picture. It may improve but certainly it does not yet look inviting.

The effort to improve distribution is always going on, but there are novelties about its present spasm. It may be fairly safe to say that distribution does best when there is most to distribute, but that is not always true. There was the story of the loaves and fishes, when the multitude sat down, and the distribution and surplus were satisfactory. Maybe the Pope wants something like that! The peculiarity of our present predicament is the vast abundance of things which cannot manage to get themselves distributed. There is enough for everybody and more coming, but as yet no voice that

invites the multitude to sit down and receive what is handed to it.

Yet, until now, when was it ever suggested seriously by important minds and important practical merchants that wages must be kept up to a high figure so that workers would have money to spare to buy what was produced? There is really novelty in that idea. The idea heretofore has mainly been that labor should produce and subsist and should be paid enough for that, which would make incidentally a great purchasing power. Still the idea of going beyond what is necessary to support life and paying labor with a view to support production really has novelty. It seems to date pretty well from the time when Henry Ford astonished mankind by paying five dollars a day to scrubwomen.

And so the Pope, too, feels that labor should be getting a bigger share of what is produced! Whether his letter will help to get that done is matter for surmise. But a series of remarks that have antedated his, and those of Pope Leo whom he quotes and other Popes, seem to have been working this long time in the direction of more pay for labor. One cannot say they were ecclesiastical remarks, for at the time of their deliverance there were no churches such as we know now, and especially no ecclesiastical organization centering in Rome. These long ago remarks are known as The Sermon on the Mount, and they are undoubtedly going strong in these times, and whereas some of them used to look fantastic, they are all taking on more and more the aspects and colors of common sense. Whether it is in the matter of war prevention, of tariffs, of armament, of labor, of morals, of habits of life—the Sermon on the Mount relates to all of them and looks more and more sensible.

And as compared with the Pope's Encyclical, it has the advantage of

being free from obligation to conform with the past acts or provisions of any mundane organization. It treats of human conduct right from the starting tape, quotes no precedents, cites no authorities. Full of psychology, that document! There was a disturbance at Joliet prison in Illinois, and one read that punishments had been modified. That was the Sermon on the Mount slowly working in only one of millions of instances.

The non-resistance in it has always been perplexing to most of us carnal-minded people, who do not see the whole truth about anything; but that there is a great principle behind non-resistance is even now widely accepted. People only moderately proficient in psychology can see already that the cure of evil, the making of character is not by punishment but by love. Punishment leaves fear behind it, but love leaves courage.

What is love, anyhow? Is it a substance, as has been suggested? It is something very powerful. Thought is powerful; hate is powerful. Are they substances? Electricity is doubtless a substance, though you cannot see it, but you can feel it and you can feel love and you can feel hate. A substance? Oh, well, it is only a matter of fitting words to ideas. Giving love a new name would not change it. But new names for things and new ideas about various things seem to be coming in on us just now like homing pigeons.

THERE was a great commemoration at Rouen in France on the 31st of May, the five-hundredth anniversary of the death in that town of Joan of Arc. Joan of Arc and her story have to do with all these matters of non-resistance and powers of the spirit. She cannot be cited successfully as a non-resister but must rather be considered as an item of interpretation of that principle. We think the Sermon

on the Mount was an inspired deliverance, but it is no trouble to think that Joan of Arc was also inspired, sent indeed as the Savior of France, told what to do and given the courage, the ability, and the leadership to do it. A marvelous person, and still after five hundred years so completely satisfactory to contemplate and examine!

While the celebration was going on at Rouen, Mr. Bernard Shaw in London, by invitation of a radio company broadcast a discourse on Joan. He did not add very much to what he had already put forth in his play about her, but his talk was interesting. He spoke not only of her devotion or consecration to what she was called to do, but to her signal ability in war, in battles, in talk, in dealings with men and, at her trial, in her answers to the questions put up by the court. Joan is really the best bet of the spiritists. She heard voices and was guided by them. She may have been the reincarnation of some great spirit, but as to that one cannot yet well get beyond surmise.

It is impossible to think fairly of Joan and her case until one considers and understands the time she lived in and how much greater a hold organized religion then had on the bodies of men and the minds of most of them than now. Heresy is not a very serious matter just now, unless it takes a form affecting politics that brings it to the notice of vigilantes like Congressman Fish or even, as in the case of Professor MacIntosh and Miss Bland, to the attention of the United States Courts. But in Joan's time heresy had a real bite. It could get people burned and did so by thousands. Joan did not wish to be burned, and her ecclesiastical court was not very eager to burn her. She signed a recantation, but when she found the alternative to fire was lifelong imprisonment, she tore up the recantation

and went to the stake. Shaw brings all that out. He gives Joan fair play, and probably the truth as he found it is pretty near the real truth. He does not certify that the voices were spirit voices or suggest that Joan was somebody's reincarnation, but he is far from forbidding such thoughts.

The Catholic Church, the only organized church there was in Europe five hundred years ago, condemned Joan, got her burned, and about thirty years afterwards reconsidered her trial and exonerated her. Churches are very practical—when they do not see the light at the first blink they look again and in time see some of it.

Then there is an advantage about churches, that they are never too good to live. Shaw in his talk suggested that great figures in history, after they have done their job, are inconvenient to keep on the stage. He quotes Foch, who being asked how Napoleon would have commanded the armies of the Allies in the Great War, said, "Superbly no doubt, but what should we have done with him afterwards?" Anyone can count up on his fingers men or women who seemed to have a mission and died when it was accomplished. It is not so with churches, they are not saintly; they partake of all the frailties and delinquencies and stupidities of the crowd. They are of the earth, earthy. People often think the Roman Catholic Church is on the edge of wreck. Oh, no, it will never be good enough for translation; neither will the Methodist, the Baptist, the Presbyterian, the Episcopalian, the Unitarian, nor even the Quakers. If any one of them perishes, no doubt, something just as imperfect will come along to take its place. People with a really great message or a really great job on their hands cannot be bothered by the pull-backs of organization. John the Baptist had none—camel's hair and a leather belt for his garments;

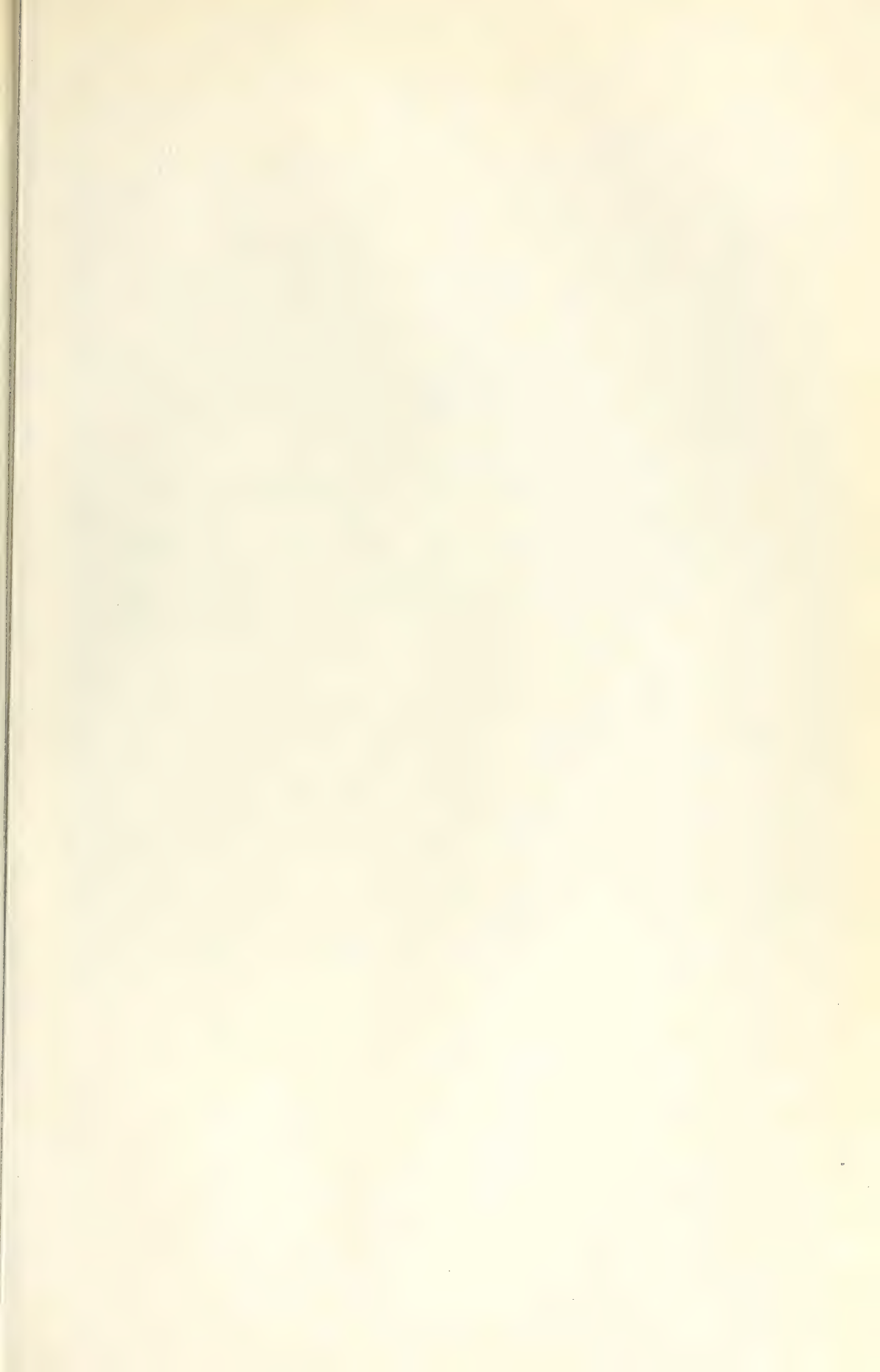
locusts and wild honey to eat, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! for his message. To be sure, his head was shifted to a platter, but not before he had shot his bolt.

AT PRESENT writing, which means the commencement season, the world is getting a good deal of direction, advice, and possible assistance from speakers who receive degrees, and especially honorary degrees at commencements. For example, at Syracuse University the degree of Doctor of Civil Law was pinned on two—Mr. Wickersham and Senator Morrow. They both made addresses, and Mr. Wickersham's speech came to notice in the New York papers. He talked about education and crime, reasoning that if there were more education there would be less crime. Self-government was on trial and must be saved in America "by persuading the youth of the land to incline their hearts unto wisdom." To back him up on these more or less rash statements, Mr. Wickersham drew a good deal on the reports submitted to his Rum Commission. He told how out of ten thousand prisoners in federal prisons twelve hundred were wholly illiterate and only about three hundred had been to college. That was his answer to the suggestion that education, and especially college education tends to promote crime. He quoted with approval Mr. Solicitor Binns of Atlanta, who said, "You cannot serve any kind of whiskey on your table and then expect your children to obey the law when they get out on the street." Mr. Wickersham seemed to want the laws obeyed, but said nothing that was reported about improving them. He wanted education apparently to produce docile and obedient people, and especially young people. To be sure, he was talking in a Methodist College, and one not noted for its liberality; but still

it may be he disclosed the present state of his mind. He wants obedience to constituted authorities; whoever makes the laws and whatever laws they are, he wants them obeyed.

Mr. Wickersham would save the country by persuading the young to incline their hearts to wisdom. Oh, well, but is this really wisdom that he recommends? Does he think that legislation and wisdom are identical? Cauchon, the Inquisitor, asked nothing more difficult of Joan than that she should incline her heart to wisdom and obey the constituted law. Cauchon was a fair enough lawyer, as Shaw has pointed out, but he has not been canonized yet, and the nearest he has come to a halo has been that rather dim one which Shaw gave him. No one has better reason than Mr. Wickersham to know how good or bad the prohibition amendment is. Cauchon's devotion to the authority of the Church made him miss the glory of the spirit in Joan, and sometimes it seems as if Mr. Wickersham's fidelity to the immediate political interest of the present leader of his political party, who has been in a sense his employer, has led him to miss too much of the true light about prohibition. If so that is too bad, for Mr. Wickersham has had a very honorable record in private and public service, and yet, while it seems so likely that, in their views about rum, intelligent and experienced men like Mr. Morrow and Mr. Wickersham must really think a good deal alike, one finds that on occasion Mr. Morrow says what he thinks, whereas Mr. Wickersham seems to say what he thinks is suitable.

Isn't it interesting that such a lot of church people, and so many politicians, and quite a lot of good lawyers should think that in their attitude to prohibition they are on the Lord's side! Cauchon undoubtedly thought just the same and with no better reason.





ZARAGOZA, SPAIN

By Ernest Roth

Courtesy of the Keppel Galleries



Harpers *Magazine*

BRYAN, THOU SHOULDST BE LIVING

A PLEA FOR DEMAGOGUES

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

BRYAN should be living at this hour. Or if not Bryan, then Lord George Gordon, or Cagliostro, or John Brown of Ossawatimie—some first-class faker who believes in his own bunk.

It has been advanced that the decay of liberalism and the lack of a great liberal leader are to be attributed less to the apathy than to the bewilderment of this generation. With the increasing complexity of civilization, men of liberal mind are so hard put to it to know what to believe that they end by being afraid to put too much trust in anything. But the fallacy in this argument lies in the assumption that great liberal leaders think! Go back up the line—Wilson, Lloyd George, Briand, Gladstone, Jackson, Jefferson, Fox—and you will find only Wilson and Jefferson who are entitled to be rated as first-rate thinkers, and only Jefferson who

might set up a fairly good claim to be rated as the greatest thinker of his day.

Nevertheless, each of the others named was responsible for some tremendous thinking. The point is that he didn't do it. It was done by the men who found themselves under the necessity of putting him down. This much is true even of William Jennings Bryan, the quality of whose own cerebration is illustrated by the fact that he stated on oath that man is not a mammal. But he made Mark Hanna think. He made Roosevelt, Aldrich, Tom Reed, E. H. Harriman, the elder Morgan, Judge Gary, Whitelaw Reid, Henry Watterson, John Hay, William Allen White, Lodge, Penrose, Platt, Quay, and William H. Taft think. Later, after he had turned from politics to religion, he made such men as Harry Emerson Fosdick, Rabbi Wise, and Henry Fairfield Osborn think. In-

deed, he drew from Walter Lippmann at least one essay, re-examining the principle of the rule of the majority, which was indubitably a contribution to the theory of democracy.

I hold this truth to be self-evident—that the quality of leadership is ability to lead. He who is able to enlist vast numbers of followers and to carry them in any direction he chooses is a great leader though he be mad as a March hare. And this quality has no necessary connection with a keenly analytical or highly original mind. If Gandhi is a thinker, so was Simple Simon; but if Gandhi is not a leader, there is no such thing.

I venture to suggest that what the liberals—and likewise the reds, the conservatives, and the Tories—have reason to bewail to-day is not the lack of a great liberal leader, but the lack of a leader of any sort. A first-class reactionary would help immensely. A really able bolshevist would do us no end of good. For what the country needs most are the by-products of leadership, which are frequently more important than the work of the leader himself.

It is curious that so little attention has been paid to this factor in our political history, since the United States has provided what is perhaps the most perfect illustration of it. Only once have we elected a really ignorant man to the Presidency. Even Grant had had a West Point education. Andrew Jackson, however, was almost completely innocent of book-learning when he came to the White House. Furthermore, he was the most violent of all the Presidents and the least inclined to submit his prejudices to intellectual analysis.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that it was while this unmistakable non-intellectual reigned in the Executive Mansion that our political life attained and maintained a brilliance it had not

reached before, and has not approached since. It was Jackson's peculiar virtue that he could heat the opposition to such a point that it burst into incandescence.

Granting that the Jacksonians were great politicians rather than great statesmen, the fact remains that they were superbly effective. The point is that such abilities as the Jacksonians possessed found full scope for their development under the banner of a man who, although glaringly defective as an intellectual was, nevertheless, perhaps the greatest popular leader we have ever produced.

However, the really startling effect of the appearance of this leader was on the men who opposed him. One has only to call the roll of their names to realize something of the brilliance of that period—John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, John Randolph of Roanoke, John Tyler, Rufus Choate, Edward Everett. It would be preposterous to insinuate that Jackson dowered these men with any part of their ability; but it is only sober truth to assert that in the enterprise of saving the country—as they saw it—from Jackson, they attained heights which they might never have reached except under the sting of a sharp and roweling spur.

Even to hold his own, much less to make headway, against such a force as Andrew Jackson a man had to be good. It may be true that Jackson thought little; but in order to stand up against him at all other men had to think furiously; and in the course of their efforts to cope with him they developed every latent power within them. The sudden efflorescence of genius in Congress at this period was not altogether an accident. Under the grueling discipline to which members were subjected, it is entirely reasonable to believe that not a few mediocre men grew strong, and that strong men grew great.

II

All this, however, affords no answer to the question of what is the matter with our own times. The lack of leadership is apparent enough. Al Smith aroused a certain amount of enthusiasm in 1928, but nothing comparable to the hysteria which used to attend Roosevelt, and which attended Bryan in 1896; and, barring Al, where is the leader in either party whose mere appearance is enough to set the street crowds to throwing their hats in the air? He is not in sight. Our most popular President since the War was Mr. Coolidge; but I have never yet heard anybody yell for Coolidge even as much as they yelled for Al Smith. Mr. Hoover received more votes for President than any man of any party ever received before; but it is plain to the dullest observer that vast numbers of them were not pro-Hoover votes at all. They were anti-Smith votes or, rather, anti-Pope and anti-liquor votes.

Even as late as 1907 there were a few men who were able to grip the imaginations of the people. When the Knickerbocker Trust Company blew up, Theodore Roosevelt was in the White House, and John Pierpont Morgan, the elder, was in Wall Street. When the condition of affairs became critical, it was announced in the press that Morgan had taken charge with the approval of the President; and immediately everybody, including the Democrats, felt better. For even the Democrats (perhaps I should say, especially the Democrats) believed that both of these were potent men. If they were really sound Democrats, such congenital Democrats as are produced in the South, they admired neither man, but they believed in them both. They believed that—to paraphrase a famous line—when either of these men put his foot down, some-

thing had to squish. Therefore, when word went around that Morgan had taken charge with Roosevelt's approval, everybody drew a long breath and felt better; and by feeling better, they were better.

In 1929 there was still a Pierpont Morgan in Wall Street; but in what a different light he was viewed by the country! We do not have the same sublime faith in his power, either for evil or for good. The House of Morgan has greater resources, and probably greater power, now than it had in 1907; but neither it nor any other potentate or dynasty of Wall Street any longer commands the imagination of the country.

In 1929 there was still a President in the White House, but not a Theodore Roosevelt. The present President knows more economics, in all probability, than T. R. ever guessed; but he knows less about Americans. Mr. Hoover unquestionably did everything he knew how to do in the terrific days of that terrible autumn, and he knew how to do a great deal. But he didn't know how to gesticulate.

Serious-minded people, who are always incurably romantic, will make the comment that that was of all times the worst time for gesticulations; but ribald realists know better. The world is not ruled by reason and logic. If it were, Mr. Hoover would have saved the situation, for the measures he took were pre-eminently reasonable and logical, as well as energetic. He immediately took counsel with the best business brains in the country. He had a number of sensible, practical suggestions to make and he urged them upon the people who were best able to understand them and carry them out. He labored diligently and intelligently and, doubtless, prevented a number of evils that without his efforts might have befallen the country. But at that, the thing got away from

him. Instead of riding the avalanche, he was caught under it and buried deep in popular odium.

Does any man who views objectively the political history of the last thirty years believe that Theodore Roosevelt would have done any more toward re-establishing the economic balance? I, for one, do not believe that he would have done, or could have done, half as much. But I, for one, do not believe that Teddy ever would have been caught as Mr. Hoover has been caught. He might not have done as much as Mr. Hoover, but he would have seemed to be doing ten times more. He knew how to gesticulate. He could dance and yell. The roars emanating from the White House in the closing days of 1929 had Roosevelt been there would have been so loud they would almost have drowned the incessant banging of exploding banks, and so blood-curdling they would have distracted attention from the atrocities being perpetrated on the Stock Market.

Nor am I prepared to assert that they would have been all sound and fury, signifying nothing, or nothing save the preservation of the Rooseveltian hide. No economist doubts that the present depression has been prolonged and intensified by the fathomless pessimism which it has induced in the American people. The energy of the country has suffered a strange paralysis. We are in the doldrums, waiting not even hopefully for the wind which never comes. Roosevelt would have supplied wind. Whatever he did, the country would have been so vastly entertained that it would have forgotten a large part of its pessimism. It would have been amused in part, scandalized in part, infuriated in part; but each emotion would have stimulated it to some sort of action. The psychological part of the depression he could have managed.

This is assuming, of course, that we have not become so sophisticated that it is no longer possible for a Roosevelt, or a Bryan, or an Andrew Jackson to stir us. I think it a reasonable assumption. Of course, none of these men could repeat his former triumphs in precisely the same form. History never repeats itself exactly. But there is plenty of ground for suspicion that all this sophistication about which we are forever talking is in large measure what the incomparable Al calls baloney. It is true that the physicists and mathematicians have resolved the whole material universe into nothing more substantial than "the nominative case of the verb *to undulate*." But who knows it? Mr. Einstein, Sir James Jeans, and Mr. Millikan, along with the fraction of one per cent of the population who have read their books. It is equally true that the psychologists have analyzed Yale, country, and God into conditioned reflexes. But who knows that? Mr. John B. Watson, and he has his doubts. It is true that the novelists, the biographers, and the historians have joined hands to convert history and literature into an endless stentorian reiteration of "Ichabod, Ichabod for the glory hath departed!" But who knows that? Only the all but imperceptible minority which does not read the confession magazines.

Grant that the intellectuals, as a class, are fairly crushed into immobility under the weight of facts which science has heaped upon their somewhat thin shoulders—does it follow that the country is paralyzed? Not unless the country is dependent upon the intellectuals for leadership, which is an assumption not many of us would care to make. When did a genuine intellectual ever lead it? Wilson? He led, all right, but was he really an intellectual? Gamaliel Bradford remarks that, "Even in the fields which might

be thought peculiarly his own his information was singularly limited," and at the time of the fight over the Peace Treaty it was intimated in the public prints that he had never read the Constitution of the United States. But, for the sake of argument, allow that Wilson was an intellectual as well as a leader. Does one swallow make a summer?

The spectacularly successful leader has always been not the intellectual, but the histrionic genius. Even Lenin is no real exception, while Mussolini is a museum piece. It is hard to believe that Americans have been so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of modern education that they have really subverted their emotional to their intellectual natures; but until a nation does so it will always remain more amenable to the man on horseback than to the man on the rostrum. Perhaps popular education has made us require a different technic of the men who would mold us to their will. But to assume that we are, therefore, proof against mountebanks is to assume far too much. We require suaver and smoother mountebanks, that is all.

Furthermore, it is hard to believe that the present tremendous sweating through which the nation is being put will fail to produce at least one. The stage is too perfectly set, the time is too ripe, for us to escape the irruption of a Mad Mullah of some variety. The fabrication of a sufficiently crazy program always takes a little time after a great crash. Populism, distilled from the witches' broth of 1893, did not attain its full strength until the very close of the century. Greenbackism, engendered in 1873, made its strongest bid in 1876. The panic of 1837—perhaps the worst of them all—gave rise to a long series of marvelous psychoses culminating in Know-Nothingism, which flourished a

dozen years after the crash. Reasoning by analogy, we should hardly expect to see earlier than 1932 whatever apparition the panic of 1929 may eventually call out of the vasty deep. It is not within the bounds of credibility, however, that nothing in the way of governmental extravaganza will be born of the present stresses and strains. Upheavals so profound are not accomplished without loosing uneasy spirits which will haunt us for many days.

But if my argument is sound, this prospect is not one to dismay honest and liberal-minded men. The Mad Mullah always loses in the long run for the simple reason that when he trumpets to the feeble-witted he rouses the intelligent; and even as the former flock to his standard, the latter take arms against him. I hold no brief for Bryanism, but it is evident to the dullest that Bryanism compelled some of the hardest and keenest political thinking of the last generation; and out of the welter stirred up by Bryan emerged both Roosevelt and Wilson, each of whom helped himself liberally to Bryan's ideas, stripped most of the lunacy from them, and employed them to excellent advantage.

III

And when all is said and done, could any madman arise with a program madder than the present polity of the United States of America has turned out to be? The proof of the pudding is the chewing of the bag. The proof of the sanity, or the reverse, of any polity is not its logical perfection but the pass to which it brings the country which adopts it. Never mind how reasonable our program for the past ten years may seem to be. Let us consider the pass to which it has brought this country.

Our present condition is deplorable

on account of a terrific burden of unemployment caused by over-production. That is to say, people are going hungry because there is too much wheat, too much corn, too many swine and cattle; people are going barefoot because there are too many shoes, ragged because there are too many textiles, being evicted from their homes because there are too many houses; charitable agencies are being overwhelmed with pleas for alms because there is too much real wealth in the country.

But this is preposterous, this is insanity, this is the very essence of Bedlam. Nevertheless, this is true, and its truth constitutes the incontrovertible proof that we have been following a polity as crazy as the wildest ever preached by any crack-brained fanatic from the Middle West. Our intellectuals have known for years that it was a crazy polity; but unfortunately what the intellectual knows is as completely removed from the experience of average men and women as what the Martian engineers may know is removed from the experience of earthly engineers. That which enters into the experience of the masses of the people is not what the intellectual knows, but what the popular leader feels.

But let a popular leader of a very powerful type enter the field and he arouses passions, even in intellectuals. The only passions he may arouse in their breasts may be aversion and disgust, but to that extent, at least, they begin to feel, as well as think, and as they begin to feel they begin to grow effective. There is much talk these days of the "tired liberal." I doubt that the animal exists. It seems more probable that what we have are emotionally starved liberals. Since Wilson passed off the stage they haven't had a single man whom it was worth while to hate; and a liberal without hatred is like a fish without a tail—he

moves incessantly, but aimlessly, without direction. Your hate must have a target visible to the naked eye, or it degenerates into mere disdain, which does not nourish action.

Yet action is the final, indispensable test of ideas. The truth is that the human mind is so imperfect an instrument that no sage ever lived who was capable of deciding infallibly, without the test of action, which of our ideas are lunatic and which are sane. Your leader applies this test, but he is able to apply it because he knows, not how to make men think, but how to make them feel; which means that he first feels intensely himself. If he is also capable of thinking, so much the better; in that case we have a statesman of a high order. But it is not absolutely essential that he think. If he can act, and does act, others will do whatever thinking is necessary.

It is perfectly true that the menace of a demagogic leader is very great. One such might easily wreck the country. But if it comes to that, take a look at the country now. Some statistician with a grisly mind recently checked up on the mortality rate of a business men's club in my city. He found that the normal death rate among members for the last ten years has been about 15 annually; but in the year 1930 that club lost 57 members by death, of whom 10 were suicides. In the county where I was born—not in Arkansas, either—no less than 500 mules starved to death last year. If it had been 500 tenant farmers who had starved, there might be some excuse to hope that things are not quite desperate; but when landlords let their mules starve, there is no escaping the fact that the situation is serious. When farmers are letting their mules starve and business men are blowing their brains out, both in unprecedented numbers, the country is in a fix about as bad as any demagogue is likely to put it in.

At any rate, after observing the results of turning the country over to be run by the magnates of big business and the high priests of prosperity, there are not a few Americans who have decided that if these are the sane men, it might be well to try putting the lunatics in charge for awhile. They could hardly do worse, and they would do differently, so it is within the realm of possibility that they might do better.

At any rate, the country will follow a man who feels intensely, unless human nature has undergone a greater change in the last ten years than it ever underwent in a comparable time before. When a political leader stands up, and instead of saying, "This is logical" or "this is scientific" or "this is businesslike," says "this is right," I think he will strike a popular chord. It is by no means certain that he will actually be right. On the contrary, he may merely be an idiot. But if he thinks he is right, and thinks it with such burning, passionate intensity that

the heat of his conviction is felt by everyone who comes within a hundred feet of him, he will be effective. "Our Federal union—it must be preserved!" Why? There was no very logical reason, but there was one most powerful reason, which was that Andrew Jackson willed that it should be preserved; and preserved it was. "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." Fustian? Without a doubt, but—my sacred aunt—how it got action! "We fight to make the world safe for democracy!" Well, we seem to have failed to make it safe, but you can inform the strabismic world we fought!

Phrase-making is perhaps no contribution to the intellectual heritage of the race, but phrase-makers do snap us out of lethargy, and frequently out of ingrowing pessimism, which may be worse than frenzy. How we could use one at the moment! Bryan, thou shouldst be living at this hour!





FOX HUNT

A STORY

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

AN HOUR before daylight three negro stable-boys approached the stable, carrying a lantern. While one of them unlocked and slid back the door, the bearer of the lantern lifted it and turned the beam into the darkness where a clump of pines shouldered into the paddock fence. Out of this darkness three sets of big, spaced eyes glared mildly for a moment, then vanished. "Heyo," the negro called. "Yawl cole?" No reply, no sound came from the darkness; the mule-eyes did not show again. The negroes entered the barn, murmuring among themselves; a burst of laughter floated back out of the stable, mellow and meaningless and idiotic.

"How many of um you see?" the second negro said.

"Just three mules," the lantern-bearer said. "It's more than that, though. Unc Mose he come in about two o'clock, where he been up with that Jup'ter horse; he say it was already two of um waiting there then. Clay-eaters. Hoo."

Inside the stalls horses began to whinny and stamp; over the white-washed doors the high, long muzzles moved with tossing, eager shadows; the atmosphere was rich, warm, ammoniac, and clean. The negroes began to put feed into the patent troughs, moving from stall to stall with the clever agility of monkeys, with short, mellow, meaningless cries, "Hoo.

Stand over dar. Ghy ketch dat fox to-day."

In the darkness where the clump of pines shouldered the paddock fence, eleven men squatted, surrounded by eleven tethered mules. It was November, and the morning was chill, and the men squatted shapeless and motionless, not talking. From the stable came the sound of the eating horses; just before day broke a twelfth man came up on a mule and dismounted and squatted among the others without a word. When day came and the first saddled horse was led out of the stable, the grass was rimed with frost, and the roof of the stable looked like silver in the silver light.

It could be seen then that the squatting men were all white men and all in overalls, and that all of the mules save two were saddleless. They had gathered from one-room, clay-floored cabins about the pine land, and they squatted, decorous, grave, and patient among their gaunt and mud-caked and burr-starred mules, watching the saddled horses, the fine horses with pedigrees longer than Harrison Blair's, who owned them, being led one by one from a steam-heated stable and up the gravel path to the house, before which a pack of hounds already moiled and yapped, and on the veranda of which men and women in boots and red coats were beginning to gather.

Slovenly, unhurried, outwardly scarcely attentive, the men in overalls watched Harrison Blair, who owned the house and the dogs and some of the guests too, perhaps, mount a big, vicious-looking black horse, and they watched another man lift Harrison Blair's wife onto a chestnut mare and then mount a bay horse in his turn.

One of the men in overalls was chewing tobacco slowly. Beside him stood a youth, in overalls too, gangling, with a soft stubble of beard. They spoke without moving their heads, hardly moving their lips.

"That the one?" the youth said.

The older man spat deliberately, without moving. "The one what?"

"His wife's one."

"Whose wife's one?"

"Blair's wife's one."

The other contemplated the group before the house. He appeared to, that is. His gaze was inscrutable, blank, without haste; none could have said if he were watching the man and woman or not. "Don't believe anything you hear, and not more than half you see," he said.

"What do you think about it?" the youth said.

The other spat deliberately and carefully. "Nothing," he said. "It ain't none of my wife." Then he said, without raising his voice and without any change in inflection, though he was now speaking to the head groom who had come up beside him. "That fellow don't own no horse."

"Which fellow don't?" the groom said. The white man indicated the man who was holding the bay horse against the chestnut mare's flank. "Oh," the groom said. "Mr. Gaw-trey. Pity the horse, if he did."

"Pity the horse that *he* owns, too," the white man said. "Pity anything *he* owns."

"You mean Mr. Harrison?" the

groom said. "Does these here horses look like they needs your pity?"

"Sho," the white man said. "That's right. I reckon that black horse does like to be rode like he rides it."

"Don't you be pitying no Blair horses," the groom said.

"Sho," the white man said. He appeared to contemplate the blooded horses that lived in a steam-heated house, the people in boots and pink coats, and Blair himself sitting the plunging black. "He's been trying to catch that vixen for three years now," he said. "Whyn't he let one of you boys shoot it or pizen it?"

"Shoot it or pizen it?" the groom said. "Don't you know that ain't no way to catch a fox?"

"Why ain't it?"

"It ain't spo'tin'," the groom said. "You ought to been hanging around um long enough by now to know how gempmuns hunts."

"Sho," the white man said. He was not looking at the groom. "Wonder how a man rich as folks says he is"—again he spat, in the action something meager but without intended insult, as if he might have been indicating Blair with a jerked finger—"is got time to hate one little old fox bitch like that. Don't even want the dogs to catch it. Trying to outride the dogs so he can kill it with a stick like it was a snake. Coming all the way down here ever year, bringing all them folks and boarding and sleeping them, to run one little old mangy fox that I could catch in one night with a axe and a possum dog."

"That's something else about gempmuns you won't never know," the groom said.

"Sho," the white man said.

The ridge was a long shoal of pine and sand, broken along one flank into gaps through which could be seen a fallow rice field almost a mile wide

which ended against a brier-choked dyke. The two men in overalls, the older man and the youth, sat their mules in one of these gaps, looking down into the field. Farther on down the ridge, about a half mile away, the dogs were at fault; the yapping cries came back up the ridge, baffled, ringing, profoundly urgent.

"You'd think he would learn in three years that he ain't going to catch ere Cal-lina fox with them Yankee city dogs," the youth said.

"He knows it," the other said. "He don't want them dogs to catch it. He can't even bear for a blooded dog to go in front of him."

"They're in front of him now though."

"You think so?"

"Where is he, then?"

"I don't know. But I know that he ain't no closer to them fool dogs right now than that fox is. Wherever that fox is squatting right now, laughing at them dogs, that's where he is heading for."

"You mean to tell me that ere a man in the world can smell out a fox where even a city dog can't untangle it?"

"Them dogs yonder can't smell out a straight track because they don't hate that fox. A good fox- or coon- or possum-dog is a good dog because he hates a fox or a coon or a possum, not because he's got a extra good nose. It ain't his nose that leads him; it's his hating. And that's why when I see which-a-way that fellow's riding, I'll tell you which-a-way that fox has run."

The youth made a sound in his throat and nostrils. "A growed-up man. Hating a durn little old mangy fox. I be durn if it don't take a lot of trouble to be rich. I be durn if it don't."

They looked down into the field. From farther on down the ridge the eager, baffled yapping of the dogs

came. The last rider in boots and pink had ridden up and passed them and gone on, and the two men sat their mules in the profound and winy and sunny silence, listening, with expressions identical and bleak and sardonic on their gaunt, yellow faces. Then the youth turned on his mule and looked back up the ridge in the direction from which the race had come. At that moment the older man turned also and, motionless, making no sound, they watched two more riders come up and pass. They were the woman on the chestnut mare and the man on the bay horse. They passed like one beast, like a double or hermaphroditic centaur with two heads and eight legs. The woman carried her hat in her hand; in the slanting sun the fine, soft cloud of her unbobbed hair gleamed like the chestnut's flank, like soft fire, the mass of it appearing to be too heavy for her slender neck. She was sitting the mare with a kind of delicate awkwardness, leaning forward as though she were trying to outpace it, with a quality about her of flight within flight, separate and distinct from the speed of the mare.

The man was holding the bay horse against the mare's flank at full gallop. His hand lay on the woman's hand which held the reins, and he was slowly but steadily drawing both horses back, slowing them. He was leaning toward the woman; the two men on the mules could see his profile stoop past with a cold and ruthless quality like that of a stooping hawk; they could see that he was talking to the woman. They passed so, with that semblance of a thrush and a hawk in terrific immobility in midair, with an apparitionlike suddenness: a soft rush of hooves in the sere needles, and were gone, the man stooping, the woman leaning forward like a tableau of flight and pursuit on a lightning bolt.

Then they were gone. After a while

the youth said, "That one don't seem to need no dogs neither." His head was still turned after the vanished riders. The other man said nothing. "Yes, sir," the youth said. "Just like a fox. I be durn if I see how that skinny neck of hern . . . Like you look at a fox and you wonder how a durn little critter like it can tote all that brush. And once I heard him say"—he in turn indicated, with less means than even spitting, that it was the rider of the black horse and not the bay, of whom he spoke—"something to her that a man don't say to a woman in comp'ny, and her eyes turned red like a fox's and then brown again like a fox." The other did not answer. The youth looked at him.

The older man was leaning a little forward on his mule, looking down into the field. "What's that down there?" he said. The youth looked also. From the edge of the woods beneath them came a mold-muffled rush of hooves and then a crash of undergrowth; then they saw, emerging from the woods at full gallop, Blair on the black horse. He entered the rice field at a dead run and began to cross it with the unfaltering and undeviating speed of a crow's flight, following a course as straight as a surveyor's line toward the dyke which bounded the field at its other side. "What did I tell you?" the older man said. "That fox is hid yonder on that ditch-bank. Well, it ain't the first time they ever seen one another eye to eye. He got close enough to it once two years ago to throw that ere leather riding-switch at it."

"Sho," the youth said. "These folks don't need no dogs."

In the faint, sandy road which followed the crest of the ridge, and opposite another gap in the trees through which could be seen a pie-shaped segment of the rice field, and some dis-

tance in the rear of the hunt, stood a Ford car with a light truck body. Beneath the wheel sat a uniformed chauffeur; beside him, hunched into a black overcoat, was a man in a derby hat. He had a smooth, flaccid, indoors face and he was smoking a cigarette: a face sardonic and composed, yet at the moment a little wearily savage, like that of an indoors-bred and -inclined man subject to and helpless before some natural inclemency like cold or wet. He was talking.

"Sure. This all belongs to her, house and all. His old man owned it before they moved to New York and got rich, and Blair was born here. He bought it back and give it to her for a wedding present. All he kept was this what-ever-it-is he's trying to catch."

"And he can't catch that," the chauffeur said.

"Sure. Coming down here every year and staying two months, without nothing to see and nowheres to go except these clay-eaters and nigras. If he wants to live in a herd of nigras for two months every year, why don't he go and spend a while on Lenox Avenue? You don't have to drink the gin. But he's got to buy this place and give it to her for a present because she is one of these Southerns and she might get homesick or something. Well, that's all right, I guess. But Fourteenth Street is far enough south for me. But still, if it ain't this, it might be Europe or somewheres. I don't know which is worse."

"Why did he marry her, anyways?" the chauffeur said.

"You want to know why he married her? It wasn't the jack, even if they did have a pot full of it, of this Oklahoma Indian oil . . ."

"Indian oil?"

"Sure. The government give this Oklahoma to the Indians because nobody else wouldn't have it, and when

the first Indian got there and seen it and dropped dead and they tried to bury him, when they stuck the shovel into the ground the oil blowed the shovel out of the fellow's hand, and so the white folks come. They would come up with a new Ford with a man from the garage driving it and they would go to an Indian and say, 'Well, John, how much rotten-water you catchum your front yard?' and the Indian would say three wells or thirteen wells or whatever it is and the white man would say, 'That's too bad. The way the White Father put the bee on you boys, it's too bad. Well, never mind. You see this fine new car here? Well, I'm going to give it to you so you can load up your folks and go on to where the water don't come out of the ground rotten and where the White Father can't put the bee on you no more.' So the Indian would load his family into the car, and the garage man would head the car west, I guess, and show the Indian where the gasoline lever was and hop off and snag the first car back to town. See?"

"Oh," the chauffeur said.

"Sure. So here we was in England one time, minding our own business, when here this old dame and her red-headed gal come piling over from Europe or somewheres where the gal was going to the high school, and here it ain't a week before Blair says, 'Well, Ernie, we're going to get married. What the hell do you think of that?' And him a fellow that hadn't done nothing all his life but dodge skirts so he could drink all night and try to ride a horse to death all day, getting married in less than a week. But soon as I see this old dame, I know which one of her and her husband it was that had took them oil wells off the Indians."

"She must have been good, to put it on Blair at all, let alone that quick," the chauffeur said. "Tough on her, though. I'd hate for my daughter to

belong to him. Not saying nothing against him, of course."

"I'd hate for my dog to belong to him. I see him kill a dog once because it wouldn't mind him. Killed it with a walking stick, with one lick. He says, 'Here. Send Andrews here to haul this away.'"

"I don't see how you put up with him," the chauffeur said. "Driving his cars, that's one thing. But you, in the house with him day and night . . ."

"We settled that. He used to ride me when he was drinking. One day he put his hand on me and I told him I would kill him. 'When?' he says. 'When you get back from the hospital?' 'Maybe before I go there,' I says. I had my hand in my pocket. 'I believe you would,' he says. So we get along now. I put the rod away and he don't ride me any more and we get along."

"Why didn't you quit?"

"I don't know. It's a good job, even if we do stay all over the place all the time. Jeess! half the time I don't know if the next train goes to Ty Juana or Italy; I don't know half the time where I'm at or if I can read the newspaper next morning even. And I like him and he likes me."

"Maybe he quit riding you because he had something else to ride," the chauffeur said.

"Maybe so. Anyways, when they married, she hadn't never been on a horse before in all her life until he bought this chestnut horse for her to match her hair. We went all the way to Kentucky for it, and he come back in the same car with it. I wouldn't do it; I says I would do anything in reason for him but I wasn't going to ride in no horse pullman with it empty, let alone with a horse already in it. So I come back in a lower.

"He didn't tell her about the horse until it was in the stable. 'But I don't want to ride,' she says.

"My wife will be expected to ride,"

he says. 'You are not in Oklahoma now.'

"'But I can't ride,' she says.

"'You can at least sit on top of the horse so they will think you can ride on it,' he says.

"So she goes to Callaghan, riding them practice plugs of his with the children and the chorines that have took up horse riding to get ready to get drafted from the bushes out in Brooklyn or New Jersey to the Drive or Central Park. And her hating a horse like it was a snake ever since one day when she was a kid and gets sick on a merry-go-round."

"How did you know all this?" the chauffeur said.

"I was there. We used to stop there now and then in the afternoon to see how she was coming on the horse. Sometimes she wouldn't even know we was there, or maybe she did. Anyways, here she would go, round and round among the children and one or two head of Zigfield's prize stock, passing us and not looking at us, and Blair standing there with that black face of his like a subway tunnel, like he knew all the time she couldn't ride no horse even on a merry-go-round and like he didn't care if she learned or not, just so he could watch her trying and not doing it. So at last even Callaghan come to him and told him it wasn't no use. 'Very well,' Blair says. 'Callaghan says you may be able to sit on the top of a painted horse, so I will buy you a horse out of a dump cart and nail him to the front porch, and you can at least be sitting on top of it when we come up.'

"'I'll go back to momma's,' she says.

"'I wish you would,' Blair says. 'My old man tried all his life to make a banker out of me, but your old woman done it in two months.'"

"I thought you said they had jack of their own," the chauffeur said. "Why didn't she spend some of that?"

"I don't know. Maybe there wasn't no exchange for Indian money in New York. Anyways, you would have thought she was a conductor on a Broadway surface car. Sometimes she wouldn't even wait until I could get Blair under a shower and a jolt into him before breakfast, to make the touch. So the gal goes to the old dame (she lives on Park Avenue) and the gal . . ."

"Was you there too?" the chauffeur said.

"Cried . . . What? Oh. This was a maid, a little Irish kid named Burke; me and her used to go out now and then. She was the one told me about this fellow, this Yale college boy, this Indian sweetheart."

"Indian sweetheart?"

"They went to the same ward school out at Oklahoma or something. Swapped Masonic rings or something before the gal's old man found three oil wells in the henhouse and dropped dead and the old dame took the gal off to Europe to go to the school there. So this boy goes to Yale college and last year what does he do but marry a gal out of a tank show that happened to be in town. Well, when she finds that Callaghan has give her up, she goes to her old woman in Park Avenue. She cries. 'I begin to think that maybe I won't look funny to his friends, and then he comes there and watches me. He don't say nothing,' she says, 'he just stands there and watches me.'

"'After all I've done for you,' the old dame says. 'Got you a husband that any gal in New York would have snapped up. When all he asks is that you learn to sit on top of a horse and not shame him before his swell friends. After all I done for you,' the old dame says.

"'I didn't,' she says, 'I didn't want to marry him.'

"'Who did you want to marry?' the old dame says.

"I didn't want to marry nobody," the gal says.

"So now the old dame digs up about this boy, this Allen boy that the gal . . ."

"I thought you said his name was Yale," the chauffeur said.

"No. Allen. Yale is where he went to this college."

"You mean Columbia."

"No. Yale. It's another college."

"I thought the other one was named Cornell or something," the chauffeur said.

"No. It's another one. Where these college boys all come from when these hotchachacha deadfalls get raided and they give them all a ride downtown in the wagon. Don't you read no papers?"

"Not often," the chauffeur said. "I don't care nothing about politics."

"All right. So this Yale boy's poppa had found a oil well too and he was lousy with it too, and besides the old dame was mad because Blair wouldn't leave her live in the house with them and wouldn't take her no-where when we went. So the old dame give them all three—her and Blair and this college boy—the devil until the gal jumps up and says she will ride on a horse or bust, and Blair told her to go on and bust if she aimed to ride on this chestnut horse we brought all the way back from Kentucky. 'I don't aim for you to ruin this good horse,' Blair says. 'You'll ride on the horse I tell you to ride on.'"

"So then she would slip out the back way and go off and try to ride this horse, this good one, this Kentucky plug, to learn how first and then surprise him. The first time didn't hurt her, but the second time it broke her collar bone, and she was scared how Blair would find it out until she found out how he had knew it all the time that she was riding on it. So when we come down here for the first time that year

and Blair started chasing this lyron or whatever it—"

"Fox," the chauffeur said.

"All right. That's what I said. So when—"

"You said lyron," the chauffeur said.

"All right. Leave it be a lyron. Anyways, she would ride on this chestnut horse, trying to keep up, and Blair already outrun the dogs and all, like this time two years ago when he run off from the dogs and got close enough to this lyron to hit it with his riding whip—"

"You mean fox," the chauffeur said.

"A fox, not a lyron. Say . . ." The other man, the valet, secretary, whatever he might have been, was lighting another cigarette, crouched into his upturned collar, the derby slanted down upon his face.

"Say what?" he said.

"I was wondering," the chauffeur said.

"Wondering what?"

"If it's as hard for him to ride off and leave her as he thinks it is. To not see her ruining this good Kentucky horse. If he has to ride as fast to do it as he thinks he does."

"What about that?"

"Maybe he don't have to ride as fast this year as he did last year, to run off from her. What do you think about it?"

"Think about what?"

"I was wondering."

"What wondering?"

"If he knowed he don't have to ride as fast this year or not."

"Oh. You mean Gawtrety."

"That his name? Gawtrety?"

"That's it. Steve Gawtrety."

"What about him?"

"He's all right. He'll eat your grub and drink your liquor and fool your women and let you say when."

"Well, what about that?"

"Nothing. I said he was all right. He's fine by me."

"How by you?"

"Just fine, see? I done him a little favor once, and he done me a little favor, see?"

"Oh," the chauffeur said. He did not look at the other. "How long has she known him?"

"Six months and maybe a week. We was up in Connecticut and he was there. He hates a horse about as much as she does, but me and Callaghan are all right too; I done Callaghan a little favor once too, so about a week after we come back from Connecticut, I have Callaghan come in and tell Blair about this other swell dog, without telling Blair who owned it. So that night I says to Blair, 'I hear Mr. Van Dyming wants to buy this horse from Mr. Gawtrety too.' 'Buy what horse?' Blair says. 'I don't know,' I says. 'One horse looks just like another to me as long as it stays out doors where it belongs,' I says. 'So do they to Gawtrety,' Blair says. 'What horse are you talking about?' 'This horse Callaghan was telling you about,' I says. Then he begun to curse Callaghan. 'He told me he would get that horse for me,' he says. 'It don't belong to Callaghan,' I says, 'it's Mr. Gawtrety's horse.' So here it's two nights later when he brings Gawtrety home to dinner with him. That night I says, 'I guess you bought that horse.' He had been drinking and he cursed Gawtrety and Callaghan too. 'He won't sell it,' he says. 'You want to keep after him,' I says. 'A man will sell anything.' 'How keep after him, when he won't listen to a price?' he says. 'Leave your wife do the talking,' I says. 'He'll listen to her.' That was when he hit me . . ."

"I thought you said he just put his hand on you," the chauffeur said.

"I mean he just kind of flung out his hand when he was talking, and I happened to kind of turn my face toward him at the same time. He never aimed

to hit me because he knowed I would have took him. I told him so. I had the rod in my hand, inside my coat, all the while.

"So after that Gawtrety would come back maybe once a week because I told him I had a good job and I didn't aim to have to shoot myself out of it for no man except myself maybe. He come once a week. The first time she wouldn't leave him in. Then one day I am reading the paper (you ought to read a paper now and then. You ought to keep up with the day of the week, at least) and I read where this Yale Allen boy has run off with a show gal and they had fired him off the college for losing his amateur's standing, I guess. I guess that made him mad, after he had done jumped the college anyways. So I cut it out, and this Burke kid (me and her was all right, too) she puts it on the breakfast tray that A.M. And that afternoon, when Gawtrety happens to come back, she leaves him in, and this Burke kid happens to walk into the room sudden with something—I don't know what it was—and here is Gawtrety and her like a fade-out in the pitchers."

"So Blair got his horse," the chauffeur said.

"What horse?"

"The horse Gawtrety wouldn't sell him."

"How could he, when Gawtrety never owned no horse no more than I do, unless it's maybe some dog still finishing last year's Selling Plate at Pimlico? Besides, Gawtrety don't owe Blair no horse yet."

"Not yet?"

"She don't like him, see. The first time he come to the house alone she wouldn't leave him into the front door. And the next time, too, if this Burke kid hadn't happened to left that piece out of the papers about this college boy on the breakfast tray. And the time after that when he come, she wouldn't

leave him in again; it was like he might have been a horse maybe, or even a dog, because she hated a dog worse than she did a horse even, even if she didn't have to try to ride on no dog. If it had have been a dog, Blair wouldn't have never got her to even try to ride on it. So I'd have to go out and steam Callaghan up again until it got to where I wasn't no more than one of these Russian droshkies or something."

"A Russian what?"

"One of these fellows that can't call their own soul. Every time I would leave the house I would have to meet Gawtrety in a dump somewheres and then go to see Callaghan and soap him down, because he is one of these boys with ideas, see?"

"What kind of ideas?"

"Just ideas. Out of the Sunday School paper. About how this wasn't right because he liked her and felt sorry for her and so he wanted to tell Blair he had been lying and that Gawtrety hadn't never owned no horse. Because a fellow that won't take a nickel when it's throwed right in his face, he ain't never as big a fool to nobody as he is to the man that can have some sense about religion and keep all these golden rules in the Sunday School paper where they come from. If the Lord didn't want a man to cut his own grass, why did He put Sunday on Sunday like he did? Tell me that."

"I guess you're right," the chauffeur said.

"Sure I'm right. Jeess! I told Callaghan Blair would cut his throat and mine both for a Rockefeller quarter, same as any sensible man, and I ast him if he thought gals had done all give out with Blair's wife; if she was going to be the last one they made."

"So he don't . . ." the chauffeur said. He ceased; then he said, "Look there."

The other man looked. Through

the gap in the trees, in the center of the segment of visible rice field, they could see a tiny pink-and-black dot. It was almost a mile away, and so it did not appear to be moving fast.

"What's that?" the other said. "The fox?"

"It's Blair," the chauffeur said. "He's going fast. I wonder where the others are." They watched the pink-and-black dot go on and disappear.

"They've went back home if they had any sense," the other said. "So we might as well go back too."

"I guess so," the chauffeur said. "So Gawtrety don't owe Blair no horse yet."

"Not yet. She don't like him. She wouldn't leave him in the house again after that day, and this Burke kid says she come back from a party one night because Gawtrety was there. And if it hadn't been for me, Gawtrety wouldn't a got invited down here, because she told Blair that if he come, she wouldn't come. So I'd have to work on Callaghan again so he would come in once a day and steam Blair up again about the horse to get Gawtrety invited, because Blair was going to make her come." The chauffeur got out of the car and went around to the crank. The other man lighted a cigarette. "But Blair ain't got his horse yet. You take a woman with long hair like she's got, long as she keeps her hair up, it's all right. But once you catch her with her hair down, it's just been too bad."

The chauffeur engaged the crank. Then he paused, stooped, his head turned. "Listen," he said.

"What?"

"That horn." The silver sound came again, faint, distant, prolonged.

"What's that?" the other said. "Do they have to keep soldiers here?"

"It's the horn they blow," the chauffeur said. "It means they have caught that fox."

"Jees!" the other said. "Maybe we will go back to town to-morrow."

The two men on the mules recrossed the rice field and mounted the ridge into the pines.

"Well," the youth said, "I reckon he's satisfied now."

"You reckon he is?" the other said. He rode a little in front of the youth. He did not turn his head when he spoke.

"He's run that fox three years," the youth said. "And now he's killed it. How come he ain't satisfied?"

The older man did not look back. He slouched on his gaunt, shabby mule, his overalled legs dangling. He spoke in a tone of lazy and ironical contempt. "I reckon that's something about gentle-men you won't never know."

"Fox is fox, to me," the youth said. "Can't eat it. Might as well pizen it and save them horses."

"Sho," the other said. "That's something else about them you won't never know."

"About who?"

"Gentle-men." They mounted the ridge and turned into the faint, sandy road. "Well," the older man said, "gentleman or not, I reckon that's the only fox in Cal-lina that ever got itself killed that-a-way. Maybe that's the way they kills a fox up north."

"Then I be durn if I ain't glad I don't live up there," the youth said.

"I reckon so," the other said. "I done got along pretty well here for some time, myself."

"I'd like to see it once though," the youth said.

"I don't reckon I would," the other said, "if living there makes a man go to all this trouble to kill a fox."

They were riding up the ridge, among the pines, the holly bushes, the huckleberries and briers. Suddenly the older man checked his mule, extending his hand backward.

"What?" the youth said. "What is it?"

The pause was hardly a pause; again the older man rode on, though he began to whistle, the tone carrying and clear though not loud, the tune lugubrious and hymnlike; from beyond the bushes which bordered the path just ahead of them there came the snort of a horse. "Who is it?" the youth said. The other said nothing. The two mules went on in single file. Then the youth said quietly, "She's got her hair down. It looks like the sun on a spring branch." The mules paced on in the light, whispering soil, their ears bobbing, the two men sitting loose, with dangling, stirrupless feet.

The woman sat the mare, her hair a bright cloud, a copper cascade in the sun, about her shoulders, her arms lifted and her hands busy in it. The man sat the bay horse a short distance away. He was lighting a cigarette. The two mules came up, tireless, shambling, with drooping heads and nodding ears. The youth looked at the woman with a stare at once bold and covert; the older man did not cease his mellow, slow, tuneless whistling; he did not appear to look at them at all. He appeared to be about to ride past without a sign when the man on the bay spoke to him.

"They caught it, did they?" he said. "We heard the horn."

"Yaas," the man in overalls said, in a dry, drawling tone. "Yaas. It got caught. 'Twarnt nothing else it could do but get caught."

The youth watched the woman looking at the older man, her hands arrested for an instant in her hair.

"What do you mean?" the man on the bay said.

"He rode it down on that black horse," the man in overalls said.

"You mean, there were no dogs there?"

"I reckon not," the other said.

"Them dogs never had no black horses to ride." The two mules had halted; the older man faced the man on the bay a little, his face hidden beneath his shapeless hat. "It crossed the old field and dropped over that ditch-bank and hid, allowing for him to jump the ditch, and then it aimed to double back, I reckon. I reckon it wasn't scared of the dogs. I reckon it had fooled them so much it wasn't worried about them. I reckon he was what worried it. I reckon him and it knowed one another after these three years same as you maybe knowed your maw or your wife maybe, only you ain't never been married none to speak of. Anyway it was on the ditch-bank, and he knowed it was there and he cut straight across the field without giving it no spell to breathe in. I reckon maybe yawl seen him, riding straight across that field like he could see like a hawk and smell like a dog. And the fox was there, where it had done fooled the dogs. But it never had no spell to breathe in, and when it had to run again and dropped over the ditch-bank, it dropped into the briers, I reckon, and it was too tired to get out and run. And he come up and jumped that ditch, just like that fox aimed for him to. Only the fox was still in the briers, and while he was going through the air he looked down and seen the fox and he clumb off the horse while it was jumping and dropped feet first into the briers like the fox done. Maybe it

dodged some then; I don't know. He says it just swirled and jumped at his face and he knocked it down with his fist and trompled it dead with his boot-heels. The dogs hadn't got there then. But it so happened he never needed them." He ceased talking and sat for a moment longer, sloven and inert upon the shabby, patient mule, his face shadowed beneath his hat. "Well," he said, "I reckon I'll get on. I ain't had ne'er a bite of breakfast yet. I'll bid yawl good morning." He put his mule into motion, the second mule following. He did not look back.

But the youth did. He looked back at the man on the bay horse, the cigarette burning in his hand, the plume of smoke faint and windless in the sunny silence, and at the woman on the chestnut, her arms lifted and her hands busy in her bright, cloudy hair; projecting, trying to project, himself, after the way of the young, toward that remote and inaccessible she, trying to encompass the vain and inarticulate instant of division and despair which, being young, was very like rage: rage at the lost woman, despair of the man in whose shape there walked the tragic and inescapable earth her ruin. "She was crying," he said, then he began to curse, savagely, without point or subject.

"Come on," the older man said. He did not look back. "I reckon them hunt breakfast hoe-cakes will be about ready time we get home."



BIOLOGY AND OUR FUTURE WORLD

ITS POSSIBLE EFFECTS ON OUR ENVIRONMENT

BY JULIAN HUXLEY

BIOLOGY is just reaching a stage of development at which it will soon be applied on a large scale in practical affairs.

The most obvious way in which biological science can be made practical is in its effect upon the environment of man. Not only can it influence this or that particular kind of animal or plant, encouraging one, destroying another, remodelling a third, but it must be called in to adjust the balance of nature.

The balance of nature is a very elaborate and very delicate system of checks and counterchecks. It is continually being altered as climates change, as new organisms evolve, as animals or plants permeate to new areas. But in the past the alterations have for the most part been slow, whereas with the arrival of man, and especially of civilized man, their speed has been multiplied many fold: from the evolutionary time-scale, where change is measured by periods of ten or a hundred thousand years, they have been transferred to the human time-scale in which centuries, and even decades, count.

Everywhere man is altering the balance of nature. He is facilitating the spread of plants and animals into new regions, sometimes deliberately, sometimes unconsciously. He is covering huge areas with new kinds of plants, or with houses, factories, slag-

heaps, and other products of his civilization. He exterminates some species on a large scale, but favors the multiplication of others. In brief, he has done more in five thousand years to alter the biological aspect of the planet than nature has done in five million years.

Many of these changes which he has brought about have had unforeseen consequences. Who would have thought that the throwing away of a piece of Canadian water-weed would have caused half the waterways of Britain to be blocked for a decade, or that the provision of pot cacti for lonely settlers' wives would have led to eastern Australia being overrun with forests of prickly pear? Who would have prophesied that the cutting down of forests on the Adriatic coasts or in parts of Central Africa could have reduced the land to a semi-desert, with the very soil washed away from the bare rock? Who would have thought that improved communications would have changed history by the spreading of disease—sleeping sickness into East Africa, measles into Oceania, very possibly malaria into ancient Greece?

These are spectacular examples; but examples on a smaller scale are everywhere to be found. We may make a nature sanctuary for rare birds, prescribing absolute security for all species, and we may find that some common and hardy kind of bird will multiply beyond measure and oust

the rare kinds in which we were particularly interested. We see, owing to some little change brought about by civilization, the startling spread in hordes over the English countryside. We improve the yielding capacities of our cattle, and find that now they exhaust the pastures which sufficed for less exigent stock. We gaily set about killing the carnivores that molest our domestic animals, the hawks that eat our fowls and game birds, and find that in so doing we are also removing the brake that restrains the multiplication of mice and other little rodents that gnaw away the farmer's profits.

In brief, our human activities are everywhere altering nature and its balance, whether we realize it or no, and whether we want to or no. If we do not wish the alterations to be chaotic, disorderly, and often harmful, we must do our best to control them, and constitute new balances to suit our purposes.

The first and most obvious department of control is the conservation of nature and its resources. It is extremely easy to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs; and when the goose is a wild species, once killed it is gone forever. The Maoris killed the moas, of which a number of different kinds used to inhabit New Zealand, for their meat. Sailors exterminated the great auk. The final extinction of the mammoths was in all probability caused by the attacks of our Stone Age ancestors. The white man reduced the bison from an abundance comparable with the abundance of zebra or gnu in Africa, until to-day its precarious remnant has to be looked after like a museum specimen. The fur seals of the Pacific were brought by indiscriminate slaughter to the verge of disappearance and were saved only by international agreement. The huge hordes of whales of the northern seas were harried into insignificance; and

now there is danger that their southern relatives will follow suit. Of the elephants of Africa, according to Major Hingston, ten per cent are killed every year. The marvellous guano deposits of the west coast of South America were being exhausted and have been saved only by the careful regulations at last imposed by the Peruvian Government.

If we want wild creatures to go on providing us with oil, furs, fertilizers, ivory, meat, or sport, we must regulate their affairs as we would regulate a business. We must know where and when they breed, how many young they have, how long they take to grow up, what their natural mortality is and, on the basis of this knowledge, must adjust our exploitation so that it only skims off the natural increase. This has been done for some animals; it can be done for those others that are now in danger of our reckless methods.

But as well as the preservation of particular species, there is the preservation of nature as a whole to think about. If we do not take care, we shall find civilization infiltrating all but the most inhospitable parts of our planet and leaving no regions in their pristine and exhilarating state. It is so easy to kill out game, leaving a country still untamed but sadly barren; to dot the wilderness with straggling outliers of industrialism, leaving it neither wild nor civilized; to cut down forests without making provision for replacement, leaving scrub forests of second growth, as over so much of the United States, or even only bare hillsides; in brief, to mix nature and civilization so that the fine essence of the one is destroyed, of the other not fully realized, and the net result an unsatisfying compromise.

II

The remedy is conscious planning. No one supposes that the game animals

of Africa can everywhere remain as they are, that forests and jungles will not often need to be cut down, or replanted artificially and scientifically, that many swamps should not be drained, many stretches of seacoast turned into holiday towns. But we can delimit different areas for different purposes. Man does not live by bread alone. There is his need for solitude to consider and his scientific interests; there is the recreation and refreshment afforded to him by nature, and the unique excitement and interest of seeing wild creatures.

These needs can all be met if we only take them in time. There are different balances of nature and civilization, each of them admirable in its way, whose preservation can be deliberately planned. We can plan the city so that it provides beauty, ease of movement, varied activities, and a sense of civic pride. We can plan the small town so that it provides a center of life for its area, yet without spoiling the zone of country round it. The real countryside is profoundly artificial, with nature tamed by man; but it represents a particular balance, which has its own unique possibilities of beauty and interest, and it can be guarded from unwarranted intrusions, its peculiar attractions can be preserved, its development can be guided. The half-wild country of moor, mountain, marsh, forest, or seashore can be either entirely reclaimed or kept unspoilt.

When we come to setting aside definite tracts of land for other than material needs, we can plan them with precise aims in view. Some areas should be set apart as specimens of nature, just as we preserve specimens of interesting animals and plants in our museums. These are nature sanctuaries, to which access should be only sparingly accorded, and then mainly for purposes of scientific study. The

prime object here is to keep the original balance as unaltered as possible. Then there are national parks, where nature is conserved not in the interests of the inquiring scientific spirit of man, but in the interests of his love of natural beauty and need of wildness and solitude. The essentials of nature must here be preserved, but a compromise will often have to be struck with the need for making nature accessible. All grades of naturalness can be preserved in national parks, from the unspoilt wildness of the Grisons or the Yosemite to the partially tamed beauties of Sussex downland or the New Forest. And finally, we can provide scheduled areas; for these, while recognizing that their prime purpose is utilitarian, we can introduce regulations which will ensure that their wild life and their other attractions are interfered with as little as may be and that their possibilities of providing recreation and beauty are made plentifully available.

In addition to these main categories, we may establish reserves for special purposes—for bird life, for the preservation of rare or beautiful plants, or even for strange human beings like the pygmies. But in every case we must have in mind just what we want to do and carry out our plans accordingly. In almost every case some degree of control will be needed to preserve this or that balance, for the original balance of nature is gone, destroyed by the mere presence of man on earth; and even in the remotest regions it will rarely be enough to leave everything to nature, for nature almost everywhere has already been in some measure modified by man, and is, therefore, already to that extent artificial. I will give but one illustration. The traveler through East Africa naturally thinks that the great stretches of thorn-scrub country are a part of primeval nature. But much

of it exists by virtue of human interference; if it were not for the black man's cattle, and his habit of burning the bush, it would be woodland, of quite a different character. Those who want other examples will find them in abundance in Ritchie's interesting book, *The Influence of Man on Animal Life in Scotland*. Even to preserve nature we need to have a knowledge of the machinery by which the balance of nature is adjusted, and for that we need a well-developed science of ecology, that branch of biology which studies the relations of wild organisms to one another and to their environment.

But there are other and more practically urgent uses of ecology. This leads on by a natural transition to the other province of ecological biology—its aid not in preserving nature as near her original self as possible, but in controlling and remodeling her to suit the economic purposes of man.

Agriculture is the chief of man's efforts at the biological remodelling of nature. If we reflect that agriculture is less than a paltry ten thousand years old out of the three hundred million years that green plants have been on earth, and that apart from forest fires and perhaps a little occasional clearing, before that there had been no human interference with the natural mantle of vegetation, we begin to grasp something of the revolution wrought by this biological discovery.

But agriculture is, if you like, unnatural; it concentrates innumerable individuals of a single species—and always, of course, a particularly nutritious one—in serried ranks, while nature's method is to divide up the space among numerous competing or complementary kinds. Thus it constitutes not merely an opportunity but a veritable invitation to vegetable-feeding animals, of which the most numerous and most difficult to control are the small, insinuating, and

rapidly multiplying insects. And the better and more intensive the agriculture, the richer becomes the banquet, the more obvious the invitation. Shifting cultivation, with poorly developed crop-plants and plenty of weeds, is one thing; but mile upon square mile of tender, well-weeded wheat or tea or cotton offers the optimum possibilities for the rapid multiplication and spread of any species of insect which can take advantage of man's good nature towards his kind.

Finally, man's insatiable desire for rapid and easy transit has capped the trouble. Evil communications, we all know, corrupt good manners; it is not generally realized how much good communications have done to corrupt the balance of nature.

By accident or intention, animal and plant species find their way along the trade routes to new countries. They are in a new environment, among a new set of competing creatures to whose particular equilibrium of struggle they are not adapted. In such circumstances the majority fail to gain a foothold at all; some survive on sufferance; but a few find in the new circumstances a release instead of a hindrance, and multiply beyond measure. The release may be a release from competitors, as when the mongoose was introduced into one of the West Indian islands, or, more frequently, a release from enemies, whether large and predatory or small and parasitic.

Then it is up to the biologist to see what his knowledge can do. Can he, by studying the pest in its original home, discover what are the other species that normally act as checks on its over-multiplication, make sure that if he imports them to the new country they will not there change their habits and turn into pests themselves, then successfully transport them, and breed them, and let them loose in sufficient numbers to bring the enemy

of the crops down to insignificance? Sometimes he can. Let me give two examples. On Fiji, coconuts have for some time been one of the staple products. Some few decades ago the plantations on one of the main islands were reduced to nutless, leafless poles. That was bad enough; but then, after the War, the plague began to appear on the other and larger main island.

The men are still alive and active who brought prosperity back to Fiji. It had already been discovered that the cause of the trouble was a little moth—very beautiful, with violet wings—whose grubs devoured the leaves of the palm trees; and it prospered so alarmingly because in Fiji it had no parasite enemies. Three biologists were appointed to find a parasite. They searched the remote corners of the Pacific. At last they found, in the Malay States, not the same moth, but a closely related species, which was provided with its natural complement of parasites, notably a kind of fly. It was not easy to bring the parasites the long distance to Fiji, for they do not hibernate, and so must be fed and tended all the time. They had to be provided with living moth-caterpillars, and these, in turn, had to be provided with newly-sprouted coconuts, grown in specially built cages. As there was no direct communication from this part of the Malay States to Fiji, a steamer had to be chartered for the voyage.

By these means, three hundred precious parasitic flies were in 1925 safely landed in Fiji. These were bred on the caterpillars of the Fiji coconut moth, and within twelve months had increased to thirty-two thousand. Then the liberation of the parasites began, and they went to their work with such gusto that by 1928, at least four-fifths of the coconut-moth caterpillars of Fiji were parasitized and, therefore, came to nothing. By 1929

the coconut moth, which threatened to ruin the archipelago, had become reduced to the status of a minor nuisance. Man had readjusted the environment, whose balance he had in the first instance upset.

Then there is the prickly pear in eastern Australia. I remember once hearing a lecture by Doctor Tillyard, now in charge of pest control and related problems in Australia. After he had been talking of the prickly pear for a bit, he drew out his watch. "It is seven minutes," he said, "since I began discussing this subject; during that time another seven acres of Australian land have been covered with this impenetrable and useless scrub." That, however, was five or six years ago. In the meanwhile the research scheme begun by the Australian Commonwealth in 1920 has matured. At their research station established on the American continent—original home of the prickly pear and other cacti—every possible enemy of the cactus was tried out; and at last a mixed team was sent to Australia—a caterpillar to tunnel through the "leaves" (which are really the prickly pear's stems), a plant bug and a cochineal insect to suck its juices, and a mite to scarify its surface. These were the Four Arthropods of the prickly pear's Apocalypse; instead of increasing any longer in Australia, it is now halted, and in many places the thickets are melting away under the combined attack.

III

One could multiply instances. How the sugar cane of Hawaii was saved from its weevil destroyers; how the destruction of North American forests by gipsy-moths was held in check; how an attack is being launched upon the mealy-bugs that are such a pest to Kenya coffee, by massed battalions of lady-birds, bred on a generous

ration consisting of chopped eggs, cream, marmite, honey, and radio-malt. To cope with all the demands for anti-pest organisms a veritable industry has sprung up. There exists near Slough an establishment usually nicknamed the Parasite Zoo, whose prime function is to breed the supply of pest-parasites demanded by the British Empire.

All the spectacular successes have been achieved when a pest has invaded new territory ahead of its enemies. Even in such cases, however, success has not always been attained. Sometimes this may be due to the weakness of human nature; there have been Boards of Pest Control which were not too anxious to find their occupations gone with the going of their particular pest. But leaving such non-biological or hyper-biological considerations on one side, there have been many pests which have so far baffled research. One need only think of the invading thickets of blackberries in New Zealand; of the disease that has recently been blighting the elms in its march across Western Europe, of the spread of the European corn-borer over the United States to the great detriment of the corn crop, of the permanent pest of rabbits in Australia.

Such being the difficulties of the work when reduced to its simplest terms, we should expect to find them far more severe when the pest is an old-established inhabitant of the country. For then it will already possess its full complement of enemies and parasites and exist in a natural equilibrium with them, so that we can have little hope of causing a speedy reduction by the mere liberation of a parasite. And it has become a pest because man has provided, in his own person or in that of his domestic animals or plants, a new and susceptible source of food. Problems of this type

are set to us by malaria, spread by indigenous mosquitoes; human sleeping sickness and nagana disease of cattle, transmitted by tsetse-flies; plague, dependent for its spread upon the ubiquitous rat. In Africa, in the British colonies alone, areas aggregating many times the size of Great Britain are infested by tsetse, and so made uninhabitable by any native population save hunting nomads; since all settled native culture involves the keeping of cattle. In some places the issue is whether man or the fly shall dominate the country; at the present moment the fly's domination in Tanganyika is twice the size of man's. The disease-agents which it transmits—the blood-parasites called trypanosomes—live normally in the blood of game and other wild animals and do them no harm, since host and parasite have become mutually adapted through millennia of selective adjustment; but man and his beasts are new hosts, and are without any such adaptive resistance. In such a case the best remedy seems to be to alter the whole environment in such a way that the tsetse can no longer happily live in it. Most tsetse-flies live in bush country. They cannot exist either in quite open country or in cultivated land or in dense woodland or forest. So that either wholesale clearing or afforestation may get rid of them. Or it may be possible that a change of conditions will favor one of the local parasites and so bring about a new balance between the fly and its enemies. And by studying the precise habits of the creature, efficient methods of trapping may be devised.

That pests of this nature can cease to be serious is shown by the history of malaria and of plague. In various parts of Europe and America, these diseases, once serious, have wholly or virtually died out. And this has happened through a change in human

environment and human habits. Take plague. Modern man builds better houses, clears away more garbage, segregates cases of infectious diseases, is less tolerant of dirt and parasites and, in fine, lives in such a way that his life is not in such close contact with that of rats. The result has been that rats have fewer chances of transmitting plague to man, and that the disease, if once transmitted, has less chance of spreading. With regard to malaria, agricultural drainage, cleanliness, and better general resistance have in many places done as much or more than deliberate anti-mosquito campaigns to reduce or banish the disease.

So, too, typhus disappears with the spread of cleanliness, typhoid with the arrival of a good water supply: and tuberculosis is more likely to be reduced by changed habits as regards fresh air, nourishing diet, and the public attitude to clean milk than by direct attack upon the tubercle bacillus.

All the methods of which I have spoken have this in common—that they attempt to break the power of a pest by altering the rest of the environment, by interfering directly or indirectly with the balances of existing nature so that the conditions were no longer so favorable for the obnoxious species.

But we could attack the problem from another angle. We could alter the very nature of nature, changing the balance not by changing the conditions, but by changing the inherent qualities of the organisms involved. For instance, instead of trying to attack a pest by means of introducing enemies, or altering the environment in which it has to carry on its operations, we can often deliberately breed stocks which shall be resistant to the attacks of the pest. Thus we can now produce relatively rust-proof wheat; and the Dutch have given us spectacular examples of what can be accom-

plished by the thoroughgoing application of Mendelian methods, by crossing a high-yielding but disease-susceptible sugar cane with a related wild species which is disease-resistant and, in spite of the fact that the wild parent contains no trace of sugar, extracting from the cross after a few generations a disease-resistant plant with an exceptionally high yield of sugar.

Ecology here joins hands with genetics. And genetics offers the prospect of the most radical transformations of our environment. Cows or sheep, rubber-plants or beets represent from one aspect just so many living machines, designed to transform raw material into finished products available for man's use. And their machinery can be improved. Modern wheats yield several times as much per acre as the unimproved varieties grown by early and primitive agriculturalists; and of late years, through the deliberate breeding of new types, the range of its successful cultivation has been extended nearly a hundred miles nearer the pole, and far into areas previously considered semi-desert.

Modern cows grow about twice as fast as the cattle kept by semi-savage tribes, and when they are grown produce two or three times as much milk in a year. This has thrown a new strain on the pastures upon which they feed; for if the cow eventually draws its nourishment out of the soil, and if the animal machine for utilizing grass is improved, the plant machine which is responsible for the first stage of the process, of working up raw materials out of earth and air, must be improved correspondingly. Accordingly research is actively in progress not only to discover the best fertilizers for grass but to manufacture new breeds of grass which shall be as much more efficient than ordinary grass as a modern dairy beast is than the aboriginal cow.

Of course, if we choose to give rein to our speculative fancy, there is hardly a limit to the goals to be set to deliberate breeding. Evolution is one long sermon on the text of the infinite plasticity of living matter. Temperament as well as anatomy, habits as well as structure, can be molded by selection. We can breed out high-thyroid and low-thyroid strains of doves, or tame and savage strains of rats, which depend on clear-cut Mendelian differences as much as do blue-eyed or brown-eyed strains of human beings, or the tall and dwarf pea-plants of Mendel himself. If we wished, we could undoubtedly inflict upon other felines what we have already inflicted upon a number of breeds of domestic cat—namely, placid amiability in place of spit-fire ferocity; and we could obtain tigers which in actual fact, and not only in Mr. Belloc's verse, were "kittenish and mild." But such speculations belong to the remoter future; and I leave my readers to pursue them in the pages of Mr. Wells's *Men Like Gods* or Mr. Stapledon's *First and Last Men*. They serve to remind us, however, in moments of discouragement in our more immediate and pedestrian tasks, of the possibilities that do exist, and of the folly of impatience in a world which achieves its real results not in decades but in millennia.

If I have chosen to concentrate largely upon the subject of pests, it is because it brings out so clearly the intricate interrelationships of what we usually call the balances of nature and the possibility of striking achievements provided we build up the ecological science which alone can give us the necessary knowledge. There are plenty of other topics which could as fruitfully have been explored. Selective breeding I have just touched upon. I have hardly mentioned the sea, although it covers three-fifths of the earth's surface and is inhabited in

three dimensions instead of only two like the land. With the invention by Professor Hardy of Hull of the continuous plankton recorder, we now can get a quantitative knowledge of the floating microscopic plants and animals that are at the basis of all the food-economics of the sea; with its aid we could and should prepare a map of the sea, analogous to a vegetation map of the earth, showing the zoning of the raw materials available for fish and whales and of other larger and more humanly interesting life.

Then many microscopic forms of life themselves produce valuable materials; we could begin the deliberate cultivation of useful species of diatoms or filamentous algæ or protophyta with a view eventually to growing them on a large scale in enclosed bays or arms of the sea.

Again, now that Baly has been able to produce sugar (albeit only a trace) out of nothing but water, salts, air, and light, we can look forward to steady progress in the direct synthesis of food-stuffs from inorganic matter. But progress is bound to be slow, and meanwhile we can set our existing methods in order by not wasting any of the essential raw materials used in nature's way of food manufacture by the agency of green plants. At the moment the world is squandering its capital of available phosphorus and nitrogen certainly as fast as Great Britain is spending her accumulated financial capital. The chief way in which we waste it is by discharging our sewage into the sea, whence but little material ever returns to land. Nitrogen can be replaced out of the unlimited resources in the atmosphere now that we have found how to tap those resources and turn them into available form. But there appears to be no reserve source of phosphorus: unless we want our descendants to starve, we must plan the conservation of this essential element.

These few examples must suffice to show the kind of control which man is just realizing he could exert over his environment. But they are enough to give us a new picture—the picture of a world controlled by man. It will never be fully controlled, for man cannot prevent earthquakes or eruptions, control the seasons or the length of day, change the climate of the poles, stop hurricanes or ocean-currents, or tap the resources of the ocean floor; but just as the control exercised by man to-day is far greater than that exerted by any other animal species, so the future control of man will enormously exceed his present powers; and even where he does not control, he will often within limits be regulating or guiding the course of nature; and where he does not guide, he will at least be exploiting in a conscious and

deliberate way. The world will be parcelled out into what is needed for crops, what for forests, what for gardens and parks and games, what for the preservation of wild nature; what grows on any part of the land's surface will grow there because of the conscious decision of man; and many kinds of animals and plants will owe not merely the fact that they are allowed to grow and exist, but their characteristics and their very nature, to human control.

The sea will be mapped in new ways, exploited scientifically without waste and much of it almost certainly will be farmed or cultivated as we cultivate the land, to give a larger yield. And disease-germs, pests, noxious weeds and vermin will be in large measure abolished or at least under the thumb of a scientific humanity.





WEEK-END

A STORY

BY BESSIE BREUER

THE summer lay before her, smooth and shining, untouched, each day to be imprinted with the delicate happiness of being alone together in a country and in a house that like a dream closed round them—an artist and an artist's wife. All the things she had wondered about all her young days and thoughtlessly yearned for, unable to spell through to the mysteries of painting, save in wishing to be near the life creating it, were to be hers.

She had the life, more wonderful, more miraculous, and more simple than any painting, the free, the private life; the lovely house just made for their young love, the lovely land. She gathered the goldenrod flushing the fields just outside her door—to have as much as she wanted, not just a few scentless things sent in by the corner florist—and she carried stacks of it back to the kitchen, all her own, the wood table, blond with scrubbing, so soft, so smooth to the touch. She had never noticed these things before she lived with Edgar. He was teaching her to know the world she had lived in blindly so many years—the miracles of common things. She ran water into the ample-bellied mustard-colored bowl, plunged the sticky, the strawy brittle stems into the dark wetness, ripping off the encumbering leaves with a rough, voluptuous carelessness. The water running over left a deep

brown spreading circle staining the tawny table. And no matter for alarm that either—all the days to run to this deeply stirring, upheld quietness, bright and still, day piling on day, scarcely measured, scarcely felt, like soft down piled on down.

The long, dark living room lay like a cool dream, shot with stripes of sun angling through the long windows—high lights on the dark table. The little objects she arranged and rearranged to have more fun. Heaven on earth, they called it. Beyond in the studio Edgar was painting some flowers she had carelessly arranged in a bowl and a jumble of vegetables—a still life, immortalizing her artistry, he had said, laughing and kissing her, and whispered, “But truly, dear, we hope?”

She had always had a little foolish passion for fussing, her mother called it, with things, moving them around; chairs, tables, and pictures, bunching flowers, enduring the patient complaint of her mother and the tiny jests of her father. Minerva's little funny tricks, they said. Now, she could put odd bits of material, lovely things she had picked from counters just because she liked the odd color or because the design held her. She could play with them in her own home. She could dress herself up, not in nice, ladylike things, but funny, nice little things she made herself out of a few yards of fifteen-cent calico—“This is the sort of thing

you should wear," Edgar said, approving. She was forever surprised and shocked and delighted at the way her husband dismissed those very lovely and expensive things she and her mother had held so dear. So ordinary and so vulgar—so ordinary, he said, just like millions of other little rich girls, he had said. He had thrown that girl away and brought forth to life that other person who hid beneath, the girl who saw the heavy velvet wonder of scarlet tomatoes and brought them into the living room on a lovely green plate instead of shutting them away in the dark, damp vegetable bin. All the little traits she had hid away, Minerva's funny little tricks, were now brought out into the sunlight, caught and held to happiness by her husband's delightful appreciation. That was the wonder of his loving her. He would say, coming in just as she had carelessly placed a green melon and some yellowish unripe pears together in an old wooden bowl, "That's beautiful, darling. Don't touch it. I'll paint it." And she would have to leave it like that. He would bring his paints and easel and canvas into the kitchen, and she would pare her vegetables in the living room, happy, so happy sharing his work. Beauty she was, Edgar said. Beauty itself. Not her face or her body alone. Just the soul of beauty, all these little ways of daily living. Put on canvas they made art. That was what Cezanne and all the rest of them had seen, a woman peeling potatoes, a field, a woman ironing. That was beauty. Oh, the wonder and the richness of her new life! She pitied her mother. The satin coverlets on her mother's day-lounge, the numberless little lace and embroidery pillows, the fretting and spying about servants.

Her mother had been dismayed when she had first come out to the little house at the broad plank floors,

scrubbed clean, the rough stone walls, the sparse simple furniture. She had shuddered a bit, then said gaily, "It will be just like camping, Minerva." And she had come out with the chauffeur and Lena to help her daughter along. It had been rather a strain on Minerva, waiting on the servants, explaining things to her mother, her home and not hers as long as they were in it. It was really a tiny house, just big enough for two—and a guest. So she had had to move things around. She and Edgar had made up a couch in the studio, giving their bedroom to father and mother. The servants—man and wife luckily—squeezed into the tiny guest room. It made the house all different, little and squeezed and inconvenient. Its soul just walked out of it. All the things which made it lovely just for the right two made it inconvenient and awkward for two more and their servants. The alcove sort of kitchen, meant hardly to separate the wife who cooked from the husband who worked, gave them no liberty from the servants. It wasn't so bad when you were moving about. Yet really it was, too, always to be conscious that they were hearing every word; still one could retreat to the studio. But when they ate they heard the two servants eating and murmuring just around the bend in the wall, and they too murmured and said nothings, their minds half on what was going on in the kitchen.

"No privacy," said Edgar, retreating to the studio and not coming out except at mealtime. It wasn't fair of him, she thought, to leave all the adjustments to her. He might realize how hard it was for her to be host to her own mother and father and yet not host—a funny situation, to have to bend to their every well-meant suggestion because, after all, it was their present and they were paying for it. They had given them the house and

the summer, and she was really very grateful. Her father didn't approve of Edgar's painting, but he had given them the summer, and then if Edgar's painting didn't sell, he'd have to go to work in the office.

It wasn't the same, of course, as being alone. The house with its magic retreated from her; Edgar retreated from her, just sitting and staring at his canvas or going off to sketch by himself and coming back with nothing, or puttering about, smoking endlessly, being nice enough in a formal way to her parents, but a worried pucker always between his eyes; the laughter, the quick fun gone—like the house itself, a stranger.

They were to leave Monday morning. When all the bags were packed and placed just so in the car; when the dark, polite, too polite servants in black had finally got past the door and sat frozen yet alive in the car, and she had again and again reassured her mother that she would manage, that she would not work too hard, that she would take care of herself, Father said, "She's never done a thing before," his look flicking the young man. Oh, would they never stop rubbing in his ignominy and his helplessness! They had been through all that time after time before she married, and yet it was never settled. "I love housework. It's more fun than anything I've ever done before," she cried sharply. Finally the last wave of the hand, the last good-by as the car turned into the main road.

What a let-down! As though one had been on a bat and felt guilty, she thought as she turned back to the empty house. They went in; it was so suddenly bare, empty of the dark, heavy forms that had filled it, it seemed just a dark, empty, rough barn of a place. The kitchen was piled with dishes, and the table in the living room too. They had had to make an early

start so that her father could get to the office on time.

It was noon before everything was cleared and cleaned, before they had moved their things back into their bedroom again. It was night before the strangeness wore out of the house and it took on the appearance and the feeling of lovely carelessness and richness again. The maid had moved fruit and vegetables back into their proper bins with prim, frowning severity, set the candelabras and lamps neatly in a row on the mantel. A whole day lost again, she said to Edgar. Lost again and never to come back, he spluttered violently. A whole day? A Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday—four days, no work, his mood busted completely, he said. The same thing happened last week and two weeks ago. "If your people keep these benevolent visits up, the summer's shot to hell for me, and my work's done for." His work, more precious, more near the center of his life than she! Jealous and hurt, she answered, "They mean well."

"Yes, the benevolence of rich despots is always well-meaning and invariably destructive of art. You have to pay for it with your life—the only coin they are interested in."

She said nothing, and they went to bed, silent, each hugging his side of the bed.

The next morning their own room and the rose dawn over the dark hills gave them back their own quietness and magic again. The still dawn washed her into his arms again. How strange marriage was that it should make her over in two short months into a being forever different and apart from the two people she had known and loved for twenty-four years! Now they were really strangers to her, to her life and her mood. Her very body, long and delicate and sharp, was softened to roundness by the golden man by her side. Now alone,

naked, they ran down to the brook. Naked and alone in their very own woods, in their very own stream. Cold the water, and yet giving back heat for cold, heat springing from the veins, flushing their white bodies and making them shout and jump and run, racing to the house, yelling with exultation. Mother would be shocked at the very idea, she thought mischievously as she dressed rapidly. She half-wished that her mother could have seen them that she might finally and forever shock that gentle creature into an understanding, final and lifelong, of what she in her own self was and what she loved—not forever half-hiding the truth of the brutal and lovely realities of her new life. She felt that she already knew and experienced a world of sensations, physical and spiritual, that had never touched her mother, virginal and innocent and narrow and pure.

They raced getting dressed; this time she beat and ran down to the kitchen. Sweet kitchen, sweet place for me alone, she exulted, for me and my life—as long as these days last. I shall make them perfect. I shall keep your kettle boiling and your hearth swept clean. I shall brush the cobwebs from the walls. In these little ways I shall weave the song of your loveliness. A song you will remember long when I am gone, but never gone, really, never in this life, she sang, meanwhile plumping the grapefruit heavily on the table and cutting it tenderly. He loved grapefruit. The thin toast, the bacon, the coffee itself her very own and different from the coffee made by unloving servants' hands, hot and clear, and now she fairly ran into the living room and shoved a little table to the open sunny bay of French windows—a lovely cloth she would lay, her prettiest one, the dark coffee-colored linen square with the heavy rough lace edge. She stepped out the window and into

the garden for a few narcissuses to stick in a long green Murano glass. She surveyed the whole scene, delicate and beautiful, bathed in sun and freshness, like their love.

"Hurry," she called. "Breakfast. It's a party for just us." She, the helpless one, always catered to, placed their chairs, brought the coffee to her blond god, this creature come out of his week-end moodiness, her lover come back to her.

"This is heaven," he said and again, "Heaven," and kissed her hands.

Oh, sweet life again. Heaven with the white morning sunlight of summer, the suspended liquid air. Heaven, the silence. Heaven, his hands touching hers. Heaven, the food. Heaven on earth he had made for her, just a spoiled rich girl living in a duplex apartment on Park Avenue, going to Europe every year, visiting art galleries with a special guide (she flushed at the memory as at some dark vulgarity), going the cultural rounds with her kind, her lost and gentle mother. The lessons in art, in dancing, in piano, all meaningless. And her empty, wondering life, until this happened. Heaven, and a new sharp meaning to life from this queer, beautiful and moody young man. . . .

Wednesday, Thursday, and again their own life gathered into its accustomed tempo, sang for them. Friday morning early the telephone, seldom calling them, rang. She answered. There was a pause. "New York calling," she said to her husband. He frowned. Sweetly, politely she spoke her words then faced him.

"They're coming out again this evening," she said.

"Until Monday?" he asked quietly, terribly.

"Yes. And they're bringing Aunt Fanny, who is up from Richmond."

"Charming," he said. "Charming."

Open sesame. Close sesame. Like

magic the house grew dark to them, although if they had noticed it, the sun was shining as brightly as before. They wasted the day, nervous, irritable, eating their dinner half abstractedly, with somewhat the air of criminals waiting for the bailiff, waiting to hear the soft sudden buzz of a motor car into their quiet woods, the quick knock and the door opening even before the answer on two impassive faces, the bringers of doom, Mr. and Mrs. Coakley, chauffeur and cook, strict Presbyterians, who did not even greet them, loaded up to the eyes with bags, which they set down inside the door, going out into the dark for more. And then the loud, cheerful voice of Father, cheerful with the consciousness of something tremendous achieved, Father, tall and breezy, filling the door, the room, cheerful with love of himself for his immense power, for his goodness to his daughter. Kissing his daughter, he called back, "Careful down the steps there, Aunt Fanny." Aunt Fanny, a large, white, helpless woman, and Mother, piloting her, Mother a bit tired, and anxious about everything. The murmurs and movements of five persons settling themselves into their own haunts, taking possession of their little corners. Mother, finally finished with settling Aunt Fanny for the night, coming down to the table with an armful of paper napkins, saying, "How did you manage all week without help? But now, thank goodness, we'll take care of you for a few days." Undoing a package, she began to fold the paper napkins in it. "We might as well have these ready," she said, "even though we are roughing it; there is plenty to do in a house like this," and went on working away rapidly, and no one offering to help.

"Have a cigar, Edgar," said Father, making himself comfortable in the easy chair he had sent out from town because there was not one chair here a per-

son could take his ease in. He brought out his market reports, set the portable radio at his elbow to bleating and blubbing, and the week-end was on.

"Well, how's the art coming on?" he asked his son-in-law. "Got some stuff finished that'll make a bang? You ought to have a pile of pictures done by now. I wish I had your luck. Nothing to do but slap on paint all day long." Harmless enough, he thought his son-in-law. Queer fellow, the last person he'd pick out to be in his family. But Minerva had met him somewhere around with her friends. You never know what those kids run into or where they go. Women are queer, all of them. You never know what they're thinking of. Come to that, you never know what your own wife is, come to that. Well, he'd see them through the summer, give them this freedom to be artists they talked so much about. But if he didn't come through and make money with his pictures he'd have to go into the office. He drew a deep breath of satisfaction. Anyhow the girl was looking good. He didn't know any other man who would have stood for such nonsense, when there had been plenty of chaps who could take good care of her, always after her, too. Maybe he'd been a fool to give in, but he'd always been a fool about her, given her every advantage, tutors, clothes, her own car, everything, and then she picks up this penniless fellow—an artist of all things—and got so sick, and so stubborn he had to give in, or he didn't know what would have happened to her. Funny thing, she was so happy now; though it must be hard as the devil on her.

Good thing they brought Lena and Gordon. They helped out a lot over the week-end. The poor kid couldn't manage alone. Plucky, used to a house full of servants to do for her, and now holding the fort all by herself.

Funny how he had got to like coming out and puttering about the place, going to the village and picking the food off the shelves in the grocery store and adding it up and paying for it all by himself. He liked it all, the house, the country, the little village. Might not be such a bad idea to spend a few weeks here this summer. No fuss, no dressing up, no bother of country clubs; and they could be with Minerva, just living the quiet life. Better than going up to Maine, or even Carlsbad. He felt better here. Braced him up, this puttering around the place. He warmed up. Yes, come to think of it, it wasn't such a bad idea. He'd bring the servants out, and it would be a rest for Minerva. They'd rough it. And mother could come east and stay out there with them. She was getting old and was lonesome for him. They'd manage. She liked the country, just roughing it.

His thoughts drifted lazily with the ebb and flow of his cigar. How pretty that girl of his was, sitting there, a married woman. A married woman. It gave him a queer feeling. She looked suddenly tired, poor kid, working too hard.

"How long are you staying?" she asked quietly. She seemed tired, poor kid, and sad. Overdoing it.

He took in her suspended, anxious face. Lean, dark, beautiful. Got race, by God! Looks like me.

"Why, I expect till Tuesday," he answered. "Yes, I can stay this time till Tuesday. They'll telephone me if anything breaks. Pretty nice, isn't it?"

"Yes, that will be nice," she answered.

Gone Minerva's summer, gone their one chance.

"Yes, it will be nice," her mother echoed.





JEWS GO TO COLLEGE

BY HAROLD A. WOODRUFF

OF ALL problems of racial adjustment the most acute and widespread is that of the Jew in the Christian community. The fusion of the Semitic and the northern races has always been difficult; it is no less so now than it was in the Middle Ages, even though in the twentieth century the conflict is not so violent and open. In America it is difficult to look through a newspaper without encountering some allusion to Christian discrimination against the Jews: this hospital is attempting to eliminate Jewish physicians from its staff, this university is refusing Jews its privileges, this seaside resort is making a drive against them. The magazines are filled with essays on the subject of Jewish and Christian relationships. Usually these are *apologies* written by Jews, defenses which depict the unfairness of Christian domination and exclusiveness. Dozens of novels deal with the same vital topic, and even the drama reflects an interest in the place of the Jew in the American scene.

Although newspapers are sometimes sensational in their reports of anti-Semitic sentiment, and sensitive Jews sometimes see discrimination where none was meant, every Jew and every Christian knows that the chasm between the races is broad and deep. I do not know what would be said to a Christian who would try to register in a Jewish hotel; I know very definitely what would happen to a Jew who would try to secure a room in a Chris-

tian hotel. I have heard real estate salesmen justify the inflated valuations placed on the properties on their list with the remark, "Of course there are no Jews in this neighborhood." I have seen the ranking scholars in a college graduating class unable to secure good positions because they were Jews, while at the same time intellectually inferior Christians were being placed easily. Everybody is familiar with the "Christians only need apply" of the advertisements for positions to be filled. I am not concerned here with the why and the wherefore of these discriminations; I am merely asserting them as facts before taking up in more detail the problem of the young Jew in the American college. For the cleavage between Jew and Gentile in the social and business world outside the college is clearly reflected in those institutions of learning which exist, if we are to believe the Commencement orator, for the sole purpose of supplying America with great leaders.

The problem of the Jew in the Christian college did not reach the newspaper stage until after the War. Then, almost overnight, it seemed, there came a stampede for the colleges. Small and struggling institutions of a few hundreds became large universities of as many thousands. Presidents, deans, and senior professors no longer made spring scouting trips to the preparatory schools; they remained in their offices and considered gravely what to do with the embarrass-

ing flood of eager youngsters who were knocking at their gates. Laboratories were being swamped, classrooms overcrowded, teachers crushed with heavy schedules. And at the same time the university dollar was shrinking alarmingly. What should be done? Up went the admissions requirements—but the flood did not abate. Obviously the members of the freshman class would have to be chosen on other grounds than that of scholarship alone. If the universities existed to make leaders for society, perhaps the incoming students might be selected on the basis of their capacity for leadership. Were they good mixers, did they make a good appearance, were they able to meet others easily, were they loyal to their preparatory school, energetic, independent, broad-minded? In came the psychological tests and the long questionnaires to determine these qualities, and in came the personal interview as a method of selection. The state universities, committed for the most part to a policy of admitting all graduates of State high schools, had to struggle with the flood of students as best they might. The endowed or private universities and colleges, on the other hand, were in a different situation. They could and felt that they must limit the enrollment. There was not enough cake to go around; they must see that it went to the most worthy. How were they to choose?

Faced with the task of rejecting a large percentage of applicants who were well qualified academically for college work, the admissions committees of the endowed colleges found themselves reflecting the social and racial prejudices of the communities which the colleges served. The members of the committee were caught rather pathetically between two forces. As educators and public servants of an enlightened democracy that had written "all men are created free and equal" into its

political creed, they could make no unjust discriminations. To an educator a student is a student—not a Jew or a Gentile, a black man or a white. As educators, then, they could draw no race lines. Rather comically, however, in sorting over the applicants for admission they found themselves forced to act not as educators but as agents of a prejudice-charged society. Most of the pressure came from the alumni. "See here," insisted *vox alumni*, "the college belongs to us. You educators are only trustees. This institution was built on a Christian foundation for us and our descendants; its buildings were erected by Christian gifts; our subscriptions maintain it and pay your salaries. We agree to your making restrictions, for these seem necessary, but beware how you reject our sons and daughters, or even how you admit to the privileges reserved for them too many of a people with whom we prefer not to have our children associate." The deans went into an anxious huddle. Keep down the Jewish percentage, but do not *seem* to be doing so was the order; admit a limited number of *white* Jews, but close your doors to the others.

It was unfortunate that in making these discriminations most Christian colleges did not have the courage to be honest and aboveboard. "Seek the truth," they preached to their students, "and the truth shall make you free." But at the same time many admissions committees were employing devious rejection schemes and justifying the barring of Jewish applicants by various specious arguments. I have seen college administrators exchanging in whispered conferences their ideas as to the best methods of "controlling" the Jewish invasion, just as cotton-growers might confer on the control of the boll-weevil. Where the colleges were forced to explain what they were doing they advanced elaborate justifi-

cations. "The college must develop an aristocracy of brains," said one administrator. "Just as the government is applying the principle of restricted immigration, so are we admitting races on a percentage basis; if Jews form only twenty per cent of the community, why should we admit more than that percentage to our overcrowded halls?" Of course, the joker in these arguments was that in all cases they involved a definite discrimination against Jews; the aristocracy of brains was to be a Christian aristocracy, and at no time was it suggested that if it were logical to admit Jews in terms of their proportion in a social group, it would also be logical to apply the ratio plan to Christians. Seldom were Jewish students told the real basis of admission, although occasionally the authorities were forced to be open. The chairman of the admissions committee of a widely known women's college told me, for example, of his difficulties in dealing with a Jewish girl who had applied for admission to the college dormitory. "It was impossible," he said, "to admit her; if we had done so we could not have rented rooms to the parents of Christian girls, and we needed the money badly. We looked at her high school record—it was all A's and B's. We sent her to the college physician for a going over—he reported her a perfectly healthy young animal. Finally we had to tell her that we simply could not rent a room to a Jewess." Such episodes were, however, exceptional; ordinarily the Jewish student was star-chambered or rejected—officially—for some other reason than that of his race. When the rejected Jew saw Christian students of his high school admitted while he was not, he went away puzzled and hurt. Even when his rejection had a perfectly legitimate basis of low scholarship or questionable character, he was slow to believe that he was not

being cut off from college privileges because of his blood.

A less stiff-necked race of people or one less accustomed to endure discriminations might not have survived this treatment. But the Jews kept applying for admission to the very colleges that were rejecting them. I sometimes think that their desire to matriculate in an institution varies directly with the desire of the college authorities there to keep them out or to "control" them. I do not know whether or not the percentage of Jewish students in Gentile colleges in America is higher now than it was twenty-five years ago. Such statistical information is, indeed, impossible to obtain for two very good reasons: the colleges are not publishing the facts of their Jewish percentages, and even if they wished to do so, they could not rely upon their own records because the admission cards do not always tell the truth. Since society has generally accepted the tradition that the fewer the Jewish students in a college, the better the college, officers of administration are as slow to admit that there is a large Jewish student group as agents of exclusive real estate developments are to acknowledge the presence of Hebrew property owners. "Oh, yes," the college officials say airily, "we have a few of the better Jews." But they decline to be pinned down to facts and figures. Even if they were willing to give out information, it is very doubtful if they could do so accurately because of the circumstance that Jewish students frequently assume the protective coloring of Gentiles in order to obtain Gentile privileges. Sometimes they become perfectly good Protestants for the purposes of registration. And their names often reveal nothing of their race: thus Abraham S. Schoenberg becomes A. Stewart Mountain; Isaac Postrelsky, I. Post; and Rebecca R. Cohen, Ruth Cooper.

This camouflage, Christians might say, is dishonest enough in itself to justify rejection of the student. But the same critics would hardly condemn the fathers of these boys and girls for escaping a Russian pogrom by disguise. Moreover, in the contest between Christian college officials and Jewish applicants the tricks, as has been said, are not all on the side of the Jews.

If there are no reliable figures for the Jewish student population, it is, nevertheless, certain that there are enough Jews in American colleges to form a highly significant group. Furthermore, it is certain that there will continue to be. Jews have a persistent way of getting what they want. They are the most intellectually eager people in the world, ready to suffer and to starve, if necessary, for the privileges of an education; and if an American college degree is one of their objectives, they can be counted upon to get it in spite of the opposition of a Christian society and the denials of deans and admissions committees. It is really time, therefore, for Christian colleges to face the facts squarely, to stop being over-anxious concerning the admission of Hebrews, and to give some attention to the problems of the Jewish student and to an analysis of what he has to contribute to the social and educational economy of the college. This last is what I shall try to do in the following paragraphs. What are the Jewish student's peculiar problems and difficulties? What are his racial, as distinct from his individual, characteristics, and how do his racial traits clash with the Christian traditions of the college? And what spiritual and social elements, finally, can he contribute to the college?

Such an analysis presents, I admit, many difficulties. My justification for attempting it at all is that both as college administrator and teacher I have worked with Jewish students for

a quarter of a century in five American universities of the Middle West, Pacific Slope, South, and Atlantic Coast. I believe that my attitude toward them is unmarked by any racial or religious prejudices whatever. As a matter of fact, although they possess certain traits which I cannot admire, I prefer them as students to the members of any other racial group which I have taught. It is my purpose, therefore, to present some of their characteristics and problems in as scientific and unbiased a manner as I can.

II

It would be easy to demonstrate that the orthodox Jewish student has his difficulties in harmonizing his religious practices and the necessities of living in a Christian social group. Thus he finds it difficult to attend classes on Saturday, to eat in a non-kosher student commons, to avoid conflicts between his religious holidays and the examination schedules of his college. I have had such students refuse to eat with me although I proposed going to a kosher restaurant; I have seen them restricted in the cafeteria to sandwiches wrapped in paraffin-paper; I have helped them get extensions on examinations that conflicted with some religious observance. Nevertheless, there are relatively few Jewish students who are so strictly orthodox that they cannot make these adjustments. The basic difficulty which the Jewish student faces is not religious but racial. It comes in the circumstance that he finds himself caught between two impulses to conform, that of his college and that of his race and his family.

The Christian college bears the stamp of the Christian society which it serves, and its slow changes lag behind but gradually adjust to modifications in the larger world outside.

President Wilson once defined the college as "a place for the mind," and others have condemned the "side-shows" provided by athletics and fraternity life. Most educators agree, but most Christian alumni do not; to them a college education must contain a social development as well as a less important element in class work and study. The American Babbitt envisages the college as a place in which his sons can be made into sublimated Babbitts. He wants the college atmosphere and the student groups to be after his own ideals—and for the most part they are. There are no conformists quite so unwilling not to conform as Christian college students. Even when they think that they are being most wild and irregular, they are scrupulously, if sometimes unwittingly, following college patterns and traditions and aping one another's manners and habits. Not to conform is the first of the deadly sins in college, and freshmen who do not submit rapidly enough to the college mold are hazed and bullied into it. On the whole, however, since conformity to the standard American pattern is bred in their bones, they find it easy and delightful. For college society and that from which the students have come to college are in essential harmony.

But if this is true of most of the Christian students, it is not true of most of the Jewish students. The Christian's traditions make it easy for him to fit into the Christian college; the Jew's traditions make it hard for him to do so. The college would pour him into its mold; his racial traditions would keep him as he is. I am sometimes amused at the inconsistency of the Jewish accusation that Christians are exclusive; for the Jewish people are probably the most exclusive in the world. So powerful is their racial solidarity that they can live for generations in a country without losing their basic

culture and essential characteristics. They are the world's most ardent separatists, their Court of the Gentiles is a very real institution, and their rabbis and intellectual leaders are constantly preaching and teaching the necessity of preserving the ancient Jewish culture against the infiltration of other cultures. In the American college there is, as far as I know, only one student organization deliberately designed to develop in young minds a single racial culture; this is the Menorah Society. The Menorah is not essentially a religious society, like the Catholic Newman Club; its objective is to inculcate Jewish traditions and Jewish culture. Although its membership is open to Gentiles (I am myself an honorary member), it exists for the purpose of spreading Hebrew ideals, a purpose entirely laudable in itself but not calculated to promote the fusion of two cultures. Through it and through the leaders of Judaism the Jewish student is urged never to forget that he is a Jew and heir to the faith and the philosophy of his ancestors.

Thus the Jewish student finds himself at cultural crossroads. His mind not infrequently becomes a battleground between two impulses, that to conform to his Christian environment and to be accepted on equal terms with the Christian students, and that, on the other hand, to adhere to his Hebrew heritage and to be different from the Christians. By telling him to stay on his own side of the line, the Christians do little to help him find his balance. Furthermore, the ideals of his race run so deep in his blood that he is not always aware of the differences in attitude between himself and the Christian student.

The feeling of racial solidarity which tends to keep a Jew a Jew produces what Gentiles superficially refer to as clannishness, but what is really much deeper. Jews cling together, in col-

lege and out, because they are essentially gregarious and because they feel a protection against Christian aggression in the unconscious organization of the Jewish community. There is no freemasonry as strong as this support which they give to one another. In college elections I have seen Jewish students vote for Jewish candidates because they were Jews. I have seen them attach themselves to Jewish instructors for the same reason. I am not suggesting that with the two cultures clashing as they do, the Christian students are any less unwilling to stand together; I believe, however, that the bond between Jew and Jew is much stronger than that between Christian and Christian, and that until both cultural groups can see each other simply as fellow-students, there can be no real unity between them.

One very strong element in Jewish culture which differentiates it from modern Christian culture is the cohesiveness of the Hebrew family. To the Jewish child the fifth commandment, the "first one with a promise," is very real; from the Christian decalogue it seems, unfortunately, almost to have faded out. Modern living conditions are sometimes blamed for the so-called "break-up of the American home." It is significant, however, that the solidarity of the Jewish home has triumphed over the necessities of cliff-dwelling. One is led, therefore, to suspect that there is an essential difference in the domestic relationships of Jewish and of Christian families. From what I have observed, the family ties in a Jewish home are much stronger than in a Christian home. The Christian parent, indeed, has a theory that it is not well for a child's development that he stay too long in the parental nest; hence for his own sake the young man is sent away from home to his college, thrown upon his own more or less, and freed from home

interference. The Jewish parents, on the contrary, cling more closely to their children, tend to keep them at home, if possible, during the college days and even afterwards, and interfere frequently—and often stupidly—in their children's affairs. When a college admits a Christian applicant, it admits an individual; when it admits a Jewish applicant, it admits a family. This family control of the Jewish son and daughter it is difficult for the Christian boy and girl to understand. A Christian student would be greatly embarrassed if his mother were to visit the dean with him; he may be very fond of his parent, but he does not wish to be thought of as an unweaned "mamma's boy." He views with astonishment, therefore, and with some disgust the sight of his Jewish friend trailing his mother into the dean's office, as though the boy were still in short trousers and in the grades. These intrusions into the college affairs of their sons and daughters are so frequent in many urban universities as often to become intolerably annoying to college officials.

It would be unfair to say that the keen interest which Jewish parents take in the college affairs of their children is always unwelcome to the administrators and professors. Certainly the home pressure toward the goal of a college degree is better than the almost total lack of concern which the Christian parents sometimes affect. But I have frequently seen Jewish parents in a fair way to wreck their children's careers because of their meddling. The Christian parent, as a usual thing, wants his child to find his own career; the Jewish parent, on the contrary, has a tendency to select the child's career for him—usually some business or profession for the boy and a good marriage for the girl. Too often, therefore, the college administrators have to deal with Jewish

boys who are being pushed by overzealous or selfish and stupid parents into professions for which they have no aptitude and no appetite. Such boys, finding themselves between parental duty on one hand and personal inclination on the other, are wretchedly unhappy and not infrequently fail in their courses. The eagerness of the Jewish parent leads him, moreover, to set up his authority over the boy against that of the college. The parents may believe, for example, that if they are spending good money for their child's education, the least that the child can do is to study all of the time. The idea of the Christian administrators that young people should combine physical exercise and social recreation with study many of these drudging Jewish parents cannot understand. I recently heard a dean answer the question, "What is the chief problem with your Jewish students?" with the one terse word, "Parents." Often the college has to decide between the boy and the parents, and it usually sides with the boy. Not once but many times I have seen college authorities quietly assisting Jewish boys in various ways to secure some measure of independence from meddling parents.

The unwillingness of Jewish parents to permit their children to escape from the family circle is frequently carried even beyond the student's undergraduate days. The difficulty which the college employment bureaus have in securing positions for Jewish graduates is by no means decreased by this circumstance. During the recent days of serious unemployment throughout the country I managed with much trouble to find some good openings for our Jewish seniors only to have the boys tell me that they could not possibly leave home and Manhattan. Such a lack of independence and of the spirit of adventure makes it hard to assist Jewish students.

Racial solidarity and family cohesiveness on the one side, and the traditions of a Christian college on the other provide, then, for an array of forces which create for the Jewish student genuine spiritual conflicts. He has, furthermore, certain racial traits which interfere with his adjustment to his environment, and which set him apart from his Christian fellow students. A few of the most marked of these I will attempt to define.

III

Jews are naturally intelligent and industrious. They can drudge endlessly and put up with great suffering and privation without losing their vision of better things. It is characteristic of their old men to dream dreams and of their young men to see visions. With such blood in their veins it is not surprising that Jewish students are almost always ambitious and assiduous. There are, of course, dull Jews; there are even occasional lazy Jews; but it must be remembered that I am writing not of individuals but of the race. Taken as a whole, Jewish students study the hardest and need the least prodding of all. Unlike many Christian students, they seldom seem bored with learning, and their thirst for knowledge is insatiable. On a basis of pure scholarship the Jewish applicant for admission to college can more than hold his own against the Christian student; it is this circumstance more than any other that drove the Christian college administrators to the various unacademic changes in the admission requirements.

It might be expected that the assiduity of the Jew would arouse the admiration of his Christian classmates; on the whole the opposite is true. Overzeal at one's books is not regarded by the average Christian as a desirable thing; to call a college man a "greasy

grind" is to insult him by suggesting that he does nothing but plug at the printed symbols on the textbook page and become as a result uncompanionable and narrow-minded. "All Jews are greasy grinds," said a Christian junior to me the other day, "and who wants to be like them?" I doubt if any Jewish student would feel insulted by the epithet; home pressure, natural inclination, and a hungry ambition urge them on, and it is small wonder that they secure more than their quota of academic distinctions. Moreover, even though some Christian students of the old country-club-college type pretend to disdain such hard work, there can be little doubt that the Jewish students, by setting a sharp academic pace, have raised the standards of scholarship with the result that requirements both for admission and for graduation are higher now than they were a generation ago, and college students are more serious-minded than were their college fathers. The Jews have not been alone responsible for this desirable change, but I think that they have unquestionably contributed much to it.

Jews are primarily *indoor* people; they are essentially studious but not athletic. Christians of the northern races, on the contrary, are for the most part an *outdoor* people; they are essentially athletic but not especially studious. In these differences lies another conflict between the two cultures. There are, of course, many good athletes among the Jews, just as there are many good students among the Christians. Nevertheless, the Jews are not interested primarily in outdoor sports, and it is difficult even to get them to take enough physical exercise to keep their bodies in good condition. The hardier northerners, on the other hand, often go to the extreme of neglecting their brains to develop their brawn. I cannot think of any single circum-

stance, at least until very recent years, which would do more to cut a college man off from his fellows than a negative attitude toward the accepted cult of college sports. For a student to admit that he really did not care whether his college won the great game or not, and that he found the ballyhoo of it all quite futile and devoid of significance would be for him to produce his own ostracism as one who did not fit into the herd. And yet few Jewish students are thrilled by the conventional mob emotionalism of the grandstands. It is impossible to say how much effect this negative attitude toward college sports has had. It is noticeable, however, that those universities which have been among the first to introduce the recent reforms in athletic control have large Jewish enrollments. The physical inertia of the average Jewish student is highly undesirable; he needs exercise to balance the intensity of his mental efforts. It is generally conceded, however, that the commercialization of college sports has gone too far, and that athletic students and not student athletes should be the objective of the physical training departments. Perhaps Jew and Christian may meet on this middle ground.

Although Jewish students are on the whole indifferent to the mass excitement of the football stands, they are, nevertheless, much more emotional than Christian students, who are frequently disgusted with Jewish effusiveness. The Christian, indeed, is often stolid to the point of being bored and inert; he suspects emotions and is embarrassed at any display of feeling. The descendants of the Germans, the Scandinavians, and the New Englanders whom I taught in a university in the Middle West would have little use for the Wailing Wall of Jerusalem; most of my Jewish students, on the contrary, would enjoy it. It is the

tradition of the Christian student never to make an emotional display; the Jewish student does so without any embarrassment unless he feels some shame at what he sees is a violation of the Christian code. I have had great hulking lads blubber in my face because of a low grade, and have found it difficult to believe that such a display of feeling and self-pity is not weakness but racial habit no different from the wailing and weeping at Yom Kippur. But the northerner would die rather than display his emotions in the dean's office. Although the Christian may be inclined to believe that the Jew is less brave than his stoical fellow student, I doubt if more can be said than that the two are different. I am not sure, in fact, that in some respects the Jew with his emotionalism and volatility does not have some advantage over the Christian. Certainly that coldness which kept the Christian boys of the Middle-western university where I taught out of classes in literature is not to be preferred to that warmth of feeling which drove my Jewish boys in another institution into them. The Jew is not ashamed to respond to a poem or to have his eyes fill at the beauty of a painting or a sculpture. Jews are frequently called thick-skinned; on the contrary, they are the most thin-skinned and sensitive race in the world, easily hurt and readily moved to a display of emotion that is none the less genuine because to the more restrained Christian it seems to have a shallow basis.

It is always interesting to see how a characteristic which is attractive under certain conditions becomes the opposite under other circumstances. Thus a man who sides with you is *firm*; one who sides against you is *stubborn*. And so it is that the stiff-necked persistence of the Jewish student seems admirable when applied to his studies and pestiferous when it appears in his repeated

efforts to wangle some concession from dean or professor. Few Jews are willing to accept an official "no" without argument, and it is perhaps this trait in their character which Christians admire least. Like the lady in "Hamlet," the Jewish student "doth protest too much." He doth protest against his class assignments, against the requirements for his courses, against his grades—especially against his grades. To a Christian student it seems like good sportsmanship to take what is coming to him and to say nothing about it. The student's eternal privilege, of course, is to grumble at teachers, courses, and grades; few Christian students, however, would be willing to argue endlessly with an instructor over the justice or injustice of a term mark. Yet Jewish students made such a practice of this refusal to accept the instructor's judgment in one institution in which I taught that an order had to be issued from the dean's office that instructors were not to announce grades to students. I have often wondered just why Jewish students are so persistent in this particular, why they stoop to nagging and teasing like so many children for pennies or candy. I have concluded that it is just their way of doing things. The Jew is born protesting; often he can get justice in a Christian community only by protesting. The students' parents argue and plead emotionally for concessions in the same manner (I know this, for I have spent many hours listening to their petitions), and their children follow the tradition. Sometimes I suspect that they argue on principle without any real expectation of obtaining a concession—argue because they enjoy the debate for its own sake. But whatever their motive, college professors do not like their attempts to make college standards and college grades matters of bargain and negotiation.

IV

At Commencement something like one quarter of one per cent of the nation's population don black gowns for the first and the last time and rise in their youthful strength to receive the sign that they are highly educated and ready to take their places among the leaders of the country. "By virtue of the authority vested in me," chants the presiding officer somewhat wearily, "I hereby confer upon you these various degrees with all the rights, privileges, and prerogatives thereunto appertaining." And the mob sits down educated. What are these "rights, privileges, and prerogatives thereunto appertaining"? I have often wondered. Only one seems to stand out distinctly: each newly fledged graduate has the privilege of contributing annually for an indefinite period to the college cash-box. And from the point of view of college officers wrestling with a budget that refuses to balance, these considerations are highly important. An undergraduate is a liability because he consumes more than he contributes; an alumnus, on the other hand, costs the university nothing to maintain, so that whatever he contributes is "pure gravy" and often very rich gravy at that. Will he make a good alumnus? is, therefore, a very important question to ask about an undergraduate.

Does the Jew make a good alumnus? Perhaps it is too early to make a reliable answer, for the percentage of Jewish alumni of any but recent years is not very large in very many universities. Ten, fifteen, twenty years hence the alumni campaign committees may be able to report more accurately as to whether or not the Jewish alumni are contributing as well as the Christians. Of one thing, however, I feel already certain: Jews have the capacity for expressing their loyalty

to an institution by very substantial and generous gifts. No one who knows the record of Jewish charities and the unselfish and overflowing generosity of dozens of noble Jewish philanthropists can doubt this statement for one minute. I myself have found Jewish students more responsive and grateful to individual teachers who have befriended and helped them than, on the whole, are Christian students. But will they be loyal and generous not only to individuals but also to the Christian colleges which have helped to prepare them for a living? I believe that they will if their affection for the institution is warmed and cultivated while they are undergraduates and after they have left its halls.

A good alumnus is not made by the high-pressure salesmanship of an "alumni drive" committee; he is developed while he is an undergraduate, for as the undergraduate is bent so will the alumnus be inclined. The emotions which prompt an alumnus to contribute generously to his college are garnered from his experiences as a student. If the college has admitted him grudgingly, treated him cavalierly, and seemed interested mainly in collecting his term bills, he may very well feel that when he graduates, his account with the institution is closed.

But even if a student graduates with a warm sense of gratitude toward his college, he may be chilled subsequently into an unwillingness to help her officers build their buildings and balance their budgets. When John Cabot and Jacob Kabotsky walk across the campus after Commencement, they wear the garb which makes them equals in the republic of letters and carry identical diplomas conveying, presumably, identical "rights, privileges, and prerogatives thereunto appertaining." But after they have re-

turned the rented garments of scholarship, the Jew must again put on the yellow gaberdine while the Christian stands by with puffed cheeks. And later John Cabot will blackball Jacob Kabotsky when the Jew applies for admission to the alumni club, or will greet him with insolent overpoliteness in the paneled smoking-room and write next day to the membership committee. The right to be snubbed; the privilege of doing the snubbing. Equals in possessing the same degree from the same college but in nothing else. Verily, things which are equal to the same thing are *not* always equal to each other.

And when, the day after his cold-shouldering of Jacob Kabotsky in the alumni club, John Cabot calls at the Jew's office with his smooth arguments for a substantial contribution to the

coffers of the college that has done so much to bring them equal culture, who can blame Jacob if he does not reach very immediately or very eagerly for his fountain-pen and his check-book? What fair-minded man, indeed, could blame him if he answered in the words of Shylock:

Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday
last

You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog....

Well, then, it now appears you need my
help....

Hath a dog money?

And thumbing over the alumni checks the chairman of the "drive" misses Kabotsky's and muses thus: "These Jews are not giving; they make poor alumni; I must write to the admissions committee."





TWO MILES UP

THE MYSTERIES OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR IN THE AIR

BY MYRON M. STEARNS

TO A greater degree than most of us have yet been able to realize, aviation has brought to mankind new adventures in living.

Through all the centuries of our development we have been limited, fettered, by the force of gravity—compelled to walk, run, climb laboriously, or be carried along the surface of the earth. The fact has affected our entire outlook. In mountainous country the hillsides (so greatly has two-dimensional living affected even our eyesight) always seem much steeper than the same angle does in a drawing. A forty-five-degree slope appears to us truly a precipice! And to peer straight down over a real precipice, or even the side of a high building, often brings uncontrollable giddiness. Only after long exertion have mountain-climbers been able to reach the summits of great ranges. Many peaks have never yet been scaled. At 15,000 or 20,000 feet the thin air brings about dangerous changes in the human system. The action of the heart, the circulation of the blood, the muscles, nerves, and brain are all affected.

With aviation man can rise, for the first time in the history of the race, above the ground without physical exertion. He can fly across the Andes. Recently one of our own Army pilots flew to an altitude of more than 43,000 feet—nearly three miles higher than the summit of Mt. Everest.

Already we can foresee, dimly, the change that aviation is bringing to our whole concept of national life. The country has suddenly shrunk to the size of Texas. Mountain barriers have practically disappeared. We can step into a plane and in the course of a few minutes be soaring two miles in the air, or four.

All this means more in the way of new knowledge, new experience, new sensation and reaction, new philosophy than we have yet been able to realize. We know something of the way sailors differ from landsmen, of the psychological gulf that separates mountaineers, say, from city folk. In like manner, probably to a still greater extent, the air-going generations of the future will differ from us, their landbound ancestors.

These facts and reflections, which of course go far beyond the ordinary details of commercial air-transport as we know it in its infancy to-day, have become familiar to me during the past half-dozen years, as a pioneer air passenger and writer on aviation. I have come to know personally a good many of the men who earn their bread by "pulling mail." Their work above the earth has affected their entire outlook on life. I have heard from "Slim" Lewis, chief pilot of the Boeing lines, how he landed with half his rudder and elevator missing, in the middle of a tearoom in Pennsylvania during the experimental days of the air

mail. The most memorable detail of the incident to him was the way a passenger's eyes bulged when he saw that half the tail-surfaces were gone and realized that the plane was going to crash. From Erik Nelson, who circled the globe on that first world-famous Army flight, I once had a hilarious account of running joyfully out to meet a plane coming in for a landing on a muddy field, knowing that it would almost certainly nose over, and that from the wreckage parts needed for the repair of another motor would be obtainable. More, perhaps, than from anyone else, I have heard from Eddie Allen—mail pilot, test pilot, designer of various experimental planes of his own, and always an analytical observer of aeronautical development—account after account of unusual happenings, and unusual reactions, in the air.

It is in this very last direction, this new and still little-understood type of human reaction under the new conditions that aviation has brought about, that we have to look for the explanation of various crashes and unusual human behavior in times of stress.

It is known, for example, that different men react differently to the bodily changes brought about by high altitude. Each man has his own particular "ceiling," of 15,000, or 20,000, or 25,000 feet, above which, in rarefied air, his mind will not function normally. Experiments known in the army as "re-breather" tests have been made to determine this. The pilot undergoing the test is given three things to do: he is told, perhaps, to adjust the pointer on a dial, to turn a wheel that regulates the brightness of a light, to push a pedal that determines the speed of a motor. Gradually, while he is doing these things his supply of oxygen is cut down. Presently he becomes drowsy. Every movement requires effort. Accuracy of co-ordination disappears.

At last he lapses into unconsciousness. But—and here is a thing that no one yet fully understands—before unconsciousness is reached a halfway stage is experienced when the pilot's eyes and fingers no longer obey his mind, *without his knowledge of that fact.*

Combine such effects as this with the equally unpredictable but better known effects of excitement, of strain, of unusual shock or fatigue, and we get frequently results that are strange indeed.

Eddie Allen told me of crashing a glider in 1922 on Germany's famous Wasser-Kuppe, where most of the world's gliding records have been made. He can remember nothing whatever of the flight itself, not a single second or fraction of all those that he was in the air. A motion picture of the flight shows that the glider, taking off with a shock-cord into a gusty wind of thirty or thirty-five miles an hour, was carried high up above the starting-point, and finally turned over onto its back. With the ailerons jammed and the glider completely out of control, Allen fought continually, the film shows, and intelligently, to regain control and save his life. But all memory of his struggle was wiped out by the shock that followed.

"I remember sitting in the glider," he said, "and hollering '*Los!*' I can remember that perfectly well. The next thing I can remember is lying on my back, on the ground under a tree, looking up at the wreck of my glider in the branches. All I could do was laugh. I couldn't stop laughing although I was so badly hurt that they thought I should die."

Great speed and sudden change of direction also produce strange results. I myself have been, as a passenger, in a high-speed, low-winged monoplane when, at some two hundred miles an hour, it suddenly turned in what is technically known as a "vertical bank."

That means, simply, a right-angle change of direction—in this case while traveling at the rate of one mile every eighteen seconds. It does something to you. It did something to me. Not like nausea, exactly, but after the manner of some strange, one-sided suffocation, as though amazed and anguished internal organs, long inarticulate, were suddenly trying to fight for life.

Professor Bradley Jones, now in charge of Aeronautical Engineering courses at the University of Cincinnati, who was at McCook Field, one of the United States Army proving-grounds for aircraft, from 1922 until 1929, tells me that air-racers, accustomed to turning at high speed, prepare in advance for a moment of lost powers of co-ordination, of near-unconsciousness, each time they round a pylon.

"They have to brace themselves, as it were, and tell themselves exactly what they are going to do, before they go into the bank," he said. "It's almost like rehearsing their muscles, so that the performance will go on all right without the mind being on the job for the important few moments after the turn is made. Otherwise they're likely to crash."

Lieutenant Al Williams, one of America's great Schneider Cup racers, discovered a new "blind spot" when turning at two hundred and fifty miles an hour. The first time it happened he thought something was the matter with his eyes and told no one, wanting to make sure of the trouble before announcing that his flying days were over. After experimenting for a while he found that the results were uniform, and quite independent of any eye weakness whatever: turning suddenly at those tremendous speeds produces momentary blindness. This is now a recognized phenomenon.

Less is known, of course, of the reactions of passengers, under unusual air conditions, than of the reactions of

pilots, because passengers, for the most part, are taken along only when flying conditions indicate the likelihood of a commonplace flight and a humdrum arrival. The air transportation companies, also, do not like to have air accidents, or the sensations of passengers who experience them, "written up." Their idea is that our natural fear of the air, of leaving the ground and flying through the skies will be augmented by tales of this catastrophe or that; they feel that a distorted idea of flying hazards will be induced by giving accidents an emphasis never accorded the less dramatic miles and hours of safe flight. I hope and believe, however, that their anxiety is groundless; the comfort and comparative safety of air transportation under normal conditions are rapidly becoming too well known and widely accredited to require any longer that most lamentable of all apologies, the suppression of facts. Air passengers fly on reliable air lines something like a million and a half miles—say, roughly, as far as fifty-five times around the world at the equator—for every life that is lost. Try that over on your automobile! Yes, or on foot either.

Even on the safest of air lines, however, accidents, and fatal accidents, too, occasionally occur, just as they do on railroad and steamship lines.

A year and a half ago, for example, the pilot of a big tri-motor transport flew above a rainstorm to reach his destination. His weather reports gave "ceiling and visibility unlimited" at the next airport. Flying above clouds at an altitude of nearly 14,000 feet, he crossed a range of mountains and began nosing down toward the valley beyond. It was night. His co-pilot sat beside him; there were four passengers in the large cabin. They had a bottle and were passing it around. That was against company regulations, but both pilots were too busy with

their plane to pay much attention just then—so long as their fares didn't start fighting or try to throw one another out of the ship.

Where the weather report gave an "unlimited ceiling" a thin fog had formed at 1,500 feet. The chief pilot, an air mail veteran with a dozen years of flying behind him, began circling, looking for an opening in the cloud layer. Presently he saw a speck of light that almost instantly disappeared. He flew about until he saw it again and again from varying angles. It meant a hole in the cloud layer. To his experienced eye it also meant, after the various disappearances and reappearances from different positions, that the cloud layer was only about 500 feet thick, with a clear space or ceiling of 1,000 feet or so beneath it. This much determined, the pilot started down "blind" for the short descent to the clear air of the flat valley below. His estimates proved to be correct; at about 1,000 feet he came out of the cloud and could see automobile headlights along the highways and little clusters of lights that meant towns.

But only for a flash. During his flight above the mountains and out over the cloud layer beyond, the wind had changed. He was off his course. He was nearer the mountains than he thought he was. Just as he came into clear air beneath the fog layer, the wing of his transport struck the branches of a tree on a black, thousand-foot hill. Instinctively he pulled the wheel back, and his ship struck, at a hundred miles an hour, on its belly against the slope.

A single grinding crash. Then darkness and silence. The pilot felt his head, cut where he had been thrown against the instrument board. He felt for his companion; knocked unconscious, his heart was still beating. The central motor had crumpled back with the nose of the ship, bending up the

floor of the compartment. The pilot made his way back into the dark cabin. There was no sound. Had all four of his passengers been killed, with the cabin still intact? He felt among the seats. Presently his hand touched hair: a woman's head. Instantly there was a piercing scream, "I'm killed!"

But she wasn't killed. Neither was any of the others. Three were not hurt at all; the fourth had received only a superficial scratch. But all four, following the crash, had remained as motionless as wild animals suddenly "frozen" by fear or shock into absolute immobility. For minutes together they had remained like that, motionless, in the darkness and silence following the crash. Stunned, yet not stunned; senses at once alert and paralyzed.

II

One of the most interesting stories of air-passenger reaction that I know—and I think it worth telling at some length—runs as follows:

At ten o'clock on a February morning a couple of winters ago, a three-seat mail-and-passenger plane left Reno, Nevada, eastbound on the trans-continental run, for Elko and Salt Lake City. There were two passengers in the small cabin: a successful California architect and a business man who had formerly been a United States Army flyer. The pilot of the plane was named—well, let us call him Thompson. He was a new man on the line and, although he had been on the reserve list for several months, had only been given the Reno-Salt Lake run because of the vacation of one of the regular pilots.

Less than two hours out of Reno he reached Elko, Nevada, some two hundred miles to the east. The weather was bad and getting worse. But the westbound plane, with a veteran pilot, had just come through

from Salt Lake City, and Thompson thought that what one man could do, another should be able to do also.

The veteran was dubious.

"You'd better stick to the railroad track all the way," he said. "Since it's daylight, you may get through."

He had no authority to hold the younger man at Elko. Like the captain of a ship, each pilot is master of his own plane.

The railroad tracks of the Union Pacific, some thirty-odd miles east of Elko, skirt the north end of the Ruby Mountains, a long range running almost north and south, and rising to nearly 10,000 feet. The great ridge lies almost directly across the Elko-Salt Lake bee-line. In order to get round it the railroad has to go many miles out of its way and then swing back again. But the mail planes, in good weather, fly straight as an arrow above the peaks. When the mountains are cloud-capped, or when the planes are flying low against a strong head wind, they can still cross the range by making an "S" turn, only a few miles off the direct course, through what is known as "Secret Pass" because its shape at a distance renders it nearly invisible. By using this pass mail planes can cross the range nearly a thousand feet below the twin peaks that rise north and south of it.

When clouds hide even this familiar pass, seasoned pilots skirt the range as the railroad does, following the line of steel that is so often, in winter, the only human landmark visible in all that rough, desolate, snow-swept region. Only mail pilots know how valuable to airmen in thick weather a railroad track may be.

That was why the older pilot, advising the younger man, recommended following the railroad around the northern end of the range.

But Thompson, a skilled fair-weather pilot, had the overconfidence of youth.

He left Elko with his two passengers at 12:30, and headed directly toward the Ruby Mountains enveloped in mist and snow.

He had a pet theory. . . . He neared the range at an altitude of about 8,000 feet, which was the level of the cloud ceiling just west of the mountains. Looking at his map to check the altitude he would need to clear the summits, he pulled back on his stick and climbed into the clouds, holding his course by a "feet-off-the-rudder" method of his own.

Thompson's theory was that this method of flying was safer, under certain bad weather conditions, than any other. Modern "stable" airplanes will practically fly themselves. To Thompson it seemed a simple thing to cross a mountain range in bad weather by merely climbing through the fog until his altitude showed he had reached a height that would clear all obstacles, and then letting the plane fly itself, holding it on a compass course until enough time had passed to make sure he had crossed the range. After allowing a little extra to make up for possible miscalculations or head winds, he could glide smoothly down again through the smother to the clear air under the clouds in the valley beyond the ridge.

When Thompson during the weeks that preceded this particular flight used to recommend to the older pilots his simple method of crossing a mountain range safely in bad weather, he was a good deal put out by their cool reception of his idea. After a certain amount of silence, a favorite comment was:

"I don't believe it can be done."

"But I *know* it can be done!" Thompson would insist. "I know it can *because I've done it!*"

He didn't want to be presumptuous but he was quite sincere in his belief. He was never quite sure whether the

older pilots really thought the blind flying he recommended couldn't be done safely, or whether they were merely trying to discourage what they considered dangerous flying on the part of a younger man.

No seasoned pilot, of course, really doubts the theoretical possibility of such flying as Thompson suggested: up into the clouds, across the range through fog at a safe altitude on a compass course, and down into clear air again on the other side. Nearly every veteran has been compelled to fly blind at one time or another. When the turn-and-bank indicator and aperiodic compass were developed ten years or so ago, and when airplanes were made reasonably stable at the same time, it became possible for a pilot with even a small amount of practice to fly blind almost indefinitely.

Under ideal conditions. Or as a test or stunt. The trouble is that there are too many things that may go wrong. All the many factors, the many conditions that are necessary to make "blind" flying through fog reasonably safe, or even possible, rarely remain ideal for long. That is where the still little understood human-fallibility factor comes in.

A change of even a few degrees in temperature, when a plane is flying through fog in the cloud levels of the higher altitudes, may mean the formation of ice. Ice on the wings, ice on the propeller, ice forming in sufficient quantities on the fuselage and tail surfaces, may each or all bring disaster. In clear weather they would mean no more, at the worst, than a forced landing on the nearest flat field. But in fog such a landing is impossible.

Ice may collect in the carburetor intake, paralyzing the power plant. Then comes an immediate descent, at a speed of a mile a minute, to the unseen earth. Imagine making, with your automobile, a "landing," at sixty

miles an hour, into a fog-filled gulch!

An airplane motor is composed of some three thousand separate parts, all working smoothly together, and any one of a hundred things may go wrong, in spite of the most careful inspection and engine-testing. A flaw in the steel, a loosened nut, impurities in the oil, any one of an almost innumerable list of things may mean a dead motor, and, in fog, an immediate forced landing upon an unseen mountainside—perhaps a crash against jagged rocks.

A sudden "air pocket" or current of sharply descending air may throw the plane off balance and start it toward the earth in a spinning fall from which the pilot may, or may not, be able to save it in time. In clear weather "levelling out" from a fall is a comparatively simple matter. But in fog it is not.

While in fog "rough" air, familiar to all who have traveled much through the skies, and comparable to the waves of a storm at sea, may precipitate a fall.

Change in wind velocity or direction may upset all calculations as to position, and bring the fog-blind plane, supposedly descending into clear air above a safe landing area, crashing into the side of a mountain which the pilot supposed was miles away.

It is interesting to note that some such unfortunate miscalculation as this was probably responsible for the crash of a three-motor passenger plane against the side of Mount Taylor, near the Arizona-New Mexico line, a couple of years ago. It was probably a bad air pocket or the beginning of a fall that threw—when the pilot attempted to level off—such strain on the wing of another tri-motor passenger plane, attempting more recently to fly through fog in southeastern Kansas, that the wing broke off and all aboard

the plane, including Notre Dame's famous football coach, Knute Rockne, met instantaneous death in the crash that followed.

To Thompson, violating the first rule of safe flying in leaving clear air and climbing up into the clouds as he approached the Ruby range, with his cargo of mail and two passengers, everything seemed simple enough. He knew that the valley beyond the Rubies was nearly forty miles wide and that reports from there had told of a thousand-foot ceiling. He anticipated having only fifteen or twenty minutes of blind flying, then an easy descent into clear air beyond the range, and a speedy completion of his run to Salt Lake City.

III

He was due at Salt Lake at about half-past two. The Division Superintendent, worried by the fact that a comparatively new pilot had decided to come through from Elko in bad weather, went out to the Salt Lake airport to await his arrival.

Two-thirty came and went, and then three o'clock—and still no plane appeared flying under the clouds from the west. The Superintendent listened for a telephone call from one of the intermediate emergency fields, or from one of the railroad telephones, telling him that the plane was down. To organize a relief expedition for the two passengers, pilot and mail, in the event of a forced landing, was no simple matter. Most of the highways were obliterated under three or four feet of crusted snow. Only the railroad tracks were clear.

When Thompson was an hour overdue, the Superintendent ordered out a plane to search the course. The short winter afternoon was already almost gone. Snow was falling. Hugh Barker, one of the veterans of the Salt Lake run, took off from the field beside Great

Salt Lake and flew westward over the course, searching to left and right for the yellow-topped surface of the mail plane's wing. He made no attempt to cross Ruby Range through the smother; he was too experienced a pilot for that. Wise pilots, whether they are flying passengers or not, keep in the clear. Instead, Barker followed the railroad tracks around the northern end of the range, and reached Elko safely. He saw nothing of the missing plane. After landing at Elko for news and gasoline, he took off again for Salt Lake City, flying safely a second time through the gathering murk along the course. He kept a little farther south than he had on his westbound flight but reached Salt Lake without seeing any trace of the missing plane. It was after dark when he climbed out of the ship and said to the Superintendent:

"I don't believe he's down anywhere along the railroad."

The Superintendent had already called all the railroad station agents along the right-of-way between Salt Lake and Elko, to ask each one if he had heard the eastbound plane at any time that afternoon. During the night every long-distance telephone within twenty miles of the air mail route was reached with an inquiry about the lost ship.

There are not many telephones active through that desolate area in mid-winter. Still, there were quite a number of reports that an airplane had been heard flying overhead early in the afternoon. Most of these reports were entirely conflicting; many were absolutely groundless. Some, the Superintendent decided, should be looked into as soon as possible. From the sum total of them, the conclusion was drawn that the missing plane with its pilot and two passengers was down somewhere in the now blizzard-bound Ruby Mountains.

At daybreak five planes, manned by five pilots who knew the route intimately, took off from the Salt Lake airport. As they flew toward the west they spread out in "company front," half a mile apart. When they reached the Rubies the snowstorm still obliterated everything except the first few hundred feet of the great range. The planes swung to the right and circled the base of the entire range. After this, with gasoline running low, all five ships went on to Elko for a new supply.

All through the day the search went on. Gradually the clouds lifted. Again and again planes circled the range.

Finally, just at dusk, the storm lifted clear of the peaks, and almost at the crest of the ridge Harry Huking, one of the searching pilots, spotted the yellow wing-surfaces of the lost plane. Evidently it had flown straight into the range from Elko, nearly thirty hours before.

Huking flew to the wreck and circled low above it, trying to determine whether or not anyone aboard was still alive. The plane was lying right-side-up in the snow, apparently not greatly injured. The snow was so deep that it reached nearly to the top wing.

The rescue pilot decided that the three occupants of the plane had either been killed in the crash or had died from exposure during the blizzard, perhaps after abandoning the plane and attempting to climb down the mountain to safety. He was on the point of opening his throttle and driving for Elko with news of the discovery, when he saw a man climb onto the top wing of the airplane and wave.

Huking circled some more, waiting and watching. No one else appeared. Apparently this man was the only survivor able to move about. He headed for Elko.

Fifteen minutes later, from the hangar office at Elko, a rescue expedi-

tion was organized by telephone. The nearest ranch-house in the valley below Secret Pass was some five miles from the wreck; in the ravines, the ranchmen reported, there was deep snow—forty feet of it. To climb to the top of the range under these mid-winter conditions and at night seemed impossible. Still, since life was at stake, they would try.

Within an hour the ranch telephoned in that the rescue expedition was starting.

Meanwhile a bundle was made up at the airport, to be dropped beside the stranded plane. Food, medicine, thermos bottles of hot coffee, stimulants, and snowshoes were wrapped together in a bundle of blankets, all firmly trussed up with cord. To the outside of this bundle were tied several flashlights. Taking the whole contraption with him, Huking flew back to the crest of the range.

It is to me an impressive demonstration of the amazing skill and perception of these modern Vikings of the air, the mail pilots, that Huking was able to find his way back unerringly in the middle of a winter night to the one spot in all that mountain desolation where the wrecked plane rested. But that is a mere detail. To the air-transport people it is nothing at all, simply a matter of course.

Returning, well into the night, to the summit of the range, Huking located the wreck in the darkness, circled it, snapped on the flashlights tied to his bundle, and dropped it in the snow. It fell within fifty feet of the stranded ship.

But no one came from the wrecked plane to claim it. There were no further signs of life. The flashlights glittered like fallen stars in the snow, but remained undisturbed.

Huking dropped a parachute flare that lighted up the whole mountainside with white light. That was to indicate

to the rescuing party the location of the wreck. After it went out he located the lanterns of the climbers, as they laboriously ascended the snowy slopes. He flew to them, turned, and flew back to the wreck, and continued to fly back and forth as they made their way slowly upward, until his gasoline supply ran low. Then he returned to the airport.

During all that time the points of light that marked the flashlights on the bundle twinkled in the snow until the batteries gave out. Evidently the occupants of the wrecked plane were all dead or too weak to move about.

It was after midnight when the rescue party finally reached the plane—approximately thirty-six hours after the crash.

IV

Now comes the incredible.

Both passengers were alive and uninjured. The pilot, Thompson, was still sitting in his cockpit, unconscious and rather badly frozen, with a canvas covering thrown over him.

For a day and a half the two passengers had sat in their cramped little cabin between the wings, with the pilot up in the exposed cockpit.

They explained that when the plane struck they waited in the cabin for the pilot to tell them what to do next.

When he failed to come to them or make any sound, they rapped on the partition at the back of the cockpit and got no response. From this they concluded he was dead. Although it was still broad daylight, only a little after noon, and they were themselves uninjured, they made no further effort to investigate.

The cabin in that type of ship is so narrow that two people can sit in it only with discomfort. They didn't even open the door and get out to see their surroundings. They just sat there, squeezed together, all through

the afternoon and all through the night.

Then, sometime in the morning, they heard a groan. That brought them to the conclusion that after all the pilot was still alive.

It seems, indeed, almost miraculous that he *was* still alive, after so many hours of exposure, on top of a mountain range, in the fury of a midwinter snowstorm. He had been knocked unconscious when the plane struck and was too badly hurt to help himself. His heavy fur-lined flying-suit had kept him from freezing to death.

The passengers got out of their cabin and looked at him. He was still sitting at the controls. They threw the cover over his head, to protect him from the cold, and got back into their cabin.

They explained afterward that they were unable to arouse him or to lift him out of the cockpit because he was so stiff and because he grasped the wheel so tightly.

Neither of them left the cabin again until another twelve hours later, when Huking's plane circled above them. That brought them to the conclusion that they were going to be rescued. Still it did not occur to either of them, it appears, that it was necessary to signal. At last, evidently as an afterthought, one of them did get out and wave. The other just stayed on, sitting in the cabin. I think it must have become a habit.

When, well into the second night, the rescue plane returned and dropped its bundle, they made no move to go and get it.

Yes, they saw it all right, lying there with its little flashlights. They supposed it was dropped merely to mark the spot. They didn't investigate further. That it might contain food and drink, or medicine and blankets and stimulants needed by the wounded man above them, apparently never occurred to either of them.

The rescue party, of western ranchmen, was naturally rather dumb-founded. Their sympathies and ministrations centered on the pilot. The passengers were duly cared for, but without enthusiasm.

The friend of a friend of mine, acquainted with the circumstances of this adventure, went around to make the acquaintance of one of the passengers, after he had returned to his home. He wanted to find out what manner of man would sit for thirty-six hours, without food or water to quench his thirst, in the tiny cabin of a wrecked plane, half buried in a mountain snow-bank nearly two miles above sea level, without making any further effort to save himself, explore his surroundings, assist a wounded pilot, or investigate a bundle of provisions.

He found him to be, at sea level and under ordinary circumstances, an obviously intelligent, normal, rather pleasant individual.

In these days of aviation's still young

but increasing popularity, when we are at any time likely to become air-travelers ourselves, when at any quiet spot in the countryside we are likely to hear the mawing drone of a motor, and look up to see another of the black specks moving steadily across the skies, this account of the amazing reactions—or lack of them!—of these two uninjured, apparently normal passengers, seems to me doubly interesting and important.

The strange effects of strain and shock we already know about, to a limited extent. The effects of altitude, under varying conditions, we know something about—but not very much. We know still less about the effects of high speed, with sudden changes of direction, or sudden stops. And when it comes to the endless combinations of all three together—altitude, great speed and its concomitants, and high nervous tension augmented through strain or shock—we find ourselves merely at the opening paragraphs of a whole new chapter in human experience.



THE TEMPO OF AMERICAN LIFE

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

THE newly arrived tourist from Europe to America receives a vast number of rather staggering impressions. Landing annually here myself, I also receive a great number, but they are in a different key from those of the foreigner. America being my own land and New York my "home town," its skyscrapers, its taxi-drivers, speakeasies, and Sunday newspapers have no novelty. They have long ceased to strike me as extraordinary. But there is one thing that never fails to strike me annually, and as unequivocally, one might say as brutally, as it does the foreigner. That is the abrupt change in the tempo of life.

The trip itself in no way prepares one for it. I have made it so often that it is not in itself at all an exciting event. The six days at sea, spent mostly in sleeping, eating, and reading, merely prolong, and even lower the tempo of living I left in London, where my work keeps me a good deal of the time. But from the moment I have won my way, in fierce fight, into a taxi at the dock, I am conscious of an overwhelming change. The most recent French author to write a book on us after a few weeks' trip, in which his admiration is expressed with a violence only equalled by its lack of critical quality, notes that "*le rythme du pays tout entier est à cent quand le nôtre est à dix*": "the rhythm of the whole country is a hundred while ours is ten." As the rhythm of London is distinctly slower than that of Paris, it

is quite evident why in passing from my quiet flat off Campden Hill to a fifteenth-story room overlooking Forty-Second Street I find this difference in tempo almost appalling. On my return to Europe the impression is each time as strong, only reversed. "On landing in England," one of the ladies of my party remarked last trip, "I always feel as though someone had put a cool hand on my forehead." When we landed some months ago and drove to our flat through Trafalgar Square there was a larger crowd collected than I had ever seen there before. Amy Johnson, for the moment the idol of the people after her flight to Australia, had just passed on her way to be received by the King. But the contrast with New York, seven days behind us, was little short of amazing. "How strangely quiet it is," my wife said; "it's just like Sunday."

I doubt if there were any such difference noticeable in the eighteenth century. At least the book-writing traveler, whom we have always had with us, did not at that period make comments which would indicate marked difference between the pace of life here and abroad. By 1835, however, we find De Tocqueville writing that "no sooner do you set your foot upon American ground than you are stunned by a kind of tumult; a confused clamor is heard on every side; and a thousand simultaneous voices demand the satisfaction of their social wants." From that day to this the difference has been markedly increasing.

But if there is a vast difference in tempo between Europe and America, there is also as great a one between the life of our own generation on each side of the water and that of our respective fathers and grandfathers on each side. It is true that some forms of nervous and useless hustle date from longer ago than we might think. One of the most characteristic scenes in America may be witnessed any morning at the Lackawanna or Erie stations on the Jersey shore when scores of commuters leap from their trains and join in a mad flight for the Tube, where the trains run to Manhattan, I believe, on a three-minute schedule. To most of those whose coat-tails fly in the breeze and whose hearts before long will begin to act queerly, the three minutes can really be of slight importance. It is merely instinctive reaction to the thought of a train to be caught, though a leisurely walk to the next one would serve their purpose as well and their hearts better. In Allan Nevins' delightful history of editorial writing, I find, however, that when the Fulton Ferry was new, and the fastest means of transport between Brooklyn and Manhattan, a similar scene could be witnessed daily at the slip. On the whole, nevertheless, if one thinks over the sort of life led in innumerable homes a generation ago, the fact of an immense speeding up in the process of living is clear and true. People then, as we say, "had time." Now, no one "has time." Why not? Is there really a speeding up process at work throughout the world? And if there is, what does it consist in and what are its effects to be?

Some years ago in a noteworthy effort to establish history on a scientific basis, Henry Adams attempted to fit certain phenomena of society into the laws of physics. He himself was quite aware of the extremely tentative nature of his suggestions, and I need not

here discuss again the reasons for what I believe to have been his failure, which I gave in the *Yale Review* recently. Even if Adams did not succeed, his work was immensely interesting, and I believe will receive more attention in the future than it has in the past. In his effort to bring some sort of order out of the multitudinous "facts" of human history, Adams was struck by the very point which we are considering, that is, the change in tempo, which he chose to call, in terms of physics, "acceleration." Using man's consumption of power, and the physical law of squares, as data and method, he tried to plot a curve of man's destiny. I will not here involve the reader farther in Adams's theory. He made the mistake of using concepts in one field of thought that belonged only to another. But that there is some law of acceleration at work in the universe as applied to man would seem to be true. I shall merely try to give some of the indications without myself attempting in turn any expression of them in physical laws.

II

No one knows where or when some lower form of being first took on distinctly human characteristics. It has been estimated that the Java Ape Man, *Pithecanthropus*, lived a half million years ago. A million years have been given to the skull recently found in China. Whatever validity these guesses may or may not have, we can safely give man several hundred thousand years before he rises above the stage of stone implements and hunting. During this long period he was called on to make few adjustments to any change in environment. These were probably called forth by the terrific changes in climate due to the periods of Arctic cold, alternating with far longer periods of tropical heat. As Professor Coleman says in his *Ice Ages*, "these

short spells of trial and stress meant far more for the development of the world's inhabitants than all the long periods of ease and sloth when the earth was a hothouse." He adds that, "it may be that the races of civilized men are merely evanescent phenomena bound up with the bracing climate of a brief ice-age, to sink, after a few more thousand years, into a state of tropical sloth and barbarism when the world shall have fallen back into its usual relaxing warmth and moisture, the East African conditions which have been so customary in the past." However this may be, the tempo of change, due to climate, which was all to which the hunting, eating, sleeping, breeding man of these hundreds of thousands of years had to adjust himself, was a rhythm in which the swings could be measured in tens of thousands of years. It was a tempo of inconceivable slowness.

As he made discoveries—fire, smelting of copper and iron, the wheel, agriculture, domestication of animals—the tempo quickened a bit, but vast spaces of time were still allowed for adjustments. Even when we get into the historical period of recorded history—a mere few thousand years compared with the hundreds of thousands behind it—we find a slow rhythm in such major social phenomena as the rise and fall of empires and civilizations. In the Far East, discarding centuries of earlier myth, we have reliable history of China for over two thousand years, and find Japan paying tribute to her before Augustus defeated Antony and Cleopatra at the battle of Actium. And Japan and China remained almost unchanged till yesterday. The civilization in Crete can be traced from 3000 B.C. to its decadence about 1100 B.C. The art history of Egypt extends from 4000 B.C. until she was finally conquered in 525 B.C. If national periods of two and three thousand years seem long to us, yet they were brief compared

to the long pulsations of climate in the dawn of man. The pulse was beating faster. The tempo of life was increasing.

I need not trace the changes in the Middle Ages and down to the nineteenth century—the introduction of gunpowder, the invention of printing, the new scientific ideas, later the discovery of America, and the opening of a new world on all sides. They are familiar to every schoolboy. The tempo of life, the need for constant readjustment was showing another great increase for the individual and for society. But even so, what we may call this third period in the history of the acceleration of our life was still slow in comparison with that next in store. A few events will give us a rough measure for the tempo prevailing in it. The thirteenth century saw the invention of the mariner's compass; the fourteenth that of gunpowder; the fifteenth, printing and the discovery of America; the sixteenth, the circumnavigation of the globe and the invention of the spinning wheel; the seventeenth, the telescope, Galileo's trial, and the first newspaper; the end of the eighteenth, the spinning jenny and the cotton gin. Each century was bringing an important invention or two, and the human mind was being called on to make increasingly rapid adjustments to new modes of thought. But the population of the world was still overwhelmingly agricultural in occupation, and the speed of communication, when there was any, was still limited to the tempo of the past ten thousand years—that of a horse by land and a sailing ship by sea. With the first successful use of the steam locomotive in 1804 and the steamboat in 1807, a new era dawned. During the next century every decade brought its discoveries which in their aggregate have completely altered the entire social structure, occupational life, and intellectual outlook of mankind. In a very

general way, intended to be merely suggestive and not accurate, we may denote "wave lengths" in the tempo of life in the four periods as 30,000; 3000; 100; 10.

There are indications that in our own period, the fourth, we are not yet at the end of the process, and that the tempo is still being quickened. Take, for example, the length of the business cycle, which is the resultant of a great mass of social and psychological factors. During the nineteenth century its length was about twenty years, but many economists are of the opinion, which seems to be borne out by the facts, that under the conditions under which we now live we must expect short, sharp setbacks at much more frequent intervals, that is that the business rhythm is essentially a faster one. The investor with long experience is fully conscious of the effect of our faster tempo. A decade or two may be all that embraces the life of a great and colossally profitable industry from its beginning to its decadence, as for example the bicycle industry of the 1890's, and the automobile industry, which has been the marvel of the world for two decades but which would seem now to be facing the much retarded pace of replacement sales instead of installation ones. The same speeding up has taken place in the life of the workman, not only in the speeding up of his daily work but in concentrating his working life between school and forty or forty-five years of age, and cutting down what was often a lifelong relation to his employer to a daily or weekly wage contract.

The reader can follow out the process for himself in almost every department of life. In art and literature "periods" follow one another with such rapidity as to be in danger of telescoping, and assume the air of mere fads. In public taste the same quickening of rhythm is notable. Publishers will tell you that

the life of a book is now considerably shorter than twenty years ago and that the profit to be made from it, if made, must be made much more quickly. The tempo of life varies with occupation and location, being slowest on the farm, though with radio and automobile it has been greatly speeded up there. For the general tempo of our country, therefore (and the same is more or less true of others), it is notable that whereas in 1790 about ninety per cent of the entire population lived on farms, in 1925 only twenty-five per cent did so. The tempo of their mental life, as of the population at large of all classes, may be measured by the length of time it has taken for revolutionary ideas to be taken into the intellectual outlook of the general public. Copernicus published his *De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium* in 1543, and I think we may say that it was a century and a half before his theory had really permeated the thinking of the mass. Darwin published his *Origin of Species* in 1859, and it was perhaps forty years or so before evolution was generally recognized as safe and respectable doctrine. It was hardly a few months after Einstein proclaimed his theory of relativity before it was beginning to be taken up into the general discussions and outlook of vast numbers of people, even if in a half-understood way. We may also note that whole nations, with a total population of well on to a billion, such as India, China, and Japan, have suddenly had the tempo of their lives altered from that of the very beginning of the historic period to that of the fastest pulse beat of the West. The alteration in the position of woman has been less a change in tempo perhaps than a mere added source of confusion.

But I need not labor the point longer. It seems to me that as we survey the entire past of man the fact emerges clearly that his life shows a perpetually increasing tempo. The movement

grows always faster, never slower. The phenomenon would appear to be a law of nature, though our knowledge is not of a sufficiently exact sort to enable us to establish reference points for the plotting of an accurate curve. Such a curve, however, if we accept roughly the four periods noted above, would show a very long, slowly ascending line for the first period; a sharp upward swing at the beginning of the historic period, and a more rapidly ascending line for a shorter length; another sharp deflection upward around the Middle Ages, and a yet shorter rising line; and lastly, for us to-day, a very sharp upward turn and a very short but almost vertically rising line to 1930. Given that much, the makers of graphs may amuse themselves by plotting it into our future. The optimists might not be satisfied with the result, but after all we need not press the graphic representation too far. Let us try to search the more immediate future a little without the aid of the law of squares.

III

At this point, if the reader has followed me thus far, he may ask just what do we mean, after all, by the "tempo of life"? Perhaps a clearer definition would be wise before we attempt to appraise the effect of an accelerated tempo on man. Whether any more "events" are happening in the universe now than in earlier times would lead us into unfathomable bogs of metaphysics, but for our purpose it is enough to grant that more events are happening to each man of which he is conscious. In other words, a resident of New York to-day is getting more sensations and of a more varied sort than the Neanderthal or early man of several hundreds of thousands of years ago. Owing to this number and variety of sensations and his constantly shifting environment, modern man is

also called upon to make a far greater number of adjustments to the universe than was his remote relative in the caves and forests of Germany or Java. It is the number of these sensations and adjustments in a given time that makes the tempo of life. As the number and variety of sensations increase, the time which we have for reacting to and digesting them becomes less, as it does also for adjusting ourselves to our environment when that alters at an advancing rate. The rhythm of our life becomes quicker, the wave lengths, to borrow a physical concept, of that kind of force which is our mental life grow shorter. If I am right in what I have outlined in a somewhat vague and general fashion above, our mental life has altered its rhythm four times, each time the wave length of the force growing shorter, the vibration more rapid. Does this have any effect upon us? I think there is no question but what it does.

Rhythm in the universe is fundamental in its effect upon our minds. For example, certain rhythmical waves of energy (to use a loose term), of long wave length and low frequency, make themselves known to us as heat; increase the rhythm a little by shortening the wave length and increasing the frequency, and we become aware of them as color; continue the process, and we get electricity; do so again, and we get a phenomenon which we can use but cannot perceive by our senses, the X-rays; and so on. A change of rhythm, whatever it may be in reality, is for us a change in essential nature.

I do not wish to press physical concepts too far and so I suggest an effect of rhythm which we encounter whenever we read poetry, and, though we are less conscious of it, prose. Certain sorts of thought or emotion go with certain rhythms. Let us take at haphazard two quotations from Shakespeare, the first being adapted by him from an old ballad.

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor lown.

Now let us take another:

To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's
the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may
come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. . . .

Neither of these series of thoughts could be expressed in the rhythm of the other without profoundly altering its effect upon us. There is something in ourselves, some long-established rhythm of our own, which reacts in various ways to the rhythms of the outer world. A marked alteration in the tempo of life might, therefore, be expected to alter profoundly, possibly disastrously, our reactions. To use an extreme example: if, owing to a sudden shift, heat waves became sensed by us as light, and electricity as heat, and light as X-rays, we should become so completely out of adjustment that the result would be a breakdown. To a lesser but a real extent, the same result comes from a sudden change in the tempo of our lives. We are all familiar with the effect which sudden wealth is apt to have upon its acquirer. It is because there has been for him a sudden change in tempo—a great increase in the number and variety of sensations and in the number of called-for adjustments.

One marked effect, both for good and evil, in a rapidly changing environment is the difficulty or impossibility of acquiring habits. To cite a simple example, last year I knew where almost everything I wanted in New York was—my broker, bank, the Consolidated ticket office, my friends' homes and telephone numbers. When I was there this year almost every one had shifted.

I had to learn them all over again. My habits had become utterly useless, indeed, worse, for they led me in wrong directions. This break-up of habit may have had the advantage of leading me to new places and buildings but, on the other hand, life becomes too wearing and impossible without habits. We have to perform a great many acts as easily as walking or eating or we waste an enormous amount of energy for nothing, just as we should if we had to watch over our stomachs for an hour after each meal to see that they digested properly. A considerable habit-pattern is essential for the release of our minds for more important things. The illustration which I have drawn from mere changes in street addresses may be extended to our whole intellectual life and our system of ethics. A certain fluidity in habits is healthful. Too complete a breakdown of the habit-patterns may spell disaster.

Too violent a change in tempo and a too constantly changing environment tends also greatly to impair the power of concentration on which most of man's highest satisfactions and his chance of improvement depend. As we rise in the scale from the lowest forms of sensual to the highest spiritual and intellectual enjoyments, the need for concentration is correspondingly increased. I do not mean that sense enjoyments do not play a very important role in our life and mental health. They do. Our body also plays an essential one in permitting us to function at all as self-conscious beings; but the human race would not have advanced far had it never risen above the performance of mere bodily functions and the enjoyment of sensations, nor will either the individual or the race advance which retrogrades in the power of concentrated thought. It is impossible or very difficult for most people to concentrate and think except

with a certain amount of leisure and freedom from intrusion, whether the intrusion be that of a visitor or a distracting sensation. If I may illustrate by my personal experience, I may say that I have, I believe, a fair power of concentration due in part to my having had to learn to work in all sorts of places and under all sorts of conditions. On the other hand, I am, I suppose, attuned to the rhythm of life of my earlier American days, a rhythm about like that of England to-day. In passing from the tempo of life there to America I am at once conscious of increasing difficulty in concentrating and of a marked difference in the kind and quality of my work, a difference which my publishers recognize as well. I react at home to an incredible number of passing impressions but find it hard to sit quietly and ponder them over. In other words, a hailstorm of sensations—they may be merely noises—and an unaccustomed increase in the general tempo are likely to produce in most people the complex of what we call "the tired business man." Losing the power of concentration in thought, we sink lower and lower to live our lives on the plane of sensation. Some change, as rest, is essential, and when by evening we are weary of the sensations to which we have been accustomed all day, there is nothing left to change to—in a life lived on the plane of sensation—but other sensations. Once we have made the simple division of sensations into agreeable and disagreeable, the scale of value for them becomes purely quantitative, and we prefer the more intense to the less intense. The consequence is that such a life tends to become a mere search for more and more exciting sensations, undermining yet more our power of concentration in thought. Relief from fatigue and ennui is sought in mere excitation of our nerves, as in speeding cars or emotional movies.

Such a life tends to break down the individual personality, and merge all individuals in the mob. People are much alike in their primitive emotions, as they are in their bodily organs and functions. It is only when they rise into the realms of thought and will that they develop into marked individuals. A suddenly accelerated tempo thus has a strong tendency to lower the whole population to the level of the mob, and to melt down the variety of personalities into a gelatinous mass of humanity flavored with a few pungent sensations.

As I noted above with regard to habit, a certain fluidity is desirable so as to prevent our habit-patterns from attaining too great a rigidity, and our type of civilization from petrifying. A change in environment is also good in so far as it stirs, without breaking down, our power of thought and will. As I tried to show in an earlier article in *HARPER'S*, however, there is at work in nature a law of diminishing returns. This law indicates that all tendencies and forces operating on our human life, although they may operate beneficially for a while, always attain to a point at which the returns begin to diminish, the benefit is lost, and the effect of operation may even become disastrous. At the present stage in our history we are faced by the very serious problem as to whether those forces which throughout man's career have been steadily increasing the rhythm or tempo of his life, and which have operated beneficially so far, have reached the point of the diminishing return.

There is no use closing our eyes to the possibility that this may be so. There is a good deal of evidence that maladjustment to the new tempo is reaching the point of possible breakdown. We may cite a few figures which indicate the effects of the altered rhythm on our nervous systems. The great increase

of nervous disorders of all sorts is notable, but I have no statistics at hand for them as an entire group. We may note, however, that between 1920 and 1927 the deaths from heart disease per hundred thousand population in America, pre-eminently the land of hustle, increased steadily from 137 to 241. Both in England and America the increase in the ratios of insanity have long been alarming. It was estimated even before the War that if the steady rate of increase shown in England and Wales were maintained, the entire population would have become insane in two centuries more. In the United States between 1880 and 1923, the latest date I have, the number of patients in hospitals for mental disease tripled, rising, without break, from 81 to 245 per 100,000. The continuation of any such tendencies is appalling to contemplate. Between 1889 and 1927 the number of divorces per thousand marriages rose steadily from 60 to 160. In the large American cities to which the population drift is strongly marked, the rate of homicides rose from 3.4 in 1900 to 10.1 in 1927. New York, with a population of ten millions in the metropolitan area, is planning for a population of twenty millions within another generation. Within the past generation the figures indicating the instability of the home, the instability of man's mind, and those for the most serious crime against his person have all tripled. Even making all allowances, we have here alarming evidence of increasing maladjustment to the new tempo of life. We might, without statistical help, pursue this maladjustment in its other effects, such as the enormous increase in the machinery of life, politically and economically, without corresponding increases in our ability to foresee, manage, and control, with a resultant increase in instability of the whole social structure. Or we might note the increase in mob spirit

and mob influence, the increasing emergence of mob psychology as a determining factor in social life. But enough has been indicated to show the seriousness of the situation.

A friend of mine, a distinguished explorer and anthropologist, once spent a couple of years among the savages of the upper Amazon. On one occasion he was suddenly called out to civilization and, with the help of the chief and a train of attendants, he attempted a forced march of three days through the jungle to the nearest settlement. Without grumbling, the party made extraordinary speed for the first day and the second. On the third morning, however, when it was time to start my friend found all the natives sitting on their haunches, looking very solemn and making no preparation to leave. On asking the chief what the trouble was he received the answer, "They are waiting. They cannot move farther until their souls have caught up with their bodies." I can think of no better illustration of our own plight to-day. Is there any way of letting our souls, so to say, catch up again with our bodies, of attuning ourselves to the new tempo of life?

We certainly cannot do it as easily as the Amazonian savages. They could reduce the tempo by the simple process of sitting still. We cannot. As I have pointed out, the speeding-up process in human life appears to be imbedded in the universe. The "wave lengths" of our life have been steadily getting shorter, the rhythm faster, by a process over which we have no control. It has been going on for hundreds of thousands of years, with perhaps the four periods of marked acceleration to which I have called attention. Scientific discovery, whether cause or effect of the latest acceleration in tempo, cannot be halted without a complete collapse of our civilization which is based upon it. We must now go on,

seeking new inventions, new sources of power, or crash—a civilization in a nose dive. What, then, are the possibilities?

IV

There is, of course, the one that scientific discovery will cease to progress, that new discoveries will come less frequently, that we shall use up our present sources of power without discovering the new ones our captains of industry so confidently but ignorantly predict. That cure would, in the end, be almost worse than the disease. It would entail an almost unthinkable cataclysm.

The only hope would seem to lie in the possibility of our adjusting ourselves to the shorter wave length, the swifter tempo of our existence, as the race has in the past. It is possible that with each succeeding increase in tempo man's powers of adjustment have also been quickened, and that the sinister phenomena we see at present are merely the wreckage of a period of change. It is either that or, like a fly-wheel which turns faster and faster until it reaches the rate at which it breaks to pieces, human society and the human mind may also explode into bits.

If we are to become adjusted, it is evident that in some way we have got to order our lives differently. We have got to bring back, in the new, quickened tempo, some sense of leisure and secure for ourselves a respite from the hailstorm of sensation and need for constant adjustment, some new habit patterns, that will enable us to control ourselves nervously, to rise above the plane of sensation, and to concentrate on the things of the spirit. Only thus can we regain control of our individuality and our lives in the whirling flux into which we shall otherwise dissolve. This calls for an intelligent ordering of our existence, for selection from among

the goods of life, for the exercise of self-control—in a word, for intelligence and will.

For this I think we can look only, or mainly, to the younger generation among the privileged classes. I use the whole phrase advisedly. The older generation is too set in certain ways of living, in certain requirements of life, too involved in the whole economic system of creating new wants to make new business to make more money to supply all their old wants plus the new ones, to be of much assistance in the great adjustment that is ahead. On the other hand, the lower or underprivileged classes (I use the term in no snobbish sense) are everywhere and in all countries too dazzled by their new toys and new power, too confused by their new wealth of sensation, too untrained in the higher values of life, to be of assistance either. One need only watch the crowds on Broadway, the block-long queues waiting admission to the hundred cinemas of London, the aimless, shuffling masses nightly walking the Kulverstrat in Amsterdam, and similar crowds in every large city, to realize that if they revolt on finding their lives devoid of satisfaction it will be only to demand a yet greater share in the life of sensation.

The hopeful point to-day is that the revolt of intelligent and trained youth is not for mere independence or for money-making but for a better ordering of their whole lives, for regaining in some way the chance to become fully rounded human beings and not mere cogs in a machine. In many cases they think they are fighting the older generation. What they are really fighting against is the time-spirit, the increased tempo of life. The older generation has merely been mired in the historic process like antediluvian monsters that have floundered into an asphalt lake.

The effort to reorganize life by selec-

tion and emphasis so as to regain leisure and personality and to rise above the mob-complex of sensation is a race between adjustment and collapse. The life of the human spirit has been an amazing adventure from the start. Nobody knows why it has any place in the universe. Nobody knows what it is. But it has been going on for hundreds of thousands of years. It has been attacked by all sorts of forces, within and without humanity itself. So far it has won its battles, and it has always been led to victory by a select band. Speed and the power to give direction have been in the few; the weight of mass in the many. Both speed and mass are now colossal. If the balance can be maintained, all may yet be well, in spite of the quantitative increase in each. But if the few pass spiritually over to the many, only mass without direction will remain.

This has happened to too great an extent in our America in the past few generations. The few, like the many, have given themselves over to material goods and the pleasure of sensation. Abandoning themselves to the pursuit of rapid wealth, worshipping physical comfort and spurious luxury, overwhelmed by the multitude of distractions afforded by every new toy of science, they have tended to lose their sense of human values. It is precisely in the rejection by the younger generation of the standards of values of the older generation, in so far as those standards have debased human values, that I believe the hope of the world lies to-day. Mistakes will be made. They always have been by every generation, and the wine of the new freedom has been too strong for many a head. But if the younger generation—as the more intelligent among it seem determined to do—will re-establish a scale of human values and select from among

the wealth of material provided for it those factors that alone conduce to the enjoyment of those values, even in the new tempo of life, leisure and deep satisfactions may again return for all, and mankind may once again have made its adjustment to the new rhythm forced upon it. With each change of tempo man's mind has become somewhat different, and has itself become quickened in proportion to the tempo. With each change the period allowed for readjustment becomes shorter, the rhythm vastly faster. The corners must be turned more and more quickly if the process continues. The plotting of the curve may before many generations be followed with tense nerves. Will the law of diminishing returns begin to be felt in the law of increasing tempo? Or will the latter, like the former, at some point, as seems to be indicated, turn back upon itself? Have we attained that point already, or is the younger generation destined still to carry the line forward for a while?

Perhaps no greater crisis ever faced adventurous youth. Democracy may be a passing experiment in the struggle for happiness. It is at any rate a mere tool which may or not in the long run prove useful. It is not to make the world safe for that that the fight with the cosmic force of the time-spirit must be waged. It is for any continued possibility of sane, contented, rounded human lives for as many as may be who can learn to live them. If the intelligent youth of the new generation cannot make the needed adjustments, cannot create a new social life of human value within the rhythmic framework of the new tempo, democracy and all other catchwords of our day will signify as little as the last moaning of the wind when the ship has sunk below the waves.



THE ENGLISHMAN HIMSELF

BY MARY BORDEN

HE MAKES a bad impression on strangers because he doesn't care what impression he makes. He is difficult to know because he doesn't want to be known. Confirmed and contented pessimist, his wants are few; one of them is to be left alone. And yet he has learned how to live comfortably in a densely crowded space and, although he enjoys his own company better than anyone else's, he is considerate to his neighbors. In this lies the secret of his strength. He is undefeatable because he expects so little from anyone and likes solitude.

To understand him, consider his peculiar circumstances. He lives with thirty-five million men, women, and children on a bit of the map hardly larger than New York. Land value, in country districts, will give you an indication of how little room there is in England and how precious it is. Scarcely room to breathe, one would say, and yet somehow he has achieved a greater measure of individual liberty than any other man in Europe. For, crowded, jostled, obstructed, and wedged in on every side by his neighbors, he has been obliged to get on with people, has studied the art of human relationship, and has, by a complicated arrangement of give and take, maintained his right to live his own life as he wants to.

It is not in philosophy, science, or art that his genius lies, but in the conduct of human affairs. He is a practical, unconscious socialist. He respects that queer animal, man, and

his special contribution to the slow, lumbering evolution of the human race lies in that phase of civilized life most intimately connected with a natural, healthy man's needs. Let me use the term "social science" and include in it all such things as the making and administration of laws, the protection and the care of the feeble, the aged, the poor, and the rights of the individual. The British people are the most enlightened politically in the world and the most socially minded. The Englishman, in other words, is a highly civilized man.

Consider again the qualities necessary to ensure quiet and harmony in a small, crowded room. These will be found to be our Englishman's virtues—inevitably so. Imagine, for a moment, a room densely packed with undisciplined, hot-tempered small boys or fiery, adolescent egoists, told they've got to stay there for five hours and must arrange among themselves how best to pass the time. The result would be loud chaos and broken heads. Faced with a very similar problem, the Englishman has learned, among other things, the value of quiet and the high value of courtesy and how to give way to others. These are the insignia of civilized man. So is tact and a readiness to listen to another man's opinions.

With so little room, there seems to be room in England for everybody—room for him to lead his small private life and room to indulge his fancies and voice his opinions. No skyscrapers block his

view even in his congested cities. Actually they are not congested. They are full of parks, open spaces, and playing grounds. So, you may say, is Chicago and any city of America with the exception of New York. But look at Hyde Park on a Sunday morning. Notice what goes on there. Walk with me from Hyde Park corner to the Marble Arch, past the fashionable Church Parade, and stand with me in one of the crowds of listeners. Such strange, wild-eyed men these, on their improvised pulpits with banners and queer placards. Communists and die hard conservatives, quack doctors and religious fanatics; and there's a young girl, scarcely more than a child. On her placard was scrawled the words: "Down with the Press." I know her. She's an Oxford undergraduate. She's been suddenly moved to spend her Sunday morning exposing the awful cynicism of the newspaper pens. She's got as big a crowd as anyone, and a fatherly policeman stands beneath her tub, but he isn't needed. The working-men who are listening to her are amused and some are interested but most are bewildered by her language. Still, she's a sporting kid and she's got a right to her opinions, same as anybody, same as all the others. So the crowd stands quiet. It is not excited or excitable. The only excited people are the tub thumpers themselves. The listeners are taking their ease and getting a bit of entertainment and maybe a bit of information. And no one interrupts the speakers. It's one of your rights in England, evidently, to be listened to. You can say whatever you like within the bounds of decency. You can shout "Down with the King" (only you'd lose your crowd) or call the Prime Minister, in polite terms, a blackguard (there you'd score a success). You can attack the Pope, the Churchmen, or the brewers. You can prophesy the end of the world next

week or promise anyone the elixir of eternal youth in a bottle. No one will interfere with you. You've a perfect right to make a fool of yourself if you want to, and the crowd will continue to extend to you its courtesy if you do.

The courtesy of the crowd—that phrase I underline. They are all so polite to one another, these motley people. Soldiers in scarlet and nursemaids in neat uniforms, wheeling minute lords in their prams, listen with mild, casual detachment in the company of costermongers, bank clerks, and small tradesmen to the hoarse voices that are giving one another, politely, the lie; and the police constables are exquisite as they watch with a paternal benevolence or beautifully shepherd the nursemaids across the street. And the world of fashion sits politely gossiping a little way off under the trees, and the sheep browse comfortably in the distance. And notice that all this is going on under the windows of Park Lane's millionaire mansions; for that fact is interesting. The juxtaposition of ragged fanatics and millionaires is significant. For they tolerate one another and extend to one another the courtesy of London.

"But . . . but—what of that first impression?" I hear someone interrupting. "Didn't you write one day of how rude these people were to you when you first came to England?" I did. "Well, then. What monstrous inconsistency!" Is it? Let me try to explain. First by reminding you that I was a stranger, and that all these people in Hyde Park are used to one another, know one another intimately, have done so all their lives. Second, they are commoners, and a commoner in England is more courteous than a gentleman. Third, an English gentleman, though he is rude to strangers sometimes, is not as rude as he seems.

Those men who stared at me out of wooden faces at my first London dinner party ten years ago are now my friends. Smooth, highly polished blocks of wood, they seemed to me. They aren't. They are willow wands, who give and bend and never break. Strong men in iron masks, I thought them. But I found out that they were shy, sensitive, childlike men with quick intuitions and innocent vulnerable hearts. Or the big, shaggy, sulky brutes, who made no effort whatever to please me—I was wrong about them all. But it has taken me years to get to know them, and this is their own fault, more than mine. For I was the stranger in their midst.

How could I, the stranger, be expected to know that this creature who stood like a stick in a drawing-room, waiting for his dinner with an air that seemed to say, "I don't know why I'm here, but I suppose I've got to go through with it," was really a man of exquisite tact and extreme subtlety? How could I tell, when I stumbled on him in the hall of some country house, hunched in his chair like a sleepy, ill-tempered dog, that he had an unusual capacity for friendly devotion, and that his half-closed, savage eyes were the eyes of a connoisseur in women? Or again, how could I possibly imagine the truth about him and guess that he was the exact opposite of what he seemed, was, in fact, a very highly civilized man? I didn't. I discovered these things only very gradually. I discovered him, in other words, only when he chose.

He changed, slowly, imperceptibly, like a figure in a dream. The wooden outline softened. The mask melted in his face, the savage red eye, half closed at first, opened, looked straight into mine, and smiled in a friendly fashion. Please observe the level gaze and the friendliness. For that is the point about the relations of men and women

in England. They are friendly. As I've said before, the men who rule the country like women and treat them on the level, as friends. They like them better than Frenchmen do, who are past masters in the art of "love making," or than Americans, who slave for women and avoid their company as much as possible. One might say that living in such a cramped space, all huddled together, they've got to like them; that the two sexes are obliged, by necessity, to get on together. In any case, they do. The only women Englishmen do not like are new ones. Strange women, for whom they must make an extra effort, or old acquaintances who demand, like new ones, too much attention. This they will not tolerate. A woman who wants to be made up to all the time bores them, and they drop her.

They are lazy and they are masters in the art of elimination. And again, they've got to be; with so many people and so many things crowded together in so little space, one of the chief occupations of life becomes the simplifying of it. The Englishman has developed, together with tact, patience, tolerance, and good humor, a talent for ignoring what he does not want to notice. Surfeited with data, curiosity necessarily languishes. With so many demands upon one's attention, the instinct to put on blinkers to shut out the view and close one's eyes to most things is inevitable. This man, who has so little room, has too much of everything else. He does not want anything or anyone new added to what he has already, and so he makes a bad first impression, has achieved a great reputation for insularity, and is said to look down his nose at all the outside world and, indeed, does almost do that. The phrase doesn't quite describe him. Probably when he seems to be looking down his nose at you, he is not looking at you at all. A complete unawareness

of your existence is even more characteristic of him than a conscious sense of superiority.

II

Difficult men. My English life, let me confess it, would be barren of interest and very dreary without them. I depend on them, take trouble for them, get them to come to my house by giving them what they want to eat and drink; and I know that what they do not want is a surprise of any kind. No new dish, new drink, new woman, or strange celebrity for them. They must find in my house exactly what they expect to find: their favorite women and their favorite puddings and a couple of old cronies of their own sex; otherwise they won't come.

In Paris it was quite different. To make one's house attractive, one offered new people, new dishes, new forms of entertainment. The more polyglot your salon, the more brilliant. When I came to London I tried to do the same thing. I had made friends among the statesmen of many countries during the Peace Conference, and I thought when these world-famous figures came to London that my English acquaintances would be pleased to meet them. I was wrong. I was badly mistaken. The echoes of my mistake began quite soon to reach my ears. My foreign premiers and diplomats who'd made the Peace Treaty, my illustrious field marshals who'd helped to win the War fell very flat in London.

"Such a nice woman," my English acquaintances said of me, kindly. "I like her Paris clothes and her French cook, but why does she have such queer people in her house?"

I gave it up at last in despair. I not only gave up asking my English friends to meet foreigners; I gave up asking them to meet anyone outside their own small set. Certainly, they

are difficult men to please and totally lacking in curiosity.

Still, my house is full of them; if it were not, what would it be full of, I ask myself? Not of women, certainly. If I didn't have men about, the women wouldn't come. For though I like women, they do not really like me much, or one another. It does not, that is, occur to them to play bridge together or shop together or even lunch together if they can find anything better to do and a man to do it with. As for women's lunch parties, the idea that a dozen women could possibly enjoy themselves eating elaborate food together is inconceivable to the Englishwoman. She'd rather, a thousand times, have something on a tray alone; she'd rather, in fact, be dead.

The truth is that all these people have so much of everything that they find it almost impossible to make room for any new interest. Their country is crowded, their days are crowded, the whole English year is crowded. There is no man on earth so surfeited with good things as the Englishman of leisure and no social system so elaborate in all the world.

I will quote from one of my novels in which I am describing an Englishman of the leisured class:

Take a glance at the year's calendar of a man like Buck Dawson. Add up the pleasures. Take sport alone—fox hunting and shooting and fishing. If Scotland palled, one popped over to Norway. Horse racing and yacht racing, Aintree, Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, Cowes. You stepped into a dinghy in the Solent and were whisked to a Scotch moor. When the grouse were exhausted, there were pheasants. They lasted, with the partridges, till after Christmas, and if you wanted a change from birds or foxes, you went after tigers in India or lions in Africa. All this time you were living high—even roughing it was just a luxurious jaunt to provide a change—living at great ease in big, solid houses, and were being exquisitely

tended by armies of efficient servants and a series of fine, upstanding, warm-blooded, desirable women. You were perfectly brushed, washed, bedded, and fed daily. You drank incidentally a good deal of port and Burgundy, devoured large quantities of meat and game, prime ribs of beef, South-down mutton, Cumberland hams and venison, fat ducklings, too, and plovers' eggs and you smoked innumerable fragrant cigars and hit balls all over the place. This kept you fit. Whenever you weren't doing anything else, you were hitting a ball: golf ball, tennis ball, polo ball. Hitting things accurately was one of your most exquisite sources of satisfaction. Another was breathing, and another staring. You enjoyed breathing in the air of your England, and you showed your sense there, for it was delicious. You would stand in a stupor of bliss, though you would not so describe it, in a garden or on a moor, fragrant with heather, and simply breathe and know, as you filled your big, healthy lungs, that it was good to be alive. And you would watch your lovely world. You'd watch the woods flush from brown to red, then burst into frail, ravishing golden green, and you'd watch the lilac and the may come out and the buttercups rush dancing over the fields. You'd see the summer deepen and the days lengthen. You'd stare at the soft sky with your mouth open, stupidly, as if you were a stupid man, but you weren't too stupid to enjoy it, to love it, to sink into it and that's where you scored over all other men on earth, for you ate your cake and had it, and went on eating it, year after year, till you collapsed into your comfortable grave in the decent, quiet churchyard at the gates of your domain.

I end my long quotation here. It gives only one side of the picture. It is a description of the Englishman's pleasures only, and that's only half the story. For even such a man as I have described, though he will seem to be living for pleasure, will be carrying on a hundred voluntary activities and assuming a hundred responsibilities that no necessity but only his own sense of obligation imposes on him.

And why, after all, I ask myself, should a man who has so many good things want anything more? He doesn't. And why, if he is so fortunate and so privileged, should he not shut himself up in his castle and simply enjoy himself? For he doesn't. He knows every farmer and farm laborer, every cowman and shepherd and, in fact, every man, woman, and child for miles around, and he lives on friendly, intimate terms with them all and is their public servant.

Solitude and quiet. These two things he values above all else, but he does not possess them. Given millions of his kind living on a scrap of the earth, privacy naturally becomes for him the greatest of all luxuries and solitude his chief dissipation. But he cannot indulge in them.

To shut himself up alone in his study with a pipe and a book, or better still to escape into the open air with a dog who doesn't talk, that is his secret longing and that's what he does when he gets a chance. He does not get many. For he does not consider his time or his money or his land or his life as his own. He knows, in fact, that they are not his own and he lives enmeshed in a thousand obligations and takes his position in the world seriously, whatever it may be.

Master of Foxhounds or owner of race horses, cabinet minister or judge, postman or policeman or captain of a troop of infantry, he considers himself a servant of the nation and takes himself seriously, so seriously that the world smiles. He doesn't mind. He doesn't care a rap for their mocking. He has the habit of public service and the result is a body of public servants practically incorruptible.

III

It is one of the strange anomalies in his nature that the Englishman is of a

much stricter morality in his public than in his private life. He may be, in his private capacity, as husband and head of a family, dissipated, lazy, selfish, and immoral and yet, as the head of a government department, he will be indefatigably industrious, incorruptibly honorable, and capable of complete selflessness.

I have known so many who are like that. All those men who come to my house, they are, when you get to know them, just men after all, with the oddities and weaknesses, the frailties and failings common to human nature. It is not as private beings that they are impressive, but as social beings in the biggest sense. Let me put it that they are all, every one of them, practical socialists, men, in other words, whose conduct is controlled by a democratic sense of unity with the social body.

They saunter into my house from their clubs, their committees, and their offices. They motor down from their places in the country. They drift home from outlying parts of the Empire. And every one of them is involved in keeping England going and giving his services without being paid for them; helping things along, in one way or another. Even when they come home to retire, after a long period of governing a Colony or administrating the law in India or somewhere, they go on with it. The list of the London County Council is full of retired governors and judges, venerable, white-haired gentlemen of great distinction. Weather-beaten generals who've won the V. C., wealthy landowners, and scions of ancient houses sit together with socialist schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, with butchers, bakers, and plumbers and run London. Together they supervise its schools, study its drains, worry over its hospitals and attend to its lunatics. What do they do it for, these selfish, pampered,

pleasure-loving men? They receive no salary and no glory and no thanks from anyone. To sit in the House of Lords is dignified; to sit in the House of Commons is still considered something of a distinction, but to sit on the London County Council and mess about laboriously with drains and slums and paupers and lunatics and children's adenoids, truly, that is no joke nor does it flatter anyone's vanity. And yet they do it; year in and year out they do it, these polished, seemingly wooden, exquisitely tailored old gentlemen of military bearing. For they are great pessimists, remember, and they think that England would go to the dogs if they didn't do their bit. And public service is a habit with them. It's the harness they put on in their youth and, being thoroughbreds, they'll go on in harness till they drop dead.

Great pessimist, who loves his England and is perfectly content with his world as it is; what makes him grumble is fear of change. When he says the Army isn't what it once was or the Navy or the House of Commons or Society, he means that it is really the only decent thing of its kind left in a horrid, convulsed, modern world, and that if he and his friends don't go on just as they always have done, then the world will rush in like a flood and submerge it. And all he asks really is to be left in peace to enjoy it.

He is not being left in peace. His lands, his country house, his wealth are being taken away from him. Slowly but surely he is being stripped of his possessions. What then? you may ask. What will become of this pleasure-loving male pessimist, so pampered and spoiled? Will not his pride be brought low? Will he not wring his hands and become more friendly to foreigners? No. He will not. He will remain exactly the same, for he has one thing that no socialist government

or rival nation can take from him, his predilection for solitude.

He is, I insist, incorrigible and undefeatable. For how can you handle a man who is already in his secret heart at once so incredibly proud and so inconceivably modest? For he is modest. I've seen an English V. C. stand shyly, patiently, listening to a very young, raw soldier who had joined up for the War tell of his exploits in France, and never did the hero show by the flicker of an eyelid that he was bored or amused and not even at the end of the unsuitable discourse did he divulge his own identity. Pride or modesty? It doesn't matter which you call it. I myself call it tact of the most exquisite kind. That Englishman would have died rather than let the boy know he'd been telling his silly tale to the wrong man.

But what, above all else, can you do with a man who, if you take his possessions from him, simply digs himself in deeper to the little bit of England you leave him? And how disturb his content, if having had so much, he can be contented with so little? A pipe and a book, if he's of the kind who reads, and a shabby armchair by the fire—this, I declare, comprises the dream-happiness of many a landed proprietor overburdened with large estates and large responsibilities. So why should he become more sociable and more amenable if you take his riches from him? He won't, for he won't really mind, not half as much as you or I should.

He grumbles, of course, all the time. He'll fight and curse any government

that attacks his wealth or his privileges. He'll give way, inch by inch, but he'll do this as much from a sense of duty as anything else. And when at last it's done and all his worldly goods have been taken from him, I wonder—I almost think he'll have a queer feeling of relief. I can see him take his walking stick, call to his dog, and set out from his cottage at the gates of the great old house he once owned and go off for a long, solitary ramble. He'll have a pair of field glasses slung over his shoulder probably, and his face will be apparently expressionless; for the worried, wistful look in his eyes will be veiled and as difficult to distinguish as the small, sardonic, twisted smile on his lips. The worry will be for England and the sardonic smile for himself. But presently, as he penetrates deeper into the countryside that once paid him in rents half what he spent on it, but that still belongs to him, in a sense, simply because he knows and loves every field and woodland better than any man, both expressions will fade from his lined, weatherbeaten visage and he will become again a happy man, an unconscious, inarticulate poet. And I see him stop, suddenly, to listen, advance very softly into the wood, stand very still, and lift his glasses to gaze in self-forgetful rapture at some small, feathered songster. But no one would know from his expression what he is feeling. There's no sign of rapture on his face. Indeed, there's nothing about him that would indicate to the passer-by what manner of man he once was, still is, and always will be.



CEREMONY IN WHITE

A STORY

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

WHEN Ruth and Cordy had gone Lexie sat on the edge of her bed thinking of Mal.

"I'm thinking of you, Mal!" she cried, almost out loud, sending out the strong impulsive greeting as if it could reach all the way to Mal wherever she was, feeling that she was stretching out her arms, though she only leaned forward a little as if that would help, straining outward away from herself, toward Mal.

"I'm thinking of you, Mal! I'm the same as I always was!"

Why had she argued with Cordy and Ruth? They were so sure of everything, so sure she was only pretending not to know.

"You're the only one who *doesn't* know," they said.

"But I grew up with Mal. I've known her all my life."

"I wouldn't brag about it," Cordy said. "You've known old Net Bidwell all your life too, haven't you?"

A spot inside Lexie was very still before she said, "Mal's not bad like old Net Bidwell, is she?"

Cordy looked at Ruth and shrugged, smiling a very superior grown-up smile. "You've been away the last few months. Nobody speaks to her any more."

It was true, as they said, Lexie had been away staying at Grandmother's going to school. September to Christ-

mas, how long it had seemed, how excited she had been at getting home. Only an hour ago mother and father had met her at the train, and coming up the side street from the station, the short way home, she had been so happy that she had waved to everybody she saw, no matter how far away they were or whether they saw her or not, and had kept calling out foolishly, as if she were ten instead of sixteen, in a kind of delirium of homecoming, "There's the cotton gin! . . . There's the post office! . . . There's Barton's Hardware Store! . . . There's the Methodist Church! . . ." as if she had expected to find them all changed about or probably not there at all. And rounding the corner of Schoolhouse block, "*There's the house!*"

She had rushed through all the rooms and found them marvelously the same. She could hardly wait to go downtown and see everybody; she wanted to see them all at once, embrace everybody at once.

Father had gone back to the office, and mother had dinner to get. Lexie must unpack and hang up her things in her room so they wouldn't be crushed. But she had scarcely got her suitcase open when Ruth and Cordy came, dashing up on the porch, clamoring at the door.

And now Ruth and Cordy had gone, and Lexie sat on the edge of her bed, thinking of Mal. Mal with her dark

bright eyes, her strong black hair, in-different reckless Mal whom she had always been able to *see* more clearly than anyone else no matter how long it had been since she had really seen her last.

But now, because her present vision was blurred by the things that had just been said, because for the first time the figure of Mal had failed to spring up before her complete at a thought, but wavered in a kind of vacuum of unreality, all the old visions of Mal, the Mal she had known since they were children together, came crowding forward as if to the rescue, as if to keep this vague new figure alive.

Mal, coasting down Jayne's Hill on a bicycle at breakneck speed, her feet on the crossbar, her red knitted "stocking cap" flying out straight in the wind. Mal, one arm in a sling, racing down the street on the chestnut mare Lady, pulling her back on her haunches to a sudden stop in a cloud of dust. Mal, a whirlwind of color tearing past the catcher, sliding to base, in a game of Black Man at recess. Mal poised on the peak of the barn, tanned arms above her head, fists clenched, ready to jump.

These were the pictures, full of action and bright bold color, that Lexie would always have of Mal. And always accompanying them that old sense of herself, a pale shadow (for she had no definite picture of herself except that she was small and blonde and felt invisible), watching a little enviously, but not the same envy you felt for anybody else; for it was almost as exciting as if it were yourself to see Mal doing so recklessly whatever came into her head to do, bringing it off to a finish, no matter how dangerous. She didn't do things to show off or to get ahead of you, or even to be the best; she did them because she wanted to, and Lexie's envy was not for what

Mal did, but because she never "stopped to think," because she was not afraid. It was thinking that made you afraid. Not that Lexie had never done these things herself. She had coasted down Jayne's Hill on her bicycle too, but not when it was icy, not with her feet on the crossbar, not without looking to see if the way was clear. She had raced horseback too, but not just any horse, not a wild horse like Lady, known to be dangerous even for a man to ride. And she had jumped off barns, but not the highest ones. On the highest ones she had remembered father's favorite admonition to "use her head" and refused to jump. Yet she knew that it wasn't father's admonition that kept her from jumping; she wouldn't have done it anyway. It took courage to say, as she forced herself to do quite calmly, "It's too high, I'm afraid to jump," but it would have taken more courage to jump. "A little caution," father often said, "had saved many a broken leg." And so it had for Lexie, to her deeply secret shame. Why shouldn't she break a leg? Mal was forever breaking an arm or a leg, having some accident. But that didn't stop her doing the same things over again. Once she had been unconscious for a day and a half, thrown and dragged by a horse she had been forbidden to ride. "This will surely teach her a lesson," everybody said. But the first day she was out she caught the horse in the corral, tied it up short to a post, and gave it a good lamming with a rope. "I'll teach you! I'll teach you to throw me!" she was saying when her father heard the commotion from the house. Something had leaped inside Lexie when she heard that story told. Nothing would ever conquer Mal.

Yet when a week later Mal came riding into town—for that was after they had moved away and were living

on the ranch—Lexie could only say, "I'm glad you're well again," and Mal said only, "Yes, I'm all right now." It had happened. It was over. She was ready for something else. You could never really talk to Mal or tell her how you felt. She would probably never know how important a place she had in Lexie's world or how often she thought of her. "Poor in spirit"—it was a phrase the minister had used one day in church. "Poor in spirit," that was how Lexie felt when she thought of Mal.

From the beginning it had been the same. Even in those earliest years—and Mal and Lexie had been among the very first children in the little Oklahoma town—when they had walked to school together every morning in wintertime and played together in summertime, Lexie had never thought of Mal as a chum as other girls had been. Mal had never seemed to need a chum. They had never had secrets together or told each other what they thought about, and Lexie's memories of Mal were never of conversations, but of activities. Not that Mal was silent, or that you felt a lack in her. She talked enough for Mal. She would tell you how to do things, teach you how to whistle loud through your fingers or shrill through a blade of grass, how to make a horse breathe in before you tightened your saddle girth. She would tell you the names of things and, if you asked, what she had done yesterday or was going to do to-day. And she would tell you what she liked and what she didn't like. "I like this" or "I don't like that"—never any hesitation, never any doubt. Lexie always wondered how it was possible to know so exactly what you liked and disliked, since there were always nearly as many reasons for liking things as there were for disliking them. That is, if

you thought about them long enough.

Mal didn't like "niggers"; she always called them that. Lexie could still see Mal's straight back stiffen, her head go up, and her walk go faster when one of the black children called out "hello" to Lexie as they passed. They soon stopped calling out when Mal was along and only waved timidly and mouthed "hello" when Lexie looked around. Their faces looked so scared and their eyes so merry that Lexie wondered how anybody could help liking them. But Mal disliked them, "hated them," she said, for no more apparent reason than she disliked cats, spotted ponies, turtles, reading books, persimmons, white dresses, and the blue flower they called "indigo." And she disliked them forever. She didn't change her mind. Lexie wished she knew how Mal decided things. She seemed to have some secret way of making up her mind. When she was eight she had given up playing with dolls. "I don't play dolls any more."

Lexie had given up playing with dolls half a dozen times and had gone back to them again. But after that if Mal was coming she put them out of sight. Not that Mal would be superior. You could play dolls if you liked. She wasn't in the least concerned whether you agreed with her or not. But it seemed a little silly just the same to be playing dolls when Mal was there. For somehow you had the feeling that Mal was right. At least she was right for Mal, as she would always be. She seemed to be going forward while other people went round and round. She was never confused, never in doubt, as Lexie always was. She simply hadn't that vacant space inside where you quaked, where things got all confused so that you didn't know really what you thought.

In all the years at school Mal had

been different from the rest. Lexie had always envied her the calm way she could answer the teacher's question with simply "I don't know." Either she knew or didn't know. If Lexie didn't know she thought she *ought* to know and made an attempt to answer anyway and often convinced the teacher that she knew or found out she really did. Mal either knew or didn't know and made no foolish effort to pretend she did. She had the air in school of being there only because she had to be and of studying only to be through and done with it and free. There were times when she looked as if she might march out in the midst of a class and leave the whole silly business behind and never come back again. And you imagined that if she did, it would be to go to some high adventurous life of her own which she knew awaited her outside. So that when she did stop school at the end of her eighth grade year, Lexie imagined that she had done just that. Yet all that Mal had said to her was, "I'm not coming to school any more" and, "I like the ranch."

Was it because Mal had been living on the ranch and no longer came to school that Lexie had seen so little of her these last few years? Was it because she remembered that Mal had "liked the ranch" that she had never imagined her as lonely there, but had thought of her instead as doing again what she wanted most to do? Or was it because Lexie herself had been so interested in other people that she had not noticed how she had seen less and less of Mal? There had been school in winter. And new people had come to town. New friends. Ruth and Cordy had come—Cordy and Ruth.

So long as a thing was not put into words it was neither true nor untrue. But when it was said, when it was put

into words, it became somehow both true and untrue. Ruth and Cordy had said it. And now Lexie knew that she must have known it all along. At least she must have known that there was *something* about Mal.

Why else had people stopped mentioning Mal to her? And why had she stopped asking who had seen Mal and how she was? Why had Mal stopped coming to parties? What had people meant, oh long ago, when they said they were "afraid Mal Baxter was pretty wild"? It had seemed just a phrase that grown-ups used, like father saying as he used to do that Mal would grow up to be a handsome woman "if she didn't kill herself with her recklessness."

To be sure she had been away this winter. And Mal had been away the summer before. She *had* asked then what had become of Mal, and someone had told her she had gone away, to the next town, they had said. Why had she not asked what she was doing there? Had there been something in the look, the voice, that had warned her from asking that? Or was she only imagining all this now? Was it possible that she had been so absorbed in her new friends Cordy and Ruth last summer that she had nearly forgotten Mal?

Suddenly she was filled with anger—at herself, at the town, at everybody, but most of all at Cordy and Ruth. A hundred Cordys and Ruths could never equal Mal. What right had they, what right—strangers who had never really known her—to speak of her at all? How dared they smile like that, as if they were superior, as if it were a joke? "Nobody speaks to her any more"—Cordy had seemed to triumph over them both—over Lexie, over Mal. "Surely you can't pretend you didn't know she was being 'talked about.'" "Talked about"—lots of people had been "talked about."

Mrs. McCready and Minna Ellis had been "talked about," but people hadn't stopped speaking to them because of it. There was only one person in town that people didn't speak to . . . "You've known old Net Bidwell all your life too, haven't you?" . . . Mal slinking down side streets like old Net Bidwell, avoiding people, looking furtively sidewise out of her eyes as people passed, to see if they were going to speak. . . . Mal with that queer shuffling step . . .

Again the vision wavered . . . seemed to slowly drown, dissolve, in that vacuum of unreality. . . .

Hardly knowing what she did or why, Lexie went through the little hall and appeared at the kitchen door.

"Don't come in!" cried mother, "it's a surprise." She was shielding something with her apron, smiling, waving Lexie back.

"I won't," said Lexie, turning back at the door.

"All right now, it's safe. I've hidden it. Come on."

"I just wanted to ask you—could I have a party, do you think?"

"I don't see why not," said mother. "When?"

"I was only thinking about it," Lexie said. "This week maybe. I'd have everybody—all the boys and girls I haven't seen for so long."

She began to name them over, and mother happy and busy at the stove, kept saying "yes" and "of course" or just nodding her head and now and then suggesting a name herself.

And after every name Lexie tried to say, "And Mal, I'd have Mal." But she could not, simply could not say the name.

Now she had come to the end. She could think of not another one. She waited . . . surely mother must think of Mal.

The thought of Mal was there between

them, like a presence, like a ghost.

"Have I—forgotten anybody?" It was the best that she could do, as close as she could come. For an instant it seemed *too* close, and they would have to say it now; and this she knew she could not bear.

Then mother said—did she imagine that she looked relieved?—"You don't seem to have left anybody out." And then quite casually and in another voice: "You'd better finish hanging up your things, dear, if you want to go downtown before dinner. We can arrange about the party later on."

"I may not have it," Lexie said. "I was only thinking that it might be nice."

She had escaped to her room again. So it was true. Mother knew it and so did everybody else. Mal not even asked to a party. . . . "Nobody speaks to her any more."

A great love for Mal welled up in Lexie's heart.

"I'm thinking of you, Mal! I'm just the same as I always was!" She must find her, see her, tell her, let her know somehow. She would write her a note: "Dear Mal: I'm home for Christmas vacation. I meant to write you before . . ."

No, it wouldn't do. If she hadn't written her before, writing her now would be too much. Mal would suspect that she had heard and think she pitied her. You couldn't pity Mal. Whatever she did, however they met, Mal must not think that. She could not write her the note, she could not send her a message for there was no one to send it by. No, she must wait now until she met her on the street . . . and then, just as she would have greeted her if she hadn't heard, quite naturally—not too warmly, not too gaily, or Mal would know—casually, but glad, glad . . . glad and surprised and happy to see her again.

She hadn't known how difficult it was going to be. Perhaps she hadn't really expected it to happen at all. At least she hadn't expected it so soon. For when on the second day she actually saw Mal coming toward her down the street she felt a shock as if she had believed Mal dead and she had appeared before her suddenly alive.

Mal, in a plaid coat, red scarf and tam, the color in her cheeks whipped up by the winter wind, so startlingly alive, so startlingly like herself, her head held high, coming directly toward her along the deserted street.

With no time to think what she would say, Lexie cried out, "Mal! Why, Mal!", flung out her arms and stopped while Mal came on.

Without slowing or quickening her pace, without even taking her eyes from Lexie's eager astonished gaze, Mal swerved slightly outward to avoid the outstretched arm, and strode straight on, leaving Lexie staring after her. Her eyes had been clear and proud. They had not wavered but looked straight through Lexie as if she were not there. Stunned and bewildered by something that had certainly been like scorn in Mal's dark eyes, Lexie, still gazing helplessly after her, saw two women, Mrs. Mills, the banker's wife, and Miss Evans, the teacher, emerge from the post office directly in Mal's path, saw them waver as if they were about to turn, retreat, saw Mal go past them as if they were made of air.

Not speaking to Mal? . . . Mal was not speaking to the town!

Above the confusion of her thoughts, above the chagrin and hurt of her own rebuff, a kind of exultation rose up in Lexie's heart. Again the old leaping sense of Mal riding fast—Mal not caring—riding reckless and alone. Mal doing what she wanted to do—bringing it off to a finish no matter how dangerous. . . .

And beneath this exultation and turbulence, Lexie knew that something had been restored to her, some part of her world that she had nearly lost.

She had no other glimpse of Mal before she went back to Grandmother's and to school.

But the one encounter was enough. It had performed the miracle, lifted the weight of sadness and concern from Lexie's heart, and re-established Mal in her rightful place—a little farther removed this time, but sure and strong above all others . . . nothing would ever conquer Mal. Lexie had only to remember that bright flash of scorn in Mal's dark eyes as she passed her by to feel ashamed and rebuked—rebuked for presuming upon old friendship, ashamed for the weakness of her sympathy, ashamed that she had almost pitied Mal, ashamed of her—lack of faith. She had only to see again the high rebellious carriage of Mal's head as she swept by those other two who wavered in her path to feel again that in that instant she had shared with her a kind of triumph she would never know alone—a triumph over something she despised but could not name.

By the following summer Mal had passed beyond the stage of being openly talked about. The town had ceased its indignant gossip of her "brazen and insulting ways," her "defiance in the face of decency." The talk had spent itself. There was nothing left to say. Resigned and eloquent silence greeted any mention of her name. Often she disappeared for weeks at a time, though where she went no one seemed to know or care, relieved only that she was gone. When she reappeared—for she always reappeared, wearing each time more dashing clothes and the same high-handed air—an uneasiness ran before her down the street. Women tight-

ened their lips and murmured acidly, "She's back again"; men moved to the edge of the sidewalk and looked embarrassed as she passed, as if they might be going to speak to her. Only the boldest of the boys did sometimes speak, and sometimes had from her a quick glance and a brief "Hello."

Only once did Lexie, at home again, see Mal speak to anyone she had known before; only a glimpse as she turned a corner of Mal a block away talking with three town boys. Because she had always known these boys, Lexie found herself thinking quite easily, quite naturally, that she had never thought of Mal as interested in boys as the other girls had been. She had thought the boys liked Mal because she was good at their sports, because she was more like them. And she thought also for the first time and with a sharp sense of surprise, as if it were a discovery, that Mal was almost a beauty. You hadn't thought of it before because she hadn't acted like a beauty, she hadn't posed, or talked about clothes, or been self-conscious or affected with boys. . . . The thoughts passed lightly, clearly through the surface of her mind, as if Mal had been just any girl. It had almost been a bridge across to Mal.

It was one of these same boys who came into the drug store one day when Lexie was waiting at the back counter for a prescription to be filled. He stopped at the soda fountain at the front of the store, and Lexie heard him order a "coke" and say to John Labin the clerk, "Did you hear about the preacher calling on Mal Baxter?"

"I *did!*" said John, and they both laughed.

"He won't try *that* again," said the boy.

"Well, he certainly had his nerve," said John.

Lexie had an instantaneous vision of Mr. Foster the minister and of

Mal confronting him. Mal with her eyes ablaze, standing up straight and tall before him—poor timid Mr. Foster, who was so conscientious, weak, and good. You couldn't help being sorry for Mr. Foster even in the pulpit when he preached, where everybody was friendly and wanting him to do his best. It must have taken all his courage and all his sense of duty to drive him to anything so rash. Mal, who had never gone to church or even to Sunday-school; it had been one of the things she "didn't like." It was only because he hadn't really known her that he had dared to go. Lexie could imagine the scene—yet she didn't imagine it except for that first instant's vision of Mal standing straight and tall in a door, with Mr. Foster, hat in hand, outside on the ground, looking up at her and flushing, his stringy neck with the Adam's apple working, his weak moist eyes behind his glasses looking as if he were about to cry, stammering, trying to speak, flayed by the blazing scorn in Mal's eyes and voice.

"He won't try *that* again." . . . She liked the way he said it; there was admiration in his tone for Mal—in Johnny Labin's too. She could almost have laughed with them, feeling suddenly warm and friendly toward them both. But of course they hadn't noticed that she was there; they didn't know that she had overheard.

On the rare occasions when Lexie saw Mal on the street afterward, it was at a distance and alone or with some stranger, an inhabitant of a different world.

Once through the window of the dry-goods store she saw her pass with a stranger—a tall, sunburned young man in khaki, very businesslike and trim. And Mrs. Satterlee at the window matching thread for a customer, sighed and said, "It's a pity, those young surveyors, with as many *nice* girls as we have in town."

And once from across the street in the late afternoon she saw Mal pause to speak to two men on the hotel porch—traveling men, who rose from their tipped-back chairs in “drummers’ row” at her approach.

And at these times it was she, not Mal, who hung her head, avoided people’s eyes, pretended she had not seen.

It was odd, the little things that made her think of Mal. Whenever she went to buy so simple a thing as material for a dress or a string of beads, and found herself looking at red, thinking that surely of all the colors in the world red was the most beautiful, and that she had never yet seen any red that was brilliant or deep enough—if only this were brighter, deeper, redder, she would buy it at once, but this that was *merely* red—and then coming away as usual with one of those dim indefinite colors she always wore, feeling that she had betrayed herself again—invariably she thought of Mal.

And often when she was reading a phrase or a passage would make her think of Mal. “*One wing of the palace of our lives*”—that was Stevenson . . . Why did she think of Mal? The wing that was Mal’s was vague and shadowy, but somehow magnificent—with strong walls, windows that looked upon vast plains, turrets that reached to the sky, and dark gardens with strange flowers.

In the spring of the following year something happened which made Lexie realize once for all how definite a boundary stood between her world and Mal’s. It was a magical spring night, and they had been to Cordy’s on the other side of town. Now, walking home with Ruth and Dave and Tom, they came into Main Street, quiet and deserted at ten o’clock. Only from the drug store a bright white light streamed out.

“Ice cream or something cold?” Tom asked, turning round.

“Ice cream,” said Ruth. “Come on.”

But Lexie, in a dreaming mood under the spell of the night, felt suddenly that she could not bear to go inside.

“The light’s too bright,” she said. And young Dave, who was priding himself that spring on understanding Lexie’s moods, said promptly, “Don’t come in. Stay out here, we’ll bring them out.”

The three went in, and Lexie moved languidly to the edge of the high sidewalk and sat down in the shadow beyond the streaming light. She sat upright, her head leaned back against a wooden post, half listening to the voices inside the store, half dreaming of nothing in particular. Her eyes gazed into the darkened street.

There was not even the warning of an approaching step. A board behind her creaked, a hot hand was laid on her shoulder, a hoarse male voice behind her said quietly, “Aye there, Mal.” She turned to see looming above her a strange man, thick-set, ruddy faced, black mustache and cigar, who seeing her face turned to the light said, “Excuse *me!*” and retreated soft-footed backward into the shadow from which he had appeared. Then he turned, and his uncertain bulk loomed for a moment huge against the building as he went round the corner and was gone.

The spot where the hand had been laid on her shoulder was hot and quivering. . . . A hand had come out of the darkness and touched her. A hand and a voice. She was weighed down, held there motionless by that touch, smothered by the thick male voice—two weights, two tones—the first heavy and intimate, the second apologetic, retreating, as if to withdraw the first. . . .

“Here we are!” said Dave. They

were with her, surrounding her as she got somehow to her feet.

Afterward she could not remember whether she had eaten the ice cream or not. She could hardly remember their walking home and nothing that was said.

A hand had come out of the dark and touched her—out of that dark and terrifying world where Mal went freely, unafraid. A world of which you could never know anything more than that it was there, invisible, forbidding, close beside your own, and those who were of it were courageous as you could never be . . . a reckless willful courage . . . courage to walk alone . . . with strangers . . . safe because of that courage . . . through the dangerous dark.

There would always be those two worlds—that one and her own familiar one in which she would always live, where only a little courage was enough, where even the timid, the poor in spirit safely lived.

She saw her own safe life, its boundaries intangible but fixed. Even if something unexpected happened and she went far away, lived in cities, New York, Europe—she would always be the same. You took your boundaries with you. There would always be the line you couldn't cross.

Only Mal had crossed it, boldly—unafraid.

On a Sunday morning in September Lexie woke and looked out her window to find that the day was gray and heavily overcast. "It *would* rain to-day!" she said to herself. "It rains on picnics; of course it would rain on *this*."

"This" was a river baptizing, and they were going, all of them. The whole town was going, for it was, they said, a show you shouldn't miss. There had been a week's open-air revival in the grove, and everybody had gone to the meetings at least once or twice.

Father and mother were going with their friends. Cordy and Ruth and the boys were coming for Lexie at ten o'clock.

They came at ten-fifteen, late because they had thought it was going to rain. But the low gray skies had lifted, thinned, paled to a lighter gray. As they drove through the streets and left the town behind, the high curtain of cloud that hid the mounting sun grew luminous, opaque still, but evenly suffused with light.

"I knew," said Dave, mock-solemn, "God wouldn't let it rain to-day."

"Well, I wasn't so sure," said Tom. "The river's pretty low. I thought they might need the rain to help wash Mal Baxter's sins away."

"Mal Baxter!" Lexie said. "Mal . . . ?"

"Oh, she hasn't heard! She hasn't *heard*!" sang Ruth. "She didn't go. You missed it, Lex! Mal Baxter was saved last night!"

"Repented. Came to Jesus."

"It was marvelous."

Far away a blow had fallen.

All their faces were turned to her, eager, lighted with excitement to find she hadn't heard.

"I—can't believe it," she said weakly.

"*Nobody* could believe it when they saw her coming down the aisle."

"She nearly fell, if the preacher hadn't caught her . . ."

Not Mal . . . not Mal . . . not Mal! The words beat themselves over and over in her mind as if to avert, put off, deny, the realization of this catastrophe. Not strong scornful Mal, Mal of the high rebellious head, Mal who had defied them all, who was bad because she wanted to be! She couldn't have done it; what they were saying could not be true, it couldn't have happened to Mal. She clung to her disbelief against their voices.

Cordy was telling it now.

"She was sitting in the very back—you know how dark it is. Nobody seemed to know she was there, or whether she'd been there before. We couldn't believe our eyes. They'd already sung two songs with the revivalist and Mr. Foster begging and pleading with them to come up, and both of them mopping their faces and getting more and more excited, and just as it looked as if they weren't going to get anybody at all and they'd begun the third song, all of a sudden there was a terrible sound in one of the back rows—it sounded as if somebody had been hurt, you wouldn't have recognized the voice it was so unnatural—and a kind of commotion, and there she was crying and sobbing and coming down the aisle. People gasped when they saw who it was, and Mr. Foster—it was the funniest thing you ever saw—looked *terrified* for a minute until he saw she was crying so she could hardly walk, and then he just dropped on his knees and began to shout 'Praise God! Praise God! Praise God!' They were all holding out their hands to her, and she would have fallen right into Mr. Foster's arms if the preacher hadn't caught her—you know how they act when somebody's saved, you can imagine what it was when Mal Baxter came. . . ."

Oh she had seen them stumbling, broken, convulsively sobbing, go down that aisle to the waiting outstretched hands—the weak ones, the timid ones, the ones who were afraid—but not Mal, not Mal, not Mal.

"Can you imagine Mal Baxter *leaning* on Mr. Foster, letting him shake hands with her?"

"Can you imagine her letting old Mrs. Burkus kiss her on both cheeks?"

"She looked," said Dave, "as if something had been *broken* inside her. It was pretty awful to see her cry."

"I can't quite believe it yet," said Tom. "I wouldn't have been half as

astonished if I'd heard she'd killed a man."

I wish it had been that. . . . Had she said it aloud or had she only thought it desperately to herself? That she might have believed, admitted, understood. It had been easy, long ago, to believe that Mal was bad. What she had not been able to believe was the slinking furtive Mal, the Mal who hung her head, avoided your glance for fear she would not be spoken to. And that had not been true, as this would not be true. This broken penitent Mal could not, *must* not be true. This time she would keep faith with Mal.

Their voices were going on. They did not even notice how still she was. They were talking about the baptizing now.

"All in a white robe with the rest, unless she changes her mind."

She grasped at it, with a great surge of relief. Whatever had happened last night, she would be herself to-day. She would not be there, not be there for them to look at, laugh at, triumph over. They could not conquer Mal.

"She won't change her mind." Cordy's voice, superior, the old note of triumph in it, triumph over Lexie, triumph over Mal. "She's had enough. You could see how scared she was."

And this was so false that now she knew that Mal would not be there.

And all the time they and their voices were being carried swiftly forward through the steadily brightening day.

River and earth and the misted curtain of the sky that still obscured the sun were drowned in hard white light. All the air between was filled with brazen reflected light.

There was a singing in the air, a high, many-voiced singing that rose and fell across the river as if the light itself were audible. On the opposite bank

a group of vari-colored figures lined the river's edge. Against them the tall black-garbed figure of the evangelist, arms outstretched and rigid, stood out starkly like a somber living cross. At his right, a smaller group, white-robed and motionless.

The singing wavered on a long high note and ceased. A single voice, the voice of the evangelist, began to speak. It was like a deep-toned droning in the air. Only as it rose now and then to a kind of noble chant did the words become distinguishable:

"Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death. . . . Even so we also should walk in newness of life . . . planted together in the likeness of his death. . . . We shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection. . . . For in that he died he died unto sin once . . . he liveth unto God."

The voice stopped. As at a signal, all the figures sank together in an attitude of prayer. Invisible signal. Inaudible prayer. As at another signal they rose again, the whole group seemed to move and shift uneasily and, with a drifting movement to the right, enclose the smaller white-robed group. In the foreground the evangelist was descending the river bank. Half way down he turned and reached up his hand. A white-robed figure detached itself from the others, came forward and, clasping the outstretched hand, was led down the bank to the water's edge. As they entered the water the singing burst suddenly forth again. And as they waded slowly out into the stream, their figures growing clearer in the white reflected light, the singing seemed to follow them, the words more clear as they advanced.

*"And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains,
Lose all their guilty stains!"*

When they reached the middle of the river where the current ran waist

deep they halted and faced about. The singing abruptly ceased. The face of the woman, framed in the gray hair hanging loose, could now be plainly seen, heavy, with sagging lines under the high cheekbones, and stricken with a childish fear. The evangelist dipped up water in his hand, touched her forehead, the back of her neck, clasped her hands upon her breast, held them firmly in one of his, the other supporting her back.

The words of the ritual, faintly heard: "Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ your Saviour?"

The inaudible response.

"On the profession of your faith and in obedience to the command of my Lord and Master, I baptize you in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. . . ."

Backward upon the water, with one strong expert movement of the supporting arms. The waters closed above her—obliterating her from sight.

She came up out of it, changed, but safely held in that powerful embrace from which they both seemed to struggle briefly, upright, to free themselves. Water poured from her robe and hair. Upon her face a look of terror and surprise.

"Amen!" came from the evangelist, and "Amen! Amen!" echoed from the shore.

"Lord we have done as thou hast commanded, and still there is room!"

It was over. They turned and, the evangelist leading as before, began to make their way back through the water, drawn by the singing voices that had burst forth triumphantly again.

And now once more the evangelist reached up his hand and a white-robed figure detached itself and followed him down.

Lexie, watching, felt her heart leap once and stop dead still. No, Mal, no!

For even at that distance and

through the blinding light she saw that it was Mal. *Impossible that it should be, yet it was.* Mal in a straight white robe, who had never before been dressed in white. . . . Knew her by the long dark hair black against the terrible whiteness of the robe. . . . Saw her take the outstretched hand. . . . Saw her led into the water. Mal who had never before submitted to be led. Saw her coming slowly nearer, advancing through the water, her dark head, the head she had held so proudly, gently bowed, her eyes upon the water as she walked. The singing voices followed them.

The impossible was happening. This could not be Mal. Now in a moment she would waken, come to life, wrench free, and hurl defiance to them all. But steadily, slowly-swiftly they came on, borne by the singing voices like an incantation, like a spell.

Straining forward, hardly breathing, Lexie felt a cry rise in her throat—but she could neither utter it nor move. It was like a dream from which you could not waken though you knew you dreamed, nor make any movement to avert the dire disaster waiting at the end.

They had entered the deep bright current, halted, drifted, turned. She faced him straightly like a somnambulist. The last words of the singing voices reached them, swinging clearly overhead.

*"and seek a grave
With thee beneath the yielding wave!"*

The voices stopped.

Now, Mal, now!

In the stillness that fell upon them through the white reflected light of the strangely brilliant day, her face above

the different whiteness of her robe and against the blackness of her flowing hair was pearly pale. It was still and strange and calm.

Meekly she let her hands be folded upon her breast and the black-sleeved arm supported her.

"Do you believe . . . ?"

Something was happening to Lexie's world.

"In the name of the Father, in the name of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

With no movement of her own, she was borne backward upon the water, her upturned face lay an instant upon the surface—and disappeared. The waters closed above her, flowing swiftly where she had been. . . .

A strangled cry had burst from Lexie's throat. A cry of protest and agonized incredulous farewell. Farewell to that strong arrogant Mal, gone down to failure and defeat. Farewell to all high courage, recklessness, and pride, and the beautiful blazing scorn—quenched forever, drowned, put out. Farewell to the bold imperious Mal, capitulated, fallen, failed. . . .

They stood together again, but it was no longer Mal. Even the fine firm body was changed . . . the swirled and clinging folds of the heavily dripping robe changed and distorted it.

Lexie felt an arm go round her—"What is it, dear?" Mother was beside her.

Bewildered, almost fainting, falling, for all strength had gone from her, she let herself be turned about.

"I think you'd better come with us."

And upon the singing voices, the terrible exultant voices, and through the desolate light of a betrayed and empty world, Lexie, too, was led away.



THE CRISIS IN MEDICAL SERVICE

BY R. L. DUFFUS

MEDICAL care, like nearly everything else in the world to-day, is suffering from acute unrest. Something is happening to that beloved figure, "the family doctor," with which we have all been familiar in fact and in fiction. Whether he is actually disappearing or not is a debated question, but there is no doubt that for millions of Americans he is increasingly hard to find. The ordinary man relies on doctors as he probably never did before. He respects their knowledge and is a little afraid of them. He is impressed, if not actually appalled, by the growing complexity of their apparatus and by the number of doctors and the amount of machinery it often takes to locate the cause of his particular ache. But he is less sure than were his father and grandfather where to turn to get the best medical care available in his generation and location, and he is increasingly fearful that if he does get it he will either have to accept it as charity or pay for it more than he can afford.

The picture is one with which readers of *HARPER'S MAGAZINE* are familiar. Most of us know about it from hard experience. Let us examine briefly some of the facts that bear upon it and then consider whether there is not, after all, a way out. Our principal source of information will be the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care, a privately organized and financed group of physicians and laymen which is now, under the chairmanship of Dr. Ray Lyman

Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, completing the fourth year of a five-year study of this problem. Our conclusions, however, will be our own, since the Committee is waiting until all its facts are in before it makes up its collective mind.

The criticisms of medical services in the United States may be summed up under four heads: (1) they cost too much; (2) increasing and to a large extent unregulated specialization not only adds to this cost but makes all-round medical care difficult to obtain; (3) adequate medical facilities are not available in large sections of the country, particularly in the rural districts; and (4) not enough emphasis is placed upon preventive medicine.

We may as well dispose at once of the notion that the nation's medical bill, as a whole, is more than the nation, as a whole, can afford. It amounts, roughly, to between three and one-half and four per cent of the total national income, or about \$3,000,000,000 a year. This is about \$25 a year for each individual and about \$100 a year for the average family. It is about what we annually pay for passenger automobiles, or for gasoline, or, if the Association against the Prohibition Amendment is accurately informed, for illicit beverages.

But it is distributed with cruel unevenness. I have on my desk the answers of fourteen families out of some thousands who filled out a recent questionnaire regarding expenses for sick-

ness. These families spent sums, in a single year, ranging from \$5.02 to \$2,180.03. One family with an annual income of \$3,000 incurred total medical bills of \$2,071.15. These extremes are representative to this extent, that any family in the United States which pays for its medical services may be lucky enough to get through the year on \$5.02 spent for health, or it may be unlucky enough to run up bills of \$2,000 or more. One may escape with a cold or two, or one may suddenly find that the doctor, surgeon, trained nurse, laboratory worker, and hospital have become, at whatever price, necessities of life. No advance information is available.

Do the medical profession and its allies profiteer at our expense? Sometimes, for every profession has its profiteers. Not in the mass, for it can be shown that the average doctor, surgeon, nurse, and medical technician are not making more than a fair living for what each knows and does; and as for hospitals, the majority of them do not even pay expenses out of receipts from patients. The cost of medical care in hospitals is often confused with the cost of luxuries which have little or nothing to do with medical care. Private rooms, private baths, and private nurses sometimes come under the head of conspicuous waste.

Consider the physician. He has probably spent the equivalent of \$10,000 or more on his education and equipment and, with 40 cents out of every dollar he takes in going for professional expenses, earns an average net income of \$5,000 a year or less. The high-pressure salesman who sells us things we do not need and do not really want would despise the rewards of this man whose goods are life and health. If we leave out the relatively few practitioners who earn a very large return because they are worth it or because they "can get away with it,"

the American doctor is underpaid. He gives ten years of life to getting an education and working up a practice; he gives time regularly to patients who can't or won't pay, as well as to those who are, or think they are, entitled to bargain rates, and he spends excessively long hours at his dreadfully responsible job. The average general practitioner in Philadelphia, as a survey of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care revealed, puts in sixty-four hours a week; in Detroit, according to the same authority, the average for a similar group was sixty-one hours a week. And union labor—more power to it—is talking of the six-hour day and the five-day week!

So we have a medical situation in which the average physician invests heavily and works hard for a modest return; in which the average patient is menaced by medical charges which may ruin him or force him to resort to public charity; and in which the actual practice of curative and preventive medicine is far behind our accumulated scientific knowledge. Malaria bobs up with its million cases every year: it can be prevented. In a single year more than 80,000 persons die of tuberculosis and several times as many are ill with it: most of these cases could have been prevented. We have each year between 30,000 and 100,000 cases of smallpox, we have had 26,000 cases and 5,700 deaths from typhoid fever, 89,000 cases and 8,300 deaths from diphtheria in a single recent year: this illness and these deaths were absolutely unnecessary. Our death rate in childbirth is one of the worst in the world; by the same token we could save the lives of thousands of mothers each year.

Medicine costs too much, its rewards to those who follow it are too small, and it does not achieve all that it ought to. No wonder it has occurred to many observers who are

neither revolutionaries nor alarmists that it is time something was done to remedy this situation.

The proposed remedies are numerous. Some of them are good and some of them are bad, and it is not always easy to tell which is which. But I think few informed persons, lay or medical, will question the statement that the existing difficulties are due largely to defective organization or to a lack of organization in medical care. The hopeful element in this crisis is that certain tendencies toward a better organization are already showing themselves. Let us see what these tendencies are. Then let us speculate as to where they may lead.

II

Individualism and organization in medicine have, of course, gone hand in hand since the earliest times. The relation between the patient and the physician who is responsible for his care must be an individualistic one under any system of medicine, since no two patients are precisely alike. But, as the venerable oath of Hippocrates shows, there has always been a community of interest and purpose among doctors, based on a recognition of the fact that the doctor is not an ordinary merchant selling an ordinary commodity. In some degree the priestly character and the priestly responsibility still cling to him. He is by his vocation a member of a group set apart from ordinary men. He has a group code and a group psychology. His conduct is subject to the censorship of his professional brethren. In this sense all medicine is "group medicine."

Formal organization has long existed in medicine through the activities of the state and through those of private charity. The Federal, State, and local governments are the largest single agencies in the prevention and

treatment of disease. Certain groups, such as officers and men of the army and navy, and of veterans of those services, together with the Indians, are considered as wards of the government; some diseases, such as leprosy, contagious sickness of various kinds, tuberculosis, and insanity are held to be society's business quite as much as they are the individual's; and it is an accepted principle that just as no one in a civilized community can be allowed to die of starvation, so no individual, regardless of his ability to pay for it, should be denied medical care. This last principle is an elastic one. It means that in the final analysis the state must do what voluntary agencies do not. It means that those who oppose the extension of state medicine must limit its field, not by argument but by building voluntary agencies to make further intervention by the state unnecessary.

In 1928 Federal, State, and local governments controlled 567,000 out of 892,000 registered hospital beds in the United States, including about ninety-five per cent of the beds for nervous and mental cases, and about three-fourths of those for the treatment of tuberculosis. An inquiry made in 1926 showed that out of 620 graduates from American medical schools in two selected years, 1915 and 1920, 173 were holding full-time governmental jobs. More than one-fourth of these graduates were in the various national or local health services. Others were in the army or navy, the Veterans' Bureau or public school medical systems. Another 195 were doing part-time work in the same fields. In many cases these were undoubtedly young physicians gaining an experience which would later be useful to them in private practice. But, at least temporarily, they were working for the government and receiving their pay out of tax funds.

Government medicine arose out of the necessity of preventing the spread of disease. Its earliest form was quarantine. Organized medicine as we now have it in hospitals and clinics was a product of charity. Not until very recent times did any person who could afford a private physician go to a hospital. The increase in the number and the capacity of hospitals, the growing refinement and elaboration of their equipment, and their rise in public esteem are developments of our own day. Of the 6,852 registered American hospitals in 1928, according to Dr. C. Rufus Rorem of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, all but 661 were established after 1875, and all but 2,070 since 1900. This is an age of hospitalization. And hospitalization is about as different from medical care as practiced by the family doctor as any system dependent on the same science and the same code could well be. It is, in effect, a co-operative practice of medicine, even though an effort is made to retain the personal relation between the individual patient and the individual doctor. The modern hospital would fit easily into a system of group practice, with insurance, periodic examinations, and organized preventive measures, but it is not ordinarily so conducted. The hospital is part of an uncompleted equation.

The other half of the equation is still in an experimental form; that is, the mass of prospective patients—and we are all prospective patients—have not yet organized to protect themselves against disease and to ensure themselves adequate care when they do become ill. But there are signs that this will not always be true. From the patient's point of view, obviously, the outstanding difficulty in obtaining adequate medical care is its cost, and not its average cost but its possible cost to him in particular. For him the objective is, as the Committee on the Cost

of Medical Care has defined it, "the delivery of adequate, scientific medical service to all the people, rich and poor, at a cost which can be reasonably met by them in their respective stations in life." But it seems doubtful to many observers that this objective can be achieved without determining the average cost of medical service in advance, and then spreading this cost over a sufficiently large group according to established actuarial principles.

This idea is not new. It is, however, not easy to apply, and in some of its forms it meets with opposition from the medical profession. It is easy to abuse and to commercialize and in some instances has so been abused and commercialized. In such illustration as I shall give I shall confine myself to the insurance of medical service; since health insurance which pays only money benefits has little direct bearing on the costs of adequate medical care. The money benefit is as likely to be spent on rent and groceries as it is on physicians and medicines. Commercial health insurance sometimes provides a cash payment and also takes care of doctors' and hospital bills within certain limits. It is always sold in connection with accident or life insurance. It has been subject to abuse, particularly on the part of malingering patients who sometimes insure in so many companies that they find it cheaper to be sick than to be well, and it cannot yet be called a great success. Some life insurance companies have found it profitable to give their policy holders free medical examinations at regular periods; and at least one industrial life insurance company set up a free clinic for diagnosis and treatment as far back as 1913. But it is not yet possible for the average American to buy medical care in advance on an annual premium basis from an insurance company, nor is there any present indication that this will ever be possible.

Fraternal societies, labor unions, and mutual benefit associations of various kinds have long had systems of sickness insurance. Labor unions usually pay sickness insurance in cash, and even this is usually inadequate. The same thing is true of the miscellaneous mutual benefit associations, though some of them do reasonably good work as far as they go. As for "lodge practice," it has become a byword among physicians for poor pay and correspondingly poor service, and few doctors care to engage in it except under dire necessity. The doctors who do undertake it are likely to do so only for the purpose of working up a private practice, to which they retire as soon as possible. The lodge system, as Dr. Richard C. Cabot has said, "encourages disgracefully low standards of medical work, hurried and botched examinations, guesses at diagnosis, treatment that is a wretched farce." Yet we cannot altogether ignore it in considering the medical situation. These attempts to obtain security against the costs of sickness are pitifully inadequate, yet they represent a need which is desperately real.

When we pass to industrial group medicine we find something which is far better organized and which holds out a tangible hope. Medical care is often provided by industrial corporations without direct cost to the employee. Yet, since it makes little actual difference whether a given corporation spends \$10 to \$25 a year per capita on medical service to its employees or adds that much to the average annual wage and then charges the employees for the service, we may consider these industrial systems as a form of sickness insurance. The only difference is that the worker is more disposed to take his medical benefits when they are seemingly offered him for nothing.

Many industrial insurance schemes

have arisen out of pure necessity, as in lumber camps or remote mining communities where injuries were frequent and the services of physicians and surgeons would not otherwise have been available. There is not much room for private enterprise in a community in which the land, the houses, the stores, the churches, and the recreational facilities are owned by a single corporation. We might as well expect the private practitioner to flourish in communistic Russia. Consequently we need not attach too much importance to "group practice" or group insurance under such circumstances, any more than we should to the fact that soldiers and enlisted men in the navy are cared for by service doctors rather than left to shop around among general practitioners and specialists as the rest of us do.

But in some cases corporations under enlightened management have gone so far as to furnish complete medical care, even when the customary facilities were already available to those who could pay for them. They have done this because it became painfully obvious that their employees could not pay for adequate care in sickness. Some thirteen years ago the Endicott-Johnson Corporation, which does a large-scale tanning and shoemaking business in five New York towns, undertook to furnish complete medical service without charge to all its employees and their families. This step, taken at the request of the employees themselves, was part of a "welfare" program which included profit-sharing and old-age pensions. Within a decade after its establishment the corporation's medical organization was caring for ninety per cent of its 15,000 workers and their families, a total of more than 40,000 individuals, at a cost of about \$900,000 a year. This works out at about \$22 per annum for those to whom the service was available and

about \$28—or just a little more than the average American pays for medical service each year—for those who actually used it.

The company may have more than recovered its expenditures in the increased contentment and efficiency of its workers. But I am less interested in who paid for the service than in what the money bought. If \$22 or even \$28 a year for each individual will pay for all that a family needs in the way of medical care and insure it permanently against being bankrupted by medical bills, the Endicott-Johnson plan is of enormous importance.

What, then, does \$28 a year buy for the 36,000 who use the Endicott-Johnson service? I am drawing for my information on a report made by Dr. Niles Carpenter and others for the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care. The service employed more than one hundred full-time staff members, of whom 28 were physicians. In a single year the physicians made 87,400 house calls—or more than two for each person using the service—and received 118,740 office calls—or more than three for each person. There are three medical centers with hospital service, a first-aid station and clinic, and a number of traveling clinics. Every emergency, literally from child-birth to death, is provided for. Each family, as far as possible, is allowed to select its own physician, with whom its relations are much like those of any family with its family doctor. Maternity care is provided; there are clinics for children and babies; teeth are filled or extracted when necessary; there is a “psychological adjustment” clinic; chronic and acute diseases are cared for; and all the usual medical specialties are included. Cases requiring advice or treatment beyond the range of the regular staff are referred to specialists in outside practice or treated in outside hospitals. In a single year

the corporation paid \$250,000 to community hospitals and \$40,000 to outside specialists. In addition to this a convalescent home and rest house for girls and women is maintained, and two tuberculosis cottages at Saranac Lake.

The salaried physicians of the staff receive from \$3,000 to \$12,000 a year for their full time. If they get less than the most successful private practitioners in their community, they get more than the (financially) less successful. And they are free from business worries, have no bills to collect, and can give all their time and thought to the job of making and keeping their patients well. It is often said that salaried positions kill a physician's ambition. They may kill it financially. They need not kill it professionally if he has adequate hospital and laboratory facilities and a group of patients large enough to provide him with experience over a wide range of cases.

I have not gone into details about this plan for the purpose of glorifying a private corporation, though there can be no doubt that this plan deserves praise. But the majority of us cannot find jobs with enlightened corporations which will give us excellent medical care for nothing. The point about the Endicott-Johnson plan is that it is a group plan, operated at moderate cost, and that it works. The same principles might be utilized by a co-operative group of families; and if the same organizing and administrative ability were applied, there is no reason why as excellent a result should not be obtained.

For another illustration of successful group practice we might turn to the medical systems which have been adopted by various schools and colleges. They are paternalistic in much the same way, though under different circumstances and for different reasons. The student, like the employee, must be well if he is to do his best work.

Moreover, if his education is to be well-rounded he ought to go out into the world with at least a rudimentary idea of how to keep well. About 95 colleges and universities, with a total enrollment of about 250,000, now have a medical service for their students, who are usually charged a special fee to cover the cost. The University of Michigan, for example, with an enrollment of about 13,000 students, has six full-time physicians, 10 part-time physicians, one part-time dentist, and 20 nurses, social workers, laboratory technicians, and other employees. The student pays \$10 a year, and all his medical and dental needs are attended to. The rate can be kept low because college students are at a healthy age. But there is seemingly no reason why the same system, with some other organization taking the place of the university or college, should not work just as well for the same individuals after graduation. It may well be a shock to a student who has been paying \$10 a year for medical care to find himself several years later with hospital and doctor's bills running into the hundreds and even thousands of dollars.

My next illustration might be listed under the head of "state medicine"—which would damn it out of hand in the eyes of most American physicians. It is state medicine in the sense that it is a system of medical care supported out of taxation. But essentially it is an act of co-operation on the part of an entire community. I refer to the "municipal doctors"—the "municipality" in this case corresponds to the American county—of Saskatchewan.

The Saskatchewan municipal doctor is not a "system." He is not a deliberate attempt at "socialized medicine." He is merely the most convenient arrangement for meeting an emergency in the lives of some twenty wheat-growing communities in the

Canadian Middle West. About ten years ago these communities began to be dissatisfied with the results of private medical practice. In some cases the doctors were dissatisfied, too. Patients complained that medical care cost too much and was not always easily available or of the best quality; doctors that they found it hard to collect their bills and make a living. Some doctors were hired by the municipality in order to keep them from moving away; others were brought in from outside. Salaries were paid, and fees for certain services were allowed which enabled an average doctor to earn a net income of between \$4,500 and \$5,000. The money was raised by taxes on land. After ten years both physicians and laymen, according to a report by Doctor Rorem, whom I have already quoted, are well satisfied with the plan. The cost of the doctor's salary alone runs from \$7.50 to \$10 a year for each family. In a typical community all costs, including the doctor's salary and fees, drugs and medicines, special nursing, hospital, and doctor's charges for patients who needed the attention of specialists or had to be sent to outside hospitals, and contributions toward the provincial public health service and tuberculosis sanitarium came to the surprisingly low figure of \$20 a year per family—less than one-fifth of what the average American family pays.

I do not hold the plan up as a model for every American rural county to follow. If any one generalization emerges from a study of group medicine in different parts of the world it is that generalizations in this field are dangerous. But some rural communities in this country do contrive to keep their physicians by subsidizing them as public health officers; and it might not be hopelessly un-American in certain instances to pay them full salaries out of tax money. Surely nothing is so

un-American, in the flattering sense of that word, as a community which lacks the fundamentals of good medical care.

These experiments are evidences not of a peevish dissatisfaction with conventional medical practice but of a desire to supplement or improve what we now have. The problem is a practical one. It presents endless variations and complexities. But there is a real crisis. What else can we call a state of affairs under which, in so advanced a commonwealth as Massachusetts, "about one-third of the individuals sick with chronic disease"—the quotation is from Dr. Herbert L. Lombard—"are not receiving medical care"? If this is true of Massachusetts, with its high standards of material civilization, the situation must be worse in poorer and more backward states. Some sweeping changes are manifestly necessary if the country as a whole is to enjoy the full benefit of existing medical knowledge, and if future additions to that knowledge are to be promptly and generally applied. I think we can guess at the nature of those changes from what has already happened.

III

They will not, I believe, include compulsory state sickness insurance. Yet if this were the only means by which adequate medical care could be provided for all the people I do not see how any physician or layman could conscientiously object to it. The patient is more important than the physician, since he is the physician's reason for existence, and the health of the nation is more important than any theory. At the present time twenty-three nations have compulsory sickness insurance for at least a part of their population. The system has existed in Germany for nearly half a century, in Austria and Hungary for forty years or more, in other countries for shorter

periods. Even where it is being subjected to severe criticism, based on real abuses, as it is in Germany, there is no indication that it will ever be discontinued. The argument for it is the unanswerable one that it works. If America rejects it—as in this generation, at least, it undoubtedly will—it must find another system or variety of systems that will work as well or better.

If we examine the European insurance schemes we find, to quote from a publication of the Commission on Medical Education, that they "are financed by a combination of contributions from the insured persons and employers, compulsory savings, and indirect taxation," and that "the provisions for medical care are only a part of a much larger scheme of insurance against incapacity, disablement, unemployment, old age, and other economic risks." They affect populations which are accustomed to paternalism, as ours is not, and which at the time the insurance acts were passed were conspicuously lower than ours in living standards and in standards of medical care. In Great Britain, whose civilization most closely resembles our own, compulsory insurance developed out of the voluntary contract practice carried on largely through "Friendly Societies" and trade unions. Grave abuses had arisen in this kind of practice.

"The remuneration of the doctors was low," states the report of the Commission on Medical Education which has already been quoted. "The doctors were inclined in many instances to give superficial and perfunctory services. Many persons who were able to pay somewhat more than the contributions took advantage of these various types of contract practice to obtain cheap medical care. Many abuses grew out of the system. Physicians not infrequently accepted more appointments to local clubs than they

could take care of, not so much to increase their incomes as to keep competitors out of the community. Canvassing and other forms of questionable procedure were resorted to, and the whole situation became very unsatisfactory for everyone concerned."

The chain of events is clear. Individualistic medicine did not give the British worker adequate care. When he organized to remedy the situation he probably improved matters somewhat, but in doing so produced other conditions which were also unsatisfactory. Here is an object lesson which American physicians and laymen will do well to study carefully. There is every reason to believe that we shall be compelled to organize medical service on a scale beyond anything yet attempted in this country. Indeed, as we have seen, the process of organization is now going forward as the only means of escape from our present dangerous and costly medical anarchy. If we are to avoid socialization we must organize voluntarily on a sounder and more businesslike basis than the British voluntary societies were able to attain. We must approach the problem as a wise manufacturer approaches a problem of physical production and distribution—by a patient and exhaustive study of previous experience in this field and by prolonged experimentation. Whether we—the "we" of majority public opinion—plan it or not, the drift away from the old-fashioned individualistic type of medical practice will continue. The varieties of group medicine we have glanced at in this article are certain to develop. There will be more medical centers, more community hospitals, more private group clinics, more contract practice, more group insurance by industrial, educational, occupational, and perhaps even geographical organizations. The physician will become less a business man, less, perhaps, a priest of hidden

mysteries, more a teacher and guide. More and more emphasis will be placed upon preventive medicine, upon the achievement of life and health as opposed to the mere postponement of sickness and death. I think we may sense what may almost be called a popular revolt that is demanding these things. I am sure that the most humane and enlightened physicians desire them.

Our medical crisis is thus twofold. It is, first, the menace of an existing condition under which the full and free application of the healing art is woefully hindered. It is, second, the danger that the movement to remedy this condition will go astray. When a physician explains why he is opposed to state medicine the gist of his argument almost always is that he fears to come under the control of "politicians"—that is to say, of laymen who will interfere in matters concerning which they have no proper knowledge. I think it will be admitted that this would be a misfortune. I talked not long ago to a distinguished physician with long experience as a hospital executive who was completely cured of a belief in state medicine by serving as health officer of a large American city. But the same danger of lay control of medical matters might arise even in a voluntary and unofficial organization. It might arise in an industrial health service or in a large and powerful mutual benefit society. It can be avoided only if everyone concerned can be made to realize that, while health is a public concern, the methods of promoting health are matters for the highly trained technician. There must be a democracy of purpose and, as in all cases in which experts have to be called in, an authority of means. To achieve this combination will call for at least as notable an effort of the American genius as the building of the railroads or the development of the automobile industry.

The American medical system of the future must be built from the bottom up, not from the top down. The family doctor, not so much disappearing as taking on a new and more effective function, must build himself into it. The state's function will be to co-operate, through its existing agencies, not to compel. The layman must give up his nostrums, prejudices, and superstitions; the doctor must surrender

the hocus-pocus and pretentiousness which he has inherited from his medieval predecessors.

This is, possibly, a large order. But those who reject it as impracticable or undesirable are leaving no choice except between a continuance of the present condition of medical anarchy on the one hand and a political dictatorship over medical practice on the other.

HE THINKS OF HER

BY SUSANNA VALENTINE MITCHELL

TEN years have gone since last I saw her enter
 Into the room she had made hers and mine,
 And since then time has flowed with tidal measure,
 Obliterating what was so divine,
 Covering with its pale and heavy sands
 The moving and the motions of her hands.

Days come and go, and often I forget her.
 She is not my most constant memory.
 And yet, deep down, beneath sunrise and sunset,
 She is the very heart of life to me,
 And that still face that could so dance and flame
 Comes back to me, a lost, a lovely shame.

It was as still as is a summer twilight,
 Oval, and molded to serenity
 And brooding calm. The lips that closed so firmly,
 And were so red, so full of mystery,
 Closed over speech like nothing man has heard
 Since the first wind in the first branches stirred.

Stirred, and then spoke, and then became a power,
 The face became a triumph, and the eyes
 A bannered army in a molten sunset,
 An army that defies
 Time in my heart, or time upon the evening.
 When the still twilights visit me again,
 Again that passion and that calm pass through me,
 And I am shaken with an ancient pain
 Which grows not old, since she and pain are one,
 And grows not less. And so my life runs on.



A SOCIAL BACKGROUND FOR OUR CHILDREN

ANONYMOUS

MY FRIENDS and I have recently been discussing a troublesome problem as we considered the future of our children, some of them about to enter school at the age of four, others approaching adolescence. We are of the generation which might loosely be called the war generation. We have had much freedom of social movement. We have been taught that on the whole our children will be better citizens and healthier persons if given freedom of movement and of decision. Yet as we see the growing looseness of the social fabric, we cannot but begin to wonder what our own freedom of contacts, our own unwillingness to be bored by any set group of friends may destroy in the way of a rich background of human associations upon which our children should be nourished for life.

My husband plays an unspeakable game of bridge and I dislike cards; but we have finally decided to make desperate efforts to learn because so many of the people we like most find a non-bridge-playing couple difficult rather than charming. Conversation about golf bores us to extinction, so does small-talk about clothes; but we find that the willingness to indulge in the give-and-take of chit-chat is essential to being a part of any group available to us that seems worthwhile to us as parents.

Some people are born clubwomen. I'm not. Community activities of all sorts irritate me. Yet I realize that I must play some part in the gathering of the female clans or I shall have no right to expect a place for my family in the tolerance or affection of our kind. This anti-committee feeling of mine, which is undoubtedly a reaction from a too collegiate college career, makes me reluctant to shoulder the social responsibilities such activities bring with them; but this seems to be one step towards stabilizing my family in the social background we desire.

We are interested mainly in books, the theater, and other arts, although we are not completely absorbed in them. Among our friends and acquaintances are numbered many radically-minded men and women, although our own liberalism has only in the past two years led us to "split our ticket" and even then we veered only mildly from my husband's inherent republicanism. At the moment we find among our friends and business associates many charming and intelligent people who would fit rather badly into our inherited New England setting. In the larger gatherings in our home the only social requisite is that we enjoy the company of the people to whom we issue invitations. On the other hand, some of the most conservative business and professional people in our community are our

close friends. Therefore, as we face this problem of which I am writing, we find ourselves in the midst of a highly varied group of friends, all of whom we like, most of whom we admire and respect, and yet within this large group we are practically without what might be called an intimate circle. Never having considered ourselves "highbrow," and certainly not "bohemian," we discover, to our dismay, that unless we speedily change our ways, we are likely to become isolated in any group in which we attempt to move.

"We will be individuals," we said when we were first married. "Look at Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell. Their dinners are entertaining and varied. They seem to have no set group of friends. While the Richmonds—what a dreadful life they must live, going out constantly and always in a certain rotation. I dine you one night, you dine me the next, and on and on *ad infinitum* to a complete and exquisite boredom."

However, now that our children are old enough to be reckoned with, we stop to consider the Caldwells' married daughter. She selected a husband whom even the most liberal-minded of parents could not consider a suitable son-in-law. Her friends are ill-assorted and most of them are unknown to her parents. She has practically dropped from their lives, except for an occasional awkward reunion at Christmas or Thanksgiving. This is a great unhappiness to the Caldwells, and I know that they are a lonely, saddened couple. Mrs. Caldwell doesn't realize that there is any possible connection between their own mode of living and their daughter's, but I think there is. The Richmonds present a very different picture. Their sons are well adjusted, having adopted much the same social background as their parents without seem-

ing to deny their individual inclinations, and as a family give a very satisfactory effect.

Social pressure is an irksome thing to the man or woman of independent mind; but I am becoming fearful that submission to it may be the part of wisdom, if not of actual necessity.

The problem presents itself to my husband and myself in an exaggerated form, perhaps, because of our individualism and because we live in a big city where special difficulties beset us in the establishment of a social background. Yet I wonder if it is not a serious problem to thousands of other parents whose tastes and surroundings are quite different. All over the United States, since the War, the social fabric has been breaking down, reassembling, rearranging. The breakdown has been most conspicuous in the cities and particularly among the growing ranks of the apartment dwellers: the complexity of modern urban life, the constant moving from one apartment to another, the restricted size of apartments, and the virtual disappearance of the guest-room have all tended to weaken the family as a social unit and to disrupt the settled pattern of society. Yet in lesser degree the same disintegration has taken place elsewhere. The automobile, the motion picture, the dance hall, prohibition, the radio, and a dozen other modern phenomena have changed the habits and morals of the countryside. Many towns which once had a separate life of their own have become, in effect, little more than suburbs of the nearest city within motoring distance. There is much more movement from place to place, much less isolation; many more young people go away to school and college. All this tends to unsettle and mix social groups.

Children go to school at an earlier age than in the past, either because

their mothers are working or because the home is too small. They get less and less religious education. Their social horizon becomes almost as wide as an adult's. Their outside activities have multiplied so rapidly—athletics and games, dancing classes, playgrounds, clubs, camps, movies, and other entertainments—that by the time the child is adolescent it is likely that the parents see him only at meal times and know little of what he is doing or thinking, or with whom he is spending his time. He seldom brings his friends home and he seldom goes to his friends' houses. His time is cared for by the various organizations which have taken him away from his family.

This seems to be the average story of childhood to-day, according to F. Stuart Chapin, Floyd Allport, and other articulate sociologists.

What chance have parents, in this state of affairs, to retain the full confidence and friendship of their children? Their influence is lost when the children most need it. Their sons and daughters are placed in a social setting with which the parents have little contact, unless they are willing, as Mr. Allport says, to become social workers with their own offspring as cases and get the facts and figures from the various organizations which have taken over the conduct of their lives.

The effect on the children of this decentralized and artificial situation is readily seen in the widening gulf between the generations, the almost inevitable estrangement of parent and child, and a social unrest that too often culminates in the tragic disasters we read about in the headlines.

Wherever you live and whatever your personal inclinations may be, I am convinced that if you have children this problem of the social background is your problem too. You

spend a lot of time guarding your child's health, planning his education, buying his clothes, teaching him manners, but do you do anything about his social background? Do you know who his friends are and why he chooses them? Does he bring them home and does he talk to you about them? Does he know well any of your friends? What are his social standards? When a child becomes associated with a group of friends with whom the parents have no contact, the situation is as false and hazardous as if the wife and husband moved in different social circles. Yet this is the situation in multitudes of American families where parents do not recognize that part of their job is to provide their children with social standards.

II

What are social standards? It is difficult to decide in these chaotic days. Even in the group which claims to be the aristocracy of the land there is the same break-up of the settled social pattern that I notice particularly in those about me.

For instance, only the other day in New York City, Mrs. Stanton told me that her son saw none of the children of her old friends, friends chiefly from the old guard of New York's Four Hundred, but was forming associations entirely outside her particular social pattern. Moreover, it is a fact that the guests at many New York debutante parties are invited in wholesale lots and dictated by certain powerful social secretaries who card-index young eligibles and dish them out on silver platters to the town's ambitious hostesses.

I heard a young Englishman recently turn to his dinner partner and say, "Can you tell me anything about American society? At home I have

some idea where people belong. Here I simply cannot tell at all. Some of the people I meet are obviously well bred and wealthy, and yet I don't find their names in the Social Register. Some of the people I meet are obviously vulgar and wealthy, yet I do find their names in the Social Register."

I mention this incident to dispose quickly of Society with a capital S. Perhaps it is only because I see it chiefly from the sidelines but it seems to me that there is no longer any such thing as a real aristocracy of wealth or of breeding in America. Even such strongholds as Boston and Charleston are giving way before the encroachments of the new rich. The social groupings dictated by religious affiliations are dissolving. An orthodox Jewish mother of our acquaintance bewails the tendency of her children to consort with the goy. Mixed marriages in the Roman Catholic church are increasingly frequent, and the Episcopal church is a haven of refuge for many of our prominent Jews. The wealthy suburbs of Long Island have as many separate sets as America itself, and each New York suburb has its own special brand of snobbishness. The same is true of Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, and so on. Many of our oldest families are completely outworn and some of our new-made aristocratic families seem to be able to wear themselves out in a half century. I dare say that within these circles and sets and snobberies the problem I am outlining is as real as it is among those of us who believe that we are passionate anti-snobs.

The matter of social standards would be relatively simple if one could bring oneself to say, "My child's friends must be chosen from among those who belong to such and such a club, have such and such an

income, use the family crest on their note paper, or worship their God in such and such a fashion." Most of us cannot do this; we see all too clearly the artificiality and absurdity of such criteria. Yet there is danger in the situation. It lies in the fact that the social distinctions which have broken down represented, after a fashion, the desire to stabilize and perpetuate certain standards of behavior, of decorum, and of taste; and that as the distinctions disappear the standards are weakened.

Since social standards are no longer fixed, and yet the need for them has not yet been destroyed, we must face ourselves and our futures honestly and plan with our friends and our ideals the subtle circle in which our children must inevitably find themselves as they awaken to the complexities and the needs of a social life. We must decide what our own definition of "social standard" is. In the past we have patronized and criticized those of our friends who seemed always to foregather with people who were their intellectual inferiors or even their intellectual equals. We swore bravely that we would spend most of our time with those who could give us something new to think about, and with whom we would have to struggle to maintain an intellectual companionship. Now we wonder if choosing our friends on this basis is compatible with our undertaking, as parents, to build up a social background that will sustain our children. It would be a mistake to turn over to them our cult of tolerance before giving them enough knowledge of social standards to know what they are tolerating. We have arrived at a broadmindedness which allows us to accept as friends people whose standards we can't accept as fit for our children. But children will know us by the company that we keep.

An exaggerated instance of the complexities of modern life was told me by a clergyman not long ago. One of his parishioners came to him with a tragic face, saying that his son, having met the family bootlegger in the house, had been drawn into that gentleman's gay night club set and had become something of a racketeer on his own account. The young man had been introduced to the bootlegger by his own father—which is only one of the ironic situations in which people often find themselves these days.

It is all very well to let your child be independent, to allow him to choose his own friends and live his own life, but first you owe him some standards to work by. It is quite evident that complete freedom of choice by the child in these matters is not possible. Children don't choose their parents or their parents' friends, the community in which they live, or the house they must occupy. It is we who give them, consciously or unconsciously, some center from which their social life will radiate, some sense of the fit or the unfit, with which they will choose their own associates.

III

Perhaps my husband and I feel this problem with particular keenness because our own personal backgrounds show a dearth of social guidance that we know was a real handicap. Our experiences are commonplace enough to be duplicated among thousands of other American couples.

It so happens that, although both of us came from what might be called upper-middle-class families, neither of us, through the accidents of life, was given any social training or any real roots from which our own social life could naturally spring.

Neither my husband nor I, for example, ever remembers having a party given for us in our own home,

and in both our cases it so happened that to bring a group of our friends home was frowned upon as disturbing and unnecessary. To the many adults who are out of touch with their own childhood this may sound unimportant, but I believe it to be a disastrous attitude for the parent to take. I received no practice in the art of being a hostess and was supposed to have small need for social contacts outside the schoolroom. Social poise was supposed to fall upon me full-fledged as soon as my diploma proclaimed me no longer a school girl. Most of my enduring friendships were made at summer camp and college, and my husband's at school and college, and are far removed from any connection with our family backgrounds.

Our childhood days were pre-war, and our parents did not have the excuse of social chaos that modern parents can fall back on. We feel that their failure to recognize our need for a social background and their attitude was a sizable handicap in the dithering days of adolescence and delayed that rich maturity which social stability gives a man or woman.

It may be illuminating to list some of the worst present-day offenders in this matter. We find among them people who could do a great deal for their children, but who fail because of ignorance or laziness.

There is Mrs. Kenton, who insists on living in the suburbs, for the children's sake. But Mr. and Mrs. Kenton's close friends all live in town, and the Kentons know nothing and care nothing about their children's friends. They move in a different orbit and are doing nothing to co-operate with their children in the matter of family friends and social background. They are riding for a fall.

There are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, who delight in bohemian friends,

friends who drink too much and are the life of the party, charming people whom you can't trust, men of unsavory reputation who, nevertheless, are desirable dinner guests. Their children tend to select the same type of friends, and Mrs. Thomas wonders why her son goes around with such hoodlums.

There are Mr. and Mrs. Yarnell. She is a writer of note. He is a business man. They travel a good deal. Their son spends much of his time visiting his grandparents. So far as we can observe, he has precisely no friends of his own age who have ever seen his father and mother. He is being checked like a parcel.

There are the Vanes, who live in a different apartment every year, whose children have tried several schools, and who never spend two summers in the same place.

The Fosters travel constantly and never take their children with them. The children's whole life is spent in schools and camps.

One of my friends says of this problem, "Why not simply allow our children's contacts to create both our own and their social backgrounds?"

Some such thing happened in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Bacon, who moved from the East to the Middle West. They had no contacts in the new environment except those of business. They chose a respectable suburb near the large city where Mr. Bacon's new job was situated. They sent their children to a good but modest private school. It was the parents of their children's friends at school who finally formed their social group. Sometimes a completely fresh start like this is an excellent way to get rid of the wrong kind of social background and to build another. This was not a hit-or-miss performance, for these parents had chosen their school wisely, where there would

not be the tight patterns of an "exclusive" school or the extreme heterogeneity of the public school. However, it should be noted here that some of the best schools in the country are suburban public schools.

There are the Jones children, who have gone for many years to the excellent public schools in a somewhat restricted suburb of New York City. Their mother tells me they have become so involved in the social life of the community that they are far busier than she is, with committees, dances, music lessons, dramatic clubs, appointments. Finally they sent the boy to Andover to rescue him from a case of overwhelming social pressure at too early an age.

Apropos of the school question, you have all heard the father who goes on in this fashion, "I went to public school and what was good enough for me is good enough for my children. I want my children to rub elbows with children from all walks of life so that they will know what the world is like."

This kind of whole-hog democrat seldom makes good on his theory in practice. His son isn't encouraged to bring home a nice little colored boy or the loud-mouthed young hooligan who is the star basket-ball player of the class. The son is puzzled by his father's attitude, and very naturally. This kind of father expects his child to make the proper social contacts without any help or guidance from the family circle.

In towns and small cities public schools may be the ideal place for children, where the family influence is kept vital and where there is a constant checking of the child's ideas and ideals with those of his parents. In a big city, people of the upper middle class find it impossible to entrust their children to public schools. The group there is so polyglot and so undisciplined

that the child's standard of conduct is bound to deteriorate.

The selection of schools is obviously important. In a large city the school problem seems well-nigh insoluble to us. The best schools are largely frequented by the children of the very wealthy, and to the family of moderate income, even if the actual tuition is within their reach, the resulting sense of inferiority and discontent aroused in the child is not pleasant to contemplate. In our own case, living the year round in the suburbs is impossible. In the case of many city-dwellers, however, we feel strongly that the choice of the right suburb is almost the only answer to the troublesome problem—regardless of the fact that they may “hate the suburbs.”

IV

Having decided on the kind of social background we should like to provide for our children, what can we do about it? Can we build something around them that will give them a stability with which to face future social crises?

Many parents who recognize the need find it hard to formulate a plan that will bring about the desired result. Before I tell you our plan I want to relate an instance in which a community, working together, solved this problem for themselves. Over a period of the past ten years I have watched this group, which started as a reckless bohemian colony, change and develop.

Even the liberal and radically-minded become forced into awareness of the need of a satisfactory social background when they are faced with the problem of their own children. They, too, either consciously or unconsciously, find themselves looking for a social standard.

I imagine this community is typical of many others, and it illustrates the

point of this article excellently. Incidentally, its members are much criticized by fellow-radicals for their decided bourgeois tendencies. Certainly! With growing children, these radical parents face a world in which society is, in the main, bourgeois. Believing in freedom of choice for their own offspring, conscious perhaps, as we are, of certain lacks in their own upbringing, they must furnish a background from which their growing boys and girls can have freedom of choice.

One of them said to me recently, “I am radically minded, yes—but the last thing in the world I wish to do is to impose my radicalism on my son. In doing that I should become as much a prejudiced fanatic as the monk of the Middle Ages. My own radicalism developed from conservatism. It was not imposed upon me.”

Ten years ago, when I first knew it, the community of L—— was a collection of charming bohemians. It was known with some justice as a “free love” colony; it was composed of artists, authors, actors, and some of the prominent editors and leaders in the radical movement. Most of the group were young, and their life was carefree and casual. The homes were informal and in many cases little more than camps. Such children as there were played helter skelter all over the place.

To-day this community is made up of happily married, domestic couples, most of them with fairly large families. They have a well-run modern school, one of the best in the countryside. Many of them have prospered by this stability and take an active part in the affairs of the larger community in which they are located. They used to be decidedly frowned on by the local authorities; now they are respected and drawn into the community activities whenever possible. They have built new homes, improved old, built gardens

V

and roads. One of this number has become a thriving real-estate operator and is looking around for clients. I notice that the type of person he seeks is the type that, while liberal in ideas, is not in practice likely to disturb the very pleasant family balance which now has become established in that community.

I suspect that this development has been more conscious than the individual members of the community might willingly admit. When my husband and I recently went on a picnic with some twenty of these colonists we spent a day so thoroughly and quietly domestic that it was almost boring, notwithstanding the fact that included in the picnic crowd was the best-known and most recalcitrant of the red leaders. This example of a wide change in social standards in a whole community in a short space of time shows what can be done.

Here is the spectacle of a whole community rearranging itself to meet the needs of its children. The selection and development of a "social standard" is not easy and it is usually an individual problem. The background to be sought should in general be one easily within reach, one which should involve "social arrangement" and need not smack of social striving or climbing. That in itself would defeat the whole purpose.

You may be saying to yourself, "What this woman needs is simply a sense of humor. If she stops rationalizing and goes ahead living her life, these things will adjust themselves." This is partly true, of course. A sense of humor is certainly useful. But I maintain that in our day, as life goes at a constantly speeded-up pace, and distance becomes as nothing, making all the world your neighbor (which means you have no neighbors at all), social questions cannot be solved without planning.

My husband and I, then, realize that we must find a way to adjust this problem for ourselves. We realize, too, that for the sake of a well-balanced family life and the happiness which such stability brings we owe our children a social background as we define it.

We want to equip our own children to live in the world as they will find it. We want to give them our measuring stick so that they will be able to choose their friends wisely and will have the same standards of taste that we have—or better ones. We don't want to wake up some day and find our children strangers to us—and not very pleasant strangers at that.

Fortunately, our children are young yet, just on the verge of school, and we have time to do something about it. What specifically to do is the question on which we put our heads together.

We live in a large city, in an apartment, and we have never seen the people across the hall. We know they have a dog and a radio but that's all. Our children go out with their nursemaid to the park, and play with different children every day, the nursemaid being their social mentor. In order to make it possible for them to play with the children of our friends, social engagements must be made in advance. When they get to school, they will become part of a group about which we shall know very little unless we make it our business to be informed, to invite the other children to our home, to make friends with the children's parents.

We have concluded that the best antidote will be to use our summers in providing the children with roots which are so hard to grow in cities. We have selected a summer community which appeals to us and are going there regularly every year, hoping eventually to buy a house there. Here at least the

children will meet the same group year after year, and a stable background of friends will be built up. Here families will know one another and see one another at informal gatherings. Both home and country club will be social centers. We ourselves may sometimes be bored, used as we are to the stimulation of a diverse group of interesting people. But we are prepared to play bridge when we don't want to, and to be bored occasionally, for the sake of the stability which membership in such a community gives to the family.

The choice of this community has not been easy; it has been as difficult, in fact, as the choice of a suburb by the city dweller. We made three tries before we found the place which at present writing seems ideal, a community in which wealth is tempered by breeding, where there are many small homes and a good sprinkling of beginners in business and professional life, where the habit of calling on one's neighbors has not vanished, and where the inhabitants of the "old town" as well as the "summer people" and the "commuters" belong to the clubs.

A summer rendez-vous can be of untold help to the apartment-dweller. To a country house the children can bring their guests from school, camp, or college. In a home where guests are the rule rather than the exception, entertaining is easy and there is little change made in the family schedule. Even fear of servant trouble should not be allowed to interfere with hospitality. Do you remember striking up a friendship, that seemed to have enduring qualities, with a boy at school and inviting him home, only to receive a shock when you saw him against the family background? You had expected him to fit—and he didn't. Not that he simply failed to conform to a specified type or that there was anything snobbish about your family's attitude. But if your friend did not

fit, at least you knew why he didn't. Seeing him in your home you could tell whether the characteristics you admired were genuine or not—you had measured him with your own yardstick. If children are denied this way of learning to judge others they can learn only by bitter experience.

The question is squarely up to the parents, and I am now thinking of the hundreds of thousands of well-to-do middle-class parents who could do something about giving their children a social background. Many of these parents do not begin early enough to plan. They think that adolescence is plenty of time, when in reality it is far too late. Many of them fail to recognize the need until their son joins the gang or their daughter begins to meet her beau on the street corner. By that time home is only a convenience, and the golden opportunity is gone.

I am writing this article largely as a feeler. I am puzzled, many of my friends are puzzled, and I feel that opening the discussion may throw some light on the subject.

It seems to us to be a problem that requires much thought for every modern parent. I reiterate that we are puzzled by it, but with hard work and thought we hope to solve it for ourselves. Fortunately we are not alone in tackling it, for as we began to think and talk about it we found ourselves drawn toward several couples among our assorted groups of friends who were talking and thinking as we were. Here perhaps lies the whole secret, the nucleus of this subtle thing so much to be desired, a social background for our children. In this same way, I fancy, although other parents may not find our solution the proper one for them, they can, too, find this nucleus of people who are thinking as they are thinking, and starting with such a group can broaden and enrich it until the desired social unit is achieved.



WELLINGTON: THE LAST PHASE

BY PHILIP GUEDALLA

THE past receded now—the legendary past, where Nelson walked his quarterdeck and Mr. Pitt, sharp-nosed among the candles of Guildhall, urged England to save Europe, and a trim, frock-coated figure cantered along the lines to lift a low cocked hat and point through the thinning smoke towards the French. The past receded into a middle distance, hazy with patriotic folklore, a region of soldiers' tales and steel engravings. But one figure held the foreground still, where Wellington lingered indomitably on the bright Victorian scene. A hero of the last reign but two, he was the past incarnate. Men saw his profile and heard the guns of Badajoz; a spare, familiar figure brought back forgotten echoes; and the deep voice took them into their fathers' memories of days before Reform, before Waterloo, before Vimeiro, before . . . His walks abroad became a progress, upon which the London streets turned respectfully to watch the past go by. Every hat came off; genteel persons made excuses to stop and stare; across the way young surgeons watched him, crowding on the steps of St. George's Hospital; and as he turned slowly in at Apsley House, the butcher's boy pulled up his cart to see. A cheering crowd once followed him up Constitution Hill until he reached his gate; he turned in the saddle, pointed to his iron shutters, swept them a bow, and then rode in without a word. The roads near

Walmer knew him well, driving a pair-horse phaëton from the left-hand seat in order that his companion might have his good ear. His driving was a little wild; but his talk was always on the target—economy, dockyard employment as a method of reducing the poor-rate, the futility of supposing that England would be the workshop of the world forever, foreign markets, means of securing them by lower costs of manufacture (they were just driving into Ramsgate and stopped at the first draper's shop where he bought a white-cotton handkerchief with red spots, emerging with the sage reflection that it had only cost a shilling and was an article which one would think might find a market anywhere), and so back to Walmer, dinner at seven o'clock, a little talk, and candles at eleven. For the Duke lived on—half national monument, half Delphic oracle.

His talk was never better than in those later years. It had lost nothing of its astringent quality, yet somehow it was mellower. For he could be almost genial with the omniscient Croker, stepping in from the battlements at Walmer with a sardonic intimation that "I've just been receiving a lecture from Croker on fortification," and protesting amiably at the dinner-table, "My dear Croker, I can yield to your superior information on most points, and you may perhaps know a great deal more of what passed at Waterloo than myself; but, *as a sportsman*, I

will maintain my point about the percussion caps."

This was the epoch of his briefest sayings. Uttered in his distinct voice, these oracles were patiently collected, not infrequently improved upon, and assembled like Sibylline leaves to form a canon of *staccato* wisdom. Debt, discretion, habits of industry, and early rising were among his austere themes; his views were obstinately normal, and his conclusions wholly to the taste of the age of Samuel Smiles. If he spoke at any length, it was generally about the past. Respectful interlocutors headed him firmly in the direction of the Peninsula and pelted him with questions. Stanhope was quite incorrigible in this vein, making a torment of his evenings, when the old man would have so much preferred a quiet hour between his candles with a paper. But the implacable inquisitor nightly perched beside him on his reading-table, until a thoughtful lady piled it high with books. Quite undeterred, the relentless Stanhope took them off and installed himself as usual.

"I don't think much of your fortifications," said a deep voice from the Duke's armchair.

Not that his topics were exclusively martial. For one day he read them the report of "*Bardell v. Pickwick*"; and he was occasionally engaged by deeper themes provided by his religious correspondents. Someone found him deep in a forbidding work upon the Prophecies by Habershon, and he was known to recommend a learned publication which proved (by the aid of Scripture) that the aboriginal population of America had originally come from Tyre. He found it quite convincing and regarded their successful navigation of the Atlantic without compasses as conclusive evidence of the activities of a higher Power. Then he talked of old times in India,

told stories about Talleyrand, and went off on the campaign of Vimeiro. For it was more comforting to recall the past than to contemplate the present where O'Connell was haranguing crowds. Crowds always irritated him. As he thought of them, a little rhyme came back to him—

*Pour la canaille
Faut la mitraille*

and he murmured it quite lovingly as they went in to dinner. But his old despairs had almost vanished, since his countrymen showed sense enough to discard the Whigs; and though there were difficulties in sight, "I do not conceive them to be insurmountable, and I have good hopes for the future." For though the world was changing fast, perhaps it would not change too much.

II

The customary scene was Walmer, though the big house at Hyde Park Corner and the long rooms at Stratfield Saye still knew their master. But his most frequent setting in those later years was the low, castellated house beside the Kentish sea. Its aspect, like the Lord Warden's, was strictly military. But time had made them both civilians; its portholes were bedroom windows now, its platform a veranda, and the moat performed the peaceful office of a kitchen-garden. No less civilian, the Duke, white-trousered and blue-coated, emerged at six o'clock, tramped up and down his battlements, enjoyed the morning sun, and reappeared at breakfast. A morning with his papers, a ride to Dover in the afternoon, another turn upon the flagstones, dinner, a quiet evening (unless Stanhope was in the house), and a bowed figure with a silver head lighted the flat candlesticks and wished them all good-night.

His life was easy there, though he had his Cinque Ports business, giving the countersign to the Dover garrison each day and walking through Walmer in procession with the Pilots when his Court was held. He was a friendly neighbor, strolling unasked into Deal lodging-houses in order to invite a wholly unimportant stranger to shoot his woodcock or sending somebody at Dover his garden key. Stray visitors with children found themselves miraculously asked to dinner; and when someone in the neighborhood complained of the devastations of the Castle rooks, he replied meekly that they should be destroyed. He had his sterner moments, though, when a female was summarily deported from the neighborhood; and a letter asking him to make some charitable award to a young lady, who pleaded that she was eligible for an annuity bequeathed to Kentish girls and that her father (whom she supported by dressmaking) was seventy-eight, provoked the Duke's compliments and his desire "that she will specify in clear and distinct terms what is the benefit in the way of annuity which is in the gift of the Duke, which he has the power of conferring on young ladies *seventy-eight years old* of the County of Kent."

He had his garden, though he was no gardener, admitting to an applicant for employment who had confessed that he knew nothing of gardening, "No more do I, but you can learn." His grounds were full of robins, because the wintry old man had quite a feeling for them. But a slow walk up and down the ramparts was his invariable resource. He tramped them with Arbuthnot; and an indulgent housekeeper enjoyed the sight of "our two dear old gentlemen so happy together." The Duke, however, was the younger; and on occasion youth would assert itself. For sometimes as they paced the path

along the beach at dusk, the younger man halted.

"Now, Arbuthnot," said a deep voice, "you've been out long enough. The dew is falling, and you'll catch cold; you must go in."

So Arbuthnot, slightly protesting, went back to the Castle, and the Duke tramped on alone.

A cloud of witnesses observed him, but none more eagerly than Haydon. The preliminaries of his visit were much as usual. A Liverpool committee had commissioned a large picture of the Duke musing on the field of Waterloo. True, he had never mused there. But the sublime in art is not easily discouraged; and Haydon leaped at the canvas with a muttered prayer that he might be no less victorious than his heroic subject. In the intervals of lecturing all over England and designing a Nelson monument, he painted hard. Would the Duke sit to him? There was a chance. Meanwhile the busy painter improved the occasion by writing to him on the subject of the Nelson project (eliciting the slightly ominous reply that Wellington was "not the committee, nor the *secretary to the committee*; and, above all, not the *corresponding secretary*"). He painted hard, borrowed a sketch of "Copenhagen," and traced his harness-maker; and when that deserving tradesman revealed that he had made all the Duke's saddles from Salamanca to Waterloo, this information "so increased my reverence I offered him my arm." Small wonder that he glowed at the discovery of a small niece of Wellington's who called her uncle, "Dukey"—"the terror of Napoleon—Dukey to his niece!" But there were still the clothes. The Duke remained inexorable and "hopes that he will have some cessation of note-writing about pictures. The Duke knows nothing about the picture Mr. Haydon proposes to paint. At all events, he

must decline to lend to anybody his clothes, arms and equipments." Was this the end? In spite of everything his picture grew. D'Orsay called at the studio one day, sublime in scented gloves, white greatcoat, blue cravat, and "hat of the primest curve and purest water" and gave a touch of the brush. This would never do—"a Frenchman touch Copenhagen!"—and the indignant patriot rubbed out the sacrilegious brushwork. The Duke's clothes still defeated him. But not for long, since the indomitable Haydon traced his tailor and ordered himself a pair of trousers on the Duke's own pattern, "so that I shall kill two birds with one stone—wear 'em and paint 'em. So, my Duke, I *do* you in spite of you."

Not quite in spite of him; for one October day the postman brought an invitation to go down to Walmer. The eager guest set off by way of Ramsgate; the Castle bell was sounded when he arrived; and he met the party at dinner. He found them gossiping about a circus lady, coast erosion, and Napoleonic personages. The Duke averred that the French system was "bullying and driving—they robbed each other, and then poured out on Europe to fill their stomachs and pockets by robbing others." So much for the French. As for Don Carlos, he was "a poor creature." Mankind in general, it seemed, was not much better, since that evening he was of the opinion that the natural state of man was plunder; society was founded upon property, and that was going fast. The talk strayed, as usual, to Spain—how they had burned houses for the fuel and how the British soldier must always have a home to go to at night.

"Your Grace," Haydon courageously remarked, "the French always bivouac."

"Yes," said the Duke, "because the

French, Spanish, and all other nations lie anywhere. It is their habit. They have no homes."

Arbuthnot nodded in his chair; Haydon was studying the Duke's head, until the hero gave a tremendous yawn and rang for candles. He lighted two and gave one to his latest guest. "God bless your Grace," said Haydon and retired to struggle with the inspiring consciousness of the greatest man on earth asleep just through the wall.

They breakfasted at ten. "Which will ye have," asked Wellington, "black tea or green?" Six children clamored at the windows. "Let them in," said Wellington. The invading hordes arrived, charging the Duke with cries of "How d'ye do, Duke? How d'ye do, Duke?" One urchin clamored thirstily, "I want some tea, Duke."

"You shall have it if you promise not to slop it over me, as you did yesterday."

The speaker hugged them, three a side; and then they all romped wildly up and down the ramparts, with the Duke in full cry after a small girl. "I'll catch ye," said the Duke, "ha, ha, I've got ye."

He went out hunting in the morning, and after hunting he sat to Haydon, "like an eagle of the gods who had put on human shape, and had got silvery with age and service." His ride had made him "rosy and dozy"; and after dinner he read the *Standard* until bedtime.

The next day was Sunday; and Haydon very nearly sat in the Duke's pew, profoundly affected by the spectacle of the conqueror in church. That night he read his paper again. He seemed a little aged when he sat again on Monday, "like an aged eagle beginning to totter from his perch." But a Russian diplomat appeared at lunch; and the Duke "put on a fine dashing waistcoat" for the occasion.

More sketching in the afternoon with Lady Burghersh to keep his subject talking. But he was done at last.

"It's very fine," said Lady Burghersh.

"Is it, though?" said the Duke, "I'm very glad."

He never looked at it. But Arbuthnot and Lady Burghersh both begged Haydon not to alter it. One more evening at the Castle, then candles and a loud good-night, and Haydon ended his last day at Walmer.

But sometimes they had statelier visitors. The Duke always prided himself that he possessed "the most charming marine residence he had ever seen—that the Queen herself had nothing to be compared with it." And one day in 1842 he received an intimation of the royal pleasure to visit him in force. The preparations were extensive; Pitt's room was hastily partitioned off and gaily papered to form a royal dining room; the village carpenter put up a little shelf to hold a clock in full view of the royal bed (understood to be required for Albert's happiness); and their careful host gave detailed directions for the guard of honor to parade "at a distance from the road and the Castle, so as not to frighten the Queen's horses." The Duke himself removed to the Ship Hotel at Dover. Even his laundry, evacuated by the Duke's mangle, became a royal guard-room; and H. B. depicted him surrendering his fortress and retreating with Lady Douro and his humble belongings. It was all a great success. The Duke rode over every day; the royal couple read Hallam's *Constitutional History* (varied with doses of St. Simon by way of light refreshment) or went out for excursions. But they found the house a little drafty; the Queen caught a cold; and it was three weeks before the Duke got back his Castle. Someone remarked that they had knocked about his rooms a little.

"Yes," he replied with a little smile, "yes, oh yes, they have rather. Cut up Mr. Pitt's room and turned it into a dining room; but it don't signify, I'll soon knock all that down again."

For it was not so easy to displace the past at Walmer.

III

His thoughts were much in the past. With Arbuthnot dozing in his chair and Alava's endless Spanish chatter, how could he escape the past? Not that his life was a mere retrospect, since it was full of children. They came to stay with him, made havoc of his breakfast, played hide-and-seek with him along the ramparts, and bombarded him with cushions in the drawing-room. The role was most unlikely; but, as he wrote, "it is my fate to be all things to all men, women, and children." Indeed, a small boy, interrupted in a raid upon his fruit trees, paid him an unusual compliment: "Never mind, let's go to the Duke; he always allows everything and gives you what you like directly."

He had been fond of children in the East; the war deprived him of the nursery days of his own sons; and when he was restored to them, he could do little more than give directions to their tutors, pay their bills, and send their Latin verses to Richard for that connoisseur's approval. But his later years were bright with children. Dickens once saw him at Vauxhall "in a bright white overcoat" with two little girls and Lady Douro; grave visitors to Stratfield Saye were slightly embarrassed at being received by an old gentleman on all fours among the crumbs under the dining-table; and a staid gentleman who warned a fellow-traveler on the Deal steamboat that he should really tell his little girl not to romance, as she had just told him that she had a pillow-fight with the

Duke of Wellington, was pained to learn that it was the strictest truth. When children stayed with him, he sometimes wrote them letters to arrive by post; his bulletins to anxious parents were rich in detail: "Bo was indisposed while I was away. He says himself that his Indisposition was occasioned by his eating too much dinner; which is not unlikely." He shipped them off to France with the precautions appropriate to a well-timed invasion; and when he wrote to them, he was particularly careful not to write to their parents by the same post, "as I recollected that it was necessary that a letter should be brought for herself by the Postman in order to produce all the Satisfaction that it was capable of producing." His evening pillow-fight (conducted in the drawing-room and usually opened by a judicious cushion thrown through his newspaper) was almost a necessity, known as the "battle of Waterloo"; and he had a pleasing habit of carrying a store of shillings hung on red and blue ribbons for distribution to stray children. "Are you for Navy," said the Duke, "or Army?" Intending sailors got a blue ribbon, and soldiers scarlet, though in one disastrous instance a small child, to whom he had promised a commission in the Guards, objected loudly, "But I am a dirl, Mr. Dook." It was all, as Dickens wrote, "good, and aged, and odd."

There was a saving streak of oddity about him. With strongly individual tastes and personal requirements he ran largely to unusual contraptions; and his mind, as fertile as the White Knight's in strange devices of his own invention, soared far beyond the commonplace in household and personal appointments. The lives of visitors were darkened by a teapot perched in some complicated way on a hot-water jug, which appeared to possess no merit except that of capsizing more

easily than usual; he loved to demonstrate his patent finger bandage; a supply of sword-umbrellas afforded him protection against assassins in wet weather; and he gratified his fancy by appearing on the road in queer, boatlike conveyances of personal design. Strange clothing fascinated him in later years. Always susceptible to colds, he had a weakness for unusual cloaks and mufflers; overalls of strange construction pleased him; and he had been known to appear on horseback with a fur collar and an umbrella. His passion for such ingenuities had made him a domestic pioneer. Guests at Stratfield Saye were nearly suffocated by his heating system; and, born half a century before his time, he was a sanitary enthusiast.

His tastes were simple. A modest standard of barrack-room discomfort satisfied him, though he was conscious of the arts. The windfall of King Joseph's coach at Vitoria gave him the nucleus of a picture gallery, supplemented by judicious purchases in Paris. He was still buying Dutch and Italian pictures; and occasionally he took a fancy to commission a particular scene. Wilkie's "Chelsea Pensioners" originated in one of his ideas, and he had the notion of setting Landseer to paint a dramatic moment in a lion-tamer's exhibition. But he was more at home in music. His guests were firmly led off to the Ancient Concerts, where he was sometimes gratified by hearing his father's compositions; Grisi was brought down to sing at Walmer; and he arranged his programs with precision—a vocalist and instrumentalists to taste. ("If they want the horn I'll have Puzzi. I used to like the violincello.")

So he lived on amongst his friends. Sometimes there were additions to his circle, when Alava made him receive "Mons. Mérimée . . . a sort of lion." But strange faces were in-

frequent among his grown up visitors, for his taste in acquaintances was formed. He had a home at last, a refuge from the innumerable contacts of his official life. The world complained that he did not surround himself with Peninsular veterans. Why should he? He had lived half his life among them; and it was far pleasanter to gossip to his little court. Gossip, alas! was not so easy across the silence of his deafness; and he turned increasingly to paper, writing innumerable little notes to privileged young ladies about his garden and the weather and the vexations of his public life. Almost indecipherable now, their scribbled pages, where a roseleaf or a lock of his white hair is often pressed, hold in their trivialities the brave secret of his long struggle against loneliness.

The slow weeks of 1852 went by, and Wellington still went his rounds. That summer he made quite a long speech in the House of Lords on the Militia Bill; and when the stooping figure rose at the Academy banquet, they heard him speak of the admirable discipline which had prevailed on board the sinking *Birkenhead*. He spoke a final sentence on the same subject in the House of Lords. Then the House rose for the recess and England went on holiday.

The Duke, as usual, was at Walmer pacing slowly up and down his battlements or writing letters at his standing-desk which stood in the recess that looked towards the sea and caught the morning sun. September came; and he rode into Dover and caught a train to Folkestone for a call on Mr. Croker. They told him at the station that the house was only half a mile away. So the Duke started out to walk there and discovered that it was a three-mile walk ending with a climb up a steep hill; and at the end of it he found that Croker had gone into

Dover. He started home again, ordered a fly to take him to the station, but positively walked part of the way until his conveyance overtook him. A meeting was arranged with more success a few days later; and the two old men sat gossiping about the past. They talked of old Irish Office bills which he had left in Croker's charge when he went out to take command in the Peninsula, of the forgotten Parliament on College Green, of his horse "Copenhagen," and the endless complexities of Reparations in 1817. The Duke began to tell them all a story about a Spanish lady at Salamanca who had concealed some papers about herself and broke off to spare Mrs. Croker's blushes. Then he explained to her that "all the business of war, and indeed all the business of life, is to endeavor to find out what you don't know by what you do; that's what I call 'guessing what was at the other side of the hill.'" The talk ran on French generals, and he said reminiscently that the Emperor was the best of them all. His own success in Spain had come because he was "a *conquérant sans ambition*. I had for a time a sovereign power there, but no one suspected me of any design to become King of Spain or Portugal, like Joseph or Soult or Junot. I was almost King of Spain. . . ." The time slipped by; and when the carriage came, the Duke walked slowly down the steps counting them aloud for Croker's guidance. A slightly intoxicated Irishman with a Peninsular medal besieged him at the station and received the invariable sovereign. Then the Duke went back to Walmer.

He was not lonely; for his son Charles was at the Castle with his children. Besides, there was his correspondence—eight pages of Spanish from Ciudad Rodrigo in pale ink about a local grievance, his daily gossip with Lady Salisbury, and all his begging letters. His

mind was running on the past; and he wrote off a long account of the mob that followed him through London in 1832 and how pleased the King had been when Oxford made him Chancellor. He had a letter from a madman who proposed to call with a message from the Lord. But he was expecting more normal visitors; for Lady Burghersh was due to arrive on Tuesday and Lady Salisbury on Wednesday. He seemed quite well on Monday; and when his servant went to him on Tuesday morning (it was September 14), he ordered his carriage for a drive to Dover. But a little later he felt unwell and, methodical as ever, said, "I feel very ill; send for the apothecary." The Duke never spoke again. He had been born beside the sea, where the long tide crept slowly round the bay from Dalkey to the hill of Howth; and the sea whispered still beyond the window of his silent room, as the tide ebbed slowly and the Duke sat on, a huddled figure in a high-backed chair.

IV

All through the long November night it rained. The rain fell relentlessly, and London waited for the dawn with gleaming pavements. The Park trees stood dripping in the down-pour outside a shuttered house at Hyde Park Corner. It drummed on the great hall at Chelsea, where two hundred thousand people had trooped by candlelight for five days past a still pageant of black velvet and silver stars, watched by immobile sentries resting stiffly on their arms reversed. Eastward across the darkness a gilded cross dripped in the winter night on the Cathedral dome that waited for the day with all its windows darkened; and midway the hours chimed slowly from the Horseguards. Outside on the parade the water stood in pools, and the rain whispered round the tent

where men were working all night long on the great car. The night was paling now; and as it turned to gray, a darker mass was etched upon it, where the long lines of troops moved into place. There was a steady tramp of marching feet; cavalry went jingling by; words of command hung on the chilly morning air; and as the pale winter day came up, the rain checked. For the Duke was riding out again; and it was his way (had it not rained that night before he rode to Waterloo?) to ride out after rain. It was broad daylight now. A gun thudded in the Park; the ranks stiffened; and as the bands wailed out the slow refrain, his last ride began.

Duke of Wellington, Marquis of Wellington, Marquis of Douro, Earl of Wellington in Somerset, Viscount Wellington of Talavera, Baron Douro of Wellesley, Prince of Waterloo in the Netherlands, Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo in Spain, Duke of Brunoy in France, Duke of Vittoria, Marquis of Torres Vedras, Count of Vimiero in Portugal, a Grandee of the First Class in Spain, a Privy Councillor, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, Colonel . . .

The minute-guns spoke slowly from the Park; and the car—twenty-seven feet of assorted allegory—"rolled"—in its proud creator's words—"majestically forth." It was a triumph in its way—a triumph over Banting the undertaker, who had submitted drawings made (*proh pudor!*) by a Frenchman; a triumph for the new superintendent of the Department of Practical Art, whose modest sketch had drawn from Prince Albert the rapturous exclamation, "This is the thing." Small wonder that this sublime vehicle, all black and gold, was generously adorned with lions' heads, with sabers, with laurel wreaths; and in case its delicate symbolism should be missed, a thoughtful hand had added an immense trophy of real swords and muskets. One

witness might observe a trifle bleakly that something in its outline recalled a railway truck. But the *Times'* enraptured eye was fastened on "the magnificent dolphins, symbolical of maritime supremacy, playfully wrought out along the spokes . . . the sumptuous pall, powdered with silver embroiderings—and the not less superb canopy of silver tissue, after an Indian pattern, manufactured with unexampled rapidity and skill by Keith and Co., of Wood Street." Nor was the *Illustrated London News* blind to the marvels of the canopy's support, since they were halberts—no ordinary halberts, though, but halberts rising from monumental tripods and "lowered by machinery in passing through Temple Bar," itself surmounted by vases burning incense and transformed into the semblance of a proscenium arch for some sepulchral pantomime. This portent had a story birth. Competing Government Departments hung like rival fairies above its cradle. The Lord Chamberlain was gravely exercised; the Board of Works had a word to say; the War Department intervened; and for some occult departmental reason, the Board of Trade conceived the matter to be its own sole concern. Six foundries struggled with the castings; the ladies of the School of Art stitched with demented fingers; and in three weeks this monument of art and industry rumbled across the Horseguards. It rumbled, to be more precise, into the Mall; and there, just opposite the Duke of York's column, it gave a dreadful lurch and stayed. For the sodden roadway had collapsed under its weight, and the great wheels were buried up to the lions on their axles. Twelve dray horses, sublime with funeral feathers, strained vainly at the traces. But five dozen constables leaned on a cable, and the stupendous hearse staggered once more into motion. The slow march re-

sumed; and from the Park the minute-guns still thudded on the damp morning air.

. . . *Field Marshal of Great Britain, a Marshal of Russia, a Marshal of Austria, a Marshal of France, a Marshal of Prussia, a Marshal of Spain, a Marshal of Portugal, a Marshal of the Netherlands, a Knight of the Garter, a Knight of the Holy Ghost, a Knight of the Golden Fleece, a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, a Knight Grand Cross of Hanover, a Knight of the Black Eagle, a Knight . . .*

The Queen was waiting at the Palace with a melancholy conviction that "we shall soon stand sadly alone; Aberdeen is almost the only personal friend of that kind we have left, Melbourne, Peel, Liverpool—and now the Duke—all gone!" The news had reached them in the Highlands on an excursion from Allt-na-Giuthasach, while they were "sitting by the side of the Dhu Loch, one of the severest, wildest spots imaginable"; and her pen promptly underlined his epitaph—"the pride and the *bon génie*, as it were, of this country! He was the GREATEST man this country ever produced, and the most *devoted* and *loyal* subject, and the staunchest supporter the Crown ever had. He was to us a true kind friend and most valuable adviser. . . . Albert is much grieved. The dear Duke showed him great confidence and kindness." Even his small godson, Arthur of Connaught, kept murmuring, "The Duke of Wellikon, little Arta's Godpapa"; for the pair of them had rambled through the big rooms at Apsley House together, when the Queen sent the baby round for the last anniversary of Waterloo. Small wonder that the long procession and the silent crowds made "a deep and *wehmütig* impression," as the old man passed her Palace windows for the last time.

Albert rode with his mournful thoughts in the cortège. He felt the loss as well, "as if in a tissue a particu-

lar thread which is worked into every pattern was suddenly withdrawn." Stockmar responded with a thoughtful analysis of human greatness, concluding with a slightly condescending estimate: "His intellect was not many-sided and mobile, but with all its one-sidedness, it was always clear and sound, so that although the principles which lay at the foundation of his character were not of the noblest kind, still they contained a good sprinkling of practical truth, justice, and honesty." His object, it would seem, was to incite his princely pupil "to replace the Duke for the country and the world." The country was less ardent to accept the substitute; and a notion that the Prince might be Wellington's successor as Commander-in-Chief occasioned general alarm. But he retained his sober predilection for "silent influence" and drove sedately in a mourning carriage.

Half England rode in the procession, watched by the silent pavements. There was no sound along the route except a sudden, scattered cry of "Hats off" above the rolling of the wheels, the wail of military bands, the thud of muffled drums, the slow beat of hoofs, and the dull pulse of tramping men.

. . . *Knight of the Sword of Sweden, a Knight of St. Andrew of Russia, a Knight of the Annunciado of Sardinia, a Knight of the Elephant of Denmark, a Knight of Maria Theresa, a Knight of St. George of Russia, a Knight of the Crown of Rue of Saxony, a Knight of Fidelity of Baden, a Knight of Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, a Knight of St. Alexander Newsky of Russia, a Knight of St. Hermenegilda of Spain, a Knight of the Red Eagle of Brandenburg, a Knight of St. Januarius, a Knight of the Golden Lion of Hesse-Cassel, a Knight of the Lion of . . .*

Still they went by. Three thousand foot brought on the slow cortège; eight squadrons followed, and three batteries of guns clanked past. It

was the strangest medley of his long career slowly passing by. East India Directors; one rigid private of every British regiment with arms reversed; Chelsea Pensioners marching a little stiffly; then the civilians—the Bench, the Cabinet, and Mr. Disraeli in a mourning coach, wishing that his memory of Thiers' obituary of a French Marshal had not been quite so perfect as to obtrude itself almost verbatim into his funeral oration. The new Laureate, whose *Ode* was out that morning, watched from a window and was "struck with the look of sober manhood in the British soldier," and, by the strangest irony of all, a son of the Emperor was waiting gravely at St. Paul's in diplomatic uniform. For when Walewski hesitated, the Prince-President had sent him orders to attend; and Napoleon's son mourned Wellington by order of Napoleon's nephew, his bland Russian colleague encouraging him with "*Mon cher, si nous allions ressusciter ce pauvre duc, je comprends que vous pourriez vous dispenser d'assister à cette cérémonie; mais puisque nous sommes invités pour l'enterrer . . .*" Mr. Carlyle, much tried by "all the empty fools of creation" crowding to Chelsea, mourned "the one true man of official men in England, or that I know of in Europe" from a second-floor in Bath House. Generous to "the last perfectly honest and perfectly brave public man," he was highly disrespectful to the car—"of all the objects I ever saw the abominable ugliest, or nearly so. An incoherent huddle of expensive palls, flags, sheets, and gilt emblems and cross-poles, more like one of the street carts that hawk door-mats than a bier for a hero, this vile *ne plus ultra* of Cockneyism; but poor Wellington lay dead beneath it faring dumb to his long home." That thought almost stifled Lord Shaftesbury's austere disapproval of so much secular mag-

nificence—"fine, very fine, but hardly impressive; signs of mortality but none of resurrection; much of a great man in his generation, but nothing of a great spirit in another; not a trace of religion, not a shadow of eternity. Stupendously grand in troops and music. It was solemn, and even touching; but it was a show, an eye-tickler to 999 out of every thousand—a mere amusement." Perhaps. Yet the crowds watched bareheaded all through the winter morning (outside St. Paul's they were so closely packed that the lamplighters never reached the street lamps, and the lights burned all day above the silent throng); and

as the long procession passed, band after band caught up the slow refrain—

The Lord High Constable of England, the Constable of the Tower, the Constable of Dover Castle, Warden of the Cinque Ports, Chancellor of the Cinque Ports, Admiral of the Cinque Ports, Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire, Lord-Lieutenant of the Tower Hamlets, Ranger of St. James's Park, Ranger of Hyde Park, Chancellor of the University of Oxford . . .

The long lines went by, wound slowly through the Park and past the blind windows of his empty house, down the long hill towards the City, until the trumpets died away.

SONNET: HISTORY

BY SELDEN RODMAN

IN Florence I met Lorenzo de' Medici passing
 The dray-carts shackled to the rusted rings;
 In Moscow men with the eyes of birds, massing
 To rivet under shattered and gilded wings.
 History is not death. The laugh after
 Is history: I say the crown unbroken
 To those who live is a matter of small laughter.
 Words felt at this time are best unspoken.
 And so to-day. If we live from point to point
 Turned will the clock-hand be, and the points shattered;
 Turned without a face and without a joint:
 One life, one past—so the present is battered
 Beyond recognition. . . . And what remains is laughing. . . .
 In Florence I met Lorenzo de' Medici passing.



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH AUSTRALIA?

BY LOTHROP STODDARD

IN AUSTRALIA the times are clearly out of joint. The trans-Pacific Commonwealth is the scene of political and economic turmoil notable even in our troubled day. Month after month, cable despatches bring ominous tidings of industrial depression, collapsing markets, wholesale unemployment, and acute labor unrest. Politicians wrangle fiercely while Australia's credit is undermined. Demagogues preach inflation, repudiate foreign loans, and call for radical measures of a distinctly communistic tinge. Something is obviously amiss with "the workingman's paradise"—the land with the highest wage scales and living standards on earth.

All this is of much more than local concern. Australia has long been acclaimed by reformers as the Model Commonwealth, as a laboratory where, under eminently favorable circumstances, advanced ideas were being tried out. If, now, the great experiment in social welfare breaks down through innate economic defects the repercussion will be of world-wide extent. Reformist ardors will be chilled and stand-pat doctrines proportionately exalted. If, on the other hand, Australia emerges triumphant from her present morass of discouragement and debt the political daring of her people will be correspondingly justified.

To appraise intelligently Australia's significance certain basic matters must be understood. Perhaps the fundamental factor in Australian history is

remoteness. Lying as it does in the Antipodes, sundered by vast oceans alike from Europe and America, the flow of both men and goods has been costly and slow. For this reason Australia has not had the rapid growth in population and industry experienced by the United States.

A second basic factor is climate. Although Australia lies in latitudes not dissimilar to ours (allowing for the inverse roles of north and south), the climatic differences are very great. Suppose that the most fertile part of the United States were the Pacific Coast, with a semi-tropical appendage of considerable extent. Suppose that east of the Rockies lay, not the well-watered Mississippi Valley, but an arid plateau stretching interminably across the continent until it ended in a barren coast on the Atlantic seaboard. There, roughly speaking, you have a topographical sketch of Australia. That is why the bulk of its inhabitants is concentrated on its eastern side. And that is why Australia, despite its huge area of nearly 3,000,000 square miles (almost precisely the total land area of the United States), has a population of only 6,500,000—less than that of New York City.

Australia rightly prides herself, however, on the high quality of her population—ninety-five per cent pure British stock, with an average physical and mental soundness excelled by no other people. High standards have always been part of Australia's national ideal.

Long ago she resisted the lure of quick economic exploitation at the expense of human values, when she barred out cheap coolie labor. The teeming hordes of nearby Asia were eager to flow in and develop the country at bargain rates. But the overwhelming majority of the Australian people rejected a "prosperity" which would have destroyed the British working class and undermined the racial future. "White Australia" became the keynote of national policy, and no one in the Commonwealth would to-day alter that decision.

Indeed, regardless of race, Australia excludes all immigrants with low living standards. No one is welcome who does not measure up to specifications. Even Britons of sound stock are not encouraged to come in faster than the country can comfortably absorb them.

This insistence upon the conservation of human values even at the expense of rapid material development results in a popular outlook very different from our American insistence upon "hustle" and "get-rich-quick." The average Australian does not dream of becoming a millionaire; he rather prefers the prospect of a fair competence, with not too much hard work, plenty of time for sport and leisure, money enough to raise a family, and the assurance of an untroubled old age. This ideal has, in fact, been substantially realized. Australia is remarkable for diffused well-being. The wealthy class is small; the pauper class is negligible. Great riches and abject poverty are alike conspicuous by their absence.

To further this equalitarian ideal, Australia has for fully half a century been putting upon her statute books a series of laws which, for social idealism, surpass any other legislative program with the exception of that undertaken during the same period by the neighboring Commonwealth of New Zealand.

Measures like the minimum wage, the "Baby Bonus," and old-age pensions have been landmarks long noted by students of social welfare the world over.

The minimum wage is based upon an ideal quite the reverse of the orthodox economic concept. Instead of being fixed by the higgling of the "labor market," the minimum wage is frankly based upon the current cost of living. Even the rawest and most unskilled laborer is assured a wage which will buy the necessities of life for himself and a family estimated at a wife and three dependent children. Only after a minimum wage has thus been guaranteed to every adult male worker shall there be a surplus available for higher pay to skilled workers and for profits to employers or owners of invested capital. If a business cannot keep going under these conditions it had better close down and quit Australia, because it is then deemed "parasitic," living upon the health and strength of the workers, and taking from the community more than it gives in return.

Such is the Australian attitude toward the minimum wage. The system is administered by wage boards composed of Government specialists who constantly scan living costs and revise wage schedules up or down, from time to time. The aim is that wages should remain constant in buying-power. Hence, wages are measured, not in terms of money, but of what they will buy; and the weekly pay envelope must correspond to the current price of all basic commodities. Furthermore, wage scales are adjusted to local conditions; generally speaking, they are highest in the big cities and lowest in the country.

A few figures will show how wage scales have followed the curve of living costs. In 1907, the metropolitan minimum wage was £2.2s (roughly, \$10.25). By 1914, it had risen to £3.9s (\$16.75).

At the peak of the post-war price-inflation in 1920, it had gone up to nearly £5 (about \$25). Since then, wage scales have declined with falling prices. On August 1st, 1930, the Commonwealth Arbitration Board issued a revised schedule of wages ranging from 91s. (\$22) a week in the metropolitan centers, to 82s. (\$19.75) in the smaller cities, and as low as 70s. (\$17) in parts of the countryside. It should be added that these Government boards regulate also hours of labor, overtime rates, and working conditions generally.

Naturally, these awards evoke acrid dissent. In times of rising prices, employers protest that higher wages spell insolvency. On the other hand, organized labor strenuously opposes every decrease in wage scales. However, since the boards are admittedly composed of conscientious, competent officials, their awards have usually been backed by public opinion.

II

Another outstanding feature of Australia's social legislation is its complex pension system. We are not surprised to find veterans' pensions on a lavish scale. Australia dealt more generously with its ex-soldiers than even we have done. After the late war the returned Anzacs, besides ample pension allowances, were granted unusual opportunities for rehabilitation and land-settlement, with a bonus thrown in.

Furthermore, Australia has an old-age pension system which enables superannuated workers to pass their last days in comfort among their relatives and friends, without fear of the poorhouse. Also, there are invalid pensions, whereby the sick, blind, and crippled are likewise taken care of.

Then there is the famous "Baby Bonus." A favorite Australian motto is: *The baby is the best immigrant.* Convinced as they are that sound

human stock is the basis of true national wealth, Australians have spent the public money lavishly on an elaborate program of child welfare which includes not merely an excellent system of free public education but also various measures for the health and happiness of the rising generation.

The Baby Bonus, officially termed the Maternity Allowances Act, provides that the sum of five pounds (approximately twenty-five dollars) shall be paid to every mother immediately upon satisfactory proof of the birth of a child. The object is to ensure payment for better medical and nursing attendance than might otherwise be obtained. Fully ninety-five per cent of Australian mothers apply for the bonus.

The chief objection to this and other pension schemes, however laudable may be their motive, is the heavy cumulative expense involved. Consider the Baby Bonus, for instance. During its operation, from its passage in 1912 to 1930, about 2,350,000 claims have been paid, at a total cost to the Commonwealth of nearly \$68,000,000—an average of some \$3,800,000 per year. That does not at first sight look very startling. But remember that Australia's total population is only one-twentieth of ours. So, translating this single item into American terms, we find that such a measure would cost us fully \$75,000,000 per year, while the aggregate outlay over a similar period would total \$1,360,000,000—a rather expensive single item in a much larger program of social welfare.

Consider now the vastly greater cost of the regular pension system. Australian pensions have become steadily more generous, the latest old-age and invalid schedules having been raised in 1930 to a minimum of £52 (about \$250) per year, with maximum allotments of £84.10s. (about \$400). The number of pensioners in the Commonwealth last year was: invalid, 63,304; old-age, 155,-

196; war pensions, 279,285. The cost of invalid and old-age pensions alone, in 1930, was over \$60,000,000. Since this figure, translated into American terms, would mean a yearly outlay from our Federal Treasury of over \$1,200,000,000, we can appreciate the burden thrown upon the relatively small group of Australian taxpayers.

Another drain upon Australian revenues comes from the deficits (direct and indirect) due to the operation of public utilities. Not only are the railways, telegraphs, and telephones owned by the Government, and most tramways owned by the local municipalities; the several States of the Commonwealth have embarked on all sorts of businesses which, with us, are invariably left to private enterprise. Shipyards, woolen mills, coal mines, canneries, and meat-packing plants are frequently State-owned. In Queensland, especially, public ownership has been pushed to what we should consider an advanced stage of State Socialism; for there a network of food shops and other retail stores compete with private trade.

Now, public ownership is proverbially uneconomical in operation. True, Australian officials are generally honest, and "graft," in the American sense, is well-nigh unknown. But Australian public servants have a notoriously easy time of it; their wages are relatively high, their hours are short, while the pace set is distinctly leisurely.

This easygoing attitude is not confined to the Government services; it is shared by nearly all types of Australian workers. Nowhere else in the Western world is there a working class more self-conscious or more militantly insistent upon its rights and its dignity. Australian labor is almost one hundred per cent organized in trades-unions whose membership aggregates well over 900,000—nearly one-sixth of the total population.

Furthermore, the Australian working class is most emphatically in politics. For many years the Labor Party has been the most powerful political organization in the Commonwealth. It dominated Parliament at the outbreak of the late war, and though it split over conscription and was turned out of office by a coalition of conservative elements (the so-called Nationalist and Country Parties), Labor swept into power again with overwhelming majorities in the autumn of 1929, and is now in complete control. Nearly all the present Cabinet Ministers, from Prime Minister Scullin down, are veteran trades-union officials.

Organized labor's present parliamentary ascendancy merely emphasizes its vital role in the whole fabric of the Commonwealth. Certainly, labor's attitude is probably the most serious factor in the country's economic future. As already remarked, the average Australian wants not only a comfortable but an easy life. He resents prolonged hard work and values leisure as much as (perchance more than) he does luxuries. With his solid craft organization, his political power, and his minimum wage, the Australian worker is well taken care of, and does not see why he should unduly bestir himself.

All this, however, adds notably to the country's economic burdens. The average Australian worker is such a high-type, energetic fellow that he accomplishes a good deal with a minimum of effort. But he seldom puts forth his uttermost; and that differential, though it cannot be calculated in pounds, shillings, and pence, slows down production and enhances living costs to an extent which, could it be precisely reckoned, would undoubtedly be astonishing.

One of the most unfortunate results of Australian labor's "go easy" attitude has been its reaction upon Aus-

tralian industry. Bound by the minimum wage and harried by continual labor demands, Australian manufacturers have appealed to the Government for aid in the shape of a protective tariff. Since employers and investors can show that they are entitled to living incomes as well as workingmen are to living wages, their requests have been readily granted by the Tariff Board, and duties have been raised on foreign goods against which, in an open market, Australian-made products could not compete.

So far, so good. But this means higher prices for the ultimate consumer and a corresponding rise in the cost of living. Down come the unions with demands for a higher minimum wage. Those higher wages spell higher production costs, and the manufacturers once more seek higher tariffs. So the game has gone merrily on, until an industrial structure has arisen, so artificial and hothoused in character that in many cases Australian goods require protective duties exceeding one hundred per cent *ad valorem*.

A crisis in the general business situation was long averted by the fact that Australian industry, geared as it was to the relatively small home market, played a minor role in the Commonwealth's economic scheme. Australia paid her way in the world through her exports of raw products, especially her wheat and wool. The Australian wool-clip is not only enormous in quantity but excellent in quality, and her wheat is likewise mainly high grade. Year in and year out, Australia could be sure that she could market her agricultural specialties. This enabled her to indulge in all sorts of financial extravagances without being swiftly constrained to pay the economic penalty.

Furthermore, Australia's sustained prosperity and favorable prospects gave her excellent credit. This young

continent, with its almost untouched natural resources and its British tradition of solvency, was considered in the international money-market to be a first-class financial risk.

The Australians did not let their credit facilities stand idle. They used them; used them so freely that they presently found the public debt swollen to \$5,500,000,000, so much of it in foreign loans that no less than \$150,000,000 per year had to be sent out of the country to meet interest charges abroad.

III

Then, about three years ago, the clouds began to gather. As early as the autumn of 1928 the world-wide cycle of deflation which was setting in became noticeable in Australia. Wheat glutted the world market, and wool prices sagged ominously. Australia's favorable balance of trade rapidly evaporated—but those interest charges stubbornly remained!

The Conservative ministry then in power sensed impending trouble and proposed higher taxes to provide additional revenue and reduce the mounting deficit. But higher taxes are never popular, and these proposals swung multitudes of middle-class voters over to Labor. In the general election of October, 1929, the Conservative coalition was decisively turned out of office, and a Labor Government swept triumphantly in.

Mr. Scullin, the new Prime Minister, and his Labor colleagues fell heir to no political bed of roses. The elections coincided with the great stock-market crash which, in turn, deepened into the world-wide depression we know so well. The bottom simply dropped out of prices for raw materials, and the value of Australia's exports sank by more than \$250,000,000. The fiscal outlook was little short of desperate. Besides current interest charges, no less than

\$900,000,000 of principal would fall due for repayment within the next four-year period. With a huge adverse trade balance and shrinking tax-receipts, where was the money to come from? The Australian Commonwealth and every one of its State Governments were threatened with the prospect of insolvency!

Then the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street took a hand in the game. In the summer of 1930, Sir Otto Niemeyer, one of the most distinguished representatives of the Bank of England, arrived in Australia. Sir Otto examined the situation, called the political bigwigs into private conference, and stated certain cold facts. Social reform, said Sir Otto, in substance, was inherently a fine thing. Pensions, baby bonus, minimum wage, government ownership, plethoric payrolls—all most excellent and laudable—if you could afford it. But when you had paid for these things, not out of taxes but largely from borrowed money . . . ! There was just one way out of the mess, concluded Sir Otto, and that was a return to old-fashioned finance by balancing the budget and paying one's way out of current revenue. This would mean a liberal use of the pruning knife; it might even mean drastic reductions in cherished social services. But unless that were done, Australia's credit was (to put it mildly) gravely compromised.

The political bigwigs took Sir Otto's bitter medicine with surprising grace and promised to follow his advice. The Ministerial Conference gave out a public statement which read: "Budgets must be balanced out of revenue in the current fiscal year. Australia must set her house in order without assistance from outside." These good resolutions had the most salutary effect. Business confidence was heartened, while in London and New York Australian bonds rose somewhat from the depths to which they had fallen.

But Mr. Scullin and his colleagues reckoned without the militant radicals within their own party. Australian Labor has long had a violent "Left Wing" led by near-communists and strongly entrenched in many of the trades-unions, especially among the more ignorant and impressionable manual workers. By moderate Laborites, the tactics employed by the radicals have been picturesquely dubbed *white-anting*, from the destructive habits of that Australian pest, the white ants or termites, which bore from within until the object attacked is a mere hollow shell, solid as ever to outward appearance, yet ready to crumble at a touch.

To these "Left Wingers" Sir Otto's counsel was anathema. He himself was denounced as an "emissary of the English money-lender," and much more besides. What! Bow to the orders of bloated British bondholders? Slash payrolls; cut pensions; touch the sacred minimum wage? Never! So those London "toffs" would crowd the "Aussies," would they? Well, just tell 'em to whistle a bit for their ruddy interest! Australia will pay when she gets ready; not before. And as for money being so tight hereabouts—why, start the printing-presses and turn out some Government notes. That 'ud ease things up all round!

Such were the harangues shouted in many a trades-union "local" and on many a street corner in the slums of Sydney and Melbourne. In plain language: Repudiation and inflation!

Yet this incendiary talk roused popular echoes. In New South Wales the State Labor Party, dominated by the radical Melbourne unions, elected Mr. Lang, the "Left Wing" candidate, on the slogan: "Work for all, restoration of full salaries, and repudiation of the Niemeyer agreement!" Mr. Lang had not been in office long as State Premier when he gave dramatic proof of his

radical intentions by defaulting on the interest of New South Wales' foreign bonds.

This drastic action made a tremendous sensation, both at home and abroad. That the oldest and most populous of the Australian States should have repudiated its obligations struck London, in particular, with a feeling akin to horror. It was as though a relative, hitherto deemed eminently respectable, should suddenly try to burglarize one's house! Naturally, Australia's credit was again badly shaken, and Australian securities fell violently on both the London and New York exchanges.

An incipient panic was averted when Prime Minister Scullin announced that the Commonwealth stood behind New South Wales obligations and would, therefore, pay the interest due on its bonds. Labor leaders outside New South Wales rallied to the Federal Government and condemned Mr. Lang's policy. But the Melbourne radicals still control their State and have recently announced a program which would amount to little short of a communist revolution.

Such is the present situation. Australian politics are to-day in chaotic turmoil. The flurry over New South Wales has tended to obscure the fact that nobody appears to know just how to get Australia out of the financial morass in which she is floundering. Although Mr. Scullin stands like flint against repudiation, he seems to have made a concession to the radicals by sponsoring a slight measure of inflation through a proposed issue of unsecured fiduciary notes.

The most pressing danger for the near future appears to be a possible alliance of discontented forces for ultra-radical ends. Left Wing Laborites will fight to the limit against any effective measures of economy. Unfortunately, the poorer farmers and many middle-class folk have been so hard hit by the prolonged depression that radical promises may swing them to Labor's Left Wing in the next general election, which is probably near at hand.

Yet the underlying temper of the Australian people is so opposed to violent extremes that it would seem impossible that the Commonwealth should pass even temporarily under radical control. There is plenty of grit, pluck, and sturdy common sense in all ranks of Australian society. The saner labor leaders, together with the rank and file of the craft unions, have no use for the Melbourne radicals and their Bolshevik notions. It is, therefore, probable that, in case of a definite show-down, the Labor moderates would break with the Left Wing radicals and would join forces with the Conservatives for the saving of Australia's credit and the maintenance of her existing institutions.

After all, it is the temper of the people which is the best guarantee for the future. An Australian popular song ends with the refrain: "*Australia will be there!*" That typifies the national spirit—a spirit very similar to that of our own Western pioneers. Australia has the ardor of youth, British doggedness, and the vast resources of a continent still largely virgin. There you have a combination hard to beat in the long run.



The Lion's Mouth



THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

BY NEWMAN LEVY

In Venice in the 16th Cent.
Where streets were damp and fluid
There lived an ancient Hebrew gent
With whiskers like a druid.

A grasping money lender who
Loaned cash at rates usurious;
And as his wealth and fortune grew
It made his neighbors furious.

There likewise dwelt a noble guy
Of birth surpassed by few men,
Who, though his lineage was high,
Was lacking in acumen.

Bassanio in many ways
By debts was sorely harassed.
He was, to put it in a phrase,
Financially embarrassed.

He had a friend, Antonio,
From whom he used to borrow.
He said, "I'm broke, and need some dough,
I'll pay you back to-morrow."

Antonio exclaimed, "Alas,
A sorry time you've chosen.
Although I'm in the surtax class
My assets all are frozen.

"However, I can help you out.
That Jew will lend it to me.
I'll pay him back without a doubt
When I collect what's due me."

And so to Shylock Tony went
(A current local custom)

To borrow cash at twelve per cent,
Provided he would trust him.

"Aha, a *chutzpah!*" Shylock sneered.
"That's your idea of funny.
Last week you spit upon my head,
And now you ask for money.

"You think my whiskers are a joke,
These fine Hebraic lilacs,
But when you *goyim* find you're broke
You come to Uncle Shylock's.

"All right, I'll lend you what you lack,
But hark to what my term is:
If I don't get each ducat back
I'll have your epidermis.

"A pound of choice and Christian flesh
Deleted from your torso.
Next time you won't be quite so fresh."
Said Tony, "I'll be more so."

The months sped on till Tony found
Himself in quite a pickle,
For when his time to pay came round
He didn't have a nickel.

"I know," he said, "I've no excuse.
The debt—I can't deny it,
But if I really must reduce
I'd much prefer to diet."

When Shylock learned that Tony would
Not make the payment due him
He said, "Ha ha! I'll fix him good,"
And started in to sue him.

Bassanio was wedded to
A maiden highly rated.
She'd studied law at N. Y. U.
And nearly graduated.

She'd read the large and heavy tomes
Of every legal bozo
From Blackstone down to Justice Holmes
And Brandeis and Cardozo.

And so to court now Shylock wends,
His blade is bared for service;
While Tony, seated with his friends,
Is feeling rather nervous.

The judge remarks, "I'd hoped to find
Some ground on which we might meet,"
But Shylock answers, "Never mind.
I'll have a slice of white meat."

But just as Shylock lifts his knife—
Arriving from a journey
Comes Portia now—Bassanio's wife,
Disguised as an attorney.

"Don't dare to carve that lad!" she said,
"For if his life you menace—
If one small drop of blood you shed
We'll run you out of Venice."

"I must sustain," the judge exclaimed,
"This counselor's demurrer."
Cried Shylock, "Ha! The case is framed!
Why did I trust that *schmorrer*!"

So virtue now is satisfied.
This tale needs no explaining.
The Moral: When you take a bride
Choose one with legal training.



SAY THIS FOR RUDENESS

BY PHILIP WAGNER

IT IS only fair to my parents to acknowledge that they brought me up with care. They stopped at nothing in their effort to make me a gentleman in accordance with the mores of their day. They spent years of their lives teaching me to chew with my mouth closed, to take only one piece of bread at a time, to be content with a second helping even though there was still some food in sight, and to ask to be excused when certain playfellows were bellowing at me from without.

They taught me to feel shame when chewing gum in front of guests. They also taught me to say "please" and "thank you," to listen patiently and politely whenever anyone chose to address me, and to reply as briefly as possible and in a low voice. They taught me that rudeness is inexcusable, that it is as well to be courteous as discourteous, and that one gets along best if one is considerate of others' feelings. Oh, they taught me a lot of junk of that kind.

But times have changed, and the mores with them. I have a number of friends who were taught as I was and who still stagger along under the burden of a gentility that is hopelessly old stuff. How they manage to get by in this world I don't pretend to know. I tried it for a while; I can even say that I gave courtesy a thorough test. But I had to give it up. It became evident to me very quickly, after I got out on life's stormy sea and began to be rocked this way and that, that my parents had done me a very bad favor indeed by initiating me into what I call the Courtesy School of behavior. And finally, though I did it with regret, I decided that the only way to save my life, my sanity, and my home was to go back on all they had taught me.

The insurance agents were the first ones. I had supposed that insurance agents were human beings, and when the first one tackled me I not only let him into the apartment; I asked him to be seated and even offered him a cigarette. I had to slip into the other room, in fact, to get the cigarettes.

"Good Heavens!" cried Helen, who had already retreated. "You haven't let in an insurance agent, have you?"

"What else could I do?" I asked. "I have nothing against him. I couldn't slam the door in his face, could I?"

"Why not?" asked Helen. She began to look for her sewing.

Well, that insurance agent just settled down for a good long evening with me. He had so many interesting pie charts that he wanted to show me, he was so interested in my work, he was so solicitous about Helen's health and dubious about mine, that it seemed to me he would never leave. In fact, I bought a trifle of insurance from him just to get rid of him.

Apparently the word got around among the boys then, because in the months that followed I came to know more insurance agents than I had dreamed existed. And I learned, too, that there are many kinds of insurance besides life insurance; that you can buy tornado, broken glass, slippery floor, education, fire, hail, act of God, tea party, broken leg, and even, if memory serves, Purgatory and Hell insurance. At any rate, these rather morbid fellows began to come very often, not only singly but sometimes in twos; and on one historic occasion three came together to press home their point. The problem of dealing with them courteously and tactfully so as not to hurt their feelings, but withal firmly, began to prey on my mind. Circles appeared beneath my eyes, my weight fell off alarmingly, I began to be fidgety about my food. It was really quite harrowing.

But if it had been only insurance, perhaps I could have survived. One night an agreeable chap who belonged to my fraternity in college dropped by. He was new to the town, he explained, and hadn't many friends. I invited him on to the porch; yes, I offered him a refreshing drink, for it was a hot evening. It came out presently that he had bonds to sell.

And the book salesman. Oh! the book salesman! They knew all about what my library needed. What it needed was a leather-bound set of some author named Maw-paw-sawnt. Also a limited edition of the collected

works of Conan Doyle, bound in mauve art-silk and with hand-illuminated title pages.

"Doyle's work," as this chap explained, "will live."

"Brother," another one explained to me, "culture is the big noise these days. Believe me, I tried it and it pays."

I told him in vain that I already had a very cultural history of the World War in I don't know how many volumes, another set of books that contained all the knowledge there is, and another set that Tells All about the famous ladies of by-gone days—all these, mind you, in addition to the not inconsiderable number of books that I had gone out and bought of my own free will. In vain did I tell him that I had made the acquaintance of other gentlemen who sold life insurance, and high-grade securities, and washing machines, and countless other indispensable things, and that, much as it hurt me to say so, I couldn't do anything for him.

It was growing plain to me that my parents had all but ruined their son. Then one day, somewhere, I read the success story of a big house-to-house canvasser—a man who had made a modest fortune in this profession. His method was a simple one. He skipped the prosperous looking neighborhoods, choosing by preference those that looked neither too well off nor too poverty stricken. He then went down the street skipping all of the nicest houses and calling only at those needing paint.

"In this way," he told his admiring interviewer, "I save a lot of time. If a house needs paint you can be pretty sure the owner spent his dough on something he didn't need half as much. In other words, he was a sucker; and once a sucker always a sucker."

"A sucker, eh?" I said to myself. "When I've only been trying to be polite."

And I may say that that particular success story marked a turning point—yes, a turning point—in my life.

To illustrate, let me tell what happened to me yesterday. A chap came into my office whom I knew instantly I should like. He had a pleasant smile, he carried himself with assurance, he was quietly dressed. He looked like a highly intelligent and agreeable fellow, with whom one could very conceivably have many delightful conversations about the Meaning of It All, and such matters.

"My name's George Woods," he said, and smiled most engagingly. "Sam Jones told me I really ought to drop in and call the next time I came through the city."

I turned in my chair. "Well, well, well. You don't say! Now you can run right along."

"Pardon me?" he said politely.

"Listen, brother," I said, "am I on a sucker list, or what?"

He was plainly surprised at what I said. "What!" he exclaimed.

"I said get out!"

"But—"

I stood up, tapping one foot impatiently, and began to toy with a two-pound bronze paper weight, made with jagged edges.

"Now beat it, if you don't want this between your eyes."

"But Sam said—"

I lifted the jagged paper weight in one hand and began to heft it. I said, "George Woods, or whatever your alias is, I don't care if Sam is your godfather. Either walk out of this office under your own power or be carried out. You may take your choice of the two doors."

To tell the truth, he tottered out.

And last evening the cook was out, and Helen and I sat eating a modest meal of our own composition. The doorbell rang. I answered it. A dis-

tinguished looking gentleman of middle age stood there. His clothes were well cut; in one hand he carried gloves. He was quite evidently a person of substance. He extended his hand.

"Are you the young Mr. Wagner?" he inquired, smiling pleasantly. "My name is Gibbs, an old friend of your father. Just dropped by to introduce myself. I hear you haven't been here long."

I gave him one glance. "Now see here, Gibbsey old boy," I said, "you may know my father but you don't know me. You can tell your story in a letter. Now run along, there's a good fellow." And with that I closed the door in his face.

But, good gracious, you protest, suppose he *was* a friend of my father? Well, I have thought of that; and more than once I have experienced a touch of nostalgia—shall I call it?—for the good old days when I was a gentleman of the Courtesy School. And it may very well be that Helen and I have fewer friends, of a kind, than we would be having otherwise. But our experience is that true friends of the family—*real* friends, that is—very seldom call anyway, unless forced into it by letters from one's parents. We may have passed up a few delightful old friends of the family. But on the other hand, we have no new histories of the World War in the apartment and see no prospect of acquiring any; we have neither slippery floor, boiler explosion, nor ground-glass-in-the-oatmeal insurance, and expect to struggle along somehow without them; we lack radio, player-piano, patent mop-holder, electric mangle, and disappearing catch-all; we have no investments of any kind whatsoever, either good or bad; and we spend our evenings in each other's company, wallowing in domestic placidity.

Other people may be as polite as they choose; I intend to stay rude.



Editor's Easy Chair



TRYING TO HELP EUROPE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

MR. BRISBANE, columnist these many years, is almost always interesting but not invariably sound. He is the best columnist of all, giving more, day in and day out, than any other. When he is right in his comments and opinions it helps, and when he is wrong it may help just as much by promoting discussion.

For instance, there is his attitude about the Great War. He said on that subject on the first of June:

If you seek a foolish nation, consider this one.

We were out of the war, did not start it. But we went in, up to our necks, lent ten thousand million dollars, sent three million men, spent heaven knows how many millions, most of it wasted by one-dollar-a-year profiteers.

And what did we get?

Prohibition, and the hatred of every nation in Europe, especially of those to whom we lent money and sent men.

Depression? It is a wonder that such a set of "self-governing" school boys have survived at all.

His figures are all right, and when he said the War in which we spent ourselves brought us Prohibition and the hatred of every nation in Europe, that also is partly true, though hatred is much too strong a word. But was that all we got out of the War? Was it foolish for us to go in? It is true, as he says, we did not start it but went in up

to our necks. He seems to feel that we might have saved a lot of money by keeping out and that we got nothing of value by going in.

If our part in the War looks unprofitable to Mr. Brisbane, he should remember that by the time we went in the Allies had exhausted their credit with us; even England had done so. The British were broke. If we had not gone in it seems altogether probable that so far as France was concerned Germany would have won the War, though the British might have gone home and stood her off. What sort of a world this would have been with Germany in control of Western Europe is matter for speculation. One may not be much pleased with the state of Europe as it is, but there are plenty of people still alive who believe that they would be less pleased with the Europe that would have been if we had let the War alone. When the Allies won, two Empires promptly found their finish. What we got out of the War—the most valuable thing we could have got—was discipline and development. One was afraid that we should miss it, and perhaps we should have missed it if the Germans had not dragged us in, except that we should have had to live in a world in which the Great War had been fought without us; and that might have brought us discipline.

Prohibition? Yes, that was tied

around our necks as a War consequence, but that will pass. But the material development which the War gave us was tremendous. We not only learned what we could do, but all the world discovered it.

Has Mr. Brisbane no appreciation of Henry IV's message to Crillon—"Go hang yourself, brave Crillon, a Great Fight and you not in it!" What are we in this world for? Is it altogether to accumulate wealth? What was the War about? Was it merely a misguided effort of Imperial Prussia to take away from Britain her place in the sun? In a sense it was, but it was far more than that; it was an enormous crisis in human affairs. The seed it grew from had been sown for generations. Everybody alive was more or less to blame for it and pretty well everybody alive got into it. As to the hatreds of which Mr. Brisbane says we are the object, they are only skin deep. It might be better economy to have the nations hate us than like us. What would do us harm is not that they should hate us, but that we should hate them. It is not healthy to hate, but a hated person may get along very well if no one is big enough to take him for a ride. All these international hatreds are political and evanescent.

Emerson talked about war better than Brisbane does. It was the coming of the Civil War that stirred his mind to declare

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

and again

Though love repine and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply,—
"Tis man's perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die."

From a later voice with a mystical tinge came the word that "in spite of

all the ill consequences of the Great War the high moral purpose that came to the fore marks the highest level the race has ever reached."

We are well entitled to think if we choose that it was better for the development of the world and its progress towards new heights that the War should have come out as it did than that the two Empires should have won it. We may think so without disparagement to the Germans but merely with deprecation of the Prussian idea that Might makes Right, and the dominating Prussian mastership. That would have broken anyhow, but unless Germany had lost the War, it might have put back things which were coming and which are bound to come. Surely we may feel that our contribution lessened the delay of the coming of the world to new methods. That that is going on is unmistakable. The *status quo* has flopped and human life—economic life, political life, spiritual life—is in process of reorganization.

And the War was the taking off point for the new flight. Mr. Brisbane can count up the cost of it to us, but he cannot, and does not attempt to count the cost of our staying out. It would have been heavy and it would have been merely a postponement.

WHEN the War was done and the Treaty of Versailles accomplished we went home and seemed to try, so far as our government was concerned, to keep out of the forward movement of humanity as much as possible. The first break in that course in ten years has come just at this writing in Mr. Hoover's proposal to declare a year's moratorium on the war debts. That suggestion, highly important in itself, is even more important as a token that we are once more to get in line with the unavoidable processes of human progress. Mr. Hoover's proposal—which will probably go through though

there are so many hesitations about it—lets in a flood of new light on our politics. It brings the great international issues home to us. The usual pre-election conjectures—Who is most available? Who will carry Ohio? Who can carry New York and Massachusetts?—all now seem a bit banal and out of date. If the minds of our people are to be turned to the great new issues arising out of a remarkable crisis in human affairs, we may take thought of our Presidential candidates that will be quite different from the thought we are used to, considering as to this one or that one, not whether he can walk the political tightrope with water or with rum on both shoulders or with water on one and rum on the other, but how he sees our duty to mankind and how he would combine it with our own interest. The two things belong together. It is plainer every day that we cannot help ourselves without helping somebody else. Somebody else? Yes, the rest of mankind. If Mr. Hoover's action proves to be the first step for complicating us with the other factors of human destiny, we may be thankful. If that prospect is frustrated we shall have to grind along till another chance develops.

Certainly it is interesting to live in these particular years when humanity is in so curious a hole and the way out of it is so complicated. There are people whose minds have not recovered from the War. There are people who were so wrenched and strained by sufferings and horrors that they have not come back to normal, and fear remains and hope is sluggish in them. The same seems to be true of nations. France seems still to live in a state of fear, and indeed the greater part of Continental Europe is living from day to day and always in apprehension. If their fear were of Russia and the East it would be easier allayed by a union of Western Europe for mutual protection and

defense. That may come presently, and is likely to. Meanwhile the peoples, small and great, in Western Europe fear one another. Each looks out for himself, which is a bad condition. To allay that condition is probably the immediate problem, and as it took a crisis to make possible for Mr. Hoover the moratorium offer, so it may take a crisis or a succession of crises to unite Western Europe. In that operation our country is likely to be an important and influential factor.

Things seem not to happen until the clock strikes for them. Someone said of Mr. Hoover's proposal for the moratorium, "The point of it is that it was done so simply!" The wheel takes a few more turns, conditions change a little, what was tolerable becomes dangerous and, presto! the incredible comes to pass and the impossible is accomplished. We may see something like that happen to Prohibition. That subject has been talked to death, and its consequences must have got through well nigh everybody's head more or less. Of a sudden, because of the political importance of something else, our party masters may say: This cannot go on any longer; we must fix it! Whenever that happens it can be done with as little fuss as the moratorium and to the vast benefit of everybody.

IT IS agreed that the greatest study of mankind is man—agreed, that is, sufficiently, though not universally. Some people are more interested in insects, others in ether or electricity, others in astronomy, and others still, though willing to admit that man seems to be important in our world, get disgusted with him and avoid him as a subject of thought.

And that, of course, is a mistake, for it seems necessary to give thought to man if one is to get anywhere in our world with anything else. Consider this moratorium—when it hesitates,

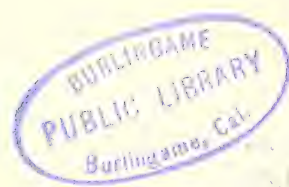
stocks that have risen begin to droop again, and the compelling subject of fiscal thought is the psychology of France. France does not see eye to eye with the other countries as to the details of this subject. It seems she has sixty million dollars or some such sum to lose if the plan goes through just as Mr. Hoover stated it. The thought of being separated from those millions brings anguish to the soul of France. We stand to lose a good deal more than that—two or three hundred millions—and, if it is only the beginning, Heaven knows how much more, but when Mr. Babson tells us that the mere offer of assistance and co-operation from Mr. Hoover at this possible expense of two or three hundred millions increased values in this country in two or three days by about six billions, it makes our sacrifice look gainful. One might tell that to France, but it might not do any good. France is logical, and the French have to act logically, whereas, so we are told, the English do not have to, but will go straight along logically for a while and then turn a sharp corner and go off instinctively in quite a different direction. Maybe that is because the English are quicker to discern a change in facts to reason from. It tells us in the Bible, Cast thy bread upon the waters and it will come back; give freely and you will get it all back in measures heaped up and running over. Perhaps that does not look logical to France. The English sometimes seem to see its point.

This may be the reason why the leadership of the world will never go to France. She almost had it in North America. First or last she has staked out lots of good claims; she had remarkable men for discoverers and missionaries, but court stupidity and wars in Europe, the aspirations of Louis XIV and the emergencies of Napoleon cleaned French domination out of North America. So it was, more or less,

in India. France got a good start there, too. Perhaps her greatest misfortune was in losing so many Protestants. Joan of Arc was one and at least she did her job before she was put out, but the three hundred thousand Protestants driven out by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes were human assets of high value to England, the American Colonies, and every country that got them and, by the same measure, a cruel loss to their own country.

Possibly France wants more than the world as at present constituted can give—especially more security. Forgetting Napoleon and various others, including Louis XIV, she does not want to be ravaged any more and proposes to be too strong and too well allied and prepared to have it happen. When she says she has had to strengthen herself because the American Congress would not back Wilson in the compact he agreed to by which Britain and the United States would be guarantors of French security, that is true. Wilson agreed to that, and Congress would not back him, and France immediately set up an airplane armament that could destroy London if she wished to and compelled Britain to build airplanes for protection. France went on to buy herself allies, strengthened her frontier with forts, and strengthened her army.

Can you blame her? Thrown back on her own resources after the War she has used them according to her judgment, and it has not always been sound. One has to make allowances for her state of mind and that, as remarked, makes psychology just now an important branch for students of politics, more important even than economics. But the great point about the moratorium is the acceptance of the idea that the government of the United States has come at last to realize that our country has relations with the other nations which cannot any longer be ignored.





ISLAND HORSES
By Thomas Handforth
Courtesy of the Kennedy Galleries



Harper's *Magazine*

HAPPY DAYS WILL COME AGAIN

A PROSPECTUS OF THE NEXT BOOM

BY ELMER DAVIS

YOU are tired of hearing people talk about the depression? So am I. Yet I go on talking about it myself, and so do you; this summer, nobody seems able to talk about anything else. Our troubles, sunk deep into the national soul, have festered into a compulsion neurosis. People used to match hard-luck stories in the melancholy hope of proving themselves more miserable than anybody else; now that it is agreed that we are all about equally miserable, we go on telling hard-luck stories because we can't stop.

Even summer sport fails to divert us. Last year miniature golf provided an escape mechanism, but it seems to have been a one-season fad. Baseball, our national spectacle, offers little excitement with the major-league pennant races apparently decided in mid-July; and our real national sports, the games people play themselves in these modern

days, cannot distract their addicts from the overshadowing preoccupation.

Those games, of course, are golf and contract bridge—and perhaps love should be added; in its post-war forms it seems to be indulged in chiefly because it calls for less effort than thinking up intelligent conversation. Whether golfers talk about the depression between shots I do not know, but when they come back from a round of that bitter game they usually look as if they had been talking about the depression. Contract bridge can become a monomania; yet more than once and more than twice, this summer, I have heard people start talking about the depression while a hand was being dealt—and that hand was never played nor any other hand till all persons present had eased themselves of accumulated gloom.

As for love, it is hard to speak with

confidence of an industry for which no statistics are available; but such stories as come to hand suggest that when man and woman get together nowadays their thoughts are apt to run to investments rather than to divestments.

Sport has let us down and so has art. Where are the inspired creative writers whose vision ought to lift us out of ourselves, encourage us to contemplate our world *sub specie æternitatis*? Most of them are wondering whether it would pay better to sell at $5\frac{3}{4}$ the stock they bought at 67, in order to take the tax deduction, or to hang on in the desperate hope that some day it may go back to $10\frac{1}{2}$. Besides, contemplation *sub specie æternitatis* fell out of fashion in the boom days. Our most esteemed writers were not concerned with durable values, except to deny their existence; we were invited to fix our attention on the here and now, and see how dreadful it was. While the here and now was in fact pretty comfortable, we could do that with pleasurable synthetic shivers; to admit that American life was arid, hopeless, revolting was a proof of broadmindedness which hurt nobody so long as everything felt all right.

But in the last two years American life has been about as uncomfortable in fact as our art authors said it was in the days of Coolidge plenty; the appetite for debunking has weakened, now that so many esteemed figures and treasured illusions have debunked themselves. American faith and optimism stood up pretty well against the batterings of Lewis and Mencken; but after Hoover had blown his trumpet a few times, the walls came crashing down. What people want now is literature of escape that will take their minds off their troubles; and what do they get? Gangster stories, and rewrites of current scandal; what the novelist offers you for two dollars is what the morning

paper has already given you for two cents.

But cheer up, brethren; I am going to give you some literature of escape. Forget your troubles and look ahead; lift your eyes beyond the mist-hung lowlands of depression we must still traverse and fix them on the remote but shining summits of the next boom.

II

It is coming, never fear; and it looks as if it would be a good one. When and how it will come an amateur dare not predict, though no amateur could be so wrong as most of the experts. As I write, Dr. Julius Klein of the Department of Commerce announces that "we are obviously coming out of the depression now." So said the President, fifteen months earlier; yet if there is anything in the law of averages, even Washington officials cannot be wrong all the time. If they go on announcing the return of prosperity at regular intervals, some morning it will be waiting on the doorstep with the milk bottles, and they can point with pride to this confirmation of their faith and insight.

Doctor Klein might have been more persuasive if he had not added for good measure that "we are seeing the basis laid for an enduring, stable prosperity that will resist another unbalance." If this means anything, except that people who voted for Hoover need cheering up, it means that the business cycle has been abolished and the next boom will last forever. So long as Doctor Klein had decided to spend a pleasant evening singing the old songs we all love, why did he omit that popular favorite, "The Abolition of Poverty"?

But whenever the next boom may come, however durable it may or may not be, it is surely coming; even our Adversary Mr. Stalin admits that. In fact, he is said to believe that the

capitalistic system is good for several more booms before it breaks down. That it will certainly break down some day is a doctrine of the apocalyptic gospel of Stalin's church; and from the way the old machine creaks and rattles just now you might suppose he was right. But most of us think it can be rebuilt at the factory into something better than any substitute Stalin has to offer.

And if we are right—if the capitalistic system can be reformed—the next boom may be the last, as the world has known booms since the industrial revolution. For the price of a boom is a panic, and the higher we rise the harder we fall. It does not need any visionary faith in human intelligence to hope that one more lesson like this one may be enough.

Millions of people have learned their lesson this time. Even in the depths of the post-war depression of 1921, nobody could have believed that ten years later there would be so tremendous an agitation for a thorough revision of the capitalistic system—an agitation led not by soap-box orators, but in the main by sober and conservative economists. People who invite you to consider their plans for a controlled national economy are as ubiquitous this summer as people who invited you to try their home brew just after prohibition (and the plans average a good deal better than the home brew). But I do not believe they will make enough converts to put it over till we have had another boom, and another panic.

It is the business man who must be converted, because he must work the plan if we ever adopt it. No matter how good it may be in theory, I do not see much hope of its success in practice unless the majority of business men think it is workable. Congress might propose, but they will dispose; you and I may think that government in business, inefficient as it usually is, could

not do much worse than business men in business have done of late years, but the business man thinks otherwise, and what he thinks counts. Even Stalin, with a plan elaborated to the last detail and enforcement backed up by bread cards and firing squads, finds that he has to make an occasional concession to the ideas of the men on the job, whether those ideas are right or wrong.

A few big business men have been converted to planning, at least in principle. But the middle-sized business men, the small plutocracy, the men who regarded Calvin Coolidge as a sort of Jupiter Stator and consider the Hawley-Smoot tariff the noblest document that ever issued from the brain of man—they are still skeptical; because they are the men who will lose most if the plan does not work. The planners are asking them to get off a leaking ship and climb aboard one that looks as if it might be more seaworthy. But till the ship they know all about is visibly sinking under them the passengers lack enthusiasm for a difficult transfer, in which some of the lifeboats might be swamped.

One more panic and there may be a rush for the lifeboats—the nearest lifeboat, whether it is watertight or not. When this nation finally realizes that it must have some sort of plan we shall be lucky if it is not stampeded by some Bryan with a platform of something for nothing.

Maybe not. Maybe business will learn its lesson and do its job in time. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States is polling business leaders on the need of organization, and promises to have a plan ready in October if enough people want it. The Chamber ought to be able to do the job better than anybody else, even if its plan falls short of theoretical perfection. But any plan, radical or moderate, sound or unsound, must aim at flattening out the business cycle. No

more panics, we hope; but no more booms either, of the old type; you can't have one without the other. If we learn our lesson in the next panic, then the boom that precedes it will have been the last; and it may be the best and biggest of them all.

III

You know what a boom feels like, if the miseries of the last two years have not wiped your memory clean; but I think you will have to go back of 1929 to find a parallel for the next boom. Back to 1919; even more, perhaps, to 1916. The last wave of prosperity, in its last and liveliest years, was essentially a boom in what some humorist has named securities. The stock market kept going up after business had begun to slow down.

But the brief and lively post-war boom, though of course it carried a rising stock market along with it, was essentially a commodity boom; as the panic that followed in 1920 and 1921 was a commodity panic. For years we had been producing little but war necessities—guns and shells, ships and food; and it had been unpatriotic to buy anything but Liberty bonds and war savings stamps. All at once the lid was taken off; people who had money could spend it on anything they wanted. A stripped and starved world was waiting to be replenished, and business enterprise set to work to supply it. A tremendous plant was converted from the making of swords to the fabrication of plowshares, and immense exporting concerns were organized to distribute the products of America (including the most improved model of religion) to the uttermost parts of the earth.

But, as usual, business enterprise overshot itself; everything was ready for the greatest boom in history—except the consumer. Before you can

buy you must have money to buy with; and in most parts of the world the money had been shot away. The millennial hopes of sales managers were ruined by a "buyers' strike"; when the Japanese silk industry went crashing it started a catastrophe that brought the whole top-heavy system down.

Men who had plenty of leisure for reflection in the dull days of 1921 took that lesson to heart. They learned to buy what they thought they would need when they needed it, instead of loading up to satisfy a maximum theoretical demand. They learned that, since consumers must buy with money, high wages cast upon the waters will come floating back to the caster; they saw the great potential market of Germany paralyzed by lack of capital, and had the perhaps unfortunate inspiration of priming the pump with loans so that the Germans could buy where they had borrowed. And of course they improved machinery and technic to get more production at lower cost.

The fruit of these reforms was Coolidge prosperity. Prices were lower than in 1920 and wages were generally higher than ever in all history; so only disregarded calamity howlers pointed out that more and more people were getting no wages at all. It was a spotty prosperity, but the spots where it existed shone so brightly that most people never noticed the tarnished areas in between. But it had this fatal defect—that the machine had to keep going faster and faster to escape a crash. If the farmers could not afford to buy much, or the textile mill workers, or the soft-coal miners, or the families of the technologically unemployed, the rest of us had to buy more and more and still more, to keep the gilding on the gold brick.

There are two limits on consumption, monetary and psychological. You may not be able to buy all you want; or

you may not want all you can afford to buy. Not many of us are in that fortunate case; but you still may not want all you can afford to buy of certain things. Hence the cutthroat competition between industries which characterized the later years of the Coolidge boom; instead of buying a little of this and a little of that, the consumer was commanded by advertisers and sales managers to buy their goods and keep on buying them, even if he could buy nothing else.

A few lucky industries were able to keep up the volume of sales by turning out a poorer and poorer product; but this was impossible for others, notably for the automobile men on whom Coolidge prosperity largely depended. The badness of a used razor blade very soon becomes absolute; you cannot shave with it, you must buy another. But the badness of a used car is relative so long as it will travel at all. So it was the automobile men, or the advertisers who served them, who invented the doctrine that was widely preached even by otherwise respectable economists—that consumption is the whole duty of man. The business of life, the purpose for which mankind was established on this planet, is to buy as many things as possible, whether you want them or not—buy them, and throw them away while they are still good, and buy something else in their place.

By preaching this gospel and implementing it with the instalment plan the automobile and radio manufacturers got away with it pretty well, for a while. Cars were sold by the hundreds of thousands to people who could not pay for them except by not paying for anything else; but the experience of the finance companies since the crash seems to show that most people will keep up payments on the car even after the outraged grocer cuts off credit. But not all industries were so successful. You were a bad American if you

did not buy a new car and a new radio every year; but no law compelled you to buy more clothes than you needed, or more soap. So the people who were making money found that they still had some of it left, even after they had bought as many radios and automobiles as the most exigent conscience demanded.

What did they do with their surplus? You know as well as I do. The reckless and dissolute wasted it in riotous living; they bought pearl necklaces and sable coats, villas at Palm Beach and round-the-world cruises; roulette chips, pari-mutuel tickets, and wanton women. But the sage and prudent bought common stocks, to participate in the future prosperity of the country.

Where are those sage and prudent now? Flat on their backs, feeling sick at the stomach as they think of the summers in Paris and winters in Havana, the cabin cruisers and custom-built cars, that they might have bought with the money that went into Radio or City Bank at 500. The reckless and dissolute are flat on their backs too, but they had their fun while they could pay for it. They cruised on the yacht and stayed at the Ritz; they saw the horses run, and watched the little wheel spin round. Maybe they have nothing left now but their memories; but receipted bills from the Rue de la Paix and bar checks from the *Berengaria* are more agreeable souvenirs than stock certificates, no matter how handsomely engraved.

The sage and prudent passed up these worldly gauds, because they were building for the future; and as they lie supine and exhausted, they here highly resolve that that is one mistake they will never make again.

IV

Such, I think, is the present state of mind of most of the sucker investors of

1928. There were multitudes of them—small investors, people who had never got into the stock market before; and their mass psychology is likely to determine the character of the next boom, unless a general epidemic of amnesia intervenes. For in the main the people who will have a modest surplus next time are the people who had a modest surplus last time; the people who have the qualities that enable them to make money under our present system.

To say that last time they squandered it on the greatest and craziest gambling game in history is an accurate statement of the fact, but does foul injustice to the idealistic impulse behind it. If you lose your shirt in the crap game in Grogan's back room you merely call yourself a fool, and decide to patronize a more trustworthy game the next time. But if you lose your shirt in what you believed, and what the greatest statesmen and economists assured you, was a sane and praiseworthy endeavor to safeguard the future of your family and at the same time manifest your faith in your country; you wonder what is the use of anything but eating, drinking, and being merry the next time there is anything to be merry about.

The producer learned some lessons in 1920; the consumer learned them in 1929. He learned that the great business men who were lately regarded as the repositories of all human wisdom know no more than you and I about what is going to happen, even in their own business; and that the statesmen know even less. He learned that the fact that a stock is selling at 500 now is no guarantee that it will be selling at 1500 next year. For one of the tragedies of this latest calamity on Wall Street—a tragedy which had its origin in the noble idealism that animated the sucker investor—was that more money was lost in blue-chip stocks than in

blue-sky stocks. And a great deal of it was the money of people who had never invested before, who wanted to put their hard-earned surplus in some first-rate security which the broker assured them was cheap at a price two hundred times its earnings.

The chances are that the broker believed what he said, and took a licking himself in the same stock; if he is a respectable broker he does not trade against his customer's account. But trading against the customer's account is precisely what keeps the banker going, if you follow his advice on investments. He will sell you what he has on the shelf; when you have one more of whatever he is selling you, he has one less. Presumably it is something that he thinks is good, but certainly it is something he has decided to get rid of. Bankers must distribute the securities they underwrite; but when they build up high-pressure sales organizations to pass around what they assure you are priceless treasures, you cannot help wondering why they are so big-hearted. A friend of mine with a taste for theology says that he has always esteemed the Jewish religion above all others, because the Jews do not try to make converts; the descendants of the original stockholders want to keep the property in their own hands. But Jewish bankers are not so possessive about their earthly treasures; nor Christian bankers either.

So another lesson the customer has learned is that a salesman is only a salesman, even if he is the president of a world-famous bank. Between him and a real-estate salesman there is only this difference, that ordinarily you can see what the latter is trying to sell you, and form your own opinion as to whether it is worth the money. What the banker or broker sells you may be half way round the world; even if it is a piece of the railroad you ride on or the food company that bakes your bread,

its financial structure may be so complex that you cannot tell whether the piece you are buying is worth the price or not. In the next boom most people are going to buy something that they can taste or wear or feel, or somehow use; something whose value can be tested by immediate experience.

Building for the future is justified only if there is going to be a future; and it seems somewhat doubtful if there is any future ahead that will justify the purchase of most stocks, *at boom prices*. If we decide eventually to adopt a national economic plan (and if we pick out a good one) the profits of well-managed business in the future should be surer and more regular than they are now; but they will be modest profits—nothing to pay the people who bought the stock at two hundred times earnings. And if we put off planning, let the old machine run in the old way, then the next “plateau of prices” will fall away as steeply as the last one into the valley of humiliation and the slough of despond. You can make money on the stock market in the next boom, of course, if you get out in time; but you know the answer to that one as well as I do.

In the next boom, then, most people will be buying things, rather than pieces of ownership in the corporations that make the things. A stock boom will naturally accompany the improvement in trade; but it will be secondary, not primary as in 1928 and 1929. And what will that mean? I do not know; but, heartened by the conviction that I cannot be much more wrong than the experts, I might venture a few guesses.

V

Perhaps the rising demand for things, only slightly braked by the draining off of capital to the stock market, will outrun the capacity of the industrial plant that is too large for present needs; will en-

courage an expansion of plant and an overproduction more reckless than anything we have ever known. If that happens the next panic is likely to be worse than this one; and the wise man, about 1938, will buy ten thousand dollars' worth of canned food and retire to a desert island.

But that may not happen. Consumers are not the only ones who have learned something this time; a good many producers realize that the old system must be patched up, even if they are not willing to go so far as the planners. Doctor Klein above mentioned is no Red iconoclast; yet in his radio talk of July 26th he conceded that our industrial civilization must “balance itself, match production to consumption.” A considerable admission from a man close to the throne, after an era which saw the desperate endeavor to adjust consumption to production. And when a vice president of General Motors publishes a criticism of “unnecessary obsolescence,” you feel as if a bishop had criticized unnecessary piety.

More encouraging still are the remarks of George C. Smith, director of the Industrial Bureau of St. Louis, lately quoted in the *Advertising News*. True, he gives a toot or two on the old ram's horn trumpet that used to summon the faithful to whirlwind selling campaigns; prosperity will return “in exact proportion to the united abilities of our sales forces.” The ability of the sales force used to mean a gift for hypnotizing or terrorizing the customer into signing on the dotted line; but it seems that all this has been changed now. Many industries, said Mr. Smith, will need “a new type of sales manager who plans his campaigns from closely calculated statistical data, and can draw a sharp distinction between sales for volume and sales for profit.”

Statistical data do not tell the whole story. Doctor Klein's bureau in Wash-

ington has compiled volumes of them, and a peevish business man complains in the *New York Times* of July 29th that they are worth about as much as "an equal number of volumes on graphology or mah jongg." Harsh words, these, and let us hope unjustified. At any rate, sound statistical data are one of the things we shall need if business is ever to be managed sanely; it is a good sign if sales managers find them worth reading.

But it is easy to make good resolutions on the morning after, to despise profitless sales for volume when there are no sales at all. What will become of the good resolutions when the money begins to roll in? Will men who talk of "sitting on the bulge" when there is no bulge to sit on be able to resist the furious demand of a consumption which next time may be spontaneous, unforced—the earnest enthusiastic spending of people who have had their bellyful of building for the future? Shall we not be told then, as we were told two years ago, that this time everything is different; that the business cycle has been abolished and this boom is going to last forever?

Perhaps. It may depend on the sort of things people are going to want next time. Last time they had to buy automobiles and radios before they bought anything else; hereafter, the domestic markets for automobiles and radios may be chiefly replacement markets. People will want better automobiles in the next boom, and better radios? Of course; most people will always want something better, but even in boom times not everybody can get it. Coolidge prosperity surpassed anything we had ever known before; yet even then millions of people were not invited to the party, nor will they be invited to the next one.

The flag-waving, welkin-ringing passage in Mr. Hoover's Indianapolis speech that sketched the "twenty-

year-plan" of American individualism (without deigning to explain how it was to be realized) was an accurate enough picture of what the nation needs. There are millions of Americans who—though they may own their own cars, or at least hold title to them—need far more things than they have; but they did not get in on the last boom, and if Mr. Hoover knows how to get them in on the next one he has so far kept his knowledge to himself. Under self-reliant individualism a boom always has been and always will be something that primarily affects ten or twenty per cent of the people; with from thirty to fifty per cent more getting a little drip from the overflow. It is the ten or twenty per cent who spend money so obtrusively in boom days that we all, for a while, feel rich. Those people had the necessities, or most of them, before they started investing in 1928; they will have the necessities before they begin spending next time. What they will want, when there is again a surplus over necessity, is not "securities" but luxuries.

The luxury trades ought to get the cream of the next boom. People will buy cars; but Cadillacs rather than Chevrolets; Lincolns, not Fords. The jewelers will prosper too, and the furriers; the woman who wanted a mink coat in the winter of 1928 and decided to make the Hudson seal last a year longer so that she could margin a little more Goldman Sachs will never pass up a mink coat again. And the bootleggers, when the happy days return, can keep their plants going twenty-four hours a day turning out Hoboken Moët & Chandon and Flatbush Clos de Vougeot, and sell it all at vintage prices.

But not all the surplus will be spent for things, even things that can be eaten or drunk or worn. The great fallacy of the Coolidge era (this has been said before, but it needs pounding

in) the great fallacy of the Coolidge era was that nothing could be enjoyed but things. Of course this doctrine was invented by the men who made the things, but it fascinated even disinterested persons. But the experts are now beginning to admit that there are less palpable satisfactions—security, services, leisure. The sage and prudent who threw their money down the sink hole of the 1929 stock market were aiming at security, however poor their marksmanship; one big clean-up on the market, and then we won't have to worry about to-morrow. Their experience has somewhat discredited security as an investment in this regrettably insecure cosmos; next time they will get what they can to-day and let to-morrow take care of itself.

But leisure grows in popularity, now that so many people wonder what is the use of working so hard for your money when you will only lose it if you try to save it. The great thinkers of the Coolidge era taught that leisure could be enjoyed only by the use of things, which of course you had to buy from somebody—automobiles, radios, golf clubs. Now most of us have fewer things and more leisure. I do not say that talking about the depression is the best use to which leisure can be put; but at least it must have taught a good many people that there are other ways of killing time than hitting it with a golf club.

It would be visionary to hope that increased leisure in the next period of prosperity will mean more intellectual activity—more sound thinking, more good talk, more and better literature and art. It might happen, of course; but only the Marxians think that such matters depend on the state of business. What can be predicted with confidence is unheard-of prosperity for the travel business in all its branches. Florida, California, Cuba, Europe will have more visitors than ever before; motor

traffic at home will be limited only by the capacity of the roads, and the railroads will see their shrunken revenues swelling to something like the old figures. The parsimonious traveler who used to sleep in an upper berth will take a lower then, and the couple who were content with a section will take a drawing-room. Thousands of families who in 1929 decided to put off seeing Paris or the Grand Canyon till 1930, when they could travel in style on their stock-market profits, will say to themselves next time, "If we don't see it now we may never see it."

Will their perceptions and appreciations have been sharpened by adversity? Will they get more out of Paris and the Grand Canyon than the run-of-the-mine tourist got in times past? I don't know; but it seems reasonable to suppose that you appreciate something more highly if you think this is your last and only chance to get it.

VI

It was suggested that the next boom may resemble that of 1916 more than any other of recent memory. In 1916 business was lifted from the doldrums by war orders; and people greeted the return of good times with all the greater fervor, because they had come so near not returning at all. From May 1915 to April 1916 it had looked as if we were going to get into the War. Some thought we ought to get into it, some thought not; but the effective decision lay with the President, and he eventually decided that we were going to stay out. (Nobody could foresee then, of course, that he had taken all he could stand and would hit back next time.) Some people thought this was disgraceful, some thought it was fine; but at any rate Wilson had settled it, there was nothing the rest of us could do about it, and we might as well turn in and have a good time on the easy

money. Far more than 1919 or 1928, the boom year of 1916 was animated by an uneasy recklessness, a what-the-hell extravagance of pleasure.

Some such feeling may give an edge to the next boom. Now as then there is a decision to be made—whether we are to go along with the old alternation of boom and panic, or risk something in the hope of finding a better formula. Formally, of course, the decision does not rest with the President, but his hearty support might be enough to put over the idea of national economic planning, as his determined opposition can probably prevent anything from being done while he is in office. Unless he utterly disavows the doctrine of his Indianapolis speech, Hoover has made his decision; he may reverse himself as Wilson did, but there is no sign of it yet. Some people agree with him, some do not; but at any rate there is nothing to do about it and we might as well eat, drink, and be merry as soon as we have money enough to pay the check.

There will be gayety, then, in the next boom—but gayety touched with hysteria; the shrill determined gayety of people who do not know how long good times will last, or if they will ever come again. More than any boom of the past it will be right out on the surface where everybody can see it; money will be spent for consumption goods, not production goods, and a large part of it will go into what Professor Veblen calls conspicuous waste. High-minded persons used to think conspicuous waste was disgraceful; but in its diluted form of buying a new car you did not need it was taught as a duty in the Coolidge era, and at any rate it is more fun than the inconspicuous waste of throwing away all your savings in the attempt to preserve that margin.

Yes, it is going to be a very pleasant boom—for the people who get in on it;

very much of the here and now, with no more of the deferred hope and building for the future that characterized 1928, no more of the firm conviction that what you have now is nothing to what you are going to have year after next. This time, people will feel that what they have now is perhaps all there is ever going to be and they had better get some use out of it. But the people who are not in on it may not feel as sure as most of them did last time that their turn is coming some day; conspicuous waste may annoy the man who is inconspicuously unemployed. And when the operation of our glorious system of unchecked individual enterprise brings inevitably another panic to end that last and liveliest boom—

Well, your guess is as good as mine or Julius Klein's. The next panic may be worse than this one; but if the next boom brings profit chiefly to the luxury trades and the agencies that amuse people at leisure, it may not be so bad. In that case there would have been less temptation to build up overproduction and excessive plant in basic industries; fewer people employed in good times will be thrown out of work when trade slackens; and if stocks are not inflated by the idealistic purpose of the sucker investor, the next time the market will not have so far to fall . . .

But never mind the next panic; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Think about the next boom instead, and plunge headfirst into it when it comes; for it's going to be a good one; and it may be the last. A planned national economy ought to mean comfort and security for everybody; some day it may mean luxury for everybody—but that day is not likely to come in your time, or in mine. If you really want the pearl necklace or the round-the-world cruise you decided not to buy in 1928, don't let the next chance go by.



THE TIN VELASQUEZ

A STORY

BY PHILIP CURTISS

WE ALL have our dreams, and Andy Payson had his. He liked to dream of a day—oh! an utterly impossible day—when he could come down to breakfast and sip at his leisure through two, three, or as many cups of coffee as he wished. Then—still in the dream, of course—he would go out on the west piazza with a long, thin cigar and have the whole morning paper all to himself. While bees hummed in the garden and birds twittered in the ivy, he would follow the latest murder from Page One to Page Twenty-Four and then settle down to the fascinating leader headed “City Swelters Under Heat Wave.” Next, after the morning paper was finished . . . But what was the use of thinking beyond the impossible? Even Cinderella’s dreams never went any farther than the golden slippers.

Not but what Andy made diligent efforts to attain his dream. He was attempting it as optimistically as ever in the porch hammock one fresh summer morning, but just as he had allowed his eye to wander to a little “box” item entitled, “American Women Have Biggest Feet in World, Says Medical Authority,” he was aware that Molly, his wife, had come out on the piazza with an air of silent calculation that portended great events.

“I’m sorry to trouble you, dear,” she began, “but you know that we’ve got to clear the whole piazza before ten

o’clock and, first of all, we must have that hammock.”

Andy placed his finger on his paper and looked up, like an eminent scholar who had just discovered a new Greek gerundive. “Clear the piazza?” he repeated. “What for?”

Molly rested her hands on her hips with an air of utter hopelessness.

“Andy Payson,” she exclaimed, “I sometimes wonder whether your life and mine even touch at the outer corners. Have you completely forgotten that this is the day of my sale?”

“Oh,” replied Andy. He rose to his feet and, hardly had he done so, when Edwin, the colored butler, and Peale, the chauffeur, appeared on the piazza and, under Molly’s brisk direction, unhooked the hammock from the tent-shaped metal frame which supported it. Behind them came Miss Beedle, who had once been the children’s governess but now was that long-suffering and indispensable feminine personage that can always be found in the background of any large country house. In her arms Miss Beedle bore eight or ten new print frocks, with price tags and coat hangers, which at once she proceeded to hang in a row on the crossbar that had previously held the hammock. Even to Andy’s eyes the effect was startling. Already the piazza was quite an amazing imitation of Wanamaker’s.

In the meantime Edwin and Peale had rolled up the rug and were moving the wicker furniture, but at last a look of compassion did come into Molly's eye.

"Sweetheart," she suggested, "I know that you haven't much interest in this sort of thing and, to be perfectly frank, you would be more in the way than a help. Why don't you go over to the club for lunch? I'm sure that the sale will be over by six o'clock."

"Well, if you don't mind . . ." replied Andy.

He turned to the screen door to enter the house, but Molly stopped him. "Oh, before you go," she commanded, "just leave me that newspaper. There's a little sports frock advertised by De Mar for twenty-three sixty, and I can show them exactly the identical thing for seventeen ninety-five."

Without his newspaper and, to tell the truth, without much of his heart, Andy sauntered down the gravel drive to the highway and down the highway to the pleasant little village of West Gosset. The idea of the country club was not appealing for, attractive as it might sound in theory, a small, village country club on a mid-week morning is usually about as exciting as the town dump. Instinctively, Andy knew what he should find there: out on the links two stoutish ladies playing peckish golf; down on the tennis courts half a dozen children hitting red balls and, in the clubhouse itself, nothing but a pale, lonely steward and a smell of varnish. With much better judgment, Andy's leaden feet passed on through the village and out on the other side where, presently, they slowed down before an attractive, remodeled white farmhouse surrounded by equally spotless white paddocks and kennels. In front of the house was pacing back and forth a tall, handsome man with a very tanned face and smooth, iron-gray hair, who was smoking a short brier pipe.

Someone had once described August Perrier as the perfect example of country gentleman and, as a matter of fact, his appearance was so distinguished that for one brief term he had actually been elected governor of the State, but the turmoil of public life had left no visible impression upon him and, for the greater part of twenty years, he had apparently done very little except what he was doing now—pace up and down and face life with an untroubled eye.

At Andy's dejected appearance the ex-governor took his pipe from his mouth, while little wrinkles of amusement appeared around his strong, sportsman's lips.

"Hello," he greeted. "What in the world's the matter with you?"

"If I were a drinking man . . ." began Andy.

"But you *are* a drinking man," replied Perrier.

"Well, anyway, that's not the trouble," explained Andy. "It's this damned drygoods business of Molly's."

"So?" answered Perrier.

"Oh, it's all very well for you to say 'so,'" burst out Andy, morosely, "but how would *you* like it if every time you settled down for a little quiet thought on life and affairs the telephone would ring and some silly woman over in Lebanon would call up to say that the green charmeuse was ripped in the hems and would I please give her the price on the velvet organdy? And now Molly's having a fire sale or something—great price slashing, regardless of consequences. I'm even kicked out of my own house until six o'clock."

Perrier put his pipe back in his teeth and puffed thoughtfully. "Is that any worse," he asked, "than having a perfect stranger come into your study and offer to buy your own desk right out from under your feet?"

Andy looked at him in perplexity. "What do you mean?"

"Young man," replied Perrier firmly, "I don't think that you keep your eyes open. Look here."

Taking Andy by the arm, he led him back into the road by which he had come. There, suspended from a fine old elm tree, like a tavern sign, was a white notice board with the words,

HELEN PERRIER. ANTIQUES

"Oh, good heavens!" exclaimed Andy. "And I thought that this would be the one house in town where I might find a little peace."

"Well, perhaps you will, for a few hours at least," replied Perrier. "Helen's gone clear to Barrington to look at a Sheraton fireback or something and after that she's promised to stop in at Molly's big clearance sale."

"I hope she gets stuck with a dozen bum dresses," murmured Andy. "But what does she want of a fireback at this time of year?"

"Well," replied Perrier, with a twinkle, "I think that she has very lively hopes of selling it to Molly."

Andy broke into a laugh. "Life is hell, isn't it?" he suggested.

"Completely," agreed Perrier.

With a common impulse they moved into the yard where three iron chairs with an iron tea table stood invitingly under a spruce tree; but scarcely were they seated when a rattletrap car speeded into the drive, and out leaped Bob MacGregor.

MacGregor was a landscape painter, and quite a successful one at that, but from his appearance one would never have guessed it, for he always looked and acted much more like a garage keeper on a holiday. He was a big, bouncing man, with a shock of unruly hair and a booming voice. His idea of proper gents' wear for the country was a pair of soiled khaki trousers and a black and white shirt, open at the neck, while he also had an unfortunate fond-

ness for practical jokes. Indeed, as he now approached the disconsolate pair seated under the spruce tree, his air became mincing, and he held out a hand in languid, mock courtesy.

"Ah, Mr. Payson, I believe. And, may I ask, are you any relation to the famous Madame Molly Payson, the great modiste?"

"Oh, shut up," replied Andy, but it took more than that to quiet Bob MacGregor. He turned to Perrier.

"I am looking," he drawled, "for Mrs. Perrier, the well-known expert in early Americana. You are, I presume, her secretary?"

As usual, Perrier never turned a hair. "Your name?" he asked, promptly.

"MacGregor is my name. MacGregor."

"Oh, yes," answered Perrier. "And are you any relation to Mrs. MacGregor, the big real estate agent?"

MacGregor burst into a roar but at the same time all his burlesque dropped from him. "Oh, come," he exclaimed, "that's not fair! You and Andy are the landed gentry, the idle rich, and, if your wives want to amuse themselves selling needles and pins, that's a proper subject for joking. But I am nothing but a poor, struggling artist, and when *my* wife goes out and in one morning brings in more money than I've earned in six months, *that's* something that hurts. As a matter of fact," concluded Bob, sinking into the third chair, "this feminine situation in West Gosset is getting serious. That's just what I want to talk about."

"All right, go ahead and talk about it," replied Andy. "What is there to say?"

For a moment there was apparently nothing to say, and the three men sat in gloomy silence, but Bob MacGregor could not remain long repressed. With a widening grin he suddenly looked around the little circle.

"Parasites!" he mused. "That's

what we all are—nothing but parasites—just male clinging vines!”

Even to this there seemed no disagreement, and MacGregor turned to Perrier, as the older man. “Look here, Gus,” he argued. “I’m really serious. What’s the answer to all this business of every woman in America going suddenly to work?”

“They want the money, I guess,” broke in Andy, grimly.

“Well, it isn’t that that bothers me,” replied Bob. “What bothers me is the fact that they not only want the money but actually get it. Now, frankly, Andy, if you should go broke to-morrow could you go down on Main Street and start a successful clothing store?”

“I couldn’t start a peanut stand,” admitted Andy. “But neither could you or Gus.”

“There you are!” exclaimed MacGregor. “Yet Molly has done it as easy as sneezing. Now take my case. As painters go, I think I can say that I am pretty successful, but for twenty years I had to scratch and struggle, learning a difficult trade. Until I was thirty I never earned more than eighteen hundred a year, and when I got a thousand dollars for a single canvas I felt like Rockefeller—virtue rewarded and all that sort of stuff. Then what happens? One pleasant evening, my good wife, Sylvia, the sheltered little darling, suddenly decides to go into the real estate business. She didn’t know a lease from a quitclaim, but that didn’t matter. Within a week she had sold the old Prentice place to Mrs. Mayhew’s sister and home she comes with three thousand dollars tucked into her stocking. Now how can I call myself the man of the family after that?”

Perrier laughed. “Has she sold another?”

“No,” confessed Bob, “but I’m afraid she’s going to. She’s been purring around old Mrs. Todd for a month.”

“Well, there’s your answer,” replied Perrier.

“Where’s my answer?” demanded MacGregor, while Andy also stirred with interest in his chair.

With his usual deliberateness, August Perrier took his tobacco pouch from his pocket, blew into his pipe, then slowly filled it.

“I will admit,” he began, “that you have raised a very interesting social question. But first, Bob, let me ask you something. You are a painter, but until this moment have you ever told me so?”

“What do you mean?” demanded MacGregor.

“I mean this,” explained Perrier. “I have known you intimately for at least three years, but in all that time have you ever brought me one of your canvases? Have you ever invited me down to your studio, filled me up with tea and good cigars, and then subtly wheedled me into buying a picture?”

“Of course not,” answered MacGregor, indignantly. “I’m not that kind of a painter and I’m not that kind of a man.”

“Well, then, consider Andy,” continued the older man. “But by the grace of fate and his father’s steel business, Andy would probably have been a bond salesman. Now suppose that every time I asked Andy to dinner he immediately started in with the cocktails and tried to sell me a block of Westchester Fives. What would happen then?”

“He might sell you some bonds, right enough,” replied Bob, “but he would jolly well soon stop coming to dinner.” A sudden light came into his eye. “You mean,” he asked, “that no decent man will do business with his friends—at least not in social hours?”

“Precisely,” affirmed Perrier. “But when a woman goes into business the very first people she thinks of are her friends. And the funny part is that

her friends don't mind it either. Two women see no more reason why they should not swap jackknives over the soup than why they should not talk golf or bet or the races. When you come down to it, with whom have the women in this town done business except one another? Molly sells dresses to Helen, Helen sells antiques to Sylvia and, sooner or later, I have no doubt that Sylvia will sell half the lakefront to Molly."

"Except, of course," broke in Andy, with a grin, "that each one of them has some prize, wealthy sucker—"

"Whom she squeezes dry and then passes on to the others," laughed MacGregor. "Good old Sylvia had no sooner unloaded the Prentice place on old Mrs. What's-her-name than she called up Helen and tipped her off that the time was ripe to fill up the house with antiques."

"But what does it mean?" suggested Andy. "Does it mean that the women are rotters or that we men are dumb-bells?"

"I don't *know* what it means," replied Perrier, seriously. "It may very well mean that the feminine code of business ethics is the modern, sound one and that our own code is old-fashioned and ridiculous. For, after all, if one is going to be in business at all, one might as well be in it heart and soul, every minute of the day and night. That's what the immigrants do and get rich. And women, in a way, are immigrants in business. They have no traditions, no code to bother them."

MacGregor leaped up with a sudden grin. "By Jove!" he exclaimed. "That's an idea!" He turned abruptly to his host, hunching his shoulders and waving his arms in the manner of a huckster. "Vell, den, Meester Perrier. Wouldn't you like to buy a nice leetle picture?"

Perrier laughed. "I don't know that I wouldn't. Provided, of course,

that you are interested in a second-hand station wagon."

Five or six days later, Molly Payson, returning home about tea-time, was instantly conscious that something unusual was happening in her husband's smoking room. Going to the door, she looked in, then stepped back aghast, for, in the middle of the room stood Andy, gazing up in rapture, while in the wall space over the mantel there hung what was probably the most terrible object ever created by the hand of man.

It was one of those immense "oil paintings" which thirty or forty years ago were distributed by generous brewers to country hotels. Inside a colossal gilt frame could be seen an old sportsman seated at a table, while a setter dog gazed up affectionately from his knee. So far as these figures were concerned, there was a very decent degree of photographic representation but, not content with this momentary success, the artist had proceeded to fill the rest of his picture with every object that he knew how to paint. On the wall hung a Winchester rifle, a landing net, and a coaching whip, while on the floor rested a deer's head, complete with antlers, and a brace of mallard ducks. On the table in the foreground were a bowl of fruit, a vase of flowers, a box of cigars, a salmon, and a violin. In the lower corner of the picture, as a sort of signature, was an exceptionally lifelike replica of a one-dollar bill.

Andy turned to his wife. "Pretty nice, what?"

Poor Molly could only gasp, "Andy Payson! Where in the world did you get that?"

"I bought it," replied Andy. "From Gus Perrier."

"You *what*?"

"I bought it," repeated Andy, "for three hundred dollars. And I got a bargain at that. Gus himself had paid two hundred and fifty for it, not an hour before."

"For goodness' sake! To whom?"

"Bob MacGregor. Bob says that in twenty years those pictures will be rarer than Rembrandts."

At MacGregor's name Molly began to weaken for, after all, MacGregor was one of the country's recognized artists. She looked more closely at the picture, as if there might be something that she had missed.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of hurting it," explained Andy, stepping briskly forward. He rapped the picture smartly with his knuckles. "You see, that's one of its rarest features. It isn't really canvas. It's painted on tin."

"But, Andy," pleaded Molly, "three . . . hundred . . . dollars!"

"Oh, don't worry about that," said her husband lightly. "I didn't pay him in money. I gave him six shares of that Behring Box stock that I inherited from Uncle Samuel."

Molly sat down, suddenly. "Why, Andy, that stock isn't worth a cent."

"I know it," chuckled Andy, "but I didn't tell Gus that. I merely said that ten years from now the stock would be just as valuable as it is to-day."

In her seat in an armchair Molly was visibly turning pale. "Andy Payson," she demanded, "have you suddenly gone crazy? Do you mean to say that you would palm off worthless stock on one of your friends?"

"Well, I took the picture on *his* say-so," retorted Andy, "his and Bob MacGregor's. Why shouldn't he take the securities on mine?"

"But somehow that's different," replied Molly, faintly.

"Why is it different?" insisted Andy. He turned suddenly and faced her. "Now, look here, Molly. I've never interfered in your business. Did I say a word when you paid Helen Perrier eight dollars for an ordinary milking stool that I could have duplicated anywhere in the county for fifty cents?"

"I know it wasn't worth it," admitted Molly, "but Helen had just brought in a friend from Stockbridge to whom I sold a ninety-dollar evening gown. And I still don't see," she added, "why Gus Perrier hasn't been cheated. At least, you have the picture, and Bob MacGregor has two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Oh, no, he hasn't," replied Andy, "because, just as soon as Gus had delivered the picture, he went back and sold Bob five shares of the stock."

Molly rose from her chair with a troubled sigh. "It's too deep for me. But, anyway, don't forget that we've got people for dinner. In fact it's the MacGregors and the Perriers—if you can still look them in the eye."

"Oh, speaking of that," said Andy, suddenly, "I hope you don't mind, but Bob MacGregor called up a few minutes ago. He said that some friends of his had landed suddenly in town and he wanted to know whether he could bring them along. I told him certainly; it would be all right."

Under ordinary circumstances this would have been a very common request, but, in her present state of mind, Molly was not especially expansive.

"How many friends?" she asked. "And who are they?"

"Only two," replied Andy. "A man and his wife. You see, this is some big oil man or something—sheer slathers of money. He already owns two or three of Bob's pictures and naturally, I suppose, Bob would like to sell him some more."

Molly looked at him suspiciously. "Is this another of Bob's practical jokes?"

Her husband answered with wide-open eyes. "No, honestly, Molly. Cross my heart. I will admit that we've been spoofing you a bit about that tin picture but the oil man is genuine. At least, if he isn't, Bob's fooling me also. I never heard anything about him until a few minutes ago."

"Oh, well, I suppose they can come," answered Molly, turning away, yet even now she was far from convinced. She went up to dress but at the first sound of a motor car on the driveway she was at the door before even Edwin could reach it. The arrivals, however, were only the Perriers, walking up the steps with their usual nonchalance. Molly faced them both.

"Tell me," she whispered. "What is this trick that Bob MacGregor is working—something about a big oil man?"

Perrier looked at her blankly. "I'm sure I don't know," he answered.

Molly knew very well that August Perrier could do anything but lie. She shrugged uncertainly and gave a nervous little laugh, but if any doubts still lingered the next moment they were completely dispelled. For, scarcely were the Perriers inside the door when there whirled under the *porte-cochère* an immense, glistening, imported limousine with a liveried chauffeur. Molly realized at once that even Bob MacGregor in his wildest moments could never have invented that car. Neither could he have invented the two persons who presently followed him out of it. The man was a little, bald-headed, unpleasant creature who looked as if he had stepped out of the Sunday comics, while his wife looked like the last survivor of "The Broadway Belles." Furthermore, with a manner which was too much embarrassed to be anything but genuine, Bob waved his hand.

"Mrs. Payson, may I present Mrs. Kloppf—and Mr. Kloppf?"

As soon as the strangers had been introduced to the Perriers, Sylvia MacGregor signalled Molly back into the hall.

"Molly," she begged, "will you ever forgive us? But, honestly, we couldn't help it. You see these people own three of Bob's pictures and to-day

they stopped off at the Inn with a letter of introduction from Bob's dealer in New York. They are motoring through to the races in Saratoga. We never saw them in our lives before."

"That's perfectly all right," answered Molly pleasantly. "I merely thought when Bob telephoned that it might be one of his practical jokes."

"Oh, if it only were!" exclaimed Sylvia. "That is—well, anyway, you know what I mean."

"Don't worry about it for a second," assured Molly. "If I can help Bob in any way I'm glad to do it."

"Perhaps," suggested Sylvia, "they won't be as bad as they look."

It was a vain hope, for when they rejoined the others on the west piazza Mr. Kloppf was already squeezing August Perrier by the arm and calling him "Governor" while through the *hors d'œuvres*, and all through dinner both Kloppf and his wife grew steadily worse and worse. Molly and Andy had read of such people, had heard of such people, and had seen them represented on the stage, but never until that moment could they have believed that such people really existed.

In the first place, Kloppf himself could talk of nothing but money, while his wife could talk of nothing at all. She sat at Andy's right but at every attempt of his to draw her into conversation she merely stared at him blankly and answered, "That so?" At the same time, at the other end of the table, her husband was trying to compliment Molly by making coarse, coy advances. Failing in that line, he told her how much he had paid for his yacht, for his country place, and his race horses, and added that when the market had tumbled he had been the one man shrewd enough to get out. On only one other subject did he seem to have a genuine knowledge and this, curiously, was art. Yet even in this line he seemed to know pictures and

painters largely by their prices and sagely remarked of this and that picture that he was "holding for a rise."

It was hardly a dinner that anyone wished to prolong, and it was with an immense feeling of relief that at last Molly nodded to her husband.

"Will you have your coffee served in the smoking room?"

In long familiarity with the ways of the house, Perrier and MacGregor sauntered into the hall, while Andy followed with Kloppf.

"Would you prefer . . ." he began, at the door of the smoking room, but the sentence was never finished, for, standing on the threshold, the visitor had given a sudden, gurgling cry and, looking around in surprise, Andy saw that his popping eyes were fixed on the bar-room Velasquez, which was still hanging over the mantel. Without a word Kloppf turned and ran up the hall to the drawing-room, where the women were gathered.

"Lily! Lily!" he cried. "I have found it! I have found it at last!"

The next moment, dragging his wife by her bare, jewelled arm, he returned down the hall while the younger women, perplexed and amused, followed in their train. Looking neither to right nor to left, Kloppf ran to the picture, felt it tenderly with his fingertips, then tapped it with his knuckles, exactly as Andy had done a few hours before.

"It is! It is!" he kept saying, over and over. "It's the genuine one!"

Only after a full minute did he seem to remember that he was not alone in the room, then he turned to Andy.

"Mr. Payson, where in the world did you get that painting?"

Luckily Andy had had some moments to prepare. With only the faintest glance of his eye in Perrier's direction he answered casually:

"Oh, I picked it up not long ago."

Kloppf took a large silk handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his

brow. "Mr. Payson," he said, "would you believe me if I told you that I saw every stroke painted on that picture?"

At the outskirts of the group, Bob MacGregor turned abruptly to the wall but fortunately Kloppf did not see him. His eyes were still fixed on Andy but now into his manner there was creeping a certain faint caution.

"And may I ask," he suggested, "what you paid for that picture? Twenty? Twenty-five? Perhaps forty dollars?"

Andy stiffened slightly. "Why, no, since you ask me. The price was three hundred."

Kloppf looked at him sharply, then gave a quick shrug. "Oh, well," he remarked, "then you know what it's worth." He laughed a bit harshly. "I guess you would have known anyway—the fool way I acted."

As if lost in thought he turned back to the picture, studied it for a moment, then slowly faced Andy.

"Mr. Payson, there's no use beating around the bush. Will you take a thousand dollars for that picture right as it stands?"

With a rather strained smile Andy shook his head. "I'm sorry," he answered, "but I don't think I care to sell it."

"All right, then. Two thousand?"

By the doorway, somebody gasped—probably Molly—while on the whole room a sudden, dead silence had descended. The smile had left Andy's lips. He shook his head.

"Two thousand, five hundred?" said Kloppf. "Three thousand?"

Only then did Andy stir and, oddly, he seemed to grow about three inches taller.

"Mr. Kloppf," he said, icily, yet very politely, "if you don't mind, I think that I'd rather not sell *anything* to any of my guests."

For an instant it seemed as if something terrible were about to happen in

the room—a blow, perhaps, or possibly an oath. One of the women stirred uneasily. One of the men moved closer. Then suddenly Kloppf himself broke into a grin. He held out his hand.

“Mr. Payson, I’m sorry. I beg your pardon.”

The room breathed more freely and somebody lighted a match, but to suppose that Kloppf was really discomfited was not to know Kloppf. If anything, he seemed rather pleased to have regained the center of the stage.

“Well, Mr. Payson,” he continued, blandly, “since you feel that way about it, I’ll tell you the truth. That picture is worth ten thousand dollars!”

At that even Andy’s poise seemed to fade, and Kloppf’s grin grew wider.

“Oh, don’t think,” he added, hastily, “that the picture is worth that much to the Metropolitan Museum. But it is worth that much to *me*.”

Abruptly he took Andy’s arm in a manner that was almost fatherly. “Sit down, Mr. Payson,” he commanded, “and I’ll tell you a story.”

Still thoroughly in a daze, Andy obeyed him. Then Kloppf began.

“Forty-five years ago my father brewed the finest ale that was sold in America. Oh, don’t laugh, because, if he hadn’t done it, I shouldn’t be buying pictures to-day.”

As a matter of fact nobody *had* laughed, and the visitor continued.

“Kloppf’s Pale Ale,” he remarked, meditatively. “Everybody knew it. And it was also just forty-five years ago that my father had that picture painted. It was done by a queer old fellow named Healey. I was just a youngster at the time and I stood by while he put in every line of it. I guess that was where I got my first love of pictures.

“You see,” explained Kloppf, “after they got that first one they could reproduce hundreds more by a litho-

graphic process, even down to the smallest of the brush marks.”

“But isn’t that a lithograph?” demanded Perrier, in surprise.

Kloppf looked around sharply to see who had asked the question. “No, Governor,” he replied, “that is the original painting but, for some reason, it got mixed up and was sent out with the others. My father wanted it to hang in his office, but he could never find it.”

“But how did you know,” suggested MacGregor, “that that was the original? You seemed to know it at the very first glance.”

“I’ll tell you how I knew,” answered Kloppf, smiling quietly. He pointed to the lower corner of the picture. “By that dollar bill. You see, when we took the picture to have it copied we found that it was against the law to reproduce a dollar bill on a lithographer’s stone, so that was the only one that had it.”

The visitor paused while he looked over the tray of liqueurs that had suddenly appeared. “Well, anyway,” he resumed, “I grew up, and my father died and, as you see, Prohibition put an end to the liquor business. I made a lot of money in the olive-oil trade and a lot more in the stock market. Then I began to get interested in painting again. But about five years ago I happened to wonder what really had become of that original picture. Of course I knew that it wasn’t great art, but my father had wanted it, and I myself was sort of sentimental about it. I put some agents on the trail, and they brought me in any number of the copies but, the harder it was, the keener I got to find the original. And, after all, it wasn’t any more foolish than looking for a certain old vase or a certain old postage stamp. For two years I have had a standing offer with antique dealers all over the country to pay ten thousand dollars for that original.

You see, Mr. Payson, for a minute I thought that possibly you had heard of that offer."

Andy shook his head. "No, I never heard of it. I—I just happened to buy it."

"But now you understand," concluded the visitor, "why I was so excited when I came into this room." He paused a moment, wiped his hands with his handkerchief, then almost pathetically he turned back to Andy. "And at last when I have found my picture, you won't let me have it."

Andy stared fixedly at the floor while again the dead silence descended on the room.

"Mr. Kloppf," he replied, "I think that you misunderstood me. I didn't say you couldn't have the picture. I merely said that I couldn't take money from one of my guests. As a matter of fact, if anyone ought to have that picture, it is you. Won't you kindly take it—with my very best wishes?"

For a moment Kloppf stared at him, only half comprehending, then suddenly he blushed to the top of his little bald head.

"Oh, no, you don't!" he answered quickly. "If you won't accept any money from a guest, neither will I take advantage of my host! I've told the world that I'd pay ten thousand dollars for that picture and, unless you take it, that picture stays right where it is."

Still Andy sat in uncomfortable silence, and Kloppf broke out again. "I tell you what I'll do, Mr. Payson. To-night we won't say another word about it, but there must be some place where even you will talk shop."

"Almost anywhere," grinned Andy, "except in this house."

"All right, then," said Kloppf, "the

office of the Inn. To-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

"Very well," replied Andy. "I will be there."

At the other side of the crowded little smoking room, Molly rose to her feet and suggested the larger spaces of the west piazza; but as the company milled and shuffled into the hall, Bob MacGregor leaned over August Perrier's shoulder.

"I don't know how *you* feel," he murmured, "but I don't expect to sleep a wink to-night. And as for Andy, I'll bet he never gets out of his clothes."

Perrier glanced behind him to where their host was now calmly chatting with Kloppf. "Don't you believe it," he answered, laughing. "If I know Andy, the only thing he's worrying about is getting through breakfast before nine o'clock."

Yet somehow, apparently, even this miracle was eventually accomplished, for at exactly eleven o'clock on the following morning the three parasites found themselves again seated under Perrier's spruce tree. In Andy's hand was a fountain pen, and in the hand of each of the others was Andy's own cheque for three thousand, three hundred, and thirty-three dollars and thirty-three cents. The odd cent had been voted to Andy as broker's commission. Bob MacGregor looked down at his own slip of paper, dizzily.

"Just wait," he chuckled, "until Sylvia sees this. But, Gus," he added, suddenly, "what does this do to your theories? Does it prove that you should or you shouldn't do business over the dinner table?"

"Blessed if I know what it proves," laughed Perrier. "In all future problems of this kind, I think that we'd better be guided by Andy."



SHOULD PARENTS TELL ALL?

BY ALICE BEAL PARSONS

MARJORIE looked out of the train window with a smile on her face. The origins of that smile, her mother knew, would be forever dark to her. Her mother might as well try to understand Choctaw without an interpreter, as well try to read Assyrian characters, as to reproduce imaginatively the mental state expressed by that slightly amused, slightly eager, slightly reminiscent glow that spread over the face of this astonishing creature she had once carried in her body, and warmed with her blood, and animated with her breath. Marjorie's nose seemed to tilt upward a trifle more pertly to-day than usual. Her large brown eyes were mischievous. Her red lips parted enough to show her upper teeth.

For several hours now Marjorie had been sixteen years old, and the birthday happened to coincide with a visit her mother had paid to a doctor from which she had come away with a strange feeling that she was someone else, and with a sense of the heightened significance of even trivial things. It had seemed to her poignantly interesting even to walk through the long marble corridor of the doctor's apartment hotel, and to look at the unexpectedly interesting face of the doorman, since in a week or a month her feet might never step again, and the eyes that explored the doorman's face might have stopped their seeing. Central Park, bathed in light at the end of the long tunnel of the corridor, seemed to her so lovely that

she almost wept, and the subway train rushing tremendously out of its black cavern and coming to rest at its abstruse geometrical platform, a phenomenon worthy of the keenest appreciation.

Marjorie turned to her affably. "I got all but three of the jumps to-day from Flimmy Watson," she bragged. "From Flimmy! Perhaps I'll make the team next year."

So the girl had been thinking of basket-ball, and the reminiscent smile that spread over her face was reminiscent of athletic prowess, instead, as her mother had half believed, of some bond newly perceived between the body of that lush and vernal meadow newly putting forth its flowers in the sun and her own lovely bloom of sixteen years.

Having discharged the duties of sociability, Marjorie's attention returned to the meadow, and her mother's eyes surreptitiously grazed her cheek. The smile after all was too subtle, too complicated to have come only from basket-ball, just as all Marjorie's perceptions were more subtle than her words. Evidently all was very well in that mysterious world of hers into which her mother had never entered and would never be able to enter. Her nerves were relaxed and her gaze was happy.

Why trouble that world, the mother thought, with the wisdom, perhaps false, and the anxieties, perhaps ill-founded, of one so different? The train went on, and smiles continued to visit Mar-

jorie's face. "Her face is like a river with lights," the mother quoted to herself. But the very loveliness of the child brought back the mother's fears and the resolution that had formed in her mind that day to enlighten Marjorie about her body as completely as possible. If I should die, she thought, and some cynical man should despoil her, if her conception of life should suddenly be distorted, if her fair body should through her ignorance of various unpleasant facts of life be infected with a loathsome disease . . . She remembered how indignant she and all her generation had been with their parents for the prudishness or the carelessness that had sent them out into the world without proper instruction about what presently came to seem to them almost the most important thing in life, and how they had been put to one dodge or another to supply the gaps in their knowledge, and how a close girlhood friend of hers had actually suffered through ignorance a sex experience the shock of which had fouled her life for several years; and she had sworn that her child, if she ever had one, should learn about sex from her mother and not from a cynical middle-aged man.

Of course Marjorie at sixteen was not ignorant in the sense that she herself and her friends had been ignorant, for she had lived in a world still governed by Victorian ideas of propriety, and Marjorie lived in one in which sex, far from being taboo, was a leading preoccupation. Marjorie read whatever books she wished from her mother's shelves, and although some pains were taken to prevent second-rate books from falling into her hands, none were taken to keep from her books that dealt frankly with life.

But literature as a substitute for a course in sex hygiene is the mother knew, something of a delusion. She herself had had from childhood the run of a cousin's fine old library. She had

read the *Decameron* and the tale of the *Wife of Bath* and the *Vita Nuova* when her friends were reading the Elsie books, and had learned a great many things, but had remained essentially uninstructed about sex. A remark of Marjorie's made some years before bore out her own experience. At that time Marjorie was a graduate of the best principles of modern sex hygiene. Every groping question she put had been fully and lucidly answered with a pleasant daylight cheeriness. Yet, asked to write a review of a book for an English class, she had produced this extraordinary sentence about the hero: "After living for two years with a woman called a paramore who made him have two children against his will, he managed at last to marry the cousin he loved."

Even frank conversations overheard between adults told less than the adults themselves often feared, the mother remembered, since the listening child mind unconsciously rejected facts outside its experience. Nor were the nuptials of the animals as revelatory as one school of sex hygiene writers believed, unless the vagrant child attention was specifically directed to them. She remembered that in *The Apple of the Eye* Glenway Wescott, himself a country boy, described a farmer's son of sixteen who knew practically nothing about sex until an older boy instructed him. And she remembered the three children of a very modern mother who, when she discovered, as numerous other mothers before her had discovered, that the nuptials of the birds and dogs and hens and rabbits passed almost unheeded by them, began so conscientiously to direct attention to matings that they became obsessed with sex and it seemed apparent that instead of merely instructing an already aroused curiosity, she had actually been stirring up precocious curiosity, with unfortunate results.

Not without relief, the other mothers in the neighborhood resolved not to exceed their own instincts in the matter, and to confine their instruction to answering their children's questions. Unfortunately, as they grew older the children asked fewer questions, and it was now several years since Marjorie had requested any biological information.

II

With a critical and dubious major operation staring her in the face, Marjorie's mother wondered if perhaps she hadn't been lazier than wise in her attitude toward the matter. Marjorie was old enough to bear a child, and far too young, physically, mentally, and spiritually to have one. She was very lovely, and she lived in a world in which sexual irregularities were not only no longer condemned, but were in many quarters highly respected. She conducted herself toward members of the other sex with a charming natural friendliness which her mother would have been sorry indeed to see her lose, but which at this age would soon subject her to sexual approaches. Would she have any natural instincts to protect her from these when they came; or wouldn't all truly natural instincts incline her toward them?

The mother remembered an incident that had occurred when Marjorie was not quite fifteen. They were on ship-board, returning home from France. Going one evening to her stateroom to dress for dinner, she found the door locked, contrary to custom, and after shaking the handle once or twice was about to hunt up the steward, when Marjorie's voice called out from within, "Is that you, mother?" Being assured that it was, she opened the door. Marjorie had evidently been sitting comfortably in a chair by the porthole, reading, and her face showed no signs of a sudden attack of timorousness.

"Did you lock the door to dress?" her mother asked.

"Oh, no," Marjorie said. "But the steward came in and hugged me."

"Oh," her mother said as calmly as possible, lest she give a sinister content to an experience that obviously had held none for Marjorie. "What did you do?"

"I put him outside and locked the door, in case he should try to come back," Marjorie observed, still calmly, but not without pride in her obvious physical superiority to the poor little withered fifty-year-old would-be lecher, for Marjorie is one of that race like gods that the newer child culture is indubitably producing.

Here, obviously, was a chance to tell her if not all, certainly much. And her mother had not taken it! She had confined herself to smiling appreciatively, as she had when Marjorie had first swum the length of their harbor in Maine in a choppy sea, and when she had, at the age of ten, taken her first high dive.

"Of course he had no business in here," she had said, and Marjorie had most emphatically agreed.

A Victorian mother might have gone into an exposition of the lustfulness of the male, and explained that a girl must preserve her chastity at all costs. These expositions, as we all know now, produced in some children a sly, shame-faced interest in sex, and in others an abhorrence that was only overcome with great difficulty, or that, when not overcome, was responsible for many celibates and for many more cheerless and pallid marriages. Marjorie's mother still recalled the remark of an old-school feminist who argued that of course women were superior to men, because men couldn't live happily without women, and women could live happily without men, an egregious fallacy that it has taken all the cohorts of Freud to uproot. An advocate of

utter frankness would certainly have improved the occasion to explain in detail exactly what the steward wanted of Marjorie. But why, Marjorie's mother objected passionately, should the child's conception of the sexual act be robbed of the romantic beauty with which it had been clothed for her by all her readings and imaginings, and be associated henceforth with that repulsive little man? Such a connection would awaken disgust, and the too conscientious mother who made it would herself be inflicting on her child the mark which the old man had been powerless to inflict. So, following Marjorie's own lead, she treated the incident casually and humorously, and it left no mark, though it also left little enlightenment.

Now as she faced the operation that was only a few days away, she realized that the incident proved nothing as far as Marjorie's instinct was concerned, for the steward wasn't attractive. If he had been young and attractive, and if Marjorie's interests and affections had already been engaged by him, instinct might have operated quite differently. And Marjorie knew various young and attractive boys, just enough older than she to have their desires more awakened and specific. Surely every mother should warn her daughter against the dangers of petting.

As the train rattled on and the meadows gave way to hills, and suburbs gave way to country villages, the mother began to put words together in her mind. Of course she didn't want to say anything to make Marjorie think that kissing was bad in itself. Nor did she even want to say that Marjorie was too young to kiss, or that she should kiss only certain boys. The impulse to kiss is a charming and natural one. Once it has made its natural appearance, its rigid suppression from a sense of duty or propriety would most certainly lead to some un-

fortunate distortion. The girl who never kissed, though she wanted to, might become more acutely interested in kissing than the one who tried it now and then, or she might become self-conscious and nervous and coiled in upon herself, or sour, or a self-righteous prude. No, decidedly, Marjorie's mother would put no embargo on kissing.

Just as certainly she hoped that at sixteen Marjorie didn't spend much time in kissing, and that if she did the kisses were somewhat experimental and tentative, and not too passionate. And she hoped that they would not become so fervid as to awaken a desire for a deeper embrace. But kisses often did. Here surely she must give enlightenment. And just here she was especially handicapped by not knowing how far Marjorie's emotional development had progressed. Should she begin by assuming that Marjorie had kissed, or by asking if she had? Most assuredly if Marjorie had not, she would be less or more than human if she were not immediately assailed by a desire to go straight and try it. Once the mother had crossed that stile, should she make further inquiry to discover if the kisses were maidenly, or if they had already discovered the pleasures of fervor? In all likelihood they were still maidenly, and her questions, no matter how skillfully phrased, would simply inject into Marjorie's mind unknown possibilities which again she would be less or more than human if she did not investigate at once. Yet unless the mother went into this question of fervor, she could not make the matter of a closer embrace intelligible, since the sexual act, all the sex hygiene enthusiasts to the contrary notwithstanding, is intelligible only in terms of emotion, not in terms of detached intellectual curiosity. To suggest to Marjorie that even if her kisses were fervent and even if they awakened

more intimate desires, it would be most undesirable at her age to indulge them, might possibly tantalize the child with a forbidden fruit that she had never before given a thought to, as if a parent fearful that a child might some day be approached by a secret purveyor of drugs, should attempt to arm her against the danger by describing the illicit ecstasies of drugs, telling her just where and how she could obtain them, and adding that their use was most unwise.

In brief, the mother concluded, if the information conveyed by her proved in fact to be information, if she told Marjorie something about the sexual act that the child hadn't known before, she ran the risk of awakening in her precocious and possibly very dangerous desires. She would be rash indeed to speak, then, before knowing just how far Marjorie had developed emotionally. And Marjorie, most properly, kept her secret thoughts to herself. For several years now she had shown a decided inclination to be wholly independent in everything she did and thought, to be a person in her own right, not merely her mother's daughter. Her own room, where she surrounded herself with her own books and trophies and entertained her friends and wrote long letters and inscribed her thoughts in diaries and painted pictures and learned about the world in her own way, was more important to her than all the rest of the house put together. She had left the family nest and was busily fashioning a nest of her own. It was an accident, probably, she thought, a mischance, that she and her mother were traveling on the same train to-day. Usually Marjorie contrived to take a different one. If her mother was going into town on the 8:13, Marjorie found herself unable to get ready before the 8:26. Circumstances made it necessary for her to lunch in a different part of town, and other circumstances took

her home again at a different hour. Her mother never questioned these arrangements. She remembered too well the thrill of facing an unknown world alone, unhampered by dull family bonds, and even if she had not remembered, she knew that any attempt to thwart or postpone Marjorie's awakening independence would, if successful, work great injury on the child, and, if unsuccessful, destroy the very real and charming friendship that subsisted between them. This friendship was so real that if she had not also been the child's mother, she might very likely have been made one of the chief confidantes of Marjorie's awakening emotions. But she was the mother, and so she knew that quite properly many of these confidences would go to others, some of them to quite casual acquaintances perhaps.

If she could not know Marjorie's thoughts, perhaps the best she could do would be to recall her own at sixteen, and those of her friends. Quite definitely no one had ever given her sex instruction, and quite as definitely she had been given no don'ts. Yet she and all her friends had had a code. Article one was a beau. One either had one or was giving much thought to the acquisition of one, and the girl who failed to produce one was considered either decidedly out of luck, or actually lacking, the primitive society of sixteen making little allowance for a nice or demanding taste. Given a beau, the code of behavior was exactly defined. One kissed occasionally, one romped a good deal, one spoke to one's friends with sublime contempt of boys who "got soft," and one knew that the very few girls who exceeded this code were fast and would come to some bad end.

Looking at Marjorie's serene, undevastated face, her mother thought it possible that even in 1931 some such self-evolved code might reign in the world of sixteen, at least in the hinter-

lands, in this little town that was actually forty-five minutes distant from New York. But if it did, its existence was contrary to all the books and articles about flaming youth. And even if it did, that code was superseded at eighteen or nineteen. When Marjorie should be eighteen or nineteen the mother might not be around to advise, and the child would be left alone to steer her course through a world which had suddenly thrown overboard all the long-accepted taboos and conventions surrounding the sexual act. If Marjorie had attained her majority before the War, she would have heard much of right and wrong, and would have known that to have sexual relations with a man before marriage was not only definitely wrong, but would, if known, subject her to savage social penalties. Attaining it in the year 1931, she might in some communities even acquire the idea that if she didn't have sexual relations with some man after reaching the age of twenty-one or twenty-two she was actually lacking, and possibly even the object of legitimate suspicion! Parents would be aghast if they knew how many gently and cautiously reared girls are to-day making experimental forays into city hall-bedrooms or friends' apartments, and defiantly proving that they are fully sexed, only to find in some amazement that in the society to which they must return sexual customs still range through varying shades of liberalism all the way back to Victorian propriety. How give the child certain guiding principles to which she could cling in such a chaos, the mother wondered, and what were the things most to be feared for her?

III

Obviously Marjorie was far too young to have a baby. She must be told again in terms she could not possibly misunderstand exactly how babies

were conceived, how carried, and how given birth, that a woman's physical development was seriously stunted by too early child-bearing, and that the child itself suffered even more. Strangely enough this information could be given with much less emotional derangement than any remarks about kissing, because it touched a subject that had as yet no emotional content.

The fear of venereal disease is of course a nightmare that visits occasionally the parent of every boy and girl who faces the world. In the past it fitted in very aptly with a sterner morality, and parents and preachers were able to assure the young that the wages of sexual sin were horrible disease as well as social disapproval. Marjorie's mother didn't believe that venereal disease was a punishment for sin. She knew that it could be acquired quite as easily in blessed wedlock as in extra-marital relations. She even suspected that there would be less of it in the world when modifying sexual customs removed the necessity under which the male suffered of purchasing extra-marital relations from disease-ridden and ignorant prostitutes. Nor was she willing to injure Marjorie's life at its very core by suggesting that love, when it finally came, was in any of its true manifestations loathsome and horrible. Yet Marjorie must be told of the existence of venereal disease and of its infectious nature. If it was not associated in her mind with a false concept of sin, if it was treated simply as one of the inexplicable curses of mankind, like measles and scarlet fever and the black plague, the knowledge of its existence would not make the sexual act seem loathsome or disgusting to her, but would probably incline her to a healthy circumspection and protect her from too casual relations.

These, her mother believed, were

fraught with almost as much danger to her emotional development as were venereal diseases to her body. Just as the constant reading of popular novels by the young whose literary taste is not yet formed, will so debauch it that they will never learn the profound satisfactions to be derived from reading great books, so the frequent indulgence of casual sexual relations might make her incapable of the profound emotion that alone gives meaning to life. If, on the other hand, a casual relation led to profound emotion, then the youthful experimenter might find herself too deeply involved, perhaps, for separation from someone who might be in most respects unsuited to her.

As the train rushed on and the mother realized that her time was growing short, she decided that in spite of all she had learned from years of living, this was almost all the specific sex information she wanted to transmit. These two pieces of information were legitimate and harmless warnings. To go beyond them, phrasing the information so personally that it struck home, was to run the risk of stirring up precocious sexual interest, the very thing that the giving of parental sex information is intended to obviate. If it were phrased impersonally, as in Mary Ware Dennett's excellent and much discussed pamphlet, *The Sex Side of Life*, the information would seem to the child to bear about as much relation to real life as the blueprints of a house bear to the finished structure. With much wisdom, this pamphlet alone among all the mass of sex information sent out by various organizations, seemed to Marjorie's mother to avoid the various pitfalls that had successively yawned in front of her feet; making, with still greater wisdom, its physiological information complete and concrete, instead of slyly sidestepping the main issue, as most similar works have done.

But it remained, wisely again, a blueprint of information, not a lively reality. Until she had decided to give it to Marjorie a year before, the mother had thought she had in this famous brochure which she had never, however, read, a complete solution for the problem, and that the only question in relation to it was the determination of the right age at which to hand it to Marjorie. But as she read it over her certitude shriveled. For all that its facts were too audaciously concrete for Mr. Sumner, its explanations were so generalized that they would surely seem to the youthful reader like another lesson.

Suppose that Marjorie, her mother thought, is sitting in the automobile with Bob Smith, and feeling Bob Smith's arm creep very pleasantly about her. As a guide to her conduct in the circumstances, she thinks back to the pamphlet. "If our bodies were just like machines," she recalls, "then we could learn about them and manage them quite scientifically as we do automobiles, but they are not that. They are the homes of our souls and our feelings." This is valuable, provided Marjorie knows what her soul is—and imagine the chaos on which she will be embarked when she starts out to discover that in 1931—but somehow not applicable at the moment. So she turns the page in her memory. "Life itself is still a mystery, especially human life." Then she jumps some lines to a paragraph that had arrested her attention. "But what you want to know most of all is how it is with human beings. You want to know just what this coming together is, how it is done, how it starts the new life and how the baby is born." But she and Bob Smith are not thinking of starting any new lives. Their own lives are quite new enough for them, at the moment. He is boning for his college examinations, and very much concerned

with entering Princeton in the fall. At the moment he's much more interested in the mysterious subject of college clubs than in the not so mysterious subject of babies, whose manners displease him intensely. Marjorie likes babies, but they seem rather remote to her beside the excitement of the approaching tennis tournament.

Bob's arm is creeping closer, and in memory she turns the page again. "But it is only human beings whose mating is what we call 'falling in love,' and that is an experience far beyond anything that the animals know." As a description this is inadequate for Marjorie, since she has never known what the animals know. Mentally she turns the page. "The sex attraction is the deepest feeling that human beings know. . . It takes in the emotions, the mind, and the soul, and that is why so much of our happiness is dependent on it." Oh yes, she thinks, and then came that curious paragraph that she had had to read several times to understand, and hadn't really understood then, though she intended sometime to work it out thoroughly like a cross-word puzzle, referring, when necessary, to the plates on another page and to the paragraphs in which were given definitions of strange words. Meantime Bob Smith is absorbing her attention. Now he is probably going to try that funny way of kissing again, for which he is justly famous with the girls. Marjorie decides she won't let him to-day. Is it because her soul ought to enter in, and it doesn't seem to be ready, or because she doesn't like his teeth?

Altogether the pamphlet had seemed to Marjorie's mother inadequate, and wisely so. Of course she could by a few words have given the paragraph that puzzled Marjorie and displeased Mr. Sumner a vivid reality that would have made it leap into life for Marjorie. But the grandmotherly, quasi-sci-

tific tone of Mrs. Dennett seemed to her far wiser. The information had been given, even though Marjorie didn't quite know it had, and when experience should bestow significance on it, it would form again in her mind. In fact all the half-understood things she had read and heard would gradually take on significance when experience came, and this gradual diffused enlightenment seemed now to her mother the only sort that could be given without danger.

IV

After years of believing, largely, she realized now, because all her generation believed it, that most sexual distortions and strains could be avoided by adequate timely information, she found herself at this critical moment loath to pour out on her daughter very much of the knowledge that time had brought her. To do so would be possible only by confronting a young mind with middle-aged experience, and that she was sure was the unforgivable sin. As she looked back on her friend's sexual shock and considered those of other girls, she was far from sure that a complete course in sex hygiene would have saved her, for the shock had derived not so much from the abrupt disclosure of the real nature of the sexual act, as from the discovery that a man could desire it without any of the attendant emotions of tenderness that give it its validity and beauty. The shock consisted precisely in this, that a young girl had been abruptly confronted with middle-aged dreariness. The too determinedly libertarian mother, insisting on complete enlightenment, would administer the same shock.

She remembered the subsequent life of the man in question, and that he grew each year more unhappy. It seemed to her now that he became unhappy because he had no ideals.

Nothing was sacred to him, neither the laws and the covenants nor another's personality. Thinking of him, she thought that she would like to send her child into the world armored with ideals. Not fantastic, romantic ideals that bore no relation to reality, nor ideals that concerned specific don'ts no longer believed in, but ideals of taste and delicacy in living that would prevent swinishness. Ideals of some sort, she saw now, were the only real protection, not sexual information, since the latter could be turned to any use. If her child could be armored with respect for her own personality and for the personalities of others, with generosity and awakened perceptions and a sense of proportion, she would run a good chance of avoiding the worst catastrophes.

The mother hoped, too, that she would be unashamed, sufficiently accustomed to the sight of the human body without its fig leaf that it would hold for her neither dismay nor shame-faced allurements, able to accept her own impulses as good and desirable, and to come to conclusions with life. Ideals and innocence of shame, however, cannot be imparted in a last-minute conversation. All she could do now was to hope that she had succeeded through the years in creating an atmosphere in which they had thrived.

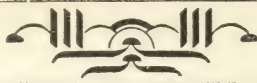
Though she might, perhaps, say a word about social disapproval. This, she could say, with some hope of being understood, since Marjorie had listened eagerly to grown-up conversation for years, changed from generation to generation. It also differed in different places and among different sorts of people, and its very differences showed that morality was not as absolute as the different groups supposed. Yet social disapproval was a dangerous thing to incur, and a disrupting thing

to endure. Even those strong enough to bear it suffered from it. And so, if Marjorie wanted to live happily with certain sorts of people, she must hesitate long before incurring their disapproval, and she must not incur it even then unless she thought she could live happily with that other sort of people who approved the questioned act. Moreover, all these different moralities, she could say, had each some validity in them, or at any rate each was evolved as the result of many experiences of many people, and so none of them were to be lightly or contemptuously cast aside.

The train had reached the Hudson, and they had only fifteen minutes yet to go. Reluctantly the mother drew Marjorie's dispersed and pleasant attention from whatever thoughts had been engrossing it. Marjorie listened politely, but so unconcernedly that the mother doubted if her words struck home. When she asked some questions to discover whether this were the case, Marjorie's answers indicated competent attention, until the mother remembered a guileful talent of her own father's. He liked to have one or another member of the family read out loud to him, and invariably rewarded them by going to sleep. If they stopped, he waked at once, and, to prove his innocence of sleeping, repeated the last two or three sentences read. Was Marjorie bringing her answers parrot-wise out of a slumbering consciousness, or had she really heard and understood?

"You understand and will remember?" the mother asked.

"Oh yes, I understand," Marjorie agreed with requisite and charming seriousness. Then her face broke into a delightful smile. "And if I can get the jump on Connie Roberts too, then I've got a chance for the team next year. Oh boy!"



WHAT ABOUT THE LAWYERS?

BY ALICE HAMILTON, M.D.

THE magazines lately have been full of articles which arraign the doctors, sometimes in bitter and tragic vein, sometimes humorously but still with a little bitterness—articles written by patients from their own experience. I have read them, and I cannot refute the charges—no doctor could—but I do wonder why it is the medical profession that is always held up to obloquy and never the legal profession, for to my mind lawyers are much more deserving of arraignment than doctors. It must be that the majority of respectable, educated people, the class that writes magazine articles, does come in personal contact with our far from perfect system of medicine but almost never with our even less perfect legal system, above all not with its least respectable branch, criminal law. Now I also belong to the respectable, educated class, but Fate has placed me in situations where I have had to come in close intimate contact with criminal law as it is administered in one large city and with the civil law in several cities, and I firmly believe that the worst that can be said about medical practice is too good to be said about legal practice.

Bearing in mind the many times I have been admonished by lawyers to abstain from hearsay evidence, I shall speak only of my own experience, gathered partly in the old police courts and the modern municipal courts of Chicago, partly in the more respectable civil courts. Of course I shall at once

betray my lack of legal knowledge, but then a lack of medical knowledge does not hold back the critics of physicians, nor should it. Outsiders can see what insiders fail to notice, because they are so used to it.

Perhaps I should explain that my experience with the law began in the early years of the century when I was living at Hull House. All of a sudden it was discovered that druggists were selling cocaine to school boys in our neighborhood. We were forced to take it up—there was no one else, the poor parents were helpless, and it was before the days of the Juvenile Protective Association. And so for two or three years I analyzed the stuff brought in by the police, and testified in court as an expert. The law under which we worked was very inadequate. It specified cocaine, and did not cover bodies such as alpha- and beta-eucaine, synthetic compounds with a similar action; and we had not gone far in our fight when the defense began to declare—and successfully—that the drug sold was eucaine. This meant that every specimen must be tested on the eye; for while both eucaine and cocaine cause anæsthesia, cocaine makes the pupil dilate, eucaine does not. Moreover, the law did not make the druggist responsible for his clerk's actions; it provided for a fine but no jail sentence; and the druggist paid the fine easily.

Now here was surely a situation for the legal profession to consider and correct, since the law was manifestly

imperfect. But was it so recognized? Not for a moment. All that the legal men did was to sit in judgment on our cases, defend or prosecute them according to which side approached them first, and pass on the orthodoxy of the law. After about a year we succeeded in getting a law passed which was stiffer and more inclusive, and under it we won thirteen cases in the police courts. But they were appealed, and the appellate judge threw them all out—the result of a whole year of our struggles—because the new law was ineffective. There were legal flaws in it somewhere.

This man was a respected judge and he doubtless felt he was doing his whole duty, but to me it seemed, and it still seems, an inadequate conception of duty for a judge. If a town is stricken with typhoid fever, the doctors hold themselves responsible not only for the care of the sick and the protection of the rest of the people against infection, but for tracking down the source of infection and helping to clean it up. The legal profession is responsible only for following the rules of the game; and a queer game it surely is. The rules did not allow a judge to examine the law after we had framed it and tell us it would not hold water. That cannot be done. The law must be passed, and then some case must be brought under it before such a decision can be made. As if the doctors should say, "We cannot tell you if your new water supply is free from typhoid infection. Put in your reservoir and your pipes, and then if people fall ill we will tell you if it is typhoid, and if it is, you can put in another water supply." Nor did any judge think it his duty to get a better law against the sale of cocaine; that was no part of his job. When finally a proper law was passed, it was due to the efforts of a Catholic priest and the head of the Bridewell.

In the old days before the War I used to visit not only the police courts

but also the free dispensaries and I can compare the changes that have taken place in the last twenty-five years in charitable medical care for the sick poor with the changes that have taken place in the dispensing of justice to the poor. It was always possible, even years ago, to get the best of medical care for poor people, although often it meant going oneself with the patient in order to show dispensary officials and hospital internes that somebody was interested in the case. Otherwise routine and the sheer weight of numbers sometimes led to perfunctory service. But we could, with a good conscience, urge mothers to take their babies to the hospital or the Home for Crippled Children and assure them that doctors and nurses were not cold-blooded fiends, bent only on making autopsies or on boiling up dead babies to make castor oil. And again and again the little things would be brought home cured, to justify our faith. In the years that have passed since I first knew them, both hospital and dispensary care for the poor have improved very much. Overcrowding and superficial examination have largely disappeared, and an excellent social service supplements the medical. A poor man can get as thorough a diagnostic examination as a rich man, as skilled surgical care, and even an expensive form of treatment if he needs it.

The old police court was a shabby, noisy, slipshod place. The lawyers often looked more like criminals than the accused, and had far worse manners. There was no attempt at dignity or even order or cleanliness in the court, and it inspired neither respect nor confidence. It was the general custom then to turn to the alderman, or the precinct captain, or some other influential politician for help when the hand of the law fell on anyone. Our neighbors had no faith in the justice or

fairness of the courts; they trusted only to "influence" or money. The former was surer, but if you had no pull, the best thing you could do was to raise a few hundred dollars and give it to a lawyer who would "slip it to the judge." It may be that the judge never saw a cent of it; the point is that everyone believed he did, everyone looked on the police courts and all connected with them as ruled by politics or bought with money. Nor could we combat that belief with any show of convincingness. In the years that have passed since then the police magistrates have given way to municipal judges, the dirty police courts to large impressive buildings, but for any real improvement in the administration of justice one would seek in vain. The character of the prosecutors and the lawyers for the defense, the dignity and impartiality of the judges show no change since 1900.

Not long ago I went to see an Italian family, in great distress over the arrest of a nineteen-year-old son for participating, with two others, in an attempted hold-up with guns. As we discussed what should be done, I was keenly struck with the fact that I, a representative of the country to which these immigrants had come, could not tell them to have faith in its institutions, could not urge them to let justice take its course, trust to the wisdom and fairness of the judge, and rest assured that their son, after serving his merited sentence, would come out of jail a reformed character. I could not say these things because I knew none of them was true. The judge in that court was certainly not immune to the approach of sundry political leaders, nor was it at all preposterous to say, as these parents did, that the other lads would be given light sentences because their fathers stood in with Diamond Joe Esposito while their boy, with no backing, would be given a heavy sen-

tence which could be played up for the newspapers. I knew the lad should be taught a lesson somehow, that he should be pulled up short before he became a confirmed criminal, but I knew also that no place to which he would be sentenced would teach him that lesson; it would send him out far worse than he was when he went in. I do not know how I ought to have got out of the dilemma; all I know is that I stood by passively while a kindly neighbor pulled the right political strings and the lad got off with a sentence so short that I could hope he would not be much worse for it.

That is an instance which could be duplicated over and over in our big cities. It shows the criminal law as our poor immigrants find it. We can be proud of what we do for the health and education and amusement of the poor, but I think we must often hang our heads in shame when we think of what we give them in the name of the law.

II

Perhaps one reason why the criminal law is in such a bad way is that the lawyers themselves look on that branch of their profession with contempt. Now that seems to me all wrong. Physicians make no such distinctions. A doctor may choose as his specialty the most loathsome diseases and he suffers no loss of caste. His business is to treat disease, quite regardless of whether it has been innocently or criminally contracted. There was a striking contrast between the attitudes of the two professions in this respect at the time of the Averbuch case in Chicago. Averbuch was a young Russian Jew, a revolutionist, who was shot to death by the Chief of Police when he presented himself at the latter's door for some purpose which he never had time to declare. There was great excitement on the part of the police and the

newspapers and every effort was made to prove that Averbuch was a would-be assassin and his act part of a wide-spread anarchist conspiracy. As our neighborhood was the chief scene of the police raids, we of Hull House felt it was important to prove Averbuch's innocence and put a stop to the journalistic hysteria. It was a perfectly simple thing for me to persuade my chief, Dr. Ludvig Hektoen, the leading pathologist in Chicago, to make an autopsy and demonstrate the fact that all but one of the wounds in the lad's body were in the back and made by shots fired as he lay prone on his face. It was not simple, it was not even possible to induce any eminent lawyer to take up the case from that side and show that Averbuch was the victim of sudden panic on the part of a nervous police officer. Such cases are beneath the dignity of eminent lawyers. But why should the search for truth, for the actual facts, be held so high by doctors and not even considered interesting by lawyers?

"The law's delays" apparently are an inherent part of the legal system, and little is ever done about it. To a layman these delays are simply incomprehensible. Not long ago I was summoned as expert to a coroner's inquest on the body of a woman suspected of having suffered from an occupational poison. We traveled, the county toxicologist and I, some twelve miles to get there. A jury was sworn in and the evidence of the employer taken, and then it transpired that nobody was there to say why the case was suspect—none of the doctors who treated the woman had come. The coroner's assistant did not seem upset at all. He simply said it would be postponed for three weeks, and, in answer to a rather irritated question from the head of the factory where the woman had worked, he said that it had been presumed that a policeman would tell the doctors to

come, but he did not seem to have done so; at any rate they had not come. This happens so often as to be almost routine practice. We get together witnesses—at what cost of trouble on our part and of sacrifice on theirs!—we are all there at the specified time, with our lawyer, and then inevitably there is a postponement, because the other side has failed to produce somebody it needs. Imagine a surgeon letting his patient be all prepared for an operation, the family assembled to wait the outcome, and then decide to put it off for a week because the anæsthetist had not arrived and nobody could find the artery forceps.

But I think it is the laws of evidence that puzzle and confuse the non-legal mind more than anything else about the law. One is in the witness stand, doing one's best to give a clear, connected statement of what one knows. But the laws of evidence require that the simplest story be interrupted, chopped into bits, and messed up till both witness and jury are confused. What is essential to the story must be suppressed, for mysterious reasons; what is simple must be made endlessly complicated. The only explanation I have ever had for this clouding of the clear waters of truth is that our courts are still working under laws which were framed when men were tortured to make them confess, and merciful judges tried to protect them, not by overthrowing the system—lawyers never do that—but by clever shifts which would do something while seeming to do something else. This explanation seems quite valid to a lawyer. To a physician it is as if he should say, "Yes, I know it is all wrong to bleed a consumptive patient who has fever, but you see that practice dates back to the time when we did not know the nature of inflammation, when we thought all fevers belonged to the so-called sanguinous type of disease and must be treated by depletion."

Not only the methods but the very words which, centuries ago, may have been suitable, are still clung to with a tenacity worthy of the fundamentalists. I saw an amusing instance of this when I went to the trial of Powers Hapgood in Boston. He was one of the Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers arrested on the Common the day of the execution, for resisting the police. It was the indictment, read repeatedly in court, that filled jurors and audience with mirth and quite destroyed the dignity of the procedure, for it charged a slender, quiet, well-bred youth with "riotously and routously" assaulting a huge Irish policeman, to the serious injury of the peace and safety of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Every time "riotously and routously" was read we giggled, till the judge grew quite annoyed. In his charge to the jury he explained that those words did not mean what they seemed to; they belonged to an earlier day (I suppose to the time of Charles the First and Archbishop Laud), and must not be taken literally. It was not necessary for Powers to have attacked the policeman in order to act riotously and routously; he need only have touched him or even have simply put out his hand meaning to touch him. But the jury could not swallow that. Riotously and routously endangering the dignity and safety of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts did not seem to them to fit the case of Powers, who had remonstrated with the policeman on the Common but had made no attempt to resist arrest. And so they acquitted him, being all men with no legal training. But I do not believe it ever occurred to the judge that it would be well to give up those words and put in some less laughter-provoking. It does not seem to occur ever to the legal mind that change is good. In a changing world the law alone is changeless. There is something exhilarating in the thought of

revolutionary Russia abolishing courts, lawyers, law schools, and precedents, and starting out afresh on a basis of human common sense. But give them fifty years, and they too will have evolved a system and precedents and will be talking about the decisions of some Bolshevik John Marshall.

III

It may be objected that I am attacking the law, not lawyers. But lawyers make the law. Somebody has called our form of government a Soviet of Lawyers, and certainly it is true that all our law-making bodies, State legislatures, Congress, the Senate, have an overwhelming majority of lawyers among their members. The committees on legal affairs are, I believe, made up of lawyers alone. So, if efforts to bring about reforms, to do away with antiquated relics, are defeated, it is only the lawyers who are to blame. In Illinois, I am told, we live under a legal system which dates back to the time of Charles the Second, but the Legislature in Springfield defeated all the proposals for reforms in legal procedure this year.

Of late years my connection with the law has been chiefly in relation to industrial poisoning, suits for damages in the civil courts. The laws of evidence work very queerly here. For instance: "On what do you base your diagnosis of benzol poisoning?"

"In the first place, on the blood count, which showed—"

"One moment. Did you make that count yourself?"

"No, of course not. The hospital interne made it, but it is here on the history sheet."

"I object. This is hearsay evidence. The interne must testify as to the blood count."

"But he has gone to California. If I cannot tell about the blood count, how

am I to tell you why I thought it was benzol poisoning?"

One's own writings are hearsay evidence unless one comes into court to hold the book and show the jury that a real person wrote it.

There were some very important cases of occupational disease in New Jersey which had been investigated by a group of Boston physiologists and their report had been published. But this report could not be read to the jury before which the suits for damages were brought; the investigators had to be summoned to present themselves in person and tell what they had told in the article, and when they refused, two sets of lawyers came to Boston to take the evidence. That was a curious performance which none of us understands to this day. The lawyers for the plaintiffs questioned us. The lawyers for the defense interrupted practically every sentence of the story we were trying to tell, and one of them kept repeating like a litany, over and over: "We object to that on the ground that it is immaterial, irrelevant, and incompetent." Immaterial—when it simply disposed of the whole case. Irrelevant—when it dealt with that case and that only; and incompetent—well, then, why seek our medical opinion? But doubtless this was a perfectly correct procedure. Of course it did not help to clear up the matter in hand. But then, courts never seem to be after the real truth of the matter, nor what is fair and sensible, but only bent on playing a game between two lawyers with the judge as umpire to see that the rules are observed, rules which were made centuries ago by men no wiser than themselves. You would think a judge would pride himself on making an original decision, but not at all. He seems to feel safe and happy only when he can find a precedent for everything he does—that is, find something that somebody else once said

about a case that resembles this one.

Yet, interestingly enough, it is the legal profession that claims the greatest homage from us and the most exalted and privileged position in our modern society. Doubtless in the early days of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, the clergy held as authoritative a place, but long ago they descended to the level of the common man, and the doctors have never been anywhere else. It is the judges who form our present-day hierarchy, who constitute a class apart. We are told to believe that, by the mystic laying-on of hands, a passionately partisan prosecuting attorney, demanding the death penalty for all and sundry, is transformed into a calm, detached dispenser of impersonal justice, and all in the twinkling of an eye. It is judges alone against whom *lèse majesté* is a crime. One may revile the President of the United States with impunity, one may utter blasphemies against the Most High without even attracting attention, but if one is bold enough to protest against an abusive tirade by an ill-bred or drunken judge one may have to expiate it in prison. This is another of the quaint, old-fashioned ideas still held by legal men. They think, as parents and pedagogues used to think, that bullying and blustering, even on the part of palpably inferior people, make for reverence and good conduct on the part of the bullied.

Of course one must admit that in this the judges are upheld by many of our best people, just as the priests once were. In the best circles it is not considered wise to criticize the courts, at least the higher courts, for though the elite may know that they are faulty, to admit the fact would be to undermine the faith of the masses in our institutions and threaten the foundations of society. Which is quite what good Catholics held when faced with the threat of the Reformation.

Another curious survival from the past is seen in the attitude of the legal profession toward modern science. Here the lawyers are absolute fundamentalists; they cling to the wisdom of the Fathers and will have none of that subversive thing, the newer psychology. When it comes to the vast advances made in our knowledge of the bases of human conduct, of the actual way the human animal is motivated and acts, the law ignores them as if nothing had been learned since the days of St. Thomas Aquinas. Take what is called "consciousness of guilt." So far as I can see, lawyers and judges still believe that confusion is an evidence of guilt and lying, while fluency and aplomb show that the man is innocent and telling the truth. How often have I watched in helpless misery an inexperienced, timid witness break down under the ruthless handling of the opposing lawyer, while the witness who I knew was lying gave a smooth, consistent, unshakable story. And the jury is led to believe that truth is always calm and unafraid, that guilt is panicky and confused.

In the old days of melodrama I remember a poster that was displayed outside a theater on Halsted Street. It showed two men at a table, one starting back in horror as a waiter placed before him a platter with a bloody human head on it, the other leaning forward intently watching him, and saying: "I have always maintained that if a murderer were suddenly confronted with the severed head of his victim, he would be startled into betraying himself." Apparently if he were innocent he would view it with complete nonchalance. But that is good psychology in a police court. I have sometimes wanted to ask the gentlemen of the jury how they would act if they were suddenly challenged to say what they were doing at half past eight o'clock in the evening two

weeks ago Thursday, knowing that a jail sentence might hang on the answer.

Then, take identification. Think how many times one makes mistakes with people one knows, and then imagine identifying a stranger one has seen only a few moments. For some seven years I befriended a Negro convict who served that long sentence because of the cocksureness of a young girl and the ignorance of the simplest rules of psychology which obtains in our courts. The girl was frightened one evening at dusk by seeing the face of a Negro at a window which she thought he was trying to open. She instantly screamed, and he disappeared. The next morning she saw a Negro washing down the steps of a store and denounced him as the would-be burglar. Her testimony, so the Negro's lawyer told me, could not be shaken, and the court accepted her identification and sentenced the man for attempted burglary.

As for me, I know I can discuss a purchase with a saleswoman, go away for a few minutes, come back for my package, and be quite unable to pick her out from the bevy of beautifully tinted and marcelled young ladies behind the counter. As for recognizing my Red Cap—can anyone? I am driven to recognizing my luggage. But the criminal courts believe that a girl in a state of wild excitement, looking down from the second story of a factory on a swiftly carried-out murder, can identify some days later the men who did it, although she never had seen them before.

Of course the psychologist of to-day calls all this absurd, but criminal law has nothing to do with psychology—nor with psychiatry. To a doctor it is supreme effrontery for lawyers to claim the right to pass on the question of insanity. Think of their saying: "The legal definition of insanity and the medical definition are quite different."

Who, pray, is competent to make a definition of mental disease?

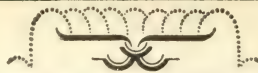
And so I submit that medicine, no matter how imperfect, is a silvery pot when compared with the black kettle—law. Moreover, it has the supreme virtue of knowing it is imperfect and of grasping—almost too quickly sometimes—for what is newer and better. Doctors, of course, are very fallible human beings, but if they have any ability at all they do grow in wisdom as the years pass; they discard what

they learned as students, and accept what modern research gives them. No doctor could possibly rise high in his profession if he shut his mind to all new ideas. But with the lawyers it is not so. Amazing as it seems, I have been assured by lawyers that it is quite possible for a man to attain to the highest legal position in the land without ever having changed his mental attitude on any important point since he graduated from the law school. And if that is not an indictment of a profession, I should like to know what is.

YOUTH IN THESE DAYS

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

BEHOLD *this mighty host that has no might;
That bears the heat and burden of no day.
An army? This disorderly array?
An army is a noble, heartening sight.
These have no battered weapons, battle-bright;
They move, not march, each man in his own way.
Are any wars afoot? They cannot say:
They've heard of none; they keep no watch at night.
Leaderless, listless, creeps this sorry host.
Never had soldiers fewer scars to show;
Never had army lesser cause to boast
Of hard-fought fields, of given or taken blow.
Trophies have they neither won nor lost.
Embattled Youth? To-day? Who calls it so?*



WHISTLER, SARGENT, AND OTHERS

A CHAPTER OF MEMORIES

BY W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON

ARRANGEMENT in black and brown, *Miss Rosa Corder*. I remember the picture in '79 at the Grosvenor Gallery and have always thought it by far the best of what Whistler called his "black portraits." A fair woman, in a black jacket and long black skirt, stands in profile against a black background holding in her right hand a plumed hat. Nothing could be more simple, yet it is one of the world's great pictures. When I first saw it in the Grosvenor Gallery I knew neither Miss Corder nor Whistler, but the portrait was one day to introduce me to both.

Its original owner was a certain C. A. Howell, a mysterious and fascinating Anglo-Portuguese, around and about whom has collected a perfect *Arabian Nights'* Entertainment of tales true and untrue; the hero himself being, I think, chiefly responsible for the untrue ones.

He had in his time been almost everybody's bosom friend and usually their private secretary. The secretaryships always came to an abrupt end owing to financial complications; the friendships often lingered surprisingly long. He always seemed to have been extraordinarily attractive to "portable property" such as pictures, furniture, and bric-à-brac; they flew to him, and adhered, as the steel to the magnet.

No one knew what he possessed or did not possess, nobody could exactly

remember when or why they had bestowed upon him various *objets d'art*, and he had several times excited curiosity by pseudo-posthumous sales to which his bewildered friends had flocked in the faint hope that their long-lost and half-forgotten treasures might come to the surface—which they seldom, if ever, did.

One day I received a hurried scrawl from Ellen Terry—"Howell is *really* dead *this* time! Do go to Christie's and see what turns up."

I went; and apparently people had become weary or distrustful of Mr. Howell's abortive demises, for the sale was poorly attended, and a valuable though very miscellaneous collection fetched low prices.

Among the pictures two stood out as masterpieces and both were by Whistler, the "*Rosa Corder*" and the "*Crepuscle in Flesh Colour and Green—Valparaiso*," that dream of opaline dusk falling on phantom ships becalmed in an enchanted sea. They were each equally beyond my reach, but, in a spirit of adventure, I recorded two absurd bids—bids so futile that I did not trouble to go to the sale. When I heard that both the wonderful things had been knocked down to me I was as much amazed as delighted.

A few days afterwards I received a letter from Whistler. "I am told," he wrote, "that you have acquired the two paintings of mine that were offered

at the Howell sale the other day. This being the case, you will perhaps pardon my curiosity to see them hanging on your walls and my desire to know the collector who so far ventures to brave popular prejudice in this country."

"The collector"—it sounded so important—and elderly. I had been brought up by Albert Moore in the knowledge and love of Whistler, but had never met him, and now I felt very young and uninteresting and quite sure of proving a disappointment.

However, I was in for it; Whistler was coming to luncheon, my mother had taken to her bed in a sudden attack of shyness which she called a slight chill, and I was left alone to face the Great Man in much perturbation and a thick yellow fog.

I had, of course, heard tales of his sarcasm, his pitiless wit, his freakish temper, and by the time he arrived was on the point of developing a slight chill.

But behold, instead of the Whistler of legend entered a wholly delightful personage, an *homme du monde* whose old-world courtesy smoothed away all awkwardness and who exercised an almost hypnotic fascination such as I have met with in no one else.

I knew him for Whistler by the restless vitality of the dark eyes; there was the dapper figure, the black curls, the far-famed white lock, but of the scoffer, the *papilio mordens*, not a trace.

We seemed to slip into a sudden intimacy: it may have been partly owing to the fog which walled us round with thick darkness, swallowing up all sights and sounds from without and leaving us curiously alone in the lamp-lit room.

This first impression of a friendly Whistler was, I am glad to say, never effaced; I seldom came across the fretful satirist of *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*. This work was certainly held by the author in high esteem; he once read nearly the whole of

it aloud to me at a sitting with the greatest enjoyment, but his delight in it was mischievous rather than malicious, and the Enemies, having served their turn, seemed if not forgiven, at least forgotten. The man whom I knew was courteous, kindly, and affectionate and showed a lovable side to his nature with which he is not often credited.

The meeting between the painter and his masterpiece, "Rosa Corder," was quite touching. He hung over her, he breathed softly upon her surface and gently stroked her with his handkerchief, he dusted her delicately and lovingly.

"Isn't she beautiful," he said—and so she was.

"And what else was in the sale?" he asked, when he could tear himself away from Miss Corder.

"Well," I said, considering, "there was a most lovely lacquer bed—black lacquer with a curious canopy."

"Like this?" asked Whistler, sketching a great oval in the air.

"Just like that," said I.

"That's mine!" cried Whistler. "I never *could* remember where that bed was. He would never *let* you remember where your things were. What else?"

I went through a list of objects that had pleased me, Whistler thoughtfully docketing them—"That was Rossetti's—that's mine—that's Swinburne's"—and so on. He seemed not in the least put out at the loss of his property, all ill-feeling being merged in admiration.

"He was really wonderful, you know," he went on. "You couldn't keep anything from him and you always did exactly as he told you. That picture," pointing to "Rosa Corder," "is, I firmly believe, the only thing he ever paid for in his life: I was amazed when I got the check, and I only remembered some months afterward

that he had paid me out of my own money which I had lent to him the week before."

Some years after I became possessed of the picture, Ellen Terry asked me to a box at the Lyceum, saying that I should there meet a friend. When I arrived, a lady sat in the box alone; someone unknown to me yet strangely familiar—the small head—the grave, delicate face—of course! Had I not left her at home half an hour since, and here she was at the theater—Rosa Corder, but little changed since she had sat for the great portrait.

She had posed for it, she told me, some forty times, standing in a doorway with the darkness of a shuttered room beyond her; long sittings, lasting on two occasions until she fainted, and at last she had refused to go on with them. A painter herself, she could see that the picture was complete and that further work upon it would be dangerous, so she took courage and struck for freedom. That she gained her point without much opposition shows that Whistler must have been satisfied with the picture himself. He had carried the head much farther than was usual with him, but with no loss of breadth, and had achieved a wonderful likeness full of admirable characterization.

I met Miss Corder several times after this first introduction and always with great pleasure: she had a beautiful stillness, as of one who through much sorrow had found tranquillity. She was a great lover of animals, and they returned the compliment with interest. My dog, Mouton, had a *tendresse* for her almost equalling his appreciation of Henry Irving and would sit close beside her, on her very skirts if he could manage it.

How far resemblance in the portrait went beyond that of mere form and feature I discovered by accident.

I found a friend of mine, a sporting soldier, to whom art in almost any

form was a sealed book, studying the picture with deep interest.

"Like it?" I asked, in surprise.

"Yes," said he. "That woman's a horse-breaker."

"No, she isn't," said I, "she's a painter."

"Well, anyhow, she knows a lot about horses," he persisted, "and she lives among 'em."

Once at a rehearsal Sir James Barrie, impatient at the impossible subtleties demanded of the players by the producer, called out to an actor—"Mr. —, I want you to cross from left to right, silently conveying to the audience that you have an aunt at Surbiton."

The actor did not feel equal to the task: how had Whistler conveyed to my friend that Miss Corder lived at Newmarket and painted race-horses?

The Master was so far satisfied with our tête-à-tête luncheon that we made a day of it. The fog still rendering most objects invisible, he suggested that such an opportunity of viewing the Academy should not be missed, so we repaired thither, the appearance of the Arch Enemy within their gates fluttering the dovescotes of the Forty not a whit; thence we went to the New English Art Club, then the stronghold of what Whistler called the "Steer-y-Starr-y-Stott-y lot" in elegant allusion to the chief painters' names, and finally parted on the best of terms.

II

I knew that Whistler's easy acceptance of me was due to friendship for Albert Moore, with whom he had discussed me; nevertheless, I felt not a little elated, and from that time we saw much of each other until, some years later, he deserted London for Paris.

He was then living in a little house in Cheyne Walk with a large garden behind it. He was perpetually changing houses and each house was to serve as a

subject for new and charming schemes of decoration, but, as a matter of fact, these schemes were never carried out.

Once in the house, he distempered the dining-room walls lemon yellow, hung the Six Projects (lovely sketches for pictures that never materialized), laid a white cloth upon the table and placed thereon a centerpiece of "Old Blue" which was his most cherished possession—and then fell to work and forgot all about the rest of the house wherein one stumbled up uncarpeted stairs and sat upon unpacked crates. But the yellow dining room was a dream. A little peat fire always burned on the blue-tiled hearth, the Projects sparkled on the walls, the room seemed full of warm spring sunshine.

The front and back drawing-rooms on the first floor were used as a studio and were all that a studio should be—very bare—very untidy—very dirty, yet made beautiful by the glimpse of the river from two tall windows.

Here I used often to come when light was fading and he could paint no more; we would sit in the blue twilight that he loved and he would talk, sometimes fantastically, capriciously, his thought alighting for a moment on a subject, like his sign-manual, the Butterfly, extracting a sip of what I am bound to confess was not always honey, and flitting gaily on to the next. But on one subject, his Art, he never jested; when he spoke of that he was always in deadly earnest. He was usually a pitiless critic of his own output and would day after day wipe out work which to anyone else would have appeared perfect.

On one or two memorable occasions we turned out the studio together, going through the many canvases stacked against the walls, and I had brief glimpses of pictures almost complete, some of them, to my eyes, among his

best work, which I have never seen or heard of again.

One in particular I remember: a girl in black, painted, I think, from his sister-in-law, Miss Phillip, standing by a table covered with a white cloth on which were silver tea or breakfast things. It was a large canvas, about the size of the "Rosa Corder," and at that moment most beautiful.

Another wonderful "rub in" on an even larger scale was a full-length figure of Venus, running with wide-flung arms and flying tresses up a beach of golden sand from a sea of pale turquoise. A small version of the design was among the cherished "Projects," but the large picture, as far as it went, was even finer: it was the most poetic treatment of the well-worn subject that I have ever seen. Here was no languid nymph posing in an unseaworthy shell, no conscious bather struggling with her back hair, but the incarnate Joy, born of the sunshine and the dancing foam.

Even as he showed it to me I realized that at no time in his life could he ever have carried that picture to a finish; to paint a life-size nude figure to satisfy himself would always have overtaxed his frail physique and powers of draughtsmanship—but I wonder what has become of that lovely, half-realized dream.

He frequently spoilt his work by trying to take it beyond a certain point and then, as a rule, destroyed it ruthlessly; though in his last two or three years this critical faculty deserted him to a certain extent, and I have seen adorers, during that late and brief day of popularity, bending in reverence before "little masterpieces" which formerly would never have survived their hour of birth. The delicate hand had grown weary, the drawing (never a strong point) had gone all to pieces, and the execution was weak.

But when I first came to his studio these days were still far off. He would

often go on painting after I arrived, and I would watch breathlessly while the magician wove his spells. In his painting there was no mechanical process, no laying of an elaborate foundation, as with Albert Moore. He painted direct upon a dark ground—very slowly—each brushful of delicate color laid on and left, the next very slightly overlapping but not mixing with it. The picture began to grow at once into the effect desired; it was, as he loved to say, “finished from the first,” though over it, when perfectly dry, were painted many other pictures until he succeeded in pleasing himself.

Doubtless by this means he obtained freshness and spontaneity, but there was one drawback. Paint in course of time becomes transparent and the dark ground beneath must gradually appear through it, dulling the superimposed hues. During the years that the “Rosa Corder” was in my possession I noticed a perceptible difference.

Whistler, when he met a picture again after a long separation, always saw the change, yet not even to himself would he acknowledge the cause. He would order varnishing and, in many cases, cleaning—cleaning as a picture dealer understands it—and under this treatment some of his best work has suffered severely.

He at once ordered “Rosa Corder” into dock for repairs, and with a sinking heart I saw her carted off to the “restorer.” Two days later I visited her in hospital and the operator, showing me a small corner of the canvas, said triumphantly, “There! And the whole picture will ‘come up’ just like that.”

“The whole picture will come home with me at once,” said I, and “Rosa,” after a thorough dusting and under a light coat of varnish, returned home none the worse.

I do not think that other people's pictures interested Whistler much. Nothing would induce him to praise

where he saw no merit, though when he could say an encouraging word to a friend it seemed to give him real pleasure. Once—only once—he really liked a painting of mine, a small portrait of Sarah Bernhardt, and I remember him carrying it about the room, putting it in various lights and ejaculating at intervals—“No, but I say—eh?—isn't it—eh?—isn't it—pretty?”—and the word “pretty” was not used opprobriously. But such moods were unusual.

Albert Moore was about the only living painter for whose work he expressed unqualified admiration, but he had never cared to acquire an Albert Moore. Moore *did* possess a Whistler, but he kept it in a dusty corner with its face to the wall.

As a fact, I have never known a painter anywhere near the front rank who could see much merit in work upon other lines than his own. Whistler could find nothing to admire in a portrait by Sargent. “Is he still doing that brown stuff?” he would inquire if I came to him from Sargent's studio. The superb decorative quality of Burne-Jones's designs escaped him altogether; he could see only the mechanical painting and the early Italian *pastiche*. For Burne-Jones, Whistler's pictures might have been blank canvas—the lovely, limpid brush-work, the delicate mystery wrought their charm for him in vain. Sargent, always broad-minded and kindly, perforce admired the technical perfections of Whistler's best works, but I think they gave him little pleasure: the artistry, the creative touch that distinguishes a picture from a clever life study, weighed but lightly with him.

The truth is that no great painter cares much about pictures painted by other people: catholic appreciation would seem to be a second-rate quality.

I, always hopelessly second-rate, often found myself in difficulties with

Whistler over this point. He would have his friends and disciples "leave all and follow him," and he knew me to be compassed about with guilty entanglements elsewhere; though I tried to keep them discreetly in the background they were always turning up. On the whole he bore with them wonderfully.

Once, I remember, we had taken Mrs. Whistler to call on Albert Moore and were walking away from his house together when I prepared to say goodbye and turn Hammersmithwards.

"What are you going down there for?" asked Whistler, suspiciously.

I braced myself. "I'm going to see Burne-Jones."

"Who?"

"Burne-Jones."

"Oh—Mister Jones" (this curiously pointless gibe never palled upon Whistler). "But what on earth are you going to see him for?"

"I suppose because I like him."

"*Like* him. But what on earth do you like him for? *Why* do you like him?"

He had now faced round barring the way, his little cane rapping angrily on the pavement. Why did I like Burne-Jones? There were so many reasons and I could not stand in the middle of High Street giving them all to Whistler. I took the first that occurred.

"I suppose—because he amuses me," I said feebly.

"Amuses you? Good heavens—and you like him because he amuses you! I suppose"—with rapid deduction—"I suppose *I* amuse you!" Another rap of the cane and a fiery glance. Here was an impasse. If I said yes—yet on the other hand, if I said no—

"Don't tease him, Jimmy," said Mrs. Whistler. "Surely he may choose his own friends."

Whistler suddenly and lightly touched my hand. "He doesn't mind, do you?" he said with one of his rare smiles. Though he laughed much he

seldom smiled, the carefully studied sardonic grin being merely a stage effect and counting for nothing. When he smiled he was irresistible: I felt that he had apologized and sworn undying friendship, though I am sure that nothing was farther from his thoughts. The memory of Burne-Jones's evidence against him in the Ruskin trial always rankled. Truly this had been a great mistake, but the primary error was the calling of Burne-Jones on the case at all, a craftsman in an entirely different branch of Art. They might as well have called Grinling Gibbons, or Benvenuto Cellini. Whistler himself as a critic of Burne-Jones's work would have been of equal value.

In spite of occasional encounters of this sort, our good fellowship flowed on very peacefully, though I sometimes noticed attempts to trouble the waters by friends unknown who had probably fared less well. Once, during a visit to Paris, Whistler had begun a portrait of Sarah Bernhardt, but I fancy it went little beyond the first sitting: Sarah had arrived late, had failed to keep appointments, and had been unable or unwilling to give the artist the allegiance that he required from a sitter. On his return he was talking over the incident with me when he paused.

"By the by," he said, "someone told me that *you* had asked her not to sit to me—had said that it would not be worth her while and had advised her to get out of it."

"Really?" said I, rising and preparing to be cast forth into outer darkness, "and what did you think of that?"

"I thought nothing about it," said Whistler. "I have never thought of it again till now. Of course I knew you hadn't."

So the little shaft of malice missed its mark—but what a pity that the portrait was lost to us: the mysterious Sarah, interpreted by Whistler, should have proved a masterpiece.

Another selected sitter who failed to appreciate the honor paid to him had been Disraeli. Whistler had long wished to paint that remarkable man, whose bizarre appearance appealed strongly to him as a subject, and he had tried through many channels to attain his desire, but in vain.

One day he had come upon the longed-for model sitting alone in St. James's Park, apparently absorbed in thought. Even Whistler experienced an unusual sensation which he recognized as shyness in the strange and sinister presence; but plucking up his courage, he plunged boldly in, endeavoring to recall himself to the mystic Prime Minister and finally making his request. The Sphinx remained silent throughout; then, after an icy pause, gazed at him with lackluster eyes and murmured, "Go away, go away, little man."

Whistler went, and with him the Great Poseur's chance of immortality on canvas. He shortly afterwards graciously assented to sit to Millais, who produced—nothing in particular to everybody's entire satisfaction.

III

After Whistler left the house in Cheyne Walk to set up in Paris I of course saw him less frequently, but we kept up a fitful correspondence, and he always came to see me on his visits to London to arrange his exhibitions. He was most particular as to how his works should be shown and always, if possible, designed and supervised the decoration of the room; the slightest divergence from his plan counting as a heinous offense.

During his brief reign as President of the British Artists of Suffolk Street he devised for the Gallery a very quiet scheme of gray-brown with just a hint of gold here and there, but while it was being carried out he was perforce ab-

sent for a few days. On his return he found that gold was being used freely, to the complete undoing of his design; but the artist in charge, much disappointed at his President's disapproval, explained that there *was* the gold, and, in his opinion, it ought to be used.

"After all," continued the well-meaning man, "you're *using* gold in the decoration, so I don't see why—"

"Look here," said Whistler patiently, "suppose I'm making an omelette and you come along and drop in a seagull's egg. I'm *using* eggs, but—see?"

I hope that the British artist saw, for Whistler was really an authority on omelettes and indeed on cookery in general, and perhaps I should quote one of his golden rules as a guide to housewives.

"I can't think why people make such a to-do about choosing a new cook," he would observe reflectively. "There is only one thing that is absolutely essential. I always ask at once, 'Do you drink?' and if she says, 'No,' I bow politely and say that I am very sorry but I fear that she will not suit. All *good* cooks drink."

The flitting to Paris with all his household gods was necessarily something of an upheaval, and in the bustle of departure Whistler, always impatient of tedious formalities, omitted to pay his last quarter's rent. This I learned not long afterwards from an acquaintance who was estate agent for a large London property and who was bewailing to me the unbusinesslike habits of painters as tenants.

"Now *you* are a painter," said he. "Do you know anything of a man called Whistler?"

I thought that he was being lightly humorous and attempted a like jocularity. "I seem to have heard the name before," I said. "Haven't you?"

"No," he replied in obvious inno-

cence. "And I don't know where a letter will find the man. He has taken away his furniture and there is nothing left in the house but a big screen with some sort of blue daub on it and a few pictures. I suppose they would not be of any value, would they?"

I gasped. The lovely and beloved screen that stood in the yellow dining room painted with a great nocturne in blue and gold, the river and the night sky, dreamily blue, and twinkling orange lights! And the "few pictures"—what were they?

I cannot now recall the exact brand of lie that I told to the trustful inquirer—whether it was merely a negligible, white affair that a trifle of purgatorial flame will set right, or whether—but the thought is depressing and, anyhow, it had to be done.

I then hastened to Whistler's frame-maker, who was also an old friend of my own, and besought him to remove the screen and the pictures (among which was the well-known "St. Mark's by Night") at once to his storeroom while I made my confession to the Master by letter. But never could I tell him the whole story. To lose his pictures would have been trying but by no means so heavy a blow as to learn that Lord ——'s solicitor had never heard of him.

On the sad return to England after the Paris years I do not like to dwell. Mrs. Whistler had become alarmingly ill, and when she was brought home the end was already close at hand. Her husband, who was devoted to her, would not acknowledge the hopelessness of the case: he shut his eyes to it and would talk to me of schemes for the future, of houses to be taken, of studios to be looked at, all to be done "when Trixie is better." And yet he knew—and I knew—and he knew that I knew. He now looked old for the first time, and after the dreaded blow had

fallen was never the same man again.

He wandered for a while to Lyme Regis and other places and I heard of him from time to time from a kind friend of his and old schoolfellow of mine, Arthur Studd, who was much with him; but he finally drifted back to Chelsea and Cheyne Walk, to a house which never took on any Whistlerian atmosphere, a house that I hated at sight and whose hideous brass door I never passed without a sense of discomfort. Here I remember but few meetings and not one that did not leave me sad. Once he seemed almost himself; he had been writing one of his old, freakish letters and was chuckling over it as of old, yet a note was unfamiliar. He looked ill, but—there was something else. He read me the letter with glee, challenging approval. "Well? Eh? Well? How's that, d'you think?" I hesitated. It was too long, too labored, all was said in the last sentence and the involved paragraphs leading up to it should have been cut out. "Eh?" still said Whistler, and I still hesitated.

Miss Phillip, his sister-in-law, made some excuse to brush by my chair. "Don't tell him *now* if you don't like it," she whispered. "He has been over it all the morning and he's so tired."

So tired. Yes, that was it. He was tired—tired at last. Certainly the two most vital people that I have ever known were Whistler and Sarah Bernhardt. Life was to them an art and a cult, they lived each moment consciously, passionately. I had seen the painter after a day's struggle with a picture, the actress after a hard evening's work, come to a momentary halt from physical exhaustion, yet it was as the halt of an engine at a station—the imprisoned energy still throbbed and panted to be off again. This was different: Whistler was "so tired." I saw him only once again.

IV

In 1894 I blossomed into a Notable Personage myself: it was a second-hand notability, a reflected aureole but distinctly noticeable. I dined out in it for a couple of seasons, and even now it sheds an occasional glimmer upon an otherwise unilluminated name. More or less by accident, I became the subject of one of John Sargent's most famous pictures.

Sargent was still a young man (nobody was very old in the early 'nineties), and Tite Street, Chelsea, did not as yet show the unending procession on its way to his studio that thronged it in later days, but several distinguished clients had already passed that way and, as Oscar Wilde observed to me, "The street that on a wet and dreary morning has vouchsafed the vision of Lady Macbeth in full regalia magnificently seated in a four-wheeler can never again be as other streets: it must always be full of wonderful possibilities."

Sargent's fame was approaching its zenith, though sitters were still a little coy: his portraits were not always quite what the subjects expected—they could not feel comfortably certain of what they were going to get.

"It is positively dangerous to sit to Sargent. It's taking your face in your hands," said a timid aspirant; and many stood shivering on the brink waiting for more adventurous spirits to make the plunge.

This was Sargent's great period, when he was not so overtaken with commissions and was able to concentrate upon the work in hand.

I had long wanted a portrait of my mother and was lucky in persuading him to undertake it, though it was perhaps not a complete success. My mother was a bad sitter, she was shy and very loath, as she expressed it, to "sit still and be stared at."

Sargent could not reproduce her real self because during the sittings he never saw it, although afterwards they became good friends. Still, the portrait was a fine piece of work and a brilliant superficial likeness.

I was often commandeered to attend the séances, as my mother required support and considered that the casual woman friend worried the artist, in which opinion she was not far wrong.

Ada Rehan was sitting to Sargent at the same time, a large portrait of her having been commissioned by an American adorer, one Mrs. Whitins of Whitinsville, Mass. I remember the imposing name, as it seemed to fascinate Sargent, who became haunted by it and would chant it rhythmically as a kind of litany the while he painted, the "Mass." in very deep tones coming as a final Amen, in which I reverently joined.

Miss Rehan was another shy and reluctant sitter and, between the two, the poor artist must have had uphill work. Each, I think, found a certain comfort in the other's discomfort; they were comrades in misfortune and even shared certain studio "properties," Sargent borrowing from my mother her white feather fan for Ada to hold outspread while she glanced at the spectator over her shoulder.

The comic relief of the sittings was supplied by my dog, Mouton, who, well stricken in years and almost toothless, claimed rather unusual privileges and was always allowed one bite by Sargent, whom he unaccountably disliked, before work began.

"He has bitten me now," Sargent would remark mildly, "so we can go ahead."

Miss Rehan's sittings had been interrupted by a few final rehearsals of "Twelfth Night" before its production in London, but at last the evening arrived. I was "in front" with a friend, J. J. Shannon, then Sargent's most

formidable rival among portrait painters, and had sent round a line to the leading lady asking to see her when all was over.

Almost from the start her Viola had enchanted the audience, but in the midst of her triumph—and success in a great Shakespearean role in Shakespeare's country meant very much to her—she found time to scribble a note and to send it to me.

Yes, come by all means. I have something particular to tell you about Sargent—something he said of you—you must hear it and, I hope, act upon it. Shall I tell you before your friend?—you must bring him. This evening is so nice—it has unnerved me a little.

Affectionately, ADA REHAN.

I felt puzzled and intrigued. What could Sargent have said of me, Sargent who so very seldom said anything of anybody? It was quite exciting. We presented ourselves in due course and found Viola rather overwhelmed by her ovation, but still eager to impart news.

"Well, he's very anxious to paint you."

"Me?"

"Yes. He wants you to sit to him?"

"Wants *me*? But good gracious, why?"

"I don't know," said Ada, a little tactlessly. "He says you are so paintable: that the lines of your long overcoat and—and the dog—and—I can't quite remember *what* he said, but he was tremendously enthusiastic."

I did not wonder that Miss Rehan's memory had failed, but I was well able to supply the missing words. Sargent, I felt sure, had delivered himself thus—"You know—there's a certain sort of—er—er—that is to say a kind of—er—er—in fact a—er—er—" and so on and so on. He had not the gift of tongues, but that mattered little; he was so well able to express himself otherwise.

No one had ever wanted to paint me before. Portions of me had been

borrowed from time to time; hands pretty frequently by Albert Moore, hands again by Poynter, quite a good deal by Walter Crane for immortals of uncertain shape and sex, but I myself, proper (I used the word in its heraldic sense), had never been in request. Even now, as far as I could gather, the dog and the overcoat seemed to be regarded as my strong points; nevertheless, I felt very proud and—well, Sargent soon had three large canvases on hand instead of two.

Being but an amateur model, I was easily entrapped into a trying pose, turning as if to walk away, with a general twist of the whole body and all the weight on one foot. Professional models will always try to poise the weight equally on both feet and will go to any lengths of duplicity to gain this end.

I managed pretty well on the whole, but the sittings cleared up a point which had long puzzled me: why did models occasionally faint during a long pose without mentioning that they felt tired and wanted a rest? One day the answer came to me quite suddenly.

I had been standing for over an hour and saw no reason why I should not go on for another hour, when I became aware of what seemed a cold wind blowing in my face accompanied by a curious "going" at the knees.

I tried to ask for a rest, but found that my lips were frozen stiff and refused to move. Hundreds of years passed—I suppose about twenty seconds.

Sargent glanced at me.

"What a horrid light there is just now," he remarked. "A sort of green—" He looked more steadily. "Why, it's *you*!" he cried, and seizing me by the collar, rushed me into the street, where he propped me up against the door-post. It was a pity that Oscar Wilde opposite was not looking out of the window: the "wonderful possibili-

ties of Tite Street" were yet unexhausted.

After the picture was well advanced it was laid by for a short time while the artist took a holiday in Paris, and when I started sittings again I found him much perturbed.

"I say," he began, "did you ever see Whistler's portrait of Comte Robert de Montesquiou?"

"No," said I. "They never would let me see it while it was being painted. Why?"

"Well, I'd never seen it either," said Sargent, "until I came across it just now in the Champs de Mars. It's just like this! Everybody will say that I've copied it."

My old friend Robert de Montesquiou had been sitting to Whistler while Sargent's portrait of me was in progress, but had shrouded the fact in all the romantic secrecy that his soul loved.

He was in England incognito (I cannot imagine why) and took much delight in gliding down unfrequented ways and adopting strange aliases; visiting me by stealth after dusk with an agreeable suggestion of dark lanterns and disguise cloaks, though, as he was almost unknown in London, he might have walked at noon down Piccadilly accompanied by a brass band without anyone being much the wiser.

Whistler, who also loved to play at secrets, was equally clandestine, I, dutifully acting under orders, dissembled energetically, and Montesquiou was so wrapped about in thick mystery that no intelligent acquaintance within a three-mile radius could possibly have failed to notice him.

And now the mystic portrait was on view in Paris, and Sargent had found it just like mine and feared that critics would agree with him.

And in truth a few people did make the remark, though there was really

but little resemblance. Both canvases showed a tall, thin figure in black against a dark background, but the likeness ceased there and, as a picture, the Sargent was by far the finer. The Whistler was not of his best—the blacks were black, not the lovely vaporous dimness of the "Rosa Corder"; the portrait was quite worthy neither of the painter nor the model, for the delicate molding of Robert de Montesquiou's features was hardly suggested; but Whistler was not then quite equal to the physical exertion of dealing with so large a canvas. He had started two portraits of Comte Robert, working upon them alternately, but as far as I know only one survived; it was the last large picture that he ever completed.

The Sargent, on the other hand, was of the artist's best period and he was painting something that he had "seen" pictorially and for some unknown reason had wished to perpetuate. Why a very thin boy (I then looked no more) in a very tight coat should have struck him as a subject worthy of treatment I never discovered, but he evidently had the finished picture in his mind from the first and started it almost exactly upon its final lines.

It was hot summer weather and I feebly rebelled against the thick overcoat.

"But the coat is the picture," said Sargent. "You must wear it."

"Then I can't wear anything else," I cried in despair, and with the sacrifice of most of my wardrobe I became thinner and thinner, much to the satisfaction of the artist, who used to pull and drag the unfortunate coat more and more closely round me until it might have been draping a lamp-post.

V

Even before the picture was finished its fame began to grow, and friends took

to dropping in, anxious for a sight of it. Sargent's old friend, Henry James, whom I had known before very slightly, came several times and expressed high approbation.

The Henry James of those days was strangely unlike the remarkable-looking man of almost twenty years later, who was then himself painted by Sargent.

In the 'nineties he was in appearance almost remarkably unremarkable; his face might have been anybody's face; it was as though, when looking round for a face, he had been able to find nothing to his taste and had been obliged to put up with a ready-made "stock" article until something more suitable could be made to order expressly for him.

This special and only genuine Henry James's face was not "delivered" until he was a comparatively old man, so that for the greater part of his life he went about in disguise.

My mother, who was devoted to his works, used to be especially annoyed by this elusive personality.

"I always want so much to talk with him," she complained, "yet when I meet him I never can remember who he is."

Perhaps to make up for this indistinguishable presence he cultivated impressiveness of manner and great preciousness of speech.

He had a way of leaving a dinner-party early with an air of preoccupation that was very intriguing.

"He always does it," untruthfully exclaimed a deserted and slightly piqued hostess. "It is to convey the suggestion that he has an appointment with a Russian princess."

In later life both the impressive manner and fastidious speech became intensified: what he said was always interesting, but he took so long to say it that one felt a growing conviction that he was not for a moment, but for

all time. With him it was a moral obligation to find the *mot juste*, and if it had got mislaid or was far to seek, the world had to stand still until it turned up.

Sometimes when it arrived it was delightfully unexpected. I remember in later years walking with him round my little Surrey garden and maneuvering him to a spot where a rather wonderful view suddenly revealed itself.

"My dear boy," exclaimed Henry James, grasping my arm. "How—er—how—" I waited breathless: the *mot juste* was on its way; at least I should hear the perfect and final summing up of my countryside's loveliness. "How—er—how—" still said Mr. James, until at long last the golden sentence sprang complete from his lips. "My dear boy, how awfully jolly!"

I also recall his telling a tale about an American business man who had bought a large picture.

"And when he got it home," continued Mr. James, "he did not know what—er—what—"

"What to do with it," prompted some impatient and irreverent person.

Henry James silently rejected the suggestion. "He did not know what—er—what—well, in point of fact, the *hell* to do with it."

When, quite towards the end of his life, his new face was evolved, it was a very wonderful one and well worth waiting for. Sargent's painting of it is fine, but lacks a certain something.

"It is the sort of portrait one would paint of Henry James if one had sat opposite to him twice in a bus," said a disappointed admirer, and the statement, though untrue, had some grains of truth in it.

Yet this should not have been so. Sargent and Henry James were real friends, they understood each other perfectly and their points of view were in many ways identical. Renegade

Americans both, each did his best to love his country and failed far more signally than does the average Englishman: they were *plus Anglais que les Anglais* with an added fastidiousness, a mental remoteness that was not English. Both were fond of society, though neither seemed altogether at one with it: Henry James, an artist in words, liked to talk and in order to talk there must be someone to talk to, but Sargent talked little and with an effort; why he "went everywhere" night after night often puzzled me.

I saw a good deal of Henry James at about this time, then we lost sight of each other for many years. When I next met him, almost unrecognizable in his new face, he seemed much aged and broken. His ever troublesome nerves had now made him more dependent upon companionship; some of the mystery and remoteness had disappeared.

His final nationalization as an Englishman came as a surprise to many. His liaison with Britannia was then such an old story, both had completely lived down any scandal, and that he should wish at the eleventh hour to make an honest woman of her seemed almost unnecessary.

His portrait by Sargent, one of the few men who really knew him, should have supplied a clue to the true Henry James that no one else could have found: perhaps the artist intentionally withheld it.

VI

Another friend who volunteered to "come and sit with me while I was being painted" (how painters of portraits have learned to dread that offer) was Sarah Bernhardt.

She wished to see what Sargent was "making of me" and proposed her

chaperonage at an early stage of the portrait's evolution.

I had misgivings; I could not see Madame Sarah sitting quietly in a corner while I basked in the limelight.

"But it will bore you," I ventured.

"No," said Madame Sarah. "I want to see the picture and I'm coming. You must call for me and take me with you."

"But the sitting is early: you will never get up in time and you'll never be ready."

"I shall get up and I shall be ready. I am coming," said Sarah with finality; so of course she came.

If the sun had risen in the west that morning it would have surprised me less than the sight of Madame Sarah ready and waiting when I called for her at an early hour, waiting in a neat, businesslike walking-dress with a small black hat. She might have been going to shop at Whiteley's with a string bag.

Sargent, who disliked the flamboyant type of actress, was completely won over and surveyed the little dark figure with approbation.

"I never saw that she was beautiful before," he whispered to me. "Look at her now."

Sarah was leaning forward, getting a view of the picture in a little hanging mirror: she was poised, the tips of the fingers against the wall, the head thrown back, the delicate profile in relief against a black screen.

I believe that Sargent only narrowly escaped asking to paint her then and there, but that he did escape was perhaps fortunate. They were not sympathetic; Sargent as a painter of Facts was unrivalled, but Sarah Bernhardt was embodied Fantasy and was only well and truly seen through the golden mist of dreams. Dreams were not in Sargent's line.



POETS TALKING TO THEMSELVES

BY MAX EASTMAN

IT IS a common assumption that poetry, and indeed all writing, is a communicative act. "The difficulty of literature," said Stevenson, "is not to . . . affect your reader, but to affect him precisely as you wish." And since words are in their common nature instruments of communication, this seems plausible. Yet most poets would resist any such sweeping assumption, and John Stuart Mill even proposed to identify poetry as speech not meant to be *heard* but *overheard*. In these days when critics loudly acclaim a poem like Hart Crane's "The Bridge" as one of the greatest of our generation, and quite incidentally remark that they do not know what the poet is talking about, it seems to me this question needs looking into.

Hart Crane once showed me a poem of his which began with a quotation in Latin, a language which I learned at a time when I had small interest in learning. I sat down and puzzled for a while and then in some humiliation pointed to a word I did not understand and asked Hart Crane to translate it.

"I don't know what it means," he said, "I don't understand the language at all."

Tossing me this information quite casually, he continued an animated conversation with the red-lipped girl who had brought us together, and I continued to puzzle over his poem. After struggling a while with the English parts of it, I returned to the Latin as more communicative.

To spare the reader a like struggle, I will quote here a poem which according to its admirers is "far from being one of Mr. Crane's more difficult compositions."

AT MELVILLE'S TOMB

Often beneath the wave, wide from this ledge
The dice of drowned men's bones he saw bequeath
An embassy. Their numbers as he watched,
Beat on the dusty shore and were obscured.

And wrecks passed without sound of bells,
The calyx of death's bounty giving back
A scattered chapter, livid hieroglyph,
The portent wound in corridors of shells.

Then in the circuit calm of one vast coil,
Its lashings charmed and malice reconciled,
Frosted eyes there were that lifted altars;
And silent answers crept across the stars.

Compass, quadrant and sextant contrive
No farther tides—High in the azure steeps
Monody shall not wake the mariner.
This fabulous shadow only the sea keeps.

The poem seems simple enough and very sincere and also in a way beautiful. But does it not tantalize you with a certain reticence? To me it is the most exasperating of attractive things. It gazes out of the page significantly and in my direction and with signs of intense emotion, but will not open its lips, will not make friends—will not, as we say, "come out with it." I do not know anybody more freely and unaffectedly communicative than Hart

Crane himself. He is particularly communicative *about* his poems—so much so that it is impossible, returning to the poems after a conversation with him, to continue in the belief that poetry is essentially an act of communication. It seems in his case to be a thing that begins whenever he stops communicating.

Hart Crane is not only generous in communication, but also—at least as regards the English parts of his poetry—swift and convincing. He can very handily dispose of any skeptic who ventures to suggest that each syllable is not rich with values both of meaning and experience. He is, in fact, so brilliant in this process that he always proves beyond a glimmer of doubt not only that his poetry when explained by him can be understood by anybody, but also that when not explained by him it can be understood by nobody. Consider, for instance, that stanza about the calyx of death's bounty giving back.

"This calyx," he tells us, in a letter to Harriet Monroe, the editor of *Poetry*, "refers in a double ironic sense both to a cornucopia and the vortex made by a sinking vessel. As soon as the water has closed over a ship this whirlpool sends up broken spars, wreckage, etc., which can be alluded to as livid *hieroglyphs*, making a *scattered chapter* so far as any complete record of the recent ship and her crew is concerned. In fact, about as much definite knowledge might come from all this as anyone might gain from the roar of his own veins, which is easily heard (haven't you ever tried it?) by holding a shell close to one's ear."

No one will deny that these lines with their exegesis reveal in the author a genuine and rare poetic mind and feeling. It is equally certain that without exegesis they reveal little or nothing at all. But this fact does not disturb Hart Crane in the least. *It does not*

even occur to his mind. He is not defending his skill in communicating experience. He is defending his integrity in the art of talking to himself in public.

If any reader proud of his sensitivity to poetry feels inclined to boast that he *did* understand about "the calyx of death's bounty giving back," I suggest that he now cover up with a sheet of paper the paragraph following this one, and write down on the paper his understanding of Mr. Crane's first stanza—the one in which the dice of drowned men's bones bequeath an embassy. After he has done that let him remove the paper, and see how near he has come to Mr. Crane's own explanation of its values.

"Dice bequeath an embassy, in the first place, by being ground (in this connection only, of course) in little cubes from the bones of drowned men by the action of the sea, and are finally thrown up on the sand having 'numbers' but no identification. These being the bones of dead men who never completed their voyage, it seems legitimate to refer to them as the only surviving evidence of certain messages undelivered, mute evidence of certain things, experiences that the dead mariners might have had to deliver. Dice as a symbol of chance and circumstance is also implied."

Here again we have obviously to do with a sincere poetic mind and feeling. All that was lacking in those four lines of poetry was this sixteen lines of communication. Hart Crane may never grow up to the point of embodying his communication in his poetry, but he will deserve mention in the history of culture if only for having so specifically disproven the hard saying of Pascal that "People would never traverse the sea . . . for the mere purpose of seeing, without the hope of ever communicating what they have seen."

I had the pleasure not long ago of

hearing James Joyce read—or rather recite, for he can no longer see the letters—a few pages from his *Anna Livia Plurabelle*, and discussing with him its unintelligibility. I wonder if he will object if I employ the memory of that conversation in order to prove by the example of a brilliant genius that literature is not of necessity a communicative act. Our meeting had resulted from the publication by me of two essays in which I maintained that the literary tendency called “modernist” is in reality a confusion of two tendencies: a tendency to abandon the interpretation of experience is confused with a tendency to cease even communicating it intelligibly. Not long after publishing those essays I happened to be in Paris and I dropped in to see my friend Sylvia Beach who runs the charming and historic little bookstore called “Shakespeare & Co.” in the rue de l’Odeon. Sylvia Beach is the heroic woman who first published James Joyce’s *Ulysses*, an ardent admirer of what I had criticized as the Cult of Unintelligibility. Instead of the glance of reproof which I expected from her, however, I received a most cordial greeting, and her first words were, “Joyce likes your essay in *HARPER’S* so much—I wonder if you would have time to take tea with him while you are in Paris.” I had time of course, and I found out that Joyce not only liked my essay, but thought it was “sound criticism”—a word which I have saved carefully and carry around with me for the confounding of his embattled disciples.

Some other words of his in that conversation I saved, because they led me to this step beyond the position taken in that essay—they led me to think it is erroneous in the first place to *define* literature as communication. Joyce seems a simple, earnest, and very quiet person—poised and gently indignant

about his blindness—an intellectual and yet not a thinking type, a family man too, and like all great men, from Napoleon up, not excessively masculine. He began our conversation by saying something that would seem to contradict flatly my thesis about modernism. He told me how glad he was that, even though I found so much of him unintelligible, I had at least enjoyed his humor.

“It would be terrible,” he said, “to think that I had done all that work and not given you any pleasure at all. I spent six hundred hours making that little book I sent you. Six hundred hours, and what a waste of time if it had brought you no pleasure at all! For certainly the motive of an artist—of all artists, whether they are conscious of it or not—is to give pleasure to others.”

“I am very much surprised to hear you say that,” I said.

“But it is true, isn’t it?” he answered earnestly.

And then he told me that into the prose of the little book in question—*Anna Livia Plurabelle*—he had woven the names of five hundred rivers. The book in a certain sense is, or is about, a river. Indeed, I now remember that Joyce told me before reciting a passage from it that either two people, or a rock and a tree, or the principles of organic and inorganic nature, are talking to each other across a river. One of his learned commentators has since issued a paper to the effect that it is the two sexes, male and female, which are talking across this river; another maintains that it is two washerwomen—but I believe only what Joyce told me. As he spoke the lines I watched him and saw how much every syllable weighed and carried to his mind and feeling and, since I could not myself understand the syllables, and therefore could not think and feel what he was thinking and feeling, my

mind wandered a little from the music and I thought what a wonderfully different thing an intense artist is—or a man in the mood of artistic rapture—from an ordinary practical-minded adult. An artist is a man consecrated to the child's attitude toward values and yet translated by his consecration into a world in which childhood is the sovereign thing, and growing up a mere unfortunate incidental necessity.

Joyce was reciting his lines for me, to "give pleasure" to me, lines on which he had worked six hundred hours and woven into them the names of five hundred rivers, and yet I did not hear one river. I have examined them patiently since and have not yet found more than three and a half rivers. Moreover, having had something to do with inductive and deductive logic, I know that if it took six hundred hours to weave those rivers into that prose, it will take something like six thousand hours to weave them out. I cannot help asking myself how many people will do this work, and how much fun they will have doing it. If Joyce's artistic motive really is to give pleasure to others, it seems fair to say that he has wasted about five hundred of those six hundred hours burying the names of those rivers where people who might happen to want them would not be able to find them.

Of course Joyce is deceiving himself when he says that his principal motive is to give pleasure to others. And Joyce is, like so many Irishmen, more recklessly sentimental than most of us, and so not unpracticed in deceiving himself. He told me, I remember, that he liked to think how some far day, way off in Thibet or Somaliland, some lad or lass in reading that little book would be pleased to come upon the name of his or her own home river. And while that seemed a sweet whiff of a thought, it also seemed a highly incidental one, and I could not help

thinking that if the pleasure of that actual lad and lass had entered into the author's motivation, he might have provided some little key or pirate's chart of some kind which would enable them to dig up their river without doing all that unnecessary hard labor. I do not know whether I said this or not, but to something that I said Joyce answered in exactly these words:

"The demand that I make of my reader is that he should devote his whole life to reading my works." He smiled as he said that—smiled, and then repeated it.

And my answer was, "You absolutely insist on giving them all that pleasure!"

But I did not make my answer of course, because I did not think of it until some time later when I was jotting these things down to remember them. I only thought what I have often thought before, both in reading Joyce and in reading the encomiums written by his disciples, that the first and very principal thing to say about them all is that their minds are untrained and incoherent. They do not know how to think.

Joyce believes he is writing his present extremely unintelligible prose because, whereas *Ulysses* gave us a day in the life of a man, his present work gives us the night. "In writing of the night," he said to me, "I really could not, I felt I could not, use words in their ordinary connections. Used that way they do not express how things are in the night, in the different stages—conscious, then semi-conscious, then unconscious. I found that it could not be done with words in their ordinary relations and connections. When morning comes, of course everything will be clear again. I'll give them back their language. They really needn't worry and scold so much. I'll give them back their English language. I'm not destroying it for good!"

It was impossible not to be charmed

by the mild high delicate voice and the gentle smile with which this grandiose reassurance was offered. I almost hope that it may not be fulfilled, for I think it would be something of a descent from Olympus if Joyce came back and began really to talk to us again. At any rate I do not for one moment believe that the idea of writing about the night is anything more than an interior pretext upon Joyce's part for amusing himself with words in the way he chooses. The tendency appears often enough—and with no such pat reason—in *Ulysses*. Moreover, it seems obvious to me that an author who sincerely desired to convey to a reader the experience of falling asleep—through the various stages, conscious, semiconscious, unconscious—would not begin by taking the names of five hundred rivers and burying them so deep in a passage of polyglottic cryptography that the poor reader would have to stay up fourteen nights in succession with seventeen foreign language dictionaries, six encyclopedias, seven pounds of coffee, an atlas, and a *World Almanac*, in order to dig up a half dozen of them.

Joyce may be trying utterly and absolutely to give *himself* to a series of experiences which he connects in some way with the process of falling asleep—to give himself to them and to the words which revive and enrich them for him; although of that, too, I am skeptical. But he is not devoting a moment's attention to the very complex and delicate problem of the strategy by which he might possibly contrive to communicate *some* of those experiences to somebody else. His character as a stylist in this recent work does not lie in any loose semblance to the operations of a drowsing mind, nor yet in the scope of his linguistic researches. It lies in the fact that he is doing an intellectual and imaginative labor gigantic in its proportions, obdurate in its persistence, with no practical end in view whatever,

not even that of communicating his experience, but solely to perfect himself in the art of playing by himself in public.

II

Practical and downright people can hardly help suspecting that there is something of a hoax about this whole Cult of Unintelligibility. They ought to remember that this same cult with its accompaniment of verbal and grammatical concoction swept over the literary world once before, and that our gentle Shakespeare in ripe years was a ringleader in the movement. In some of his later plays, "A Winter's Tale" for instance, Shakespeare talks—and what is worse, he makes his characters talk—a private experimental cerebral gibberish of his own that goes often almost as far away from verbal communication as the most extravagant perpetrations of the modernists. Moreover, the tendency represented in those plays flourished long and spread over Europe and reached a most Joycean climax in the writings of a gifted Spanish poet, Luis de Gongora, whose *Estilo Culto* became the literary sensation of a decade that in many other ways corresponds to ours although preceding it by three hundred years. It is not likely that Shakespeare in going to these extremes of lexical experimentation altered the fundamental social attitude in which all his great poetry was composed. It is simpler to think that he experienced a shift of interest. That fascination with the ways and tastes of words which had obsessed him all his life long, grew upon him here; he gave free rein to it; he played in his mind with the beings of words more than of the things denoted by them, and a quite fantastic and tantalizing obscurity resulted. But the result was not the motive. Shakespeare was probably not playing any more exclusively in his own mind in this mad

dialogue than elsewhere; he was playing with different things. The error is to assume in either case that poetic creation is essentially and of necessity communicative.

It seems to me, however, equally erroneous to jump to the opposite extreme, and assert that the motive and the fact of communication play no part at all in poetry—and even in modern poetry of the extreme type. It is not true, as Robert Graves and Laura Riding assert, that the modernists publish their poems merely in order to give them an objective existence. They could do that by pinning them up nicely on the inside of the barn door. The poems are made out of speech; they are made out of communication; they imply some sort of public-in-the-abstract even when they tell nothing, and it is a quite natural and simple act to put them before a public. But it is also true that they are not addressed to, or composed for, that public, and that if a public should during the process of their composition march into the chamber and preposterously attempt to respond, the poet would be shocked and injured immeasurably or he would be deaf and he would not hear. He is speaking before people but he is not speaking to them. They are the occasion, not the cause, the pretext, not the purpose, of his speech.

I am not going to pretend that I can explain how this equivocal attitude that is both social and egocentric arises. I only affirm that it does arise and is the usual attitude of enraptured artists, whether they happen to be working with speech, which is an instrument of communication, or not. The two things are there together—the implying of a public and the ignoring of it. The dispute between philosophers of aesthetics as to whether art is expression or communication is a mere reflection of this complex mental fact. The dispute will continue, I suppose, until philoso-

phers die, and then some scientific investigator will give us a little light on the real problem—how and why and in what ways these two attitudes combine.

Meanwhile we can at least become convinced of the reality of their combination, and make it fit into a simple picture of human nature, by pointing out how almost universal it is among young children. Jean Piaget—whose four volumes devoted to child life are one of the great contributions to knowledge in recent years—has found this twofold attitude so characteristic of children's speech that he has felt compelled to invent a special term, "collective monologue," to distinguish it on the one hand from monologue and on the other from conversation.

When children are together (M. Piaget tells us) they seem to talk to each other a great deal more than we do about what they are doing, but for the most part they are only talking to themselves. . . . Each one sticks to his own idea and is satisfied. . . . He believes that someone is listening to him, and that is all he wants. . . . He does not succeed in making his audience listen, because, as a matter of fact, he is not really addressing himself to it. He is not speaking to anyone. He is talking aloud to himself in front of others. . . . The audience is there simply as a stimulus. . . . His words have no social function. . . . Nothing could be harder to understand than the notebooks we have filled with the conversation of Pie and Lev. Without full commentaries, taken down at the same time as the children's remarks, they would be incomprehensible. Everything is indicated by allusion, by pronouns and demonstrative articles . . . which can mean anything in turn, regardless of the demands of clarity or even of intelligibility. . . . In a word the child hardly ever even asks himself whether he has been understood. For him, that goes without saying, for he does not think about others when he talks. He utters "a collective monologue." . . . To put it quite simply, we may say that the adult thinks socially even when he is alone, and the child

under seven thinks egocentrically, even in the society of others.

M. Piaget collects specimens of children's talk the way a naturalist collects butterflies, and he has estimated that forty-five per cent of the spontaneous talk among themselves of average children of seven to eight years is egocentric. It is devoid of the motive of communication. And the reason for this is not that the child has conceived other people and rejected them out of his world, but that he has not clearly conceived what it is to be another person. He identifies the whole world with his own experience. A child cannot explain anything or even tell a story intelligibly, because he cannot realize that others do not know the story. The story is there—the "telling" is something that he does to it. M. Piaget has demonstrated this fact with a whole series of fascinating experiments, but anyone who is familiar with young children can confirm it, and will realize how much the question we are discussing may be illumined by comparing the enraptured poet to the child.

"This way of behaving," M. Piaget tells us, "reappears in certain men and women of puerile disposition (certain hysterical subjects, if hysteria be described as the survival of infantile characteristics) who are in the habit of thinking aloud as though they were talking to themselves, but are also conscious of their audience."

I think this is a too narrow saying, and that M. Piaget has not happened to reflect to how great an extent art depends upon a survival of infantile characteristics. Even the most mature of artists, the thinking singer, must have within his control the attitudes of childhood. He must have a child's excited interest in the mere being of things, a child's perceptive freedom, his freedom from habitual attitudes of action, the feeling of a

child and a savage that words form a part, and indeed a rich, crude and substantial part, of things. And he must have, too, this gift of returning in rapture to that infantile egocentrism, which is not egocentrism after all because the circumference as well as the center is ego, because, as M. Piaget says, "the whole content of the infant's consciousness is projected into reality (both into things and into others), which amounts to a complete absence of the consciousness of self." Without realizing it, I think M. Piaget has enriched the understanding of the lyric rapture with his severely scientific studies of childhood more than all the critics and philosophers who have expatiated upon this theme in their learned essays for two thousand years.

And if we return to the "modernist" poets with this richer understanding of all poets, we shall realize that what first and essentially characterizes them is not their unintelligibility, but their preoccupation with pure poetry. Their unintelligibility is accidental. It is a result of the fact that they are cultivating life without criticizing it—just as their intelligibility when they were criticizing life was in a sense accidental. In both cases their singing was often only *overheard*. But a criticism of life when it is overheard is understood, because it involves that part of the value of words which is a common social possession, their practical meaning. But an individual experience stored away in words, like some sacred unique object or the fragrance of it in a reliquary—the experience itself having been perhaps more than half or even all composed of the emotional flavors of words—that is often impossible to overhear. The pure poet—unless he has in him a vein of rather adult vanity or social kindness to bring him down out of his collective monologue, and make him, while telling it, tell us also to some extent *about* it—will naturally

perhaps in the long run become a somewhat unintelligible poet. It is the abandonment of interpretation, not of communication, that is fundamental in the modern tendency.

III

In order to explain the flourishing of this tendency, however, the veritable international conquest of power by the Cult of Unintelligibility, we must do more than show why poets write uncommunicative poems. That is the easiest and most gracious part of the task. We must also explain why grown-up and supposedly intellectual and judicious critics peruse these poems that they cannot understand a word of, and praise them extravagantly without a blush.

The critics themselves have various ways of explaining what it is they enjoy in unintelligible poetry. Mark Van Doren goes so far as to invent a new psychic substance to explain it—a substance which is intellectual and to be found in the head and yet flows along “somewhere down below” such superficial things as thought and idea and understanding. In eulogizing Hart Crane’s volume, *White Buildings*, from which we have quoted a poem, Mark Van Doren begins by confessing quite frankly that he could not understand this volume when he first read it, and then still more frankly adding that he cannot understand it now either. Nevertheless, he admires and enjoys it, and insists that it is “intellectual” rather than emotional poetry. “Mr. Crane can hardly be said to think,” he concedes, but nevertheless “he plays in the depths of the head.” The question just what Mr. Crane plays with in that remote quarter—a thing which is not feeling and yet does not consist of thinking and cannot be understood—Mark Van Doren answers as follows: “Not with ideas as such, for they take

shape only on the surface of thought, on the level where they can be expressed, but with the intellectual lava that flows, sluggishly, irresistibly somewhere down below.” Taking this formula as a guide, we should feel that unintelligible poetry is at least deep, and that in order to get at this cranial substratum we should have to dig down under whatever ideas do happen to be suggested by the words in the poem. Turning to Allen Tate, however, another of the eulogizers of Hart Crane, we learn that “The poetical meaning is a direct intuition, realized prior to an explicit knowledge of the subject-matter of the poem.” Here the value seems to lie not in a molten lava that lies underneath the poem, but in a rather more gaseous substance that merely clings over the surface of it. The idea is not to delve under what the poet is talking about, but read so fast that what he is talking about can’t catch you.

T. S. Eliot seems to think that this process can move a little more slowly, and that a poem’s subject-matter need not be regarded as inimical, provided you hold your rational faculties in suspense. “The reader,” he says, “has to allow the images to fall into his memory successively without questioning the reasonableness of each at the moment; so that at the end a total effect is produced.” Coming from one who was leading us into a poetical era to be described as “classical,” and to be characterized by a “higher and clearer conception of Reason, and a more severe and serene control of the emotions by Reason,” this formula for reading a poem he admires greatly seems a little disconcerting. But at any rate it is not sharply out of accord with the formula of Allen Tate. They both make us feel at least that it is awfully easy to read poetry—all you have to do is to suspend your intelligence and let her go. But no sooner

have you reached this happy conclusion than along comes another High Priest of the modernist criticism, Ivor Winters—another admiring reader of Hart Crane—and tells us that poetry is a “moral discipline,” and that you cannot get the real meat of the thing, the “subjective act,” until you have not only read the poem through, and studied it, and got an explicit knowledge of its subject matter, but also gone and talked it over with your friends. “By the ‘subjective act’ I mean . . . the non-paraphrasable part of the poetic language, or rather the poem as a whole, after one has done talking about it.” And Mr. Winters is supported in this more arduous view by Herbert Read, who regards “a non-logical progression in poetry as a result of thinking raised to a more than ordinary intensity.”*

These professional critics are all eclipsed, however, by C. K. Ogden, who tells us, in his preface to Joyce’s latest installment, *Tales of Shem and Shaun*, that in order to adjust our minds to the values of this new kind of literature, what we have to do is learn to talk Eskimo. Joyce, it seems, does not know Eskimo—and neither, I infer, does C. K. Ogden—but Joyce has conscious “affiliations with his Norse ancestors,” and Ogden seems to think that the only way to outwit his unintelligibility is to go “still farther north” and learn a still more difficult language. This geographical approach to literature will become easier, of course, for warm-blooded natures after Mr. Wilkins has opened a route under the ice. Meantime Mr. Ogden already knows this much about Eskimo—he knows that Stefansson knows the language, and has told him that he “regards it as the most difficult but at the same time the most efficient language as yet evolved by man.” It has twenty-seven case forms, nine each in

the singular, dual, and plural, and it doesn’t bother with primitive little equipment like affixes and suffixes, having at its disposal “164 infixes” with which “over one thousand forms can be made out for one noun alone.” *Iglu* means “house,” but “*iglupakulia*” means “the big house which he built for himself and still possesses and which is no longer as good as formerly.” It is obvious that Joyce would have no terrors for an Eskimo. The trouble is that the Eskimos are not greatly interested in modern literature. Moreover, only “about a dozen linguists” know their language—or the particular dialect, at least, that Ogden recommends. Another trouble is that, according to what Stefansson told Ogden, “it was only after six years of constant study and practice that he attained proficiency in its use.” In view of these facts, Ogden concludes: “At least a decade may be necessary before Mr. Joyce’s ‘word-ballet’ yields its secret even to an adjusted mind.”

To this it might seem reasonable to add that, inasmuch as Joyce himself does not understand Eskimo or use any of the words out of this language, and the reader has spent this first decade merely in order to get into a proper geographical position and overcome his nervousness in the presence of “infixes”—it might seem reasonable to grant him a couple more decades to devote to the study of the actual Joyce. Indeed, I, for my part, think that after going way up north and talking Eskimo for ten years in order to get into the right longitude and latitude for approaching “Mr. Joyce’s symbolic condensation,” it would show unseemly and unscholarly haste to dash right down to the Tropic of Cancer and plunge into Joyce himself, as though there were no degrees of latitude or stages in the concentration of a symbol. Surely a mind properly consecrated to the process of adjust-

*Not a direct quotation but a paraphrase in *The Symposium*, Vol. I, No. 3, p. 320.

ment would not ignore those "Norse ancestors" from whom Joyce really did borrow some words. I would suggest a very gradual southerly movement, about ten degrees to the decade. That would bring you to Paris in time to be buried with an uncut first edition of *Work in Progress* on your chest and the proud joy in your bones that you died with an adjusted mind.

Just how much, and at what, my canny and learned friend Ogden is smiling in his preface to *Tales of Shem and Shaun*, I will not try to determine. Suffice it to say that he locates the values of unintelligible literature somewhere up in the Arctic Circle beyond the reach of the non-Eskimo reader. Mark Van Doren locates them in a warmer region but one still more inaccessible to the average citizen—a molten lava lying "somewhere down below." Allen Tate locates them in a first whiff that comes off the words before the mind begins to operate; T. S. Eliot in a last whiff after prolonged suspension of the rational faculties; Ivor Winters in a "subjective act" that can be performed only after the mind has done its worst; Herbert Read in a thinking so intense that it transcends logic. To these opinions we may add that of Marcel Brion that it is necessary to "break through the too narrow restraints of time and space," and of Robert Macalmon that it is necessary "to 'trance' oneself into a state of word intoxication, flitting-concept inebriation in order to enjoy this work to the full." Nor should we neglect the more copious if not quite soul-clarifying admonition of Edmund Wilson that "in order to understand what Joyce is doing" in certain parts of *Ulysses*, "one must conceive a set of Symbolist poems, themselves involving characters whose minds are represented Symbolistically, depending not from the sensibility of the poet speaking in his own person,

but from the poet's imagination playing a role absolutely impersonal and always imposing on itself all the Naturalistic restrictions in regard to the story it is telling at the same time that it allows itself to exercise all the Symbolistic privileges in regard to the way it tells it."

Where these Doctors of Unintelligibility disagree to that extent, it seems foolhardy for a simple soul who has wasted a large part of his life in the improvement of his understanding to rush in and try to say anything. However, the principal thing I want to say is that they do disagree. They disagree so completely as to what they are getting out of unintelligible literature—what it is, and where it is, and how they get it—that we are practically driven to the conclusion they do not get it at all. They bring it with them. Just as the poet uses a listener, or the idea of a listener, as a mere pretext for speech, so the listener uses the poetry as a pretext—oftener perhaps does not use it at all, but merely makes its existence a pretext—for some art of his own, some inward thought or dwelling upon experience which has a value for him. There is no communication and no demand for communication on either side. But there is an illusion of communication. Both the poet and the critic assume that something passes between them and, being highly egocentric in the mood and during the time which they devote to art, each goes away satisfied from the encounter, and they resent as obtuse or unsensitive or "decadent" or "conventional" or "democratic" or "psychological" or otherwise extremely contemptible and unregenerate the simple questioning of an intelligent mind: "What has actually passed between them?" and the simple answer: "Nothing."

That this is the true fact of the matter may be illustrated by the example of one of these critics who has

been rash enough to come right out and tell us what it was that he got out of a piece of unintelligible literature.

"There will be many interpretations of *Anna Livia Plurabelle*. . . ." says Padraic Colum in his preface to that work. "To myself there comes the recollection of a feeling I had when, as a child, the first time in Dublin I crossed a bridge with an elder of mine beside me. I imagine other children's minds would have been occupied with such thoughts as occupied mine then. The city—who named it? The pavements—who laid them down? The statues—what had the men done that they should claim that men should look upon them now and that men should have looked upon them in one's father's and one's father's father's time? . . . The mystery of beginnings filled the mind. And combining with the questions that came, there were things that had to be noted—the elder one walked beside . . . the apple one bought and ate and the penny one paid for it, the beggar-woman on the bridge, etc., etc. . . ."

It is clear that this reader has had a pleasure connected in some loose way with Joyce's little book. He talks, indeed, as though he were holding the book in his hand. But if there is any more compact or causal relation between this sentimental reminiscence of Padraic Colum's and Joyce's six hundred hours of labor burying the names of rivers and other admirable if not very unusual objects in the actual contents of the book, I am unable to find it.

Here again we must turn to childhood—and to M. Piaget, who first brought all the resources of science to the study of childhood—for an understanding of what happens in this world of art.

"It is only from the age of 7 or 8 (he tells us) that there can be any talk of genuine understanding between children. Till then the egocentric factors of verbal expression

. . . are all too important. . . . Words spoken are not thought of from the point of view of the person spoken to, and the latter, instead of taking them at their face value, selects them according to his own interest, and distorts them in favor of previously formed conceptions. . . . Each child, whether he is trying to explain his own thoughts or to understand those of others, is shut up in his own point of view. . . . Each imagines he is understanding and listening to the others even when he is doing nothing of the kind. . . . One of the facts which point most definitely to the egocentric character of the explanations of children is the large proportion of cases in which the explainer completely forgets to name the objects which he is explaining. . . . In this connection it should be noted that the listener adopts exactly the complementary attitude: he always thinks he has understood everything. However obscure the explanation, he is always satisfied.

It needs hardly a word more to make clear the part played by the admiring critic in promoting the Cult of Unintelligibility. His part too is a childlike one. If he is a child under seven or eight years he may actually believe that he understands and go round puffing out his cheeks and telling us with a swagger that the new methods of writing are merely "direct and vivid," and that all the talk about not being able to understand them comes from "trying to judge them by standards other than their own. . . ." I am quoting from John Dos Passos, but I might be quoting from any one of a hundred men of alert fancy who mistake a stimulation of their own gifts for communication from another. As they grow a little older, a little less "shut up in their own point of view"—I mean, of course, only in their approach to a work of art—these critics begin to admit that they do not exactly *understand* unintelligible writing. But still clinging to the idea that communication has occurred, they cast solemnly about for some nonsensical formula

like direct intuition in advance of understanding, or cumulative effect after not understanding, or "subjective act" or "molten lava," or flitting-concept inebriation, or almost anything, to make verbal and grammatical understanding seem unnecessary to communication. At a still later stage on the way to maturity, the critic begins in a half-hearted way to *try* to understand what the poet is talking about, but still reverently feels in his failure that there is something the matter with *him*, if only the fact that he has not had the good luck to be born Eskimo.

It seems to me that we should be tolerant when poets are too childlike, knowing that to be childlike is an intrinsic part of their creative gift. But for infantilism in critics I do not see that there is a word of defense or apology possible to be spoken. It is hard enough to put up with the moral importance of critics even when they bring to bear in their judgments the most

mature psychological and social intelligence available in their time. When they are so little developed, so "shut up in their own point of view," that they do not know the difference between receiving a communication and making up a fairy story, and so little trained in elementary perception of fact that they go right on attributing all sorts of novel and mystic attributes to a poet who has himself convincingly explained to them that his poetry is like all other poetry except that he does not make clear what he is talking about, I do not see what to do with the whole tribe but bundle them into a well-rotted ship and shove them out to sea. No doubt we should long ago have adopted this mode of mitigating the plague of unintelligibility were it not for the fact that a majority of these critics are poets too. That leaves us nothing to do, I am afraid, but smile patiently and turn to the books of science and wait for better days.





THE BASKET

A STORY

BY E. CLEMENT JONES

“GO NOW,” they said, “and take this basket with you. Don’t open it yet, not till you pass the fork. Go now, it’s time.”

Muffled and bony, her knees spread out to make a wider lap. A right hand worked itself round the handle of the basket, holding it. The eyes solemnized themselves still further, shone somberly at the mystery beneath the cover, something for her—the cover tightly bound with twine. The left hand, more passionate and uninstructed, less stiffened to a curve by work, lieutenant only of the right hand, with free hours of its own, held to the wrinkled ardency of her breast a doll dressed also for traveling, whose wax mouth still showed faintly red after these years of kisses ardent yet gentle.

Three days now she and the doll had sat there, waiting for those who were coming to take them away from the poorhouse. On the third day the room chilled rapidly as the afternoon drew in. Here they could wait no longer—now the poorhouse must be closed. The other dependents had already been placed about the village, and the town would pay their bed and board for as long as they lived in the world. But she had someone—not relatives, but friends of distant relatives—who, she said, would come and take her. Several weeks ago they had written this. The date was cut in her mind. No one could forget that date,

this day set separate from all others in the days and years. Yet so far they had not come. A post card came yesterday saying they would try to be there on the afternoon train. This was enough to go on.

Those in authority here had done everything exactly right until now—there remained only a little chance to take, only a little time to bridge until their ease of mind should be clear again. Enough to go on, and she had nine dollars of her own. Now they could start her, not forcing her to go. Only a little urging, only a little reassurance, and the encouraging smile bred of relief. A basket, too; they had given her a basket, the cover tied down with knotted string.

What if the basket were empty? Even so, it might be enough to start her on her way from the house where she had lived so long. And they were right: this propulsion of hope, even near the end of life, warding off that other mystery—this would cause her to rise from the chair where she sat in the middle of the room with the folds of her brown dress round her—this would impel her to get up, cross the well-known floor, step down from the doorstep, break the habits of twenty-two years.

“Come, warm your feet before you start. The coal and wood are gone, but there is still some fire left. Come closer.”

Obediently she came from the middle of the room—she had sat there always in a sea of separateness shored by the worn panels of this arbitrary shelter. Yet to please them now she held out one foot, then the other before the glowing ashes, though it was easy to see she preferred to keep her feet beneath the deep foldings of her dress. So soon as it seemed to her polite she stood up again, tied the doll's cloak tighter round it, hid it in the dark under her breast, under her cape—two layers of warmth and dark, warmth for its comfort, dark safety for its rarity. In her pliant left hand she held the doll. Then the right hand, the worker, took up the mystery, took up the basket, opened the door, and went.

As they watched, "It is not far," they said. "They will be there at the station. You remember where it is." She thought that she remembered, though she had not seen it now for many years. "Not far," they said again. "And you have lots of time."

They did not look exactly at each other as they spoke to her—and when they saw her brown dress going down between the pines they turned rapidly to finish shutting up the house before the light should go.

Damp autumn air saturated the pines and oaks, making them greener, making them redder. Each needle, each leaf hung separate, dripping, the drops sliding slowly to the ground where also each blade stood motionless in saturation. No sound in the pines, no pulse in the wind to move the pines—but through this silence the other pulse, self-originating, beat through the stillness as a slow powerful muscle beats, felt in the blood rather than heard in the ear—the ocean beyond the sand beyond the woods.

October afternoons darken quickly—and as she went farther down the narrow road through the calm and dripping woods rooted where they

stood, she felt lonely. The walls of the room where she had long lived, the surrounding margin of her solitude gone, the cycle of the hours, hours for sleep, hours for food, hours for sleep, shores to the mystery of otherwise undivided time—gone also.

She felt lonely, so "Now I'll open the basket," she said, speaking to the doll in the darkness and warmth under her breast. This basket—what could be in this basket?—held the surprise, the new arrangement of unusual things coming together to make a hope at the end of life. She looked at the cover tied tightly down, and it seemed to her that if she opened it now she would not have it to open later—it would be done and could not again be done. The cover could not again be lifted for the first time.

"Wait till we get to the third tree," she said to the doll. "There is a big stone there. When we get to the stone we'll open the basket."

A wild apple tree with a few clear yellow leaves still hanging to the stunted boughs bent out over this stone, and there she set down the basket. With her right hand then she took off her cloak and laid the doll upon it. The doll looked up under the hat wreathed with small velvet leaves—her autumn hat. She had a spring hat as well. Every year the doll had one thing that was new. *Moreover his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice.* She remembered that, and Hannah calling Samuel from the altar where he ministered before the Lord clad in a linen ephod, calling him with impressed but secret urgent finger, trying on the coat and the bigger size always right, taking away with her the worn and outgrown coat, year after year.

By now she was lonelier than she had been before she reached the stone, so

she said to the doll, "You are not lonely, are you? You have me. You are not lonely. I know very well you are not lonely. How could you be lonely?" And though the wax lips failed to move, yet in her own heart the doll answered her, "No, I am not lonely. I have you. You never will be lonely either. You have me."

Both hands, the left hand and the right, came to concentration on the knotted twine. These knots were several, tied tight. Her fingers were stiff, grew eager. Eagerness increased the stiffness. She worked terribly—pushed back her hat, sweat stood out along her forehead, across her lip. The end of her tongue she held between her teeth. And the knots remained tied tight.

She looked round her, and two drops of sweat rolled down her face. She saw then that beyond the apple grew a quince, long since grown wild. Once a house would have stood there, these fruit trees planted by those now scattered. From this quince she ripped a long sharp thorn, and as she did so a rotted quince dropped to the ground and smashed in the damp growth. Again she worked terribly with the thorn. Her hat fell backward to the ground and, straightening from her labor, she stepped on the old velvet rose.

She worked fiercely with the thorn. One knot stretched and separated, one other also. The third she could not loosen, so she frayed it with the thorn. Now the string lay slack as a snake about the basket. Again the somber eyes solemnified themselves and shone. With her left fingers then she lifted up the doll, so that she also might see the cover raised on the emergent hope, on the mystery lying quiet there—the possession that would be for them as long as they both should live.

The right hand—slow, diffident, and tremulous—lifted the cover.

She stared inside. For several mo-

ments they both stared inside. A mistake. Nothing in the basket—nothing. Nothing there. She thought now that the mistake was hers. Too soon, she had untied the string too soon. "Don't open it till you pass the fork," they had said. Yet she had not waited. But it was not endurable to her, it was not possible, that this basket, this ark of treasure, should be empty; since already—before she had untied the string, so soon indeed as they had given her the basket—she had transferred her will to this internal mystery.

Clear, clear to such a one—in this moment all her unlived lives crowding hard against her yet forever beyond her backward reach—the mistakes all clear. Furious now the fire to obliterate this error, to rectify all blunders. The experience of all those years—both the real and the imagined experience—could not be completely lost, could not come to an end in emptiness, must leave some record or residue, something to which she might pin her hope, something to go on with. Obscurely, now, the basket had begun to signify this fruit of her long years, this promise, this hope; and something in her more compulsive than conscious thought determined that the basket must be filled with meaning and with potency once more.

So now she fitted back the cover, picked up the string, and tied the cover down again with two knots and two frayed ends. She found her hat, brushed the rain and sand from the dark velvet rose. Some drops of dampness splashed heavily on the face of the doll until she saw and wiped them carefully away with the fingertips of her left hand. Now she comforted the doll.

"Don't cry," she said. "Don't cry." And the doll spoke to her in her turn. "Don't cry," said the doll. "You have me always, as long as we both shall live."

So they continued down the road, the doll pressing its round head in the warm dark beneath her breast. Yet in spite of her compacting will, her own thoughts were confused. "But they said . . . No, they had only said '*Go now, and take this basket. Don't open it till you get to the fork in the road.*'" Yet why did they tie the cover down so tight then? But she had not waited till they got to the fork in the road. She had been able to bear it no longer. Her fault. Her fault.

"What have I done?" she said. And holding hard to the basket, the cradle she had emptied of its life, she continued walking once more along the wet and dusky road. And as she walked she began to fill the basket with a life illusory and swift, drawn internally and entirely from herself—as anyone may do, the external illusions or objects of passion having failed. And as she walked it seemed to her that already she was being granted a respite from her mistake.

Soon she came to the fork—and as she did so, emerging from the shadows of the trees, it seemed to her that she had fallen into a cold bright space, very cold, very bright. So she shut her eyes, remembering the walls of the house she had left, the wall of trees, the edges of the narrow road strictly bound by vines and bushes. It seemed to her that these things had thrown her from them. And with eyes still nearly shut against the light and cold, she looked about bewildered for the doll. But in a minute more she found her, clutched tight in her own hand, just as she had lain there all the time.

She tried to remember forward in this cold wideness of late afternoon, in the yellow streaks of light lingering so strangely, which road led to the station. Her memory made a decision. She went on walking. It seemed to her that she was going to meet somebody.

Presently she saw the lamp shine

palely from its metal reflector through the station window. She came to the platform binding the straight steel rails also shining pale and far in the yellow twilight.

And now beyond two green lights high to the left she saw a burning circle come and the sideways roll of steam with rosy flarings through its convolutions.

Her body shook. She had seen no trains for many years, not since engines had higher smokestacks, not squat and hissing like this engine that slid so smoothly to the platform. Behind its shoulder, the lights turned from green to red, guarding the train, setting a limit. Something had been done, something finished. The red lights guarded this action with finality. Yet ahead of the train on two other signal-towers shone two other lights—violet lights, of a violet so intense that only at certain angles the crimson central arcs from which the violet spread were darkly seen. They said—these violet circles—a train is standing at the station, not yet beginning to move forward. We are the violet lights, the potential, the mystery uncovered, yes, but not revealed—we are the not-no, the margin of the act to come.

Three people came down the steps of the train—an old man who crossed the track and disappeared into the woods; a young man and woman with flushed faces carrying two new valises. They seemed preoccupied and were driven quickly away. No one had come for her.

The engineer looked back. Violet lights changed to green, a clear road for the coming act. The whole train, spined with iron, moved forward, going faster—and when its end went past, red lights superseded violet, to guard in turn this timed achievement. And when the whole was out of sight, green lights again showed invitation and assurance for other acts to follow.

Now the man with the lantern put out the light in the station, turned the key in the lock, and approached her where she stood, an old figure in many folds, unstirring in the dusk.

"You were expecting someone?"

"Is that all the people who were on the train?" she asked.

"All who got off here," he answered.

He stood waiting, to go home to supper where the light from the lamp slanted down on the spread table, where his wife waited with his child. He stood waiting; so to release him she began to walk away again along the road where she had come.

She comforted the doll. "Some day," she said, "they will come. I have made a mistake." And the doll answered, "Whether they come or not you have me with you—as long as we both shall live."

They had not come—the friends of distant relatives. She could go back now, frightened and relieved, to the familiar place. After a long time she found the road into the woods again. And as she turned in between the pines, little but old, and saw in the remaining light the grapevines binding the wet bushes and felt the continuous ruts stiffening a little in the chill, it seemed as if relief had come to her from somewhere far off.

"Don't be tired. Don't be hungry," she said to the doll. "We shall be there soon."

And the doll answered, "Soon."

When they reached the big stone under the tree she sat down to rest. She set the basket there beside her, and took the doll in both her hands and comforted her, rocking her with head bent down.

Presently she felt footsteps coming along the wet ground, and then two men came out of an intersecting path and stopped to look at her. They wore ridged hunters' caps covered with scarlet cloth, and scarlet cloth was

sewed down over their shoulders and breasts like the shape of their lungs. They carried guns in their hands, and the barrels of these guns shone secretly in the wet light. They knew their guns were well-oiled and clean—they had drawn soft strips of oily linen through them all the morning, getting ready. They had heard a little while ago a rustle and a breaking stick—a deer must be about. Warm with whisky in the damp twilight, they were in good spirits, ready for anything.

They stood in front of her. "And what have you in the basket?"

Her fingers folded quickly round the handle, round the peeled and woven willow handle. She said nothing but drew the doll deeper, folded her cloak above it.

"Why not tell us? It must be good, all tied up so tight. Won't you give us some?" one said, drawing down the corner of his mouth, and the other shut one eye.

She sat extremely still. "Come now," said the first man, "what is in it?" And with an accurate movement, quick as a shot, he thrust the barrel of his gun through the handle of the basket and lifted it away from her. Surprised by its lightness, he whirled it round and round, while her eyes stretched open and she kept putting out her right hand to reach it. And at the same time she folded in the left side of her cloak more tightly.

"Do you know what?" asked the man, rocking back and forth before her, "I believe there's nothing in it." His lips parted wider, showing his strong healthy teeth. "Nothing at all."

Her fingers opened and shut, and she folded her cloak in and in.

The second man came also and stood in front of her. "And what have you got tucked away so tight under your cape?" he said. Under the velvet hat with the old velvet rose the sweat again came out, so that the hat stuck to her

head, and she could scarcely push it off her forehead.

"Come, let us see," he repeated. He felt well on this wet evening with the whisky warming all his blood. And because it was getting dark and she, though old, remained silent, cloaked, voluminous—he stepped up to her, swiftly jerking back her cape.

And there under her left breast lay the smiling doll, her face turned outward toward the scarlet caps and shoulders, almost as if she liked them and had turned herself to look.

Unfolding the iron fingers of the left hand and laughing, the man took the doll away from her. "Look," he said to his companion. "Look at this pretty face. And here," he said, turning back the doll's skirts, fingering an edge of lace, "such pretty knees." Then he shook his head, looked with commiseration at his friend. "But too young," he said, "too young for love." And with a hearty laugh he restored her to her mother.

"Hurry along now," he remarked to her, looking along the sleek barrel of his gun. "You might get hurt." And they walked on down the cross-path where they had heard the breaking stick.

She went as quickly as she could, but now it seemed to her that the familiar trees and the outlines of the house which, pale and large, appeared among them, were all strange, as if—though she had known them all these years—she had never really known them, that what was real about them was perhaps not what was real to the house and to the trees themselves. And it seemed to her also as if the doll at whom she kept on looking were not smiling at her but at the memory of the hunters. At last she felt entirely alone. She thought the doll knew more than she. No one had ever done to her what they had done to the doll, and she was filled with horror and respect. No

longer was the doll a child to cherish and protect. Now—certainly—she was alone, as the parent whose child has grown up feels once more alone. Yet not for long did she think she felt this way—though she did not speak again directly to the doll but to herself. "I shall have her with me," she said, "as long as we both shall live."

In the silence then she heard a cracking shot. And then another. As she came nearer to the house, in spite of its look of unlighted unfamiliarity, there was much about it that she recognized. She remembered the two who had started her on her journey earlier in the afternoon. She remembered the hunters, and it seemed to her that she had not sufficiently vindicated those who had given her the basket. She should have said to the hunters, "There *is* something in the basket. There is. There is."

And perhaps if the people were still there they would explain what had happened, what she had done to destroy the mystery of the basket, to change the surprise. Perhaps they would explain of themselves, for she could not ask them. She did not know why, but she thought that if she asked them it might hurt them, and they might grow embarrassed. So she thought they might explain about the basket. And if she were able to carry the basket on some other day for a long distance—say for twice the distance she had carried it to-day—for a long distance without opening it, perhaps she would be given another opportunity to discover the treasure she had dissipated by her fault.

And, indeed, the basket did seem to be growing heavier, as if by some act of compassion she would be allowed to try again. By now the basket was becoming quite heavy, and seemed almost to have a motion of its own, as if something with life stirred inside it. So that presently she became more con-

scious of it than of the doll—a child, now, no longer—held in the fingers of her left hand. She walked carefully lest she disturb the equilibrium of increasing life within the basket.

She had by now almost reached the house. The first stars showed palely, and near the horizon that other hunter, Orion, began climbing from the winter sea. There was no wind, the low pines stood unmoving against the streak of light now turned to green, and in this silence beat the pulse of the ocean beyond the sand beyond the pines. Like the pulse of blood through a hand that steadily soothes an anxious, an uneasy sleeper. "Hush," it said. "Hush," it said, "and fear no more."

She saw, however, that there was no one in the house, no lights, only the pale unfamiliar familiarity of the walls.

She addressed the doll no more directly, but she spoke to herself about her, as if she brooded on her safety, no longer sharing equal dangers and delights. "Nothing can hurt her while I live," she said.

And there flashed before her the grin of the hunters and the outward-turning face of the doll. How had the doll turned herself round from where her lips lay against her breast to smile out upon the hunters with their scarlet caps and shoulders? Had she herself twisted the doll round to watch the hunters with her as if they were on their guard together? And it seemed to her that at the end of life she knew nothing, nothing, nothing. But the weight of the basket in her right hand now took almost all her strength. She must not let it drop because of its heaviness, since the movement within proved that it was precious, that its strength was greater than her own and might survive her. By confession of her fault, by her will to fill the void of her mistake, the basket filled with life which even now struggled against the cover.

And again the anticipation became

so great, her impatience to open the basket so overwhelming that she kept on saying to herself, "No, you must not. No, you must not." And it seemed to her that if she were to fray open again with a sharp thorn these knots or break the string with passionate haste, this mounting mystery would die stillborn and that all she could ever say again would be, "What have I done? What have I done?"

So to defend herself from this temptation, she began to walk round and round the house, to see the house in the dim evening light as she had never before seen it. She saw that in moving out the furniture a window had been broken—the invisible wall of glass between the house and the air—the house was become a part of the air, no break between it and the living current which breathed in and out.

And all the sheds, the outhouse, and the barn—unlighted by the reflection of any shine within the house—shone with a slight phosphorescent memory of their own. In the barn she saw once more the splintered mangers, chewed by cows, kicked by horses, with a tuft of horse's hair—Sally's, the strawberry roan, now sold—caught in a sliver, the worn stanchions where Sue and Bess and Pansy rubbed the loose folds of their submissive melancholy necks. At the corner of the outhouse grew the giant plant of ink-berry, with lush wet stalks—even in autumn the leaves still bright green, veined with magenta, and the black-purple berries ripe to fall for the propagation of more lushness, of some bright strong growth like cruelty or lies. A handsome plant, lush and ever-living, rich and handsome by the outhouse.

Now she walked round to the front door—locked, as indeed always—the back door locked. But the side door remained open, the door that had been used so much the key was lost, the handle loose, and the step broken in,

showing the grass and sorrel underneath.

So she pushed open the door, which swung after her and then swung wide again. With a strong tread she walked up the stairs, carrying the light doll that weighed so little in the practiced caress of her left hand, not so spontaneous now—but loyal, very loyal—and carrying the heavy basket, so heavy that it unbent even the stiffness of her over-worked right hand.

Past the long row of similar little rooms she walked, those shelters arbitrary but not unkind of weakness and defeat. Then at last into that room, pulling open the door of double thickness, removed from the others, with iron bars close together across the window, with worn heavy wooden hooks projecting from the wall, higher than a human head but not too high for tethered human wrists, with roughened places on the floor beneath, where feet had shuffled back and forth within a narrow range.

And at the window she stood looking out, down the narrow road between the old and little pines, in the pale evening light upon unending roads—and no one who looked out at that window would ever know again what happened there beyond the place where they could see, where other roads struck in and crisscrossed through the world. And no more food and water would be thrust in through the small sliding panel near the bottom of the door to those who sat upon the floor too dangerous or too dazed to touch. And as she stood, pitying those who had struggled there, it was a delight to feel through her right hand the movement in the heavy basket and to know that she was threaded to real life and the unbroken thread through her to all the future.

She walked downstairs again and in the darkness found her way to her own room, the room where she had sat for many years, silent and voluminous,

under her many-folded dress in the middle of the floor. There were no chairs left, only a torn shred of newspaper lying there, already yellowing, with meaningless details of vanished acts lying in one corner. And she looked about her, for she felt that she had still a long time to wait.

By the fireplace, where a thin smoke but no fire was still rising up the chimney, a wooden box not needed for the packing stood end up. Shoving this with her foot, in order not to loosen from her hold the doll or basket, she set it square, sat down on it, and spread her dress about her. Then laying the doll across her knees and setting the basket close between her feet so that the contact remained unbroken, she took off her hat and pressed her fingers slowly through her hair. Holding her feet still tight about the basket, she removed the cloak and hat also from the doll and smoothed its skirts down straight. And as she remembered the hunters—whom indeed she had scarcely forgotten—she wondered what would happen to the doll. And again she seemed to herself to be younger, less knowing than the doll, yet older also, and protecting. And had she not the basket full of life?

It seemed to her that now certainly she must lift the cover—that she could wait no longer. She still said nothing to the doll, and the doll said not a syllable to her, lying there—remembering with a smile she did not recognize.

By now the room was dark, but presently beyond the broken window where the air breathed in and out, beyond the cloud which in the chilled and clearing air was moving off, a thin moon came out and stood apart—and its sharp rays seemed almost to reach the place where she was sitting.

All was still, and again there entered through the window the sound of even pulsing, of the pulse felt more than heard beyond the sand beyond

the pines. "Hush," said the sea. "Hush," it said. "And fear no more."

And it seemed to her that she became the vehicle of generations, and the doll—granddaughter of oceans as she the daughter—became a small tip on a many-branching stick of light, a tentative light that soon might flicker and go out, the sterile daughter of a semi-sterile mother. But the basket leaped between her feet, and the life within bounded against the cover.

Now indeed she must lift the cover but, remembering her former failure, she said "Not yet," and bending down, tied the two frayed ends of string into a third and tighter knot. And the leap of life again inside the basket showed her that she was right. When

that life, from which she kept her hands, had found strength itself to burst the cover—then she would nurture it and tend it and in its own time leave it to stand alone.

Now the sharp moon was gone, sinking behind the pines, to return larger and larger on succeeding evenings. The room became completely dark. Still through the window came the pulsing "Fear no more," savage and gentle. "Fear no more."

At her feet the basket stirred again and leaped. And presently it seemed to her that it began to beat and shine with light that shone between its woven strands. And it seemed to her also that she was young again and all life lay before her.

SOME DAY WHEN YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ME

BY MARTHA KELLER

*SOME day when you've forgotten me
You'll listen to the rain,
And what you never thought to see
Again, you'll see again.*

*I warn you, if you watch the black
And rainy window blur,
The mouth you kissed will kiss you back
And you will see me, sir.*

*Oh, when it rains you will recall
The lashes that were wet.
My dear, I am not after all
So easy to forget.*



THE GEOMETRY OF MIND

AN INTERPRETATION OF GESTALT PSYCHOLOGY

BY GARDNER MURPHY

Assistant Professor of Psychology, Columbia University

THAT the whole is equal to the sum of its parts is not even admitted by the geometer when he speaks candidly. He knows, as every one of us knows who mends a broken plate, that the way in which the parts are put together is the essence of the totality. When you add up a column of figures, it makes no difference in which order you put the numbers. But in putting bits of stained glass together to make a window, or lines to make a drawing, you know that the problem of creating something is only in small part a problem in summation; it is almost entirely a problem of organization. The stained-glass-window analogy will, in fact, serve us well for a consideration of the Gestalt psychology.

A clock has been taken apart and must be put together again. But suppose the parts of the clock, though properly classified in the inventory, are put together amateurishly; the parts are all there; the whole, the sum of its parts, is reconstituted; yet the clock is not a clock, for it will not go. Surely

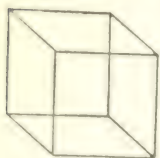


Figure 1

the whole is no mere sum of its parts; surely the way the parts are assembled is no mere detail, but rather the essence of the distinction between an organic unity and a meaningless junkpile of irrelevant wheels, bearings, and jewels. As Plato

would have said, the idea of clockness is wanting.

Glance at the accompanying figure. Does what you see consist of the sum of the parts? Look again. Curious, is it not, that whereas the parts remain constant, the whole is somewhat different from moment to moment? Is your consciousness or experience at any moment actually composed, then, of parts? If it were, would not the assemblage of parts always bring back the same whole?

No, not even in physics or chemistry, not even in the geometry of the block in which you live or the time relations of the melody to which you listen, can the form, the organization, the pattern by which wholes are constituted ever be treated as mere parts of a total.

"Thus, if to substance be joined the simple idea of a certain dull whitish color, with certain degrees of weight, hardness, ductility, and fusibility, we have the idea of lead; and a combination of the ideas of a certain sort of figure, with the powers of motion, thought, and reasoning, joined to substance, make the ordinary idea of a man." With words like this, John Locke sounded the clarion note of the "association" psychology, which for more than two centuries proclaimed that mental states are made up of simple elements added to one another.

And despite many disclaimers, the

new experimental psychology of the late nineteenth century was a radically analytic science; it sought to burst asunder any complex mental state or process and catalogued the fragments. The fundamentally analytic trend of the psychology of 1900 is clearly shown in the events of 1900 to 1915. For when Bechterew in Russia and Watson in the United States began to protest against introspective method, and to write an "objective psychology" they assumed, without as much as thinking about the matter, that the important thing was simply to divide men up not into subjective fragments (ideas), but into objective fragments (reflexes). A revolution, despite all this, was brewing.

The study of the *perception of motion* led in 1912 to Wertheimer's doctrine that the association of a number of psychical elements fails to explain the total experience. From this arose the doctrine that the description of parts and their connections never tells the nature of the whole; that, in fact, the whole is no mere sum of its parts, but a totality, an integer, a form, the nature of which must be directly grasped. There must be an end of elements. Just as chemical analysis of living tissues destroys life, rendering the mere chemical description inadequate as a description of the total reality, so the reduction of mental states to elements destroys that unity, that organization, which is mental life itself. It is of the very nature of a process of perception or thought to have organization, and this mode of organization is the reality beside which the supposed elements are but pitiful abstractions. Emphasis was placed upon the *Gestalt* or form of experience rather than upon elements of any sort. (Though we personally see no reason why *Gestalt* should not be translated *form*, as it is in most scientific and literary work, we must defer to the general opinion of the "Gestalt-ers" that neither "form" nor "pat-

tern" nor "configuration" accurately renders the German term.)

Koffka and Köhler were "laboratory animals" for Wertheimer; it was they, in fact, who from first-hand experience knew what these total forms or *Ge-stalten* were. With vigor and clarity they began a frontal attack upon the orthodox methods and conceptions of psychology, an attack which could scarcely be heard, of course, during the world chaos of the War, but which began shortly thereafter to command attention.

The Gestalt School has been exceedingly prolific in experimental researches, especially upon visual perception, and has enjoyed a popularity partly due to the enthusiasm and good temper of its advocates, partly to its bold endeavors to prove the novel proposition that elements and parts have no existence, and partly, of course, to fed-up-ness with other schools and the sheer love of a new idea for its own sake.

It is probable also that the mechanical character of both the orthodox introspective psychology and the Watsonian behaviorism were felt by students of psychology to be in ill accord with the whole trend in contemporary biology, which though it may be mechanistic is scarcely mechanical. A psychologist may believe that the ultimate interpretation of organic laws lies in physics and chemistry, but he knows that the fitting of pieces together, considering each new piece as something to be *added* to what was there before, is not an effective method of dealing with the organic and dynamic unity of either animals or man. There had been frequent gestures by the behaviorists in the direction of an "organismic" psychology, but for better or for worse most of the behaviorists have not listened.

It must also be granted that the Gestalt movement has owed some

of its popularity to its specious attempt to solve in one formula many different problems; not only the problem of organization, to which this article is devoted, but even the problem of purpose and the problem of meaning. This has helped the movement superficially but damaged it in the eyes of many of the more cautious thinkers.

Now it seems to me—and this is the reason for writing this article—that the Gestalters have made a very much bigger contribution than they realize; that their claims have been much too modest and in large part irrelevant; that an actual consideration of what they have done shows the movement to be of astounding significance, not only to psychology, but to all science and philosophy.

II

The progress of science has, of course, been in large part the process of stating in exact form the things which everybody knew in a vague kind of way. The difference between "common sense" and the real science on which our modern engineering and medicine, for example, are based, depends upon the proper manipulation of quantities, that is, upon measurement and the mathematical study of the interrelations between measurements. Quantitative method in psychology had, despite the genius of Fechner and Ebbinghaus, thrown but feeble rays into the darkness of the vast unknown which the new science sought boldly to explore.

For the Gestalt psychology is radically a *quantitative* psychology, as few of its devotees have clearly pointed out and as none has made articulate. Every experiment in optics and acoustics shows a certain discontinuity or break between one form of experience and another. Take this simple optical effect, for example.

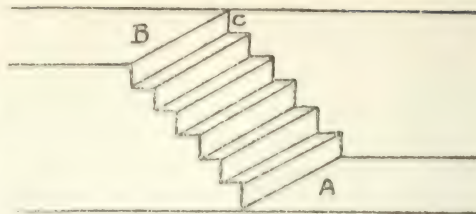


Figure 2

You will find here that you can see the staircase as if you were about to climb it from A to B, or as if you stood beneath it. In case the alteration of the two modes of seeing it does not immediately appear, just imagine yourself taking hold of C, pulling it sharply toward you, and you will probably get the effect. Now try just as hard as you can to see the figure as if it were absolutely flat, try to destroy the three-dimensional effect. The reason why you do not succeed is the fact that there are two fundamental forms or patterns or Gestalten here which are absolutely discontinuous. They are just as different as parabolas and hyperbolas, and unless you go to work and reorganize your entire mental furniture in relation to this problem, you will not be able to break up these patterns. Now the two ways of seeing this staircase differ no whit from the three or more ways in which you can see the following groups of dots.

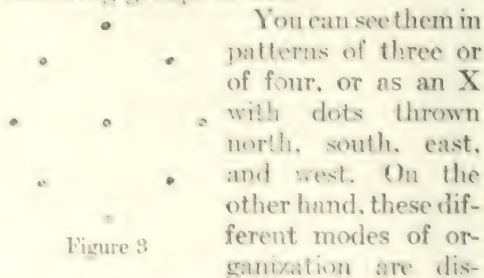


Figure 3

You can see them in patterns of three or of four, or as an X with dots thrown north, south, east, and west. On the other hand, these different modes of organization are distinct and discontinuous. You cannot group the dots in groups of three and a half. You cannot split a given dot and arbitrarily combine it with a fraction of another dot. You cannot, in other words, fill in the space between two Gestalten. That these Gestalten are quantitative modes of organization

is evident from the very material which has been used. The pattern is a spatial pattern within psychological space, that is, the space of the world which you experience. The problem is the same in the world of hearing or touching. You may perhaps have tried the experiment of listening to a metronome, or listening to a simple melody, combining the notes in such a way that they make different patterns. You can even train yourself to "feel" the accent at different places. But there is a limit to the number of different patterns which you can make out of the metronome ticks or the melodies; and what is more important, you will find that these patterns have a psychological will of their own; that there are particular patterns which are psychologically possible and that in between these there are simply no patterns which you can make. In other words, these psychological patterns, which are defined quantitatively, and which are just as much a matter of number as are the patterns used in physics or chemistry, present exactly the same kind of disjointedness, the same love of leaping from one form to another across a bottomless abyss, that we see in the case of the physical world.

Now let us look at this matter of "disjointedness" or discontinuity a little more closely.

Shall we make a compromise with John Locke's psychology, agreeing that the relations between parts are new elements, a kind of element which he had neglected, but after all elements serving their role in the total experience as any other elements may do? No, we can scarcely compromise, and that for two reasons: First, if the relations are simply new elements, we should have to describe the relations existing between the old elements and the new relational elements; and we should find ourselves in an *infinite regressus*. But our second objection is more final, and

makes even the beginning of a compromise quite hopeless. The fact is that wholes simply are not made up out of parts, not even in the physical world, and certainly not in psychology. Your percept, for example, of a cross is not the sum of an agglomeration of sensations contributed by the separate arms of the cross. The cross is a cross first of all. The "arms" are only recognized after the cross has been perceived as a whole. A large amount of work has been done with visual forms presented in indirect vision. If you keep your eye fixed upon a point before you and gradually swing an object from the side inwards toward the center of your field of vision, you will find that long before you begin to see the parts out of which the total object is said to be composed you will see the whole; that the object is, so to speak, fractionated, chopped up more and more, as it comes under closer and closer inspection. Triangles, rectangles, circles, for example, are as elemental as anything which can be said to have existence in the world of experience. We do not first see the lines and then put them together. We see the square or triangle and then analyze out the lines.

Yes, says the lover of mental elements, so we do in some cases, but all this is the result of our first experiences. We have but associated, tied together, various sensational elements; and these elements are so tightly bound together that we could not, even if we would, see the world again as it first appeared to our naïve childish observation.

Very well then, the appeal is to past experience, and to past experience we must go. Let us not, however, content ourselves with schoolroom or even kindergarten observations. Let us go back, with Volkelt, to the very first acts of perception in the child's life. Let us consider the development of the perception, for example, of space and of color. The discrimination of forms

has been investigated with truly German enthusiasm and thoroughness, and dozens of monographs have appeared in which the actual process of perceptual development has been delineated. The evidence seems to prove that the little child's first visual experiences are global totals, lumps from which, so to speak, bits are broken off as experience and especially as language makes discrimination possible. French and Swiss studies as well, usually with special emphasis upon linguistic growth, have made clear how very meager and insignificant is the process of synthetic association, or the piling of parts upon one another, the mere accretion or agglutination of new particles. The parts are, indeed, not recognized at all unless there is need for their recognition. The whole process of analysis is carried through by the child only when it is forced upon him.

The appeal, then, to child psychology, and to "association," certainly sustains the claim that in psychology we begin with wholes, not with parts; that experience is no mosaic of pieces but, in its pristine and original form, a unit from which the process of living gradually splits off one part after another. Such parts may in turn be split up farther, if the exigencies of life force such distinctions upon us. This is what the Gestalters mean when they insist that their psychology objects not to analysis but to synthesis, not to the recognition of the process of individuation within the total mass, but to the assumption that the mere putting of the pieces together would somehow explain or give reality to the original Gestalt.

But time has come to carry the war into the enemies' country. Some lingering phrases in the above paragraphs bespeak a willingness to lapse after all into the language of parts and wholes. It is, nevertheless, the contention of the Gestalter that the whole problem

of parts and wholes has been misconceived. Our evidence forces us to abandon this misleading terminology, and to look at the facts afresh. The profile below is a sketch of an acquaintance of mine—not very artistic, to be sure. If you will look at it a few seconds more, you will notice some curious things: details which no photograph could ever possibly have rendered in the way the drawing renders them. This face is, after all, not a face at all. Yet many a cartoonist uses fewer lines than these. Now, the instant you first looked at the face you were probably quite unaware of details which, when considered piecemeal, could not possibly make up a part of any face. The total mode of organization so dominated the process of perception that the marks upon the paper were literally forced to do duty as symbols for an appearance quite unlike themselves. In what sense, then, can these marks be

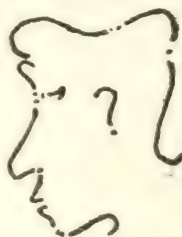


Figure 4

said to be part of the whole perceptual total?

The whole is not the sum of its parts, *even* if the mode of organization be freely conceded to be all-important. On the contrary, the whole determines its parts, not only their relation, but their very nature. A red blotch is, as far as we know, never simply a part of any landscape. On the contrary, all landscapes have the character of imposing upon each particle, abstracted from the whole, peculiar characteristics which must occur in that particular Gestalt, and could not possibly occur in any other.

III

The problem that we have been raising here as to whether wholes are made up of parts is, of course, a problem as to the nature of reality, not merely a problem within the sphere of

psychology. If we were willing to speak of Gestalten as *patterns* in the ordinary sense of "modes of arrangement of parts" in time or space, we should not be concerned to go beyond the rough and ready common-sense observations upon which the popular appeal of Gestalt psychology depends. We maintain, however, that the whole actually determines its parts, in fact, that parts have no existence except in so far as attention flags and allows an aspect of a unified whole to stand out in relief for a moment, making a new Gestalt of its own. This is no mere revolution in psychology; we can be content with nothing less than a new metaphysics, in which the part-whole relationship shall be irrevocably banished and the concept of unique characters, entities, or integers elevated to a position of genuine explanatory value. Atomic theories, elementarisms, structuralisms of all sorts must go. Instead of assuming, as naïve chemists of the early nineteenth century assumed, or as the almost equally naïve physicists of the early twentieth century thought they had proved, that the physical world is made up of parts which are ultimately exactly alike, we shall have to say, as relativity says, that the nature of any alleged part depends upon the place it holds, and that modes of relationship are the only absolutes which we can hope to know.

These modes of relationship, as known to physical science, are, of course, quantitative; and it is in the quantitative analysis of such relationships that the real heart of the problem of Gestalt lies. When one speaks of quantities, the suggestion is almost perforce conveyed that we are dealing with a continuum, the sort of gradation which space or mass or any other physical concept is supposed to present in its variation from small to large quantities. Actually, however, mathematics is *full of discontinuities*, and

these are the clue to our problem. The parabola, for example, differs from the ellipse, as you will recall, by only an infinitesimal. Will the lines come together into an ellipse, or will they go on forever diverging?

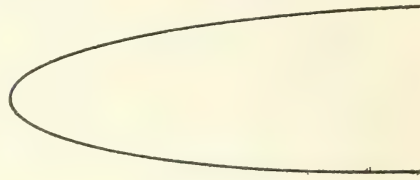


Figure 5

The two modes of organization are fundamentally, absolutely, and eternally distinct. The quantitative world is full of such discontinuities, patterns which, instead of merging into one another, continue forever in their own way.

Now, if we were willing to admit that visual Gestalten are mere geometric shapes, or that auditory Gestalten are mere temporal sequences, it would be possible to show in every case gradations from one to the next. There would be between the Gestalt of one man's face and another's an infinite series of faces. A sculptor could with his clay demonstrate to you all the transitions you like between any face and any other. Mere change of position in Euclidean space presents no problem of discontinuity, and so fails to interest us as Gestalters. If the mere recognition of the fact of spatial or temporal transitions were at stake, it would be well to turn to something more interesting. The essential contribution of Gestalt is, however, infinitely more impressive, more profound than this. It is content with nothing less than an answer to the problem of continuity and discontinuity in the realities out of which the world is made up. Just as Aristotle maintained that forms had existed eternally and never mingled one with



another, so the modern student of Gestalt notes the fundamental discontinuities of experience, the fundamental discreteness of the patterns of which life is composed; and, resolutely rejecting all compromises by way of simple spatial and mechanical analogies, presses forward to the determination of those Gestalten which are the truly ultimate and indivisible contributors to the world of experience. It is just because of its interest in cosmology that Gestalt is important for psychology; it is just because of its attempts to get beyond the mere relabelling of old *mental* events that it forces upon us a restatement of all *physical* events.

The fundamental pattern which you must follow to draw an ellipse depends absolutely upon a mathematical equation. There are three kinds of equations for conic sections; from these you may draw ellipses, parabolas, and hyperbolas.

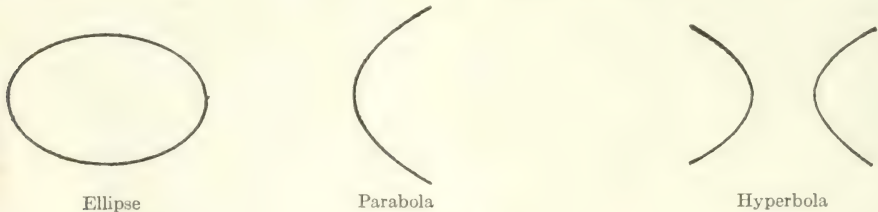


Figure 6

In other words, here are three absolute ways in which these few simple quantitative matters may combine. You may feel that it is arbitrary that they cannot combine in other ways. You may see no reason why there cannot be other forms or patterns besides these—patterns, for example, lying between the ellipse and the parabola. Now if the ellipse and the parabola were simply different steps in a continuous, orderly series, it would be possible to do so; but the perversity of mathematics is such that there simply do not exist patterns intermediate between these. If the pattern of the ellipse be

altered by as much as an infinitesimal (or if you like to use such conceptions, an infinitesimal part of an infinitesimal), the curve must willy-nilly take an absolutely distinct form. The geometer's world is a world made up in large part of these absolute jumps or gaps. Now of course the geometer's world, though it is in a sense an abstraction, is also in a sense the ordinary physical world; and the absolute discontinuities which we have just noted are found throughout the world of physical science. Parabolas are real enough to serve for the reflector in an automobile headlight or a searchlight; ellipses are real enough to serve for the path which our own earth follows about the sun. Comets return to us after years or fly off farther into space, depending upon the mathematics of their orbits. Microscopes see or fail to see the bacilli which we kill or which may kill us because their lenses conform to mathematical laws. The physical

world, in other words, is a world showing all these mathematical foundations which we have described as characteristic of geometry; it is a world of jumps, of breaks, of chasms over which no thread of logic can lead us. We must shut our eyes and jump as far as the structure of the human mind permits. No continuity between the two sides of such a chasm can even be conceived.

Everyone who has spent a few moments with analytical geometry will remember those beautiful three-petal and four-petal roses which an apparently dry and indifferent equation will turn out for you. The mathematical

structure of the world is at the same time the structure of its harmony. Just as symmetry and the more complex principles of design are ultimately matters of conformity or non-conformity to perfectly definite mathematical laws, so music insistently and eloquently proclaims the Pythagorean principle of numerical combinations as the sum and substance of what is beautiful. There are only a few properties, as a matter of fact, which define the character of the sound wave which carries us our music; and all are purely quantitative. No matter how delicious the sighing of the 'cello or how far away and mysterious the last harmonic of the flute, its nature, its whole self is there in an equation. Much butting of heads against walls has resulted from the attempt of the æsthetician, the religionist, and the plain man to escape somehow from these very evident facts, assigning a peculiar essence or qualitative nature to each of these obviously quantitative things. It may, for example, be argued that, whereas each part of a sound wave can be stated quantitatively, there is something about the quality of the tone or even of the harmony which is itself not quantitative. But this is exactly the weakest point in the qualitative view. The interrelation between pitch, intensity, and timbre is itself just as clearly mathematical as is any one of these taken alone.

In fact, mathematics revels in a presentation of systems of interrelationship. Most of the business of mathematics consists not in counting but in stating the interrelations between different sets of numbers. Where our musical data are most clearly definable, namely, in the sound waves, their quantitative nature is most obvious. Color, of course, is a strictly quantitative thing too; I mean, of course, physical color as the object-

ive thing which arouses in us the experience of red, green, or what not, just as in referring to the sound wave I referred not to experience but to stimulus. Not only color, but all the rest of the designer's and painter's art relies similarly for its effect upon an interrelation between certain quantities. The case in regard to sculpture is almost as perfectly plain as it is for music; for sculpture cannot say anything at all except in the language of geometry, that is, in terms of points, lines, and surfaces bearing highly specific quantitative relations. The world from which we define our values, in which we find beauty, to which we ascribe non-quantitative meanings is, despite all this, a quantitative world.

The only realm in which such principles have thus far failed of applicability is the realm of pure, or if you like, raw experience, the realm of sights, sounds, and feelings; and it is this realm in which science has made least progress and with regard to which the least dogmatism is permissible. The really astounding thing about the Gestalt psychology is the clarity with which the genuine quantitative organization of inner experience itself has been stated. The probability is opened to us that the realm of sights, sounds, and feelings as they succeed one another in varied experience is at last yielding to the same universal quantitative analysis which has now for four centuries given us such little insight as we have into the nature of the world outside of inner experience. Kant believed that psychology could never be a science for reasons which were perfectly true of the psychology of his own day. Comte and recently the behaviorists have believed that subjective data were by nature proscribed from the citadel of the mathematician. The last twenty years have shown clearly that all this is a mistake; the mathematical patterns of experi-

ence are actually in the process of being discovered.

But why, you ask, must the world be patterned at all? Why can there not be things existing for their own sweet sake, detached, serene, and unorganized? Why must things always be related to other things and the total patterns thus constituted be related in turn to still other patterns? Why, in fact, when mathematics is such a burden to nearly all of us, should the structure of the world be mathematical at all? Well, on this point you will have to consult the architect of the universe. Just as the Abbé Haüy found that crystals formed in some ways and not in others, because numbers were so and so; just as Mendelyeev found that the elements arranged themselves periodically because quantity was of the very nature of the supposed qualitative difference between chemical elements; just as studies of heredity have found that the almost infinitely complicated characteristics of the different members of a species are due not to mere likeness or unlikeness to grandparents, but to the permutations and combinations of independent "genes" behaving according to the law of probability, so, even the psychologist, he who presides over the inner recesses of the mind, finds that it is a stranger, the mathematician, and not he himself, who has the key to the treasure.

Ordinarily when we talk of numbers, we think of quantities, and when we talk of quantities we think of numbers. There are cases, however, where you may have one without the other. The distinction between tall people and short people is absolutely valid and completely satisfactory whether your measurements are made to a quarter of an inch or to a millionth of an inch. The exact number, in other words, is of no importance. If the world were made up of numbers and their combina-

tions in the simple way that we have been assuming, it would make all the difference in the world whether a man is 1112 millimeters high or only 1111. The numbers are absolutely distinct. They are no more alike in themselves than are the numbers in a lottery. There would be just as much sense in a person with card No. 1112 claiming the lottery prize assigned to No. 1111 as there would be in regarding one man's height as the same as that of another a millimeter higher. If the forms or Gestalten which are the means of organization of the world are, as I have contended, absolutely distinct, it is hard to see what we are to do with those cases in which slight quantitative differences are naturally of no account. Nay, the difficulty goes farther, for the same objection may be raised to our argument even in the realm of mathematics itself. When we were speaking of conic sections we pointed out that the difference between a parabola and an ellipse may be due to an infinitesimal; and it was upon such arguments as this that we rested our case for the existence of absolutely distinct quantitative patterns for the world and for experience. But one ellipse may also differ from another ellipse through the difference of an infinitesimal in the equations. Yet as we say, all ellipses belong to one family. They are but one Gestalt. Here in mathematics, then, we find that there are cases where numbers make no difference, that is, where so long as we stay within a given continuum one point or another within the continuum has no influence whatever upon the mode of organization.

There is, then, another explanatory principle to be recognized in addition to that of discontinuity. Between two Gestalten there is an absolute abyss; and this is, as we have seen, because numbers at a certain point fall away into nothingness, and when we recom-

mence on the other side we have to begin counting in a new way. Nevertheless, as long as we stay on one side of the abyss, numbers, so to speak, go on saying the same thing. They all speak the same language, and their slightly different accent troubles no one. The world is made up, then, just as much of continuity as it is of discontinuity, just as much of transitions as of sharp jumps, just as much (to speak psychologically) of sensations as of Gestalten. To treat a sensation as though it were a clue to everything, and as if Gestalten were but groups of sensations, is to miss half the universe; but to treat the universe as if it were

all Gestalten and as if within each Gestalt there were no place for analysis and no consideration of likenesses and differences would be to miss the other half of the universe. Why, after constructing the stellar and planetary systems, and the physical and chemical foundations of our life, on such an exalted pattern of Gestalten, nature should have sunk to mere continuity, mere family resemblance, between so many of her children is a question we shall not attempt to solve. Perhaps it is because the discontinuity between the very principles of continuity and discontinuity is itself the most perfect of discontinuities.

ONE VOYAGE MORE

BY EDWARD DAVISON

ONE voyage more and my sea-beaten bark
 Makes harbor and strikes sail, quenching her light
 All but two lanterns hung aloft to mark
 For other craft her anchorage at night.

Then I may sit alone on the after-deck,
 Living my life again in a long dream
 Of old dangers, hurricane, rock, and wreck,
 While the stars rise to make the water gleam.

Or take an evening turn ashore to find
 Some quayside inn where the old seamen meet
 To talk of ports they too have left behind,
 And ships and shipmates of the merchant fleet.

There will be pipes lighted and blue smoke heavy
 Among the beams, and glasses clinking round,
 And someone telling lies about the Navy,
 And songs perhaps, and everything well-found.

Afterwards, either way, berthed quiet below,
 For once with no cold midnight watch to keep,
 I'll be content to hear the ebb tide flow
 Under my ports, and maybe fall asleep.



THE HANDOUT MAGNIFICENT

BY WARD SHEPARD

WHEN it comes to getting rid of public lands Uncle Sam has always been a good spender.

For a century now he has been endowing a land-hungry nation with land—farmers with farms, miners with mines, lumbermen with forests, public schools with two square miles out of every thirty-six, States with grants of swamp lands, university lands, institutional lands galore, railroad builders with whole empires. Still Uncle Sam is “land poor” in the sense of having more land than he knows what to do with; and having exhausted his ingenuity in getting rid of it by this process of partition and attrition, he now thinks to surpass himself by the handout magnificent. At least he is flirting with the idea of making a gift of almost two hundred million acres of Western grazing lands to the Western States in order that in turn they may sell the lands to their citizens—and pocket the cash. That is if President Hoover’s Public Domain Commission has its way.

No mean gift, assuredly: almost a tenth of the land area of the United States, equal to a strip one hundred and ten miles wide straight across the continent from New York to San Francisco. Great wars have been fought for the possession of territories far less extensive and less valuable than these grazing lands—and less picturesque too. Endless leagues of rolling grassland and sagebrush, high wind-swept plains rimmed by purple moun-

tains, canopied by an unbelievably blue sky, drenched by monotonously brilliant sunshine—the Golden West! A spacious and open highway it has been for centuries, trekked over by Indians, conquistadores, padres, explorers, trappers, hunters, in the first tentative waves of exploration; in later ages by pioneers, gold hunters, soldiers, railroad builders, cowboys, sheepherders, homesteaders, claim jumpers, and the whole motley horde of land-hungry migrants, borderers, desperadoes, and other advance agents of civilization and empire building. And now these once romantic range lands have become the stamping ground, too literally, of myriads of cattle and sheep, and thereby the focus of a great problem in national land economy and social engineering.

Civil war, to be sure, will not be waged over these lands. But the scheme of disposal advocated by the President’s Commission will bring conflict—in Congress, in the press, in politics, on the range lands themselves. It will be a conflict between two opposite schools of political thought, of social philosophy—a conflict that cuts deeply into our social-economic-political structure. The advanced conservation school, of which Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot were the most brilliant and daring leaders, believed that certain basic natural resources—notably forests, oil, coal, water power, and certain key public lands—must be kept in public ownership

either to save the resources themselves from waste or ruination or to save the people from extortion. And they proceeded to make their belief effective on a grand scale. Conservationists have long held that the Western range lands present a special and difficult public problem; that their great national function is, through scientific management, to prevent erosion and floods in the headwaters and catchment basins of some of our greatest rivers; that this function can be achieved only if the whole vast area is kept in vigorous natural vegetation; and that the fulfillment of this broad, public, non-profit-making function can be achieved only under public ownership.

Against this conservation view, which gained such a magnificent popular ascendancy and such dynamic headway under Roosevelt, is instinctively pitted the individualist school. The simon-pure individualist depends on private initiative and private property to shape our economic destiny; he wants as little government as possible; he generally refers to government as "bureaucracy"; he is usually against public ownership and social control, even when demonstrably needed; and he is frequently willing to sacrifice an immediate and obvious public gain for the indirect objective of solidifying his economic and political principles.

The Western grasslands are now the battleground of these contending forces. In the narrow sense of converting grass into beef a fair case can possibly be made for private ownership of a good deal of these lands. But in their main function of water conservation they present a large-scale public engineering problem that cannot be solved by private ownership.

The proposal to bring the public domain into private ownership represents, therefore, a tentative victory for the individualistic school, a temporary setback for the conservationists. It is

a paradox that the man who, as Chairman of the Commission, sponsors this anti-conservation plan, Mr. James R. Garfield, was, as cabinet minister to Roosevelt, a pronounced conservationist. His advocacy of a political, *laissez-faire* solution of a non-political, scientific problem was, no doubt, deeply influenced by the anti-federal, states'-rights coloring given to the problem by President Hoover and Secretary Wilbur when they created the Commission. Thus Mr. Garfield, conservationist, becomes anti-conservationist. Mr. Hoover, eminent engineer, seeks to solve an engineering problem by political maxims which do not fit the case. Mr. Hoover, Republican, federalist, centralizer, national organizer, world food controller, becomes, for the moment, the strong advocate of Democratic, Jeffersonian states' rights. In this confusing clutter of paradoxes, perhaps at the same time the least confusing and the most significant fact is that the Commission's greatest authority on the public domain and on public land administration in general—Colonel William B. Greeley, formerly Chief of the United States Forest Service—declined to sign the Commission's report. No mention of that important omission occurs in the report—the name is merely absent, sunk without a trace, leaving no clue by which an inquisitive reporter might trail a significant dissent.

To those who know the real problem of the public domain the plan is not merely unscientific and anti-conservationist, but the report itself is paradoxical and impossible of internal reconciliation. For the problem is a conservation problem, and the Committee began its work as a conservation committee. The very name—the Committee on the Conservation and Administration of the Public Domain—was suggestive of great purpose and wide vision, akin to the limitless sweep

of the vast plains and mountains whose fate was at stake. It would take this empire of grasslands, laid waste by decades of neglect and by the beating hoofs of myriads of cattle and sheep, and set it on the road to rehabilitation and decent care. Properly grazed, it would furnish beef and mutton for a nation; and, reclothed with vegetation, would guard our great inland waterways and irrigation projects from floods and erosion.

This conservation purpose was clear to the Committee itself, which defined the main task the President had imposed upon it as follows:

The future disposition of the remaining vacant, unreserved, unappropriated public lands and the adoption of a definite program of conservation of grazing resources, either through ownership or control by the States or by Federal administration.

In spite of this clear objective, the Commission advocates in one and the same breath that the public domain shall be properly administered or regulated (which means public ownership, preferably federal), and that, with relatively minor exceptions, the public domain shall be passed into private ownership, via grants to the States, which means the absence of administration or organized control. The paradox can best be shown by quoting two of the Committee's chief conclusions:

That all portions of the unreserved and unappropriated public domain should be placed under responsible administration or regulation for the conservation and beneficial use of its resources.

It is the conclusion of the committee that as to agricultural and grazing lands, private ownership, except as to such areas as may be advisable or necessary for public use, should be the objective in the final use and disposition of the public domain.

A program of "responsible administration, regulation, and conservation," the avowed aim of the Committee,

obviously cannot be achieved by a *laissez-faire* policy of selling the land to private purchasers. That is the antithesis of a definite program of administration for conservation. It is a contradiction in terms.

II

To trace the origin of this singular paradox and to expose its fallacy will help to clarify the real essence of the public domain problem and to point toward the right solution. What to do with the public domain has in truth long been a knotty problem, and Mr. Hoover has done a service in bringing it dramatically to public attention. In a way, the land is a remnant left over from old land policies. For the ordinary homestead laws were not effective in getting it into private hands. Most of it could not be farmed and it could not be homesteaded in large enough parcels to be used as grazing ranges. Homesteads in the arid plains have been taken up chiefly to gain control of waterholes, springs, irrigable bottoms, and other key points that give domination over the surrounding free public range. The history of the Western ranges has not been one of peaceful farmsteads and bucolic quiet, as in the Middle West, but a sharp and often bloody fight for grass and water, punctuated by wars between cattle and sheep men, and feuds between graziers and encroaching homesteaders.

All these years Uncle Sam has done nothing about the unreserved range lands. He has allowed them to be illegally or extra-legally grazed and over-grazed by all comers, without a vestige of control. The West has paid the penalty in the near ruination of the range lands for grazing, and in the destructive increase of soil erosion, flood run-off, and silting of streams, valley lands, and irrigation reservoirs—all because of the destruction or depletion

of the protective vegetation, mostly grass. (Here is the very key to the problem.) For this plant life, important as it is for grazing, is vastly more important to protect the highly concentrated values of the great irrigation projects, the rich alluvial valleys, and the city water supplies. Great areas of grasslands may possess only a nominal value for grazing but an enormous value for protection. The destructive force of unleashed waters concentrated from millions of acres is incalculable and appalling. Only the most skilful management can maintain the delicate balance of nature in the arid lands.

As long ago as 1905 individual officials began to urge the Government to organize a system of grazing control of the range lands under paid permits. For years the Forest Service, the fighting conservation organization which Mr. Pinchot built, has championed Federal grazing ranges. But unfortunately the Forest Service had no jurisdiction outside the National Forests. The Interior Department was in control, and the Interior Department has usually not been aggressively conservationist. In fact, it has often been strongly anti-conservation—under Ballinger, for example, and Fall. Ordinarily it is simply not “conservation-conscious.” Its main business is to give land away, not to take care of it. The public-domain problem has slept peacefully these many years. That is until Secretary of the Interior Wilbur came into power under Mr. Hoover. Mr. Wilbur, like Mr. Hoover, is a Westerner; he has observed the Western range lands; he knows something about the land problem in its broad economic and national implications; he has made some essays towards conservation and is reputed to have ambitions as a leader of conservation. It was at Boise, Idaho, in 1929, that Mr. Wilbur made his first overt move toward a

settlement of the public-domain problem. In the course of a public speech, he said:

“The real conservation problem of the West is the conservation of water. Plant life demands water. . . . From Nebraska west, water and water alone is the key to our future. We need the mountains and the hills and a great protected back country or we cannot have sufficient water for our valleys. . . . There must be a great Western strategy for the protection of our watersheds and the plant life on them. . . . We must replace homestead thinking with watershed thinking, since watersheds are primary to Western homes.”

Then, after having eloquently and accurately described the problem, Mr. Wilbur proceeded to plant the seed that has grown into the mighty paradox of the Commission's report. He did not move to the logical conclusion of his argument by proposing a national solution of a national problem. On the contrary, he suggested, in effect, that the best way to meet this national responsibility was to turn the unreserved public lands over to the Western States. He went even farther and foreshadowed an ultimate possible transfer of the National Forests to the States. “With sound State policies based on factual thinking,” said Mr. Wilbur, “it may eventually develop that it is wiser for the States to control even the present National Forests.” This statement incidentally caused conservationists to bristle and see red; for the National Forests are the inviolable stronghold of conservation, and it is about as safe to suggest to a conservationist their dismemberment and dissolution as to suggest to a good Catholic the transfer of the Vatican to the Mohammedans.

President Hoover backed Mr. Wilbur in his State ownership plan. At a Conference of Western Governors held

at Salt Lake City the President, through an official spokesman, tentatively offered the public domain to the States, with strong denunciation of Federal landlordism and bureaucracy, but with the reservation of federally owned minerals and oil, National Forests and National Parks. As a way to action, he made the suggestion that the problem be turned over to a commission for further study and the framing of a solution.

At these startling gestures from high quarters, the Western States exhibited mixed emotions—a delighted titillation of the strong Western land hunger and urge for “development” (*i.e.*, fee simple title) and a faint suspicion that there was a joker somewhere, that the public lands might in fact be a white elephant, and moreover a rather hollow white elephant, with all its viscera of minerals, oil, and timber carefully removed.

Conservationists blinked askance. They had doubts of the Western States as real agencies for conservation of the grazing lands. They knew the history of politics, intrigue, and corruption surrounding many of the earlier land-grants to the States. And they, too, smelled a rat. The great conservation achievements of the past—hammered out by Roosevelt, Pinchot, and their aides and followers—were largely under Federal tutelage. Was this anti-federal, states'-rights move the first step toward weakening Federal conservation, possibly even pointing the way to ultimate State control of minerals, oil, National Forests? Some utterances, possibly unguarded, of Secretary Wilbur seemed to point that way.

The public was skeptical. The press uttered warnings. Even Western editors vigorously attacked the new Wilbur land policy and scoffed at the Western States as fit conservation agencies. Some saw the makings of a new Ballinger controversy.

III

How did the Garfield Commission commit such a paradox as to propose public administration and private ownership of the same land at the same time? The answer is to be found partly in the background of the Commission and its point of departure, and partly in its dual structure. At Boise, Mr. Wilbur had laid great emphasis on the alleged dangers and inefficiency of “Federal bureaucracy” and centralized control from Washington, in spite of the fact that he was within a stone's throw of some of the National Forests, with their thoroughly established and universally admitted success in working out a system of Federal administration that is decentralized and free from the conventional evils of bureaucracy. At Salt Lake City the President put even greater stress on states' rights. “The Federal Government,” he wrote, “is incapable of the adequate administration of matters which require so large a measure of local understanding. We must seek every opportunity to retard the expansion of Federal bureaucracy and to place our communities in control of their own destinies.”

Thus in a very real sense the Commission had a mandate from its creators for State rather than Federal ownership. This mandate was reinforced by the dual structure of the Commission, which was made up about equally of members appointed by the President and by the Governors of the Western States. Although the property at stake is national property, the Eastern and Middle States as states had no representatives on the Commission. The East has usually stood for conservation of natural resources; the West has stood for “development” *via* private ownership. But the East had no direct representatives to defend its views. The Commission was stacked.

This dual makeup unavoidably raised the states'-rights issue in an acute form and brought into play the maximum of political motives. With its anti-federal mandate and with its Western bias, the Committee was forced into an artificial emphasis of the supposed conflict between public and private interest, public and private ownership, "bureaucracy" and "liberty." Full play was given to the historic Western land-hunger and to latent (though by no means universal) Western opposition to Federal ownership of valuable natural resources.

(So "the real conservation problem" defined by Mr. Wilbur was entirely lost sight of.) The engineering-biological-economic problem of the public lands got caught in the quagmires and backwaters of states'-rights politics and of outworn public-land philosophy. Though the method had the merit of getting action, it had the defect that the action was backward instead of forward.

This backward turn is all the more unjustifiable because it ignores the great strides that have been made in recent decades in public-land administration and in conservation. The path to a more scientific approach was blazed long since. Forty years ago, when individualism was more rampant than it is to-day and conservation opinion almost unformed, the Government went straight to the heart of a great land problem by reserving the public timberlands as National Forests. In the succeeding decades our magnificent system of National Forests (almost as great in area as the public lands dealt with by the present Committee) was built up and brought under competent technical management for the perpetual benefit of the nation as a whole, and to point the way for the wise handling of all natural resources.

But the success of the National Forest enterprise has had no traceable

influence on the Public Domain Commission—not even that part of it which affords a direct parallel to the Commission's own problem. For the work of the Forest Service is not confined to forestry. From the start it was forced to deal with exactly the kind of grazing problem the Garfield Commission is dealing with—extensive public lands illegally grazed and over-grazed. The principles of public grazing administration so brilliantly worked out by the Forest Service can and should be applied to the bulk of the unreserved public domain.

To hand over the public domain to the States and then to private owners would be to disregard the impressive success in public-land administration achieved by the Federal Forest Service; to discount the immensely important water resources at stake; to ignore the squatter rights that have grown up through unmolested use of the grazing range; to create chaos in the Western livestock industry; and to inaugurate the last and greatest bout of land speculation and land politics in the long and often sordid history of the public lands.

IV

The Public Domain Commission has gone even beyond the ostensible Hoover-Wilbur mandate for State ownership to an out-and-out recommendation of private ownership (with relatively minor exceptions). Both the President and the Secretary of the Interior had at the start clearly spoken in terms of State ownership, or at least of positive State regulation of the grazing lands for conservation. That the Commission interpreted the intent of the President as implying public administration is shown by its own definition of its task as "the adoption of a definite program of conservation . . . either through *ownership or control by the States or by Federal adminis-*

tration." By what steps, then, did the Committee, after having adopted the sound general principle of public administration or regulation, proceed to nullify the principle in detail? It suggests that the first step is to reserve whatever lands may be needed for national defense, for reclamation, for additions to national forests and parks, for migratory bird refuges, and for other public purposes—all told, a minor part of the public domain. The remaining land, by act of Congress, is to be granted to the States within which it lies, conditional upon acceptance by the State legislatures.

The Commission then makes a verbal concession to conservation. The land passed to the States is to be "impressed with a trust for administration and rehabilitation of the public domain . . . and with such restrictions as Congress might deem appropriate."

If a State does not accept the grant, it is proposed that on application by the State legislature, the President shall designate the public domain as a national grazing range. At the end of ten years, in the absence of such application, the government may establish national ranges even without State consent.

The Committee then reaches its chief conclusion that private ownership is the objective in the disposition of the public domain.

How will these proposals work out, supposing their acceptance by Congress? It is conceivable that some States may reject the offer of the public lands. Most of them will probably accept it, if only with the hope of getting later other Federal resources such as timber, minerals, and oil; or under political pressure of the large livestock interests. Once the States get the land, most of them will proceed to sell it at auction to the highest bidder, as the Commission recommends. Some may keep the land and lease it.

Some may reject the offer and petition or permit the Government to establish national grazing ranges.

Now it is obvious that under this chaotic scheme any important strategy of rehabilitating the grasslands and devoting them to their highest use for water conservation is impossible. Conservation and the national interest are sacrificed to land speculation and the fetish of private property at all costs. A magnificent chance for intelligent planning on a continental scale is thus lost. For it is a fallacy to suppose, as the Committee suggests, that Congress can impress a grant to a State with "a trust for administration and rehabilitation." It is notorious that conditions attached to many past grants of lands to the States, to the railroads, and to other grantees have been violated with impunity. The phrase is a meaningless and unenforceable gesture.

Likewise it is a fallacy to suppose that private owners, once they gain possession of the public domain, can or will evolve Doctor Wilbur's "great Western strategy" for watershed protection. The Western livestock graziers are under constant temptation to over-graze the range and thus to deplete it further. To maintain dense vegetation and to evolve and apply the grand strategy of watershed protection requires the technical skill and the long-time planning of the Federal government. To find a parallel, it is only necessary to contrast the gross misuse and destruction of the forests in private ownership throughout the United States with the intelligent conservation of the National Forests. Even our farm lands, adaptable as they of course are to private ownership, are many of them so badly treated that millions of acres have been stripped of their rich top-soil by erosion that is easily preventable.

Laissez-faire economics of the Adam Smith brand cannot solve a national

engineering problem. The Garfield Commission made no effort to deal with its problem by engineering methods—the methods, namely, of actual survey and classification, so that each type of land could receive the rational treatment it needs. By such survey it would have been possible to determine what lands of the public domain are needed for watershed protection and must be kept in public ownership and what might safely be turned over to private owners. The Government has had much experience and technical success in such surveys—such, for example, as the original survey of the National Forests, classification of grazing lands under the grazing homestead law, and withdrawals of minerals under the mineral leasing law. Only once did the Committee even approach this method, when it recommended that further study be made to determine what lands should be added to the National Forests—a concession to the detailed and carefully weighed recommendations of the Forest Service.

V

A politically-minded commission, even though a little weak on engineering and botany, would supposedly be strong on the human side of its problem. On the contrary, it is precisely here that the Garfield Commission deals least realistically with its problem. Through Federal sufferance, thousands of ranchers have taken up homesteads, reared families, and built up flocks and herds that depend for their existence on the public domain. These ranchers have acquired rough-and-ready but morally important squatter's rights to use these lands. Over these rights the Garfield plan rides rough-shod in proposing sale to the highest bidder—which usually will mean the big outfits with money or credit. In many cases the business

assets and the life work of ranchers will be wiped out or sacrificed at forced sale to the purchasers of the surrounding range.

Once again we have a reactionary proposal that ignores decades of conservation experience. In 1905 the Forest Service was confronted with a similar problem in human rights when it brought the National Forests under grazing administration. The Forest Service, however, did not sell the grazing privileges to the highest bidder and thus ruthlessly evict the losers. On the contrary, it scrupulously recognized the rights of prior use and custom and equitably divided the grazing privileges in proportion to these rights. It went even farther than fairness: it guaranteed certain minimum grazing rights to the little men whose very livelihood depended on forest range and often reduced the larger herds to make room for the small herds. The solution of this complex problem in human rights as worked out by the Forest Service is a remarkable achievement in public administration and in social justice, surpassed in boldness and simplicity by few other social experiments in American history. It created a stable grazing industry, won the acceptance of the West, and at the same time fully protected the public interest against over-grazing and watershed injury.

The Public Domain Commission chooses to overlook the wise and just National Forest range administration in favor of cutthroat competition and widespread eviction. But it is the little men—thousands of them—who will be evicted; they have no voice in the strong livestock associations and no influence with the State legislatures. The scheme will be supported by the powerful livestock interests, who will see in it the opportunity to build up vast land monopolies. The plan, in essence, is one of monopoly and eviction, anti-social and undemocratic.

VI

If the public-domain program stopped here, it would represent nothing worse than a return to our ancient policy of costly errors in public-land disposal. Unfortunately it paves the way for applying the same dangerous political scheme to our greatest conservation achievement, the National Forests. The Committee recommends that Boards be created for each of the public-domain States, with both Federal and State representation (*i.e.*, dual authority with Western dominance), to decide what lands shall be added to the National Forests and what, if any, lands within National Forests shall be restored to the public domain. To restore National Forest land to the public domain means to open it to homestead entry or to hand it over to the States with the other unreserved public domain. The Board is to make its recommendation to the Secretary of the Interior, who is presumably to be the final authority on additions or eliminations, though the National Forests are in fact under the jurisdiction of the Secretary of Agriculture, who alone is responsible to the President and to Congress for the National Forest enterprise. It is no secret that the Interior Department is not over-friendly to the National Forests; as recently as the Harding administration it made a strenuous effort to gain control of them for "development."

Through the proposed Boards the National Forests, for the first time since their initiation in 1891, would be open to politics and to dismemberment. The National Forests are immensely rich in grazing resources, in timber, in water power, and in recreational resources, many of which have

real estate values comparable to those of metropolitan land. These rich prizes make it fatal to set up an easy way to "eliminate" National Forest lands and get them into private hands for "development."

The question of what lands should be added to or eliminated from the National Forests is an administrative, engineering, and biological problem that can be intelligently settled only by responsible administrative and technical authority. The Forest Service, through decades of skilful and public-spirited service, is best able to handle this problem; and neither Congress nor the public will be convinced that the fate of the National Forests should be turned over to political Boards without administrative authority or technical competence and to a Federal Department that has no responsibility for the National Forests and that has often been dangerously hostile to conservation and complacent in permitting land monopolization and speculation. Nothing is discernible in the new Wilbur land policies, as exemplified by the Public Domain Commission, to allay the fears of conservationists as to what may happen once the National Forest walls are breached.

The "great Western strategy for the protection of our watersheds and the plant life on them" which the Public Domain Commission set out to create thus disappears in an atavistic throw-back to the economic philosophy and the land politics of the 1880's. "Homestead thinking," to use Doctor Wilbur's phrases, has won a decisive victory over "watershed thinking" and over conservation thinking in general. Neither Congress nor the public will be deceived by the fictitious aura of conservation that surrounds what is really only a good old-fashioned land-grab.



THINK OF THE STARS

A STORY

BY VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS

MARY put a careful edge of cold cream on each eyelid, reddened her lips, and got into the tub. There was plenty of time. Lubski would not come for another half hour to fetch her. She could hear George in the next room, stepping methodically from closet to bureau in the familiar routine of dressing. To-night, however, he was not singing "Water Boy." He was not, in fact, singing at all. Noticing this, suddenly Mary frowned. She slid deeper into the hot water, leaned her head on the ledge of the tub, and sighed.

From below the shuttered bathroom window came occasional shouts, throaty and unfamiliar. Mary shifted a little in her tub and tried to listen. It was probably a fight between taxi drivers. At home it would only jar the nerves. But here in Vienna, where she could scarcely understand, a fight between taxi drivers became a drama. Shouts in any strange city lost their sardonic banality, became grim, sinister, and somehow important. That was the best part of going to far-off places, Mary reflected—the importance of everything. It prickled sharply within you. You were more aware. You no longer took your days and nights for granted since they acquired an edge. You came alive.

That is, you came alive inside, Mary amended to herself as she swashed her neck with soap, avoiding her face

which was arranged, rather more carefully than usual, for the evening. You could not share this reborn vitality. Not, at least, with George. With George, to spend extra energy meant to play thirty-six holes of golf instead of eighteen, or to see Roman ruins, somewhere, anywhere, see them from first nook to last cranny, quoting judiciously from a guidebook, and padding the information here and there with warmed-over facts learned long ago. Or it meant, this spending of George's energy, a day of gala generosity, a day of buying Chanel clips, Reboux hats, and Lanvin models for Mary. That, of course, was lively. More because it gave George such obvious joy, such a masterful feeling, than because she wanted a freight of possessions. Two years ago perhaps, before she was married, when she had gone to dance at the Casino in an eighteen-dollar bargain, conscious of splitting seams and a brittle surface so surely the sign of cheap material, conscious, too, that the milk bill must go over another month to make up for the purchase of the dress; two years ago, when she had to pretend to her smoothly groomed friends that to be poor was a gay adventure, these shopping bouts with George would have lifted her to a peak of relief. They would have meant freedom.

But all that seemed now a past incarnation. The time when a package

arriving at the back door was a whip to excitement, when a new pair of shoes carried you fleetly through the most oppressive day, when the dream you turned to for escape was about an uncle who died and left you two thousand dollars—that time had irrevocably fled. It had ended abruptly, neatly, like a rope cut in two by the stab of a blade, on the day when she saw Peter.

The name Peter, just the word itself with no vision behind it, slipping to the foreground of her mind, startled Mary. Quickly she pulled the plug in the bath. Quickly she flicked cold water on her shoulders and stepped from the tub.

There was a knock on the door into George's room.

"I'm not quite through, dear. What is it?" Mary asked.

George opened his door a crack.

"Who did you say that fellow is, the one you're going out with?"

"He's a Pole, named Anton Lubski. You remember him. He was at that party the other night. The oldish one, with gay eyes."

"You know, Mary," George cleared his throat uncomfortably, "these foreigners don't feel the way we do. When they take a married woman out alone they expect things. It's not done here. A fellow was telling me, the other day, about a Frog who took his sister to a place in Paris and . . ."

"Oh! don't. I'm sorry, dear, but really I've heard that story before. After all, I've been places. I'm no infant. I don't need mollycoddling."

"No, but still you're my wife. I don't want anything to happen to you. I was only thinking, darling, that it might be better—I could easily change my date. If I came along I wouldn't cramp your style. I promise I wouldn't. And that fellow would have more respect for both of us."

"Damn respect. Listen, George. It isn't that I don't like going out with you. We have a lovely time. But

one's got to have a little change. Don't you see? I haven't spent an evening away from you for months—I only did it twice, anyway, in the whole year we've been married. And a party with three people is deadly. You know it is. Please, George, don't make a fuss."

There was a pause. Then George poked his head into the bathroom.

"Darling, I want you to have a good time. It's just because I love you that I try to protect you. You're my little girl, you know. I've got to take care of you. I do love you so, Mary."

Mary, wrapping her towel close, went over to the door and kissed George on the cheek.

"I know you do. You're lovely to me. You do take care of me. You make me feel safe. George, I appreciate it, honestly. It's only that sometimes one must risk a little. Otherwise safety loses its value."

Mary kissed him again lightly.

"You can have the bathroom now, dear. I must get into my clothes."

It was true that George made her feel safe, Mary thought, turning the words over in her mind. If she fell ill he would move mountains to care for her. When a dark curtain dropped over her spirit, provided she gave him a reason, sound and understandable, for her mood of stubborn melancholy, George laid himself out generously to help her. George stood between her and the world, would always stand so if she kept her world within his confines. But when the world loomed beyond him, rolling into a whole universe he did not suspect, when dreams, grown dim, flared close again, George's gesture, however gallant, was bootless. Beyond his safety lurked life.

Mary twisted her hair behind her ears and secured it. She lingered over each step in the process of dressing, trying for once to prolong it. At the back of her mind, poised, ready at any

second to drop, hung a little plummet of pain. It must not fall. She knew if it fell what would happen. Plumping into the sea of her doubts, it would stir a current among them, break the stillness for which she had fought these many months, put an end to peace. If the plummet fell this is what would happen. It had happened so often before.

She pulled on her dress. Then she sat down at the dressing-table to groom again her ruffled hair.

The dress was a warm color, warm for a winter night, and its reflection warmed her skin. An earth color, Mary thought. Peter had loved earth colors. Peter rarely mentioned what you wore. He always said that you should not wear anything. Clothes were an impediment. They were part of the weary paraphernalia with which people blanketed reality. They were merely possessions to clutter your freedom. They belonged with houses, furniture, golf clubs, churches, and marriage, he used to say—all weapons with which people could stamp away ideas. Because people hated ideas, Peter said, and particularly new ones. They clung to personalities. They hugged the tenets of their neighbors. They sought not only objects to possess; they sought to possess one another.

But once when Peter had been away and Mary had not seen him for a month, which was a long hiatus, even for Peter, he had come in, unexpectedly, and found her in a red dress.

"I like you in earth colors," he had said. "You are Mediterranean. You are warm, that way."

Then he had closed swiftly around her.

After a time he had gone on talking, of the soil here and there in strange parts of the world. He had talked long and brilliantly. Mary, meanwhile, had sat quite still, thinking, "He likes me in this dress."

Across the room the telephone bell trilled, scattered Mary's thoughts, pricked her to activity. This was Vienna. She was going out. Lubski awaited the *Gnädige Frau* in the lobby.

Mary brushed her hand across her head. "There, Peter," she thought, "you're boxed." She would have bound him in irons, if she could, to keep him from prying the lid off her mind.

She wrapped herself in her fur coat and went over to George's door.

"George," she called, "I'm all ready, and Lubski's downstairs."

George came into her room.

"You haven't put on those boots, darling, and there's a heavy snow."

"I hate wearing the things. They make me look so bundled and clumsy at night. I shan't need them. I'll be in a taxi all the time."

"Mary, please. You might at least do that much for me."

"Oh! all right, dear, if you think it's wise."

Mary sat down and buttoned the velvet boots meekly. Then she stood up and smiled.

"Well, good-night. Be good and go to bed early."

George held her arm.

"What time will you be home?"

"I don't know. Pretty late, I guess. We'll probably dance, or something. Don't worry though."

George kissed her, a little feverishly.

"I can't go to sleep till I know that you're safe. Remember that."

Mary sighed.

"I'm safe, George," she said. She left him standing in the middle of the room.

At four o'clock in the morning Mary and Lubski were in a taxi humping along the snow-laden streets to the Prater. They had danced till the pianist closed his piano and till the waiter had stood adamant before their table, check in hand. Then they had started back to the hotel. But Lubski

pleaded for another hour. One only went to sleep to escape boredom, he said. So Mary conceded the hour.

All the way into the park Lubski whistled for her. He had one of those pure, light whistles pitched for melody. "The Merry Widow" careened through the night air, lifting, falling, with a swoop which clutched the heart. No jolt of the taxi could jar its spell.

At the end of a by-road, near a darkened inn, the taxi stopped.

"For a moment we will get out," Lubski said. "Only for a moment. It is perfect to see the Danube among snows."

Lubski made foot tracks down a slope to the river's edge. Mary, with gingerly steps, followed him. They stood together.

Mary felt the silence close around them. It was an important silence, wintry, black-shadowed, piling the scene with meaning.

"Look there at those stars," Lubski pointed to the serried brilliance overhead. "What can it matter, after all, about us?"

Mary stood very stiff and quiet in the cold. She did not answer.

If he had looked through the walls of her mind, if he had sought to prod what hid behind them, he would have said that. What can it matter, in the face of the stars?

Peter's voice sounded in her ears. Once more Peter was beside her, not touching her, yet, as always, truly penetrating her. It had been cool with the coolness which succeeds heat, that summer night a year and a half ago, when for the last time Mary saw Peter. A mist crawled up the river bed and drifted toward the hill crests. She heard her own voice, ripping the silence.

"I'm in love with you."

"Does it hurt you, Mary?" Peter had asked.

"Sometimes."

"I'm sorry."

Peter fell silent again.

"It is wonderful to be loved," he said at last.

Then again silence. Mary's heart gagged. She put up her hand to steady it.

"You see," Peter went on, "being in love means wanting to keep. I don't want to keep you. I can't. I must not have possessions, even dear ones, to watch over and care for," he explained, turning his eyes brightly toward her. "I must be free to come and go. I have work to do and I know I can do it. Being in love, as it is called—no, it's not for me."

Peter sounded so gentle, sparing her in that way the fact that simply he was not in love with her. Peter would be kind, no doubt, if he were killing her. Mary said nothing. There was nothing to say.

"Look up there," Peter said, tilting her chin with his hand, toward the sky. "Look at those stars. Do you know that there are thirty million other nebulae besides the one we know? That is very important, Mary, when you are hurt. Think about it a little, will you?"

The thirty million nebulae were only a halo for Peter's head. But, of course, he could not see that. Still, Mary did not speak.

"I've tried," she said finally. "It doesn't help, Peter. When you can't have what you want, you know, a whole heaven of self-poised stars won't ease you. Listen, my dear"—her voice fell sure and smooth—"I don't think I'll go on this way. I don't dare. So don't call me up. Wait till I send for you. Will you?"

"If that is best for you."

Gravely he took her hand.

"I can't thank you," he said.

"Good-night." Mary walked away, through the field, down the path.

She did not look again at the stars. Her eyes were riveted on the road ahead.

Mary moved a step from Lubski.

"I think we'd better go back," she said. "I'm a little cold."

As he handed her into the cab Lubski said:

"What we Europeans always wonder about is why your men allow their beautiful wives to go out with us. They are not anxious to protect you. Will you forgive me an intimate question perhaps? I am truly interested. Do you not, as a woman, like to be taken care of?"

"But I am taken care of. That's why I married, I think. The need to feel that one is uppermost in someone's life, more important, let's say, than the stars."

Mary mustered a small laugh.

"Since I'm being so frank with you, have you noticed these boots? My husband wouldn't let me come out to-night without them."

George had insisted on the boots. He always thought of boots, of coffee when she needed it, and of tickets when she would have forgotten them. He was the most thoughtful person in the world. George never kept her waiting. He preferred to wait. He would not be waiting now though. It must be nearly five o'clock. George need not know, Mary decided, that she had gone to the Prater with a Polish fellow and stayed out until five o'clock.

Back at the hotel, Mary walked swiftly down the corridor to her door. She took care in turning the key not to rattle it. She went in and switched on the light.

George, with his pipe between clenched teeth, was sitting there, in the armchair, awake.

"Darling, why on earth aren't you in bed?"

George took the pipe from his mouth with deliberate fingers.

"Have you had an accident?" he asked.

"Why, no. Of course not. We danced."

"Oh."

George got up and went through the bathroom to his own room, closing the door behind him.

Mary sat down for a moment. She felt suddenly as tired as she had ever felt. George was trying to enclose her. That was how she had wanted to enclose Peter. Poor George.

In a few minutes she followed him.

"Darling, I'm sorry," she said. "It was very thoughtless of me. I'm afraid I am a thoughtless person. I'm so sorry I worried you. Please," Mary put her hand on his shoulder, "Please don't. Forgive me."

His face looked stiff in the light shed from the ceiling. He shook away her hand.

"I am angry. Why shouldn't I be? Anyone would be angry. My wife stays out all night in a strange city with a fellow I don't know anything about, while I'm supposed to go quietly to sleep. I can't bat an eyelash when you're out for nearly twelve hours. What do you think I am, anyway? I'm a human being. Our lives are bound together, and what you do with yours is my concern. As a matter of fact, it's my chief concern. Nothing else makes any real difference."

George blinked in the light, started toward Mary, then turned and threw himself into his bed and drew the comforter over his head.

Mary looked gravely at the heap of bedclothes.

"Think of the stars," she whispered.

"How's that? Did you say something?" he asked, still muffled.

"I was only saying that I understand."

Mary went slowly from the room.



DROWNING IN OIL

BY AVIS D. CARLSON

OIL is the most fantastic thing in the world. Everything about it is unbelievable. To grow up, as I did, in a region where people say "When I strike oil" instead of "When my ship comes in" is to grow up without any proper sense of what is generally called reality. In the last decade barrels of ink have been devoted to the attempt to make this fantasy seem real to the rest of the world. Untold millions of hard-earned dollars have poured from every corner of the nation into the pockets of promoters who knew how to cash in on the fairy story. Now comes a new chapter in it—the most fantastic of all, though its name is the essence of prosiness: over-production.

It affects practically every man, woman, and business in Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas, and constitutes a peculiarly knotty phase of the general economic problem. The Eastern politicians who think that prohibition is still the prime issue in these three States only fool themselves. From Kansas straight south to the Gulf, prohibition is just now about as important politically as an obstinate corn on a foot which has suddenly developed arthritis. For the price of crude oil is from twenty to forty cents a barrel, about half the price of a sirloin steak in a Wichita or Tulsa restaurant, and considerably less than the price of five gallons of bottled drinking water. Wars have been fought over oil, and international policy is perpetually busy

with the problem of insuring an adequate supply of it for the future; but Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas are suffering from too much oil, are fairly drowning in it.

To give any conception of the situation a few figures are necessary. They concern supply and demand, production and consumption. The daily or monthly production of oil can, of course, be only estimated. The supply to be had from any given field can also only be estimated, and roughly at that. But the consumption can be accurately measured and is well known. In any mid-continent oil center almost any bank clerk can tell you that the United States consumes in round numbers two and a half million barrels of crude oil every day. A "potential"—the producing power of a well or a field—is notoriously hard to estimate and subject to inflation, but the "potential" of the Oklahoma City pool is usually given as seven million barrels per day.

Even when allowance is made for inflation, there is unquestionably enough oil in that one pool to keep the furnaces and motor cars of the country going for a long time.

And it is only one of several enormous fields, any one of which could, were it pumped to its capacity, meet the present national demand. Smaller but still very rich pools are scattered over Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Louisiana, and Arkansas.

This condition alone would mean a

vexatious surplus of oil; but it is not the whole story, not by any means. About 650,000,000 barrels of crude oil are in storage tanks awaiting sale. It went into storage when the price was in the neighborhood of two dollars. Like farm-board wheat, it is simply there, waiting—and making everyone uneasy. The export trade has dropped off sharply, as oil from the huge fields of Persia, Rumania, and Russia has found its way into the world markets. More than 250,000 barrels a day are actually being imported into the United States, chiefly from Venezuela. And there is no tariff on oil.

That was enough to pull the price down to sixty-seven cents a barrel last January, too low for any small well to pay the costs of production. Oil men comforted themselves with the belief that they had struck bottom—surely nothing could be worse. But in the same month something much worse did begin to happen. East Texas suddenly began to spout oil. In spite of the congested market and low price, in the face of every business principle, the usual fever of promotion began to flare. An oil strike is always mad enough to make one blasé about any further slight excitements life may have to offer. But this one is crazy beyond belief. In a huge pool better than thirty miles long and from five to eight miles wide, by the first of June, wells were coming at the rate of a hundred a week. Did I say wells? It is too tame a word for these geysers rolling up ten to forty thousand barrels a day, even when they are drilled so close together that the usual oil field stench and confusion become simply indescribable.

The opening of this Gregg-Rusk field was the last straw, the one thing too much. Much of the drilling was done, as is always the case, by operators who bought their supplies on credit and perhaps paid their workmen in shares—simply stretched themselves to

the limit to put down the well. Because of the short drilling time, a well can be sunk and equipped for considerably less than in Kansas and for about a fourth of what is required in the Oklahoma City pool. But even at that, an independent operator who has poured more than twenty thousand dollars into the greasy throat of a well must have some money out of it and quickly unless he has a far bigger reserve than the small independent operator usually has. We are used to the phrase "land-poor." Many of these men are "oil-poor." Like the old woman of the shoe, they have so much oil they don't know what to do. Tales are circulating that some of them are even borrowing money for their lunches. Stories of this sort serve to illustrate the general situation. And incredible as they seem, I suspect most of them to be literally true.

The result is what we call "dumping" when the Soviet Republic, driven by the grim necessity of selling enough wheat and oil to buy machinery, does it. But that much-abused nation never dumped with the alacrity and thoroughness with which the oil operators have thrown this "distress crude" upon the market. In plain words, they take whatever they can get for it—usually anywhere from ten to twenty-five cents a barrel, sometimes even less. Until quite recently they have absolutely refused to unite to reduce the production of the field. It was every man for himself, selling as much as he could for whatever price he could get—a long jump backwards to the day of direct bargaining. "Horse-trading," the disgusted operators in Kansas and Oklahoma snort about such marketing.

II

So much for the causes of the prostration of the oil industry in the mid-continent field. Aggravating them has

been the continual, more or less open warfare within the industry. The three big companies which operate in the field (Standard, Dutch Shell, Gulf, and their subsidiaries) have maintained a fierce competition among themselves. But that is nothing compared to the bitterness of the independent operator who feels himself being squeezed out of the game. He has no foreign concessions, and so resents every barrel of cheap oil that is brought to American refineries from abroad. Only the largest of the independent concerns have financial reserves anything like adequate for the present crisis. In such a situation the independent, whether a large company with a capital of many millions or an individual with only a single string of tools as working capital, must inevitably be the victim.

Of course it is partly his own fault. He could not see the handwriting on the wall. He did not understand, or would not understand, the ominous meaning of the oil surplus which has been continually mounting for several years. He kept on "wild-catting," and whenever or wherever there was an oil strike he plunged in merrily without regard to the figures on consumption and production. Whenever one of his "wild-cats" turned out to be a well, the play was inevitably on; for the law made him drill more wells to avoid pumping away an adjoining landowner's oil. Those, in turn, led to other "offsets," and so the game went on until the new pool was thoroughly opened. In that sense the independent operator is responsible, as the big companies charge, for the present chaos.

But nothing could be more unfair than the campaign of editorial abuse which is being directed against him in some of the metropolitan newspapers. (Even in Wichita and Tulsa one hears street-corner economists saying, "He got himself into this mess. Now let

him fry.") The fact of the matter is that the independent operators are making a genuine attempt to curb their activity and ease the strain on the market. As far back as 1928 the operators interested in the Seminole pool in Oklahoma, then new, began voluntarily to "prorate" their wells. That is, each operator sells only a certain per cent of the potential production of his wells, and each pipe line company buys from all the wells alike. In July 1929 the Kansas operators followed suit. In at least these two States during the past two years there has been a consistent attempt to hold down production. Just now Kansas operators in the two new pools still on flush production are selling seven per cent of their "potential," and operators in the Oklahoma City pool two per cent.

The theory of proration has been bitterly opposed by a large group of the independents, and as a system it has worked only with many creakings and clankings and some actual injustice to individual operators. A potential is a slippery thing indeed. So much depends upon how it is taken. The operator thinks it to his advantage to have his potential as high as possible, so that his allowance of salable barrels may be as large as possible. "What happens," wearily remarks an opponent of the proration system, "is that everybody does his best to step up his potential a little, and then the purchasing companies say, 'Look at all this oil we've got on our hands, would you?'—And down goes the price again."

But this inflation is not the whole difficulty. The wells in a field change in their productive power rather rapidly, especially at first when the flush production is running out and the wells are settling into their steady output. Hence, what is a fairly accurate "potential" for one month may be much too high the next. In Oklahoma the proration is under the control of a State

commission. Some grumblings about favoritism and graft are, therefore, always floating about. But, on the whole, the production has been held down to a surprisingly small per cent of what it would have been had the wells been pumped to their capacity. And on the whole the operators have shown a surprising amount of loyalty to the group decision in favor of proration. As one of them remarked, "The independent who howls about proration simply hasn't thought of what would have happened without it. It would have been even more than it has been a case of dog eat dog—and you can bet the dog that got the last meal wouldn't have been an independent."

The curb of proration has been necessary, perhaps, but it has been a cruel one. The cost of drilling and equipping a well in Kansas is about thirty-five thousand dollars, and in the Oklahoma City pool about three times that much. Anyone with a pencil and a bit of rudimentary arithmetic can figure out how long it would take to make a prorated well, even a big one, pay for itself at thirty cents a barrel. At that price a really good well which has settled into its steady production hardly pays the expense of pumping it. A small well does not pay that expense. Let an operator sum it up in his own forceful diction. "Here I am with a potential production of 14,000 barrels a day. If they'd open that up for just one month, by God I'd show 'em how the hogs ate the cabbage. But as it is my oil runs just about cover my overhead. And at that I'm damned lucky not to have to drill a bunch of offsets."

Not all the operators are so lucky. Every well demands its offsets, and no land-owner neglects to collect his legal due. The price of oil and the condition of the market mean nothing to him, for whatever royalty he gets is pure velvet. And, besides, he naturally objects to having his oil pumped out through

Neighbor Brown's well. When it is a question, as it always is, of drilling the offsets or forfeiting his lease holdings, the operator can hardly hesitate. It is only good poker to "cover." In a time of rapidly falling prices that course is simply disastrous. Here is a typical case. A small company brought in a 5,000 barrel well in a new field almost within the city limits of Wichita. Judge of their excitement, for crude was then selling at well over a dollar. They had to drill three offsets. The price dropped. Then came proration, and the well was "pinched in" to about 400 barrels. Somehow the operators raised the money to put down their offsets. The price dropped again, to 67 cents. The operators made the rounds of their creditors and reached an agreement on what might be called a friendly receivership. The price fell to 37 cents. The creditors decided to stop pouring money into a rat hole which apparently had no end. The chief operator lost everything: tools, interest in the wells, \$30,000 home, securities, car, and at last even his furniture.

That is not an isolated case. In the last two years company after company has had a similar experience. A few of the operators cleared out in time and bought bonds or real estate. But only a very few. In Wichita one could count them on the fingers of one hand and still have some fingers left. A few facts about the typical independent producer are sufficient to explain why he almost never clears while the clearing is good.

In the first place he is a gambler. If he were not he would not be in oil, the most unstable of all businesses. In previous centuries he would have been what is known as an adventurer—would have explored continents, tackled pirates (or maybe been one!) and led forlorn hopes. He is the kind of person who can take a long chance and

live through the strain of it without cracking nervously. He is used to tight holes and rather enjoys them for the excitement they offer. The average producer has been "broke," or the next thing to it, so many times that deep in his heart he believes he will always be able to squirm out of a tight hole. He can't play safe, because there is nothing conservative either in his business or in his mental make-up. If he has not himself recovered fortune just at the last ditch, he knows plenty of men who have. The chances are that time and again he himself has spent the cold early morning hours fidgeting about on a rough platform under the yellow glimmer of a rig light while a tense little group of workmen in crude-stiffened overalls "drilled in" the well upon which his last dollar was staked. If it turned out to be a well, he sallied forth and celebrated the occasion by getting gloriously tight. If it proved to be a "duster," he sought solace in the same way—and the next day began to hatch schemes for financing another thrust at fortune. This deep-seated optimism, born in him and intensified by all his working experience, made it quite impossible for him either to recognize in time the real seriousness of the situation, or, recognizing it, to take a cautious course.

In the second place, he is a spender. When he makes a strike he does not go forthwith and pile up the good substantial investments that all the books on finance advise. After the nightmare of dry holes and ever-mounting obligations life opens up gorgeously. Within twelve hours after his strike every first-class salesman in the vicinity is on his trail. A glittering new limousine, a mansion equipped with thick carpets and the last word in furniture, a swanky office, a blonde with a penchant for fur coats and similar knickknacks, hilarious parties—any number of beguiling ways of spending

money spread before him. Real wealth, tremendous wealth seems just around the corner. When it comes there will be time to turn conservative. Meantime he needs his cash both for his new toys and for further drilling. The books on finance are well enough for men who live in the world of sober everydayness. They just don't apply to Wonderland.

Furthermore, the typical independent oil operator came up from the ranks. He was probably an oil-field worker, a roustabout, tool-dresser, or driller, or perhaps each in turn. The president of one of the largest mid-continent independent companies said to me the other day, "I've done it all in my time, even to digging the ditches." By some piece of luck these men broke into the game (their own word for their business) for themselves, perhaps took a share in the well they were drilling for a hard-run operator or perhaps picked up a lease for nothing much and found it worth thousands. Once they got together a string of tools or a block of leases, they were off, for it is one of the "facts" of Wonderland that a well, costly as it is, can always be financed. Once they are in the game, their former existence seems utterly impossible. They may say, as one of them recently joked across his enormous mahogany desk, "If worst comes to worst, I can go back to preaching," but one knows that they will not go back to whatever they were doing—not so long as there is a last faint chance of staying in oil.

Besides all that, these men are active, I sometimes think the most extreme "doers" in the world. Something must be going on. It is not in them to let well enough alone. They have no training or aptitude for leisure. So long as the breath of life is in them, they have to keep on the move. The men who opened a new pool last winter did not want to do it. Their

whole business judgment was against it. But—

"I knew there wasn't any money in it. There couldn't be with crude at 67. But I was so damned sick of sitting around in that office, just sitting there jawing with anybody who happened to come in. The everlasting parties were about to get me down, too. And the men who had worked for me kept hounding me for a job. Some of the poor devils with families and no money for groceries got on my nerves. Honestly, I got so grouchy about it all that my wife threatened to leave me. Then this deal came along, and I thought I would take a chance. I got a fine well, but a lot of good it does me. Now I have a couple of offsets to worry about."

When one considers the fraternity of independent oil producers, one is not surprised that they did not store their tools back in 1928 when the menace of overproduction began to loom. The miracle would have been if they had stored them.

"Quit? Hell, how could we? A man's got to live, hasn't he? Houses and automobiles and alimony and offices and kids in school cost money, don't they? Not to mention trucks and pumpers and lease rentals and depletion and all the rest of it. What else can we do but drill? Now take me, I used to be a roustabout at fourteen bucks a day. I know a little about farming, too, because I grew up on one. But that's no good. You might try suggesting to my wife that I go back to roustabouting or try farming for a change! I have the tools and the office; and the only thing I know—with enough honest-to-God money in it to pay the gas-and-light—is drilling oil wells. When I see what looks like a chance to make some money by sticking down another well I have to take it."

Here is another comment: "Some

people think an operator should settle down to the production he already has. A lot they know about it. Suppose I'm sitting pretty with a dozen wells, good wells, we'll say, settled onto their steady pull. Those wells are bound to run down in time. In some fields they run a long time, in others only a little while. Nobody can be sure that salt water will not begin to give trouble next week or next year. Look at that Greenwich pool. The best wells around Wichita, gone clear to the bad with salt water. My dozen wells now may be a dozen wells ten years from now, or they may be none at all in a year's time. If you're going to stay in the oil game you have to keep putting them down occasionally."

Only under the hammer of genuine distress have any human beings ever united in any policy that involved giving up their freedom to conduct their affairs exactly as they pleased. Farmers will not reduce their wheat acreage until forced by dire necessity. No more would a group of rival soap manufacturers agree to decimate their production. The amount of concerted action the oil men have been showing in reducing their production is the measure of their distress.

That there is distress among them no one can be in an oil center without realizing. Specially built limousines are being repossessed, sacrificed, or mortgaged to cover homely items like butcher's bills. A lease broker who has operated for years in the mid-continent field is pushing a tamale cart. Women who wore squirrel coats and imported models are scrubbing their own floors—if they still have floors to scrub. In Tulsa—poor Tulsa, capital of Wonderland, architects' paradise, city of a thousand *nouveau riche* legends, prairie cow town shooting unbelievably into the skies—one hears nothing but trouble. Palatial homes (someone says pessimistically, "Any \$50,000 house

in town," but that is an exaggeration) can be bought for the mortgage, and often a sizable discount on the mortgage. Magnificent offices have no force but a solitary bookkeeper, perhaps on part-time. Unpaid rents in thirty-story buildings soar into totals nobody wants to estimate. Men who used to tip their waitresses a dollar go about desperately trying to find work, any kind of work, or to raise money, any trifling bit of money. At an exclusive club a bankrupt operator, once worth two millions, loafs through his empty hours. He doesn't patronize the lunch room—isn't hungry, you know. But about the middle of the afternoon when coffee and graham crackers are served in the lounge, he does not refuse, and whatever crackers are left on his plate he stows in his pockets. Bills are not paid, taxes are not paid. Collections are not forced because it seems wiser to wait. Worry and heartbreak take their inevitable toll, sometimes in life itself. The town rides limply along, hoping for better days in oil.

III

"That is bad, of course," someone says, "but after all oil men are only an infinitesimal percentage of the population. Why get excited about their difficulties?"

Such a critic does not know Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. In all three States oil is rivalled in industrial importance only by agriculture, and from the standpoint of net profits is greater even than agriculture. Almost everyone in Kansas and Oklahoma is affected either directly or indirectly by the present trouble in oil. Conservative observers declare that practically all of the unemployment in the two States is directly traceable to the doldrums in which oil men are struggling.

To begin with, there is a large population of oil-field workers. Nobody

knows how large it is, but the estimates run to about fifty thousand. Those men are out of work. Nearly all of them are native born, since every new pool picks up a group of new workers from among the young men of the neighborhood. Because they are of the prideful "every man for himself" working class, and because they are paid from \$14 to \$17 a day, there has never been any successful attempt to unionize them. To hold their jobs they must be skilled, intelligent, and responsible. When a driller in the Oklahoma City pool goes on his shift he becomes instantly responsible for a \$100,000 investment. On his decisions often hangs the difference between a well and a duster.

To-day these workers, from the roustabout to the high and mighty driller, are out of work. So are the pipeliners, whole gangs of them. And the pump men. Above the other workers from the standpoint of training and intelligence come the engineers. Here is an example of what has happened to them. A company laid off all but one of its twenty engineers. One of the unemployed men is working on the farm of another for thirty dollars a month, and glad to do it because that provides food enough to keep his family alive.

In the oil centers other thousands of workers are caught. Geologists are wondering which way to turn, what to do with their highly specialized knowledge. Office forces have been cut and cut. Bookkeepers, stenographers, lease men, abstractors, and scouts are either wearing out their shoes trying to find work, or have been forced upon part time with a bare subsistence wage.

Depending upon the oil business are a number of others directly affected. The railroads suffer as freight totals drop and earnings dwindle. Lease brokerages have to close down when

leasing stops. Great supply houses find themselves without customers. No pipe, rig material, or pump equipment are being sold in Kansas and Oklahoma. The sales in East Texas are mostly credit sales, and how are they to be collected with crude oil at ten to twenty cents a barrel? When these huge supply concerns are in trouble branch offices close, and in the main office employees lose their jobs or go on part time.

Department stores are caught, because their customers, from those whose monthly accounts ran into the hundreds down to those who bought in the basement, have no money to spend. More attempts to reduce overhead—and more people out of work. Unpaid taxes soar to high levels; road workers are laid off, and school teachers take either a cut in salary or at the best fail to get their scheduled increase. Doctors suffer because people without money will not consult them. Litigation slows down to a sluggish little trickle. Building and loan and investment bond companies suffer. Real estate slumps. Movie houses begin to see empty seats. Sales of soft drinks drop off. I am told even hamburger stands feel the pinch. Every lodging house, from the cheapest and frowziest rooming house to the best hotel, has suffered.

I forbear to go on with a description of the vicious circle in which oil centers are floundering, because in our tightly interlocked modern society the situation is much the same during a depression in any community. When the automobile market becomes stagnant all Detroit suffers. But in the case of oil the circle is larger and, therefore, more disastrous than with most products, because so wide an area is directly affected. In Kansas, for instance, nearly a fourth of the land was under lease by the oil companies. In many parts of the State the solidest, most

dependable part of the community income consisted of oil rentals. An annual total of over \$10,000,000 was paid to the farmers of the State in these rentals. This year land is not being leased. As one company puts it, "The only use we are making of our lease scouts is to send them around to cut down on the rentals." As the leases run out they are not being renewed, and many of them are being forfeited by non-payment. Fully half of the leases have already been allowed to expire. At the present rate Kansas land will be practically free from lease within another year. In Oklahoma the situation is even more striking, because a larger proportion of the land was under lease and for a higher rental.

This rental money was clear profit to the landowners. It involved no expense whatever. It naturally found its way into the trade channels of the local communities and out into those of the nation at large. Subtract a profit of even a dollar an acre from the land about a town, and business in that town at once shows a slump. Thus it happens that towns a considerable distance from any oil production or drilling activity are suffering intensely. A drop of \$10,000,000 in the buying power of Kansas farmers is registered in automobile factories, shoe and textile mills, paint concerns—any number of Eastern plants whose owners probably consider that their only interest in the price of crude oil is that it shall be as low as possible.

The dropping off of rentals is bad enough, but throughout Kansas and Oklahoma thousands of landowners are being pinched by something far sharper than that. In the two states there are estimated to be 300,000 of what are called "stripper wells"—small wells which are long past the period of flush production, but which still generously paid for the expense

of pumping them when oil was a dollar or more a barrel. Production in them is as steady and certain as anything in the oil business can be. The landowner's royalty of one barrel in eight would never make him rich, but was comparatively steady and certainly clear profit. When the price dropped to sixty-seven cents most of these wells ceased to pay pumping expenses and had to be shut down. Besides throwing the pumpers out of work and cutting off the surest part of the operator's business, it wiped out one of the landowner's chief sources of income.

Naturally, we who are used to the sight of oil rigs sticking gauntly into the skyline suffer most severely in the present chaos. But let no one flatter himself that because he never saw a rig or smelled the stench of an oil field the present muddle is none of his concern.

A wholesale clothing company operating in the Southwest last winter failed to sell 50,000 sheep-lined coats that in normal years would have been sold. Why? Oil-field workers and farmers wear sheep-lined coats. When the former group are out of work and the latter lose a big share of their net income, the coats are not sold. Those coats were probably made by a New England manufacturer who lobbies against a tariff on oil because he wants cheap fuel for his factories. Out of the whole tangle two facts stand out obstinately: the coats were not sold; the men who should have bought them were uncomfortable, either physically or psychically or both, for the lack of them. One fact may be only local in its significance, but the other is national.

So serious a reduction of buying power over so large an area naturally makes itself felt immediately throughout the general public. But it is not the only or perhaps even the greatest injury the public suffers. Oil is a na-

tional resource of the utmost importance. Any wanton dissipation of it is economically wicked. But it is the most senseless conservation policy imaginable which would attempt to save our oil, as Secretary Wilbur said he would like to, by using foreign oil altogether. Shutting down the small wells in the older fields is a perfectly vicious waste of oil, for the reason that once shut down for any length of time, they can probably never be pumped again. Oil is always "backed" by either gas or water. As the oil is pumped out, salt water from an old buried ocean comes up to fill the vacuum created by the removal of the oil. When pumping stops, the water is very apt to force itself upward, pushing back the oil, and when the pumps eventually resume work only water is brought to the surface. The underground reservoir of oil is ruined. The only possible way of regaining the oil in it is to drill again in the vicinity, but in an old field the chance of sufficient production to pay the costs of drilling is too small to warrant the attempt. The oil, untold quantities of it, is simply lost.

Once more, let an operator sum up the situation. "This week my partner and I closed down a 600-barrel well which has been pumping at that rate for many months. It would probably continue at that rate for ten years. But it has been losing us \$25 a day and we have come to the limit of loss we can take on it. That well is gone. When it is opened up again we expect to find nothing but water. In ten years it would have pumped around 2,000,000 barrels of oil. And after that there would probably have been years of smaller production. I know wells that haven't fallen off a barrel since 1913. One hates to think of all the oil that is being utterly wasted in hundreds and thousands of wells that have been shut down."

The oil in these wells is, it cannot be said too emphatically, a public asset, one of the most important parts of the social wealth. I am not being sentimental or rhetorical when I say that every American is concerned with the present muddle in oil.

IV

The remedies suggested vary with the individuals who propose them. Just now none of them seems likely to be attained in the near future. The first cry of the whole mid-continent region is naturally for a tariff on oil. The operators believe that if it is right that they should pay a tariff on every inch of steel they drive into the ground, they in turn should be protected by tariff walls. One may not believe in the tariff system. I myself do not. But in a country definitely committed to it one finds it hard to see the justice of not only keeping but continually boosting tariffs when they benefit one group of producers and refusing them when they benefit another group and another large section of the country.

And in our modern close-knit economic society not only the justice, but the actual wisdom of such a course seems questionable. At any rate in the political topsy-turviness which is now giving the politicians of the mid-continent area sleepless nights and harassed days only one fact is sure: fierce and growing resentment at a tariff system that works against the wheat and oil produced in the region.

But, however vociferously they cry for a tariff and however firmly they believe that it would help, most of the operators feel that it alone would not bring order out of chaos, prosperity out of distress. Without it they can hardly hope to come to any satisfactory handling of their problem. But they realize sadly that if our national supply is at least three times as large as the demand, only concerted action and wise centralized planning can be depended upon to keep the production of oil down to a reasonable closeness to the consumptive power of the country. The way out of the deluge of oil in which the mid-continent is suffocating seems likely to be difficult indeed.





THE LAND OF PROMISE

AN IMMIGRANT OF 1913 LOOKS AT AMERICA IN 1931

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

AS A youngster, eighteen or twenty years ago, back in my native village in Carniola—then a Slovenian province of Austria and now a part of Yugoslavia—I experienced a thrill every time a man returned from the United States. Four or five years before he had quietly left for America, a poor peasant clad in homespun, with a bundle on his back; now, an *Amerikanec*, he usually sported a blue serge suit, buttoned shoes with india rubber heels, a derby, a celluloid collar, and a loud necktie made even louder by a dazzling horseshoe pin, while his two suitcases of imitation leather bulged with gifts from America for his relatives and friends in the community. In nine cases out of ten, he had left on borrowed money; now there were rumors in the village that he was worth anywhere from one to three thousand dollars, and to my eyes he truly bore all the marks of affluence. Indeed, to say that he thrilled my boyish fancy is putting it mildly. With other boys of the village, I trailed him around, hanging on to his every word and movement, as he went visiting relatives and distributing presents. Then, on the first Sunday after his homecoming, if I possibly could, I got within earshot of the nabob as he sat in the winehouse or under the linden in front of it, surrounded by village folks, ordering wine for all comers, paying the accordion players, and indulging in tall

talk about America, its wealth and vastness, and his own experiences as a worker in the West Virginia coal mines or the Pennsylvania steel mills, and comparing notes upon conditions in the United States with other local *Amerikanci*, who had returned before him.

Under the benign influence of wine, and sometimes even when sober, the men who had been in America spoke expansively, boastfully, romantically of their ability as workers and of the wages they had earned in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, or Wheeling, West Virginia. Strikes, mine disasters, and accidents in the mills they scarcely touched upon, although, as I recall, there were then two or three widows in the neighborhood whose husbands had died violent deaths as industrial workers in the United States.

The men who returned to the village, either to stay or for a visit, were, for the most part, natural men of labor—men with strong arms and powerful backs: “Bohunks” or “Hunkies,” so called in America—who derived a certain brawny joy and pride from hard toil. Besides, now that they had come home, they were no longer mere working stiffs, articles on the American labor market, but adventurers safely returned from a far country, heroes in their own eyes and in the eyes of the village; and it was not unnatural for them to exaggerate their own exploits and the opportunities to be found

in America. Their boasting, perhaps, was never wholly without basis in fact.

Thus in my boyhood the idea that the United States was a sort of paradise on earth—the Golden Country—the Land of Promise—was kept vigorously alive by the *Amerikanci* in our village, and, of course, by tens of thousands of returned emigrants in other villages and towns in Eastern, Central, and Southern Europe, from which, until lately, American industries (notably mining and steel) drew much of their labor power. Thus the ambition to go to the United States was kindled in boys by men who had been there.

I remember that I was all for going when I was but eight years old. My idea of the United States at that time and for years thereafter, as I recall, was that it was a grand, amazing, somewhat fantastic place, huge beyond conception, untellably exciting, and quite incomparable to our tiny, quiet, lovely Carniola; a place full of movement and turmoil, wherein things that were unimaginable elsewhere happened daily as a matter of course.

In America one could make pots of money in a jiffy, acquire immense holdings, wear a white collar and have polish on one's boots, and eat white bread and meat on weekdays as well as on Sundays even if one were but an ordinary worker to begin with. In America one did not have to remain a common laborer. There, it appeared, one man was as good as the next. There were dozens, possibly hundreds, of immigrants in America, one-time peasants and workers, who by straight and devious routes had forged ahead and become rich—even millionaires—in ten or fifteen years. I heard of Carniolan and Croatian peasants who in two or three years had earned and saved enough money working in mines or steel mills to go to regions called Minnesota and Nebraska and buy

tracts of land, each of which was larger than the area owned by all the peasants in our village. With a little ability and aggressiveness one could achieve great things in America. Socially and politically, the country was nothing short of ideal. One could walk up to the President of the United States and shake his hand. There was a man in our parish, a former steel worker in Pittsburgh, who claimed that on one occasion he had shaken hands and exchanged words with Theodore Roosevelt, to whom he familiarly referred as "Tedi," which struck my mother as if he had called the Pope or the Emperor of Austria by a nickname; but he assured us that in America everybody called Roosevelt just "Tedi."

By the time I was fourteen I had not only listened to dozens of *Amerikanci*, but had read such books, translated into the Slovenian, as *The Last of the Mohicans* and dime novels dealing with the adventures of bold Yankees in Indian territories; and when I finally induced my parents—fairly well to do peasants—to let me go to America by flunking in school and otherwise demonstrating my unfitness for life in Carniola, my chief motive in emigrating was not the hope of economic betterment, but a desire for excitement and adventure.

I have now been in the United States nearly eighteen years and I have little, if any, complaint against the country. Nearly all the promises that my boyish imagination had exacted from America when I was still in the Old Country have been fulfilled. America has given me thrills and experiences I had not even expected—excitement and adventure galore. And I have never starved here more than a week at a stretch.

But I suspect that many foreigners who came to the United States before the War, when the gates were still wide-open, feel of late years some disap-

pointment in the country, for, unlike myself, most of them came here, I believe, chiefly to better their individual economic circumstances. On my visits to various industrial centers during the last two years I have become aware of vast numbers of immigrants who, perhaps, would have been better off, economically and otherwise, had they remained in their native countries.

Indeed, America can hardly be called the Land of Promise, in the old sense, any longer. Only the other day the newspapers reported that during the last few months of 1930 and the early months of 1931 more foreigners returned to Europe than came over, and the majority of those who came over were not really immigrants, but only temporary visitors: English lecturers, artists, actors, and the like. The American consulates in Europe are no longer mobbed by people half insane with eagerness to go to the United States as they were until, say, 1927. And I have reason to believe that many immigrants, both naturalized and unnaturalized, would like to return to the Old Country if they but had the price of the trip or were not caught here by other circumstances.

II

The average native American who has had little or no contact with immigrants cannot realize what America meant to millions of people in Europe before the War.

I remember the picturesque, garlicky crowd that on the last day of 1913 arrived in New York harbor on the same ship with me: people of many nationalities, milling among the capstans and winches on deck, pushing toward the rails, straining and stretching to catch a glimpse of the New World, lifting children on their shoulders, women weeping from joy and

fright, one or two men falling on their knees in dramatic thanksgiving or, perhaps, in awe before the Manhattan skyline, and children screaming and dancing. The Land of Promise!

On the boat was another boy from our village. He was several years older than I and, like myself, had had a little city schooling in the Old Country. His name was Martin Cerkovnik. The promise that his simple young imagination had exacted from America before he left the village was chiefly of an economic nature; he was going to work hard, save his money, and by and by send for his whole family to follow him over. He had some relatives in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania, and after he and I shook hands at Ellis Island that was where he went.

Seventeen years passed, and I forgot all about my fellow-emigrant. Then one morning last winter, during a tedious subway ride in New York, I happened to pick up a tabloid newspaper. On one page, along with a few other paltry bits of news inconspicuously stuck among the advertisements, there was a little item which in all probability I should not have read if, in rapidly glancing at it, I had not glimpsed in it a name which immediately stirred my memory. The little story was to the effect that at eleven o'clock the night before Martin Cerkovnik, "a jobless and, apparently, unbalanced man," had hurled a brick in the display window of a restaurant, shattering the big pane, whereupon passers-by seized him, and the manager of the place had him arrested.

After a long search in the mazes of New York's law and order I found the police station where my brick-throwing countryman was temporarily immured. "He's no more 'unbalanced' than I am," volunteered the desk sergeant, when I showed him the news item. "He isn't the only man nowa-

days that's tryin' to break into jail."

Martin was vaguely startled when one of the policemen let me into his cell. Although still in his mid-thirties, he looked definitely middle-aged: stooped, tired, bitter. I discerned in him but the faintest suggestion of the sturdy peasant lad I had come over with in 1913. He had large red hands, on one of which two fingers were missing. His big, unhealthy-looking Slavic face was partly hidden by a week's growth of beard. He had no overcoat, although, as I have said, the season was winter. What clothes he wore were torn, soiled, and smelly; he evidently had not had them off for weeks and had been wet in them more than once. It was apparent, too, that he had not eaten regularly for some time.

When I identified myself to him, he began to cry—a pathetic sight. Then, as he regained himself a little, he apologized for this breakdown of his manliness, as he called it, and began to tell me the story of his life in America—a story which, with slight variations, I would wager is true of many immigrants in the United States.

On his arrival in Pennsylvania, in 1914, Martin Cerkovnik had immediately become a laborer in the coal mines. He made good money, but, with the War breaking out in Europe, he could not get his people over. Most of his earnings during the first two years he sent to his parents in the Old Country. When the United States entered the War, the wages went up in the mines, and Martin made more money than ever. (As a coal miner he was exempt from war service.) Then, in a mine in the Pittston district of Pennsylvania where he worked, a rock fell on him, breaking both his legs and injuring his hip. He spent three months in a company hospital, whereupon he unwisely signed a paper which someone put before him, stating that he was completely healed and absolving the

company from further obligation to him. But soon after excruciating pains in his left knee developed, which evidently had not been properly treated at the company hospital; and then for three years, with the money he had saved as a wartime miner, he went from doctor to doctor and from hospital to hospital, undergoing three operations, until he finally regained the use of his leg. With the little money still left, he then entered into a partnership with a countryman of his who owned a neighborhood grocery-store in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. Six months later, however, a chain-store opened two doors away and in a brief time forced the partners to the wall.

Penniless, but loath to return to the mines, Martin now began to go from city to city in search of work, any kind of work on the surface of the earth. The longest job that he held between 1925 and 1929 lasted only four months. Usually he worked only two or three weeks and then was laid off; so far as he could see, without fault on his part. Often he covered two or three States in as many months in search of the next job. He washed dishes and dug ditches. Once, in desperation, he went back to coal-mining for a while, this time in Illinois, and barely escaped with his life in another accident. He worked in stone quarries and sawmills. He performed on an automobile "belt" in Detroit. His wages were seldom over five dollars a day. Always the uncertainty of his existence preyed upon his mind. He watched himself age and deteriorate. Once he tried his luck at petty bootlegging, but promptly landed in jail.

Then came 1930. "How I've lived through this last year," he said to me, "is more than I know. I've followed up every rumor of a job from Chicago to New York. Nothing doing. I stood in breadlines for hours. I've paid for tips on jobs which didn't exist

with money that I needed for coffee an'. If there was a job the employment manager asked me was I a citizen or had I a family. I was neither a citizen nor a family man, and so there was no job for me. I had taken out my first papers in 1916, but after the accident, I guess, my existence was too miserable for me to bother with becoming a citizen."

Just before cold and an empty stomach drove him to throw the brick into the restaurant window, for which he received two months' free lodging and board on Blackwell's Island, he had worked a few days as a "banana chaser," unloading green bananas in New York's fruit and vegetable wholesale district—a task which regular workers in the warehouses, afraid of the tarantula, decline to do, leaving it to down-and-outers like Martin who, eager to earn a few quarters, chase after the banana trucks as they rumble from the docks. . . .

After his jail term I saw Martin Cerkovnik again. He looked better, almost happy. Some charitable institution had fixed him up with a good suit of clothes. He slept in a flophouse. "But soon I'll be through with America," he added, grinning. "In prison I had time to read and figure things out. I'm going back before America gets me."

He asked me for ten dollars, and when next I saw him he had a job washing dishes in a greasy cafeteria in the Yorkville district. He told me, smiling, that he had paid an employment "shark" on Sixth Avenue the entire ten dollars for the job, on which he was getting only two dollars a day for fourteen hours' work. "But there's a reason," he said.

Then one day he came to see me again and asked me to typewrite for him a letter to the "Deportation Division" (as he put it) of the Department of Labor in Washington.

He dictated to me that in the cafeteria at such-and-such an address in New York City there worked a man named J—— M—— (by which name Cerkovnik was known there), who was illegally in the United States and was, besides, a Communist. He sent it off unsigned. A few days later two Government agents came and arrested M——, the dishwasher, who previously had stuffed his pockets with copies of the *Daily Worker* and other Red reading matter. Affecting fear, surprise, and bewilderment, Martin Cerkovnik, alias M——, admitted, in the most broken English of which he was capable, that he was an illegal resident in the United States, having slipped into the country over the Canadian border in 1924, and that he was a radical.

Last March, after serving more time in prison, he was deported under his assumed name, the United States Government paying his fare back to Yugoslavia. Recently I had a letter from him in which he said:

It is better here at home. Here a man works a little and starves a little and still lives to an old age. Take my father, for example. He is seventy, but a better man physically than I am. He is good for another twenty years, which I can't say for myself. I am glad that circumstances prevented me from bringing my people to America as I planned when I had money. They are better off for never having been in America.

III

The case of Martin Cerkovnik would be of meager interest were not his story, as I have hinted, essentially true of many thousands of immigrants in America to-day, even if they do not hurl bricks into restaurant windows and trick Uncle Sam into sending them back to the Old Country at his expense.

The drastic changes in America's

industrial methods and economic life during the last decade had evil effects, I believe, upon relatively larger numbers of immigrants than native Americans. The reason for this is not far to seek. A large percentage of the country's laboring people are foreigners, and when technological improvements began to displace labor in great numbers, they, as a rule, were first to lose their jobs.

This was natural enough. Most shop superintendents and foremen were native Americans, and as such, of course, when the question of who would be sacrificed to the Great God Machine arose, they laid off first the foreigners, retaining the native workmen, who were members of the same fraternal lodges or church congregations as themselves, or were otherwise more firmly established in the community in which they worked than the immigrants. Here and there, too, native workmen were considered more competent than the foreigners. If the majority of bootleggers and racketeers nowadays are immigrants, it is partly because decent jobs became a vanishing proposition for foreigners years sooner than for native workmen, and the former had entered these illegal industries in their early days.

To-day, according to conservative official and semi-official estimates, there are between six and seven million idle people in the United States who need work as badly as grass and trees need sunshine and rain; and while I have no figures to go on, I believe that a high percentage of them are immigrants: many of whom, by the way, because they are middle-aged, will in all probability never again hold a decent job in America even if the business slump picks up as speedily and marvellously as the most optimistic prophets predict. From close personal observation during the last year and a half, I know that an American-born

jobless person has a much better chance of getting work, when work is to be had, than a foreigner has, regardless of which of the two is in greater need or more competent. An immigrant may get a two-dollar-a-day job washing dishes, but sometimes only if, like Cerkovnik, he is willing to pay ten dollars to some employment agency—assuming that he can lay his hands on a ten.

This is a serious matter to millions of foreigners whom industrial "rationalization" and other influences have swept upon the unemployment heap. But to my notion there is little, if anything, that can be done about it in the near future; the entire country, alas! is in too deep a predicament for any such problem to be solved in a hurry. And there is no sense in sentimentalizing or getting indignant over the situation, although, of course, it is not easy to be calmly philosophical about it if one is himself an immigrant with relatives, friends, and acquaintances who have been out of work for years. Essentially, of course, the situation is not new at all. It has been in the process of becoming what it is to-day ever since immigration began.

A hundred years ago, when American industries first began to import immigrants, the *Voice of Industry*, a leading labor and reform paper of that day in Massachusetts, accused the employers of deliberately "creating a numerous poor and dependent populace . . . willing to work fourteen and sixteen hours a day for what capital sees fit to give them." Native Americans referred to these incoming foreigners, not inappropriately, as "dung" and for the most part treated them accordingly.

Subsequently, and especially between 1880 and 1914, nearly every ship that arrived from Europe brought more "dung." It is true, of course, that in this period not a few immigrants

advanced themselves economically, socially, and, perhaps, otherwise; and I readily concede that many foreigners succeeded in living happier lives in America than they would have lived had they remained in their native countries. But I believe that for every immigrant who vitally bettered himself as a human being thousands were crushed in the scramble for economic advantages that has been, and still is, the keynote of American life.

I am aware, of course, of the Hon. Anton Cermak, the Czech immigrant, son of a coal miner in Illinois and himself a former coal miner, pushcart peddler, and truck driver, who now is a multi-millionaire and, as mayor of America's second largest city, is a factor in the nation's political life. I am aware also of several other Bohunks in Chicago and elsewhere who once have been coal miners and steel workers and now are wealthy or well-to-do. I know, too, that John Gusick, a former immigrant laborer from the Balkans and now an Al Capone chieftain (temporarily in jail), is not the only Bohunk racketeer who is worth millions and wields great power in such centers of American civilization as Chicago, Detroit, and New York.

But I am also cognizant of a multitude of Martin Cerkovniks who, pathetic figures, had begun to roam from place to place in search of work years before the stock-market crash in 1929. I know that numerous Bohunk families in the bituminous region of Pennsylvania exist on as little as \$250 a year. Immigrant families in the West Virginia coal mines live on even less than that. Thousands of Polish and Lithuanian textile operatives work for wages ranging from \$3 to \$13 for a full week's labor. According to former Secretary of Labor Davis, now a Senator from Pennsylvania, eighty-six per cent of the members of the working class in the United States were "living in poverty

even before 1929"; and that eighty-six per cent, I have no doubt, included a majority of the immigrant population, for the worst-paid as well as the most dangerous work in America is done by immigrants.

True enough, for brief periods now and then during the last half-century, while immigration poured in, a great many immigrants earned comparatively good money, some of which they sent to the old country, and a few foreigners (comparatively speaking), as I have already suggested, got out of overalls and became capitalists and politicians; but, by and large, immigrants have always been "dung" in America—abundant, rich food for the roots of her future and her greatness. The occasional good wages in boom times, the money orders that men sent back to their native villages in the Balkans, in Poland, Bohemia, and Italy, the romantic boasting of the returned *Amerikanci*, and the sensational careers of such men as Tony Cermak the examiner—these things served to excite the imaginations of poor European peasants and made America a Land of Promise in their minds, luring them to cross the ocean and augment the slums of the big cities and the Hunkietowns and Dago sections of dingy mining and steel-mill communities.

IV

Let me repeat, as an immigrant I myself have no complaint against America. I know that I am as well off here as I should be anywhere else on earth. I love excitement and contrasts, turmoil and things in the process of becoming.

But I believe that Martin Cerkovnik showed good sense in going back to the Old Country, and that he was right when he wrote me as he did in the letter from which I quote above. I am sure that it is better for him to be there than

here. Back in simple, quiet Carniola, as he says, "a man works a little and starves a little and still lives to an old age." I can well imagine, with the aid of my recollections of sturdy though poor old peasants in my native village, that Martin's father is a better man at seventy than his *Amerikanec* son is at thirty-seven or -eight. Old Man Cerkovnik never saw in his whole life one-tenth of five thousand dollars, the sum that Martin had saved working in the mines by the time that the accident befell him. But then, too, the old fellow never worked in the mines ten or twelve hours a day, nor had he ever a serious accident. He did not roam over half of North America in a futile, dispiriting search for a steady job, and suffer the humiliation of being refused work hundreds of times. He never failed as a bootlegger because he had not made connections with the right gang, nor was he frozen out of a legitimate business by a chain-store. He never stood two hours in a cold drizzle to get a cup of coffee and a roll, nor chased banana trucks which might be infested with tarantulas. He never hurled a rock into a window in order not to freeze and starve to death.

I believe that most of my fellow Bohunks, of whom there are several millions in America, but whose plight nowadays, perhaps, is not much worse than that of the Italians, the Russians, or the Germans in the United States, would be better off to-day as men and women, physically and spiritually, and a good many of them even materially, had they never emigrated to this country. Many of them keenly realize this themselves, but, unlike Martin Cerkovnik, cannot or do not want to return to the Old Country for various reasons. Some have no money for the trip and are not as resourceful as was Martin, or would be ashamed to return poor from America. Others have

American-born children for whom they still entertain hopes of a brilliant future in the United States. Still others, lacking comprehensive understanding of the present economic crisis in this country, believe that probably—perhaps—maybe—conditions in their particular line of work will improve next month, or the month after next.

But they are all writing to friends and relatives in the Old Country that times are hard, hard in America; that America no longer is generous even in her promises. This perhaps explains why American consuls in Europe nowadays are no longer mobbed by people eager to sail for the United States.

Last autumn and again this spring I lived in a number of industrial communities in Pennsylvania whose populations are predominantly Bohunk. In some of these towns I have relatives and friends. I studied their lives and those of their neighbors closely and sympathetically, although objectively; and I think that, from the point of view of human values, "dung" is a good word to describe their low status in relation to America as a whole; only now America, having grown great, too great for her own good, has little use for them even as such.

In one small anthracite town I found about a thousand Bohunk miners who form the bulk of the community and most of whom had worked little more than two months in 1928 and less than two months in 1929. In 1930 none of them worked more than nineteen days! One-third or more of them have families with from two to eight children.

Most of these people came to America between 1910 and 1914. In the Old Country, as I well remember, they unquestionably had a tough time coaxing a meager livelihood out of their little patches of soil and scraping together enough money twice a year to keep the Emperor's tax collector in good temper; but back there the

peasants' struggle had a certain dignity. There they were pitting their strength and wits against nature and the elements. They were in their native environment. Like Eugene O'Neill's Yank, they "belonged." If drought or hail destroyed their fields they assumed an aspect of tragedy. They accepted their misfortune fatalistically. The community spirit came to their aid almost as a matter of course; if necessary, the resources of the whole parish were pooled, and no one starved for long. No one ever committed suicide. Misfortunes due to natural causes seemed to make them ever hardier. The poorest peasants, men and women, as I remember, were fine physical specimens. Within their limits, they were spiritually alive and stimulating. I recall seeing peasant women, young and old, with heavy baskets of eggs or berries gracefully balanced on their heads, walking barefooted ten or fifteen kilometers to the marketplace in the city. Strong peasant pride, pride in their poverty and physical well-being, was inherent in their every stride. Returning home, they often sang. Their lives were simple and wholesome. With the money that they received for their eggs or berries they bought clothes for their children and themselves, and salt with which they seasoned their cornmeal and boiled potatoes.

Here, in this Pennsylvania coal town, however, most of my countrymen are pathetic rather than tragic in their current misfortune. Indeed, one must strain one's feelings of sympathy and one's powers of understanding in order not to look upon them as repellent or ridiculous, or think of their plight as sordid and obscene. Their daily, intimate lives lack the charm and the simple amenities that somehow are the rule among peasants in the Old Country. Their love affairs are not what love affairs are in the villages

of Carniola or Croatia. Their existence here is rootless, too chaotic to allow for tender, romantic feelings.

Then, too, something has happened to their Slavic-peasant fatalism, which in the Old Country helped them to get over many a bump with a show of dignity. Here, I believe, they feel, consciously or unconsciously, the essential and ceaseless unfriendliness to their welfare of American industrial and social realities. The soil and the elements in the Old Country usually gave them a chance in the long run. Here they are "dung"; half contemptuously referred to by Americans as Bohunks, Hunkies, or Hunks. When things go wrong with them in America they get bewildered, desperate, sullen, openly wretched.

In the little anthracite town which I visited, I used to see idle miners come from their shabby shacks shortly before four o'clock in the afternoon and gather in groups around the cinder piles. At four o'clock the whistle blew at the mine shaft. If it blew once, there was work the next day. If it blew twice, there was no work the next day. And the miners came out, as a radical among them remarked to me, "to hear God speak." Would it blow once or twice? While I was there it always blew twice—no work. There was a few moments' pause between the blasts, and the tension of suspense, or rather the desperation of the men's expectancy, became visible on their faces and in their nervous movements. Then, as the whistle blew the second time, which they really had expected all the while, they turned away from one another and walked back to their dwellings, cursing aloud, talking to themselves. Whereupon some of them got drunk on homebrew or prunejack or sour wine which they always manage to have on hand; which, indeed, they must have when there is no work, to "keep from going nuts," as the same

radical miner put it to me in English.

Peasants in the Old Country can be cheerful even without the aid of wine. Here, in these Pennsylvania towns, I came upon few cheerful, good-humored faces among the Slovenians, Poles, or Slovaks. Their manner is under the stress of a vague sort of desperation. At forty, after working in the mines eight or ten years, most of the men are definitely middle-aged, whereas in the Old Country the poorest peasants are in their prime at that age. Not a few Bohunks in Pennsylvania suffer with "jackhammer," a species of asthma caused by gas and the dust that flies into their lungs from jackhammers as they drill underground.

Slavic women in Pennsylvania are faded and wrinkled at thirty. In the Old Country they work outdoors; here they are inside most of the time, running boarding houses, worrying about accidents in the mines and the men's uncertain employment. The strain of life in America—which is not greater than in the Old Country, but different—tells on them. America robs them of some of their finest human qualities. They are not the sweet-tempered, calmly fatalistic women that their sisters are in the Old Country. In Carniola, and throughout the Balkans for that matter, when an utter stranger comes to the house, they give him the best bed and they, if necessary, sleep on a bench. Here they eye one suspiciously, even if one speaks their language. Those with spirit in them rebel against America in little, futile ways. They miss the Old Country festivals. They hate the smoke and grime of Pennsylvania's coal and steel-mill towns, and reproach their men for bringing them over. In defiance to America, some of them wash their window curtains twice and three times a week. Mrs. Mary Heaton Vorse, in her book *Men and Steel*, calls these oft-washed white curtains their "flag of hope."

America wears out many immigrants from such simple lands as my native Carniola. America lured them over by the millions during the last sixty years. She wanted their hands and their strength even more than they needed her dollars, and made use of them. Although of the lowest strata of society in the countries from which they came, they brought with them not only strong backs, but also much spiritual energy. America, however, wanted only their brawn, to build the framework of her civilization and her greatness.

V

Now the framework of America is built, the factories are full of devilishly efficient machines; lately, in Pennsylvania, even coal is being dug from the surface with mammoth steam shovels, one of which, near Forest City, operated by half-a-dozen men, scoops up more coal than it takes three hundred men to mine with jackhammers, dynamite, picks, and shovels. Now, as I have suggested, America has scant use for many Bohunks and other immigrants already here and does not want any more to come over. No effort is made to keep them here. On the contrary, the Federal Government is deporting all foreigners who are here in violation of the immigration laws enacted in the last decade, or upon whom it can stick the label "undesirable." And it is almost certain that, under pressure from organized labor and other groups, the next Congress will close the gates of Ellis Island entirely, allowing entry, under urgent circumstances, only to the closest relatives of people already here.

Obviously, in the old European sense, America is the Land of Promise no more.

But this barring of immigration gates may be a long stride toward making—eventually—the United States really a

Land of Promise for the majority of people here—both for the natives, the roots of whose family-trees go far into American history, and for the immigrants of recent decades and their children.

As an immigrant, I naturally incline to sympathize with immigrants whose current hardships I sketch above; on the other hand, however, I realize perhaps as clearly as most native Americans that the foreign flood which has been pouring into the country since before the Civil War is, at least superficially and in part, to blame for the industrial and economic chaos of which the present slump is a tragic climax.

One of the basic reasons for the business lull since 1929 is the inability of the masses of people—the bulk of the working class—to buy and consume the products of their labor, because they have always been, and are now, underpaid. This is admitted nowadays by nearly all economists. And one important reason why the American workers have always been underpaid is immigration. With every other ship that arrived from Europe bringing in more “dung,” native workmen could not compel the employers to pay them higher wages, which would have operated in the long run to stabilize prosperity. Wages in many industries are low to-day partly because immigration prevented labor unions from becoming effective. Hence slumps every few years. Hence the present slump.

Immigrants, especially those from Eastern and Southern Europe, came here, as I have suggested, with the false notion that America was the Land of Promise for everybody. Their chief purpose was to make as much money as quickly as possible. They were willing to work long hours at dangerous tasks. What native workers consid-

ered low wages seemed high wages to immigrants. The latter had no idea of the aims of the American labor movement. Hence they were for decades an increasing drawback to organized efforts of labor to improve its lot.

They still are a great drawback—although not half so great as before the War—thanks to the restriction of immigration which has been in effect during the last ten years, and to the fact that the pre-war immigrants are being gradually Americanized or are dying out. The all-but-complete barring-out of immigrants in the future will, I believe, within a few years largely eliminate that drawback.

As a reaction to the present unhappy industrial conditions throughout the country, the American labor movement probably will crystallize itself, during the next ten years, into some sort of effectiveness. In its future struggles to force the employers not only to accept but to *practice* the theory that high wages and short hours are good for business, the American labor movement will at least not be held down by “dung.”

And as for the poor peasants in Europe, I believe with Martin Cerkovnik that, during this period of transition and economic and other readjustments in the United States, they are better off where they are, even if circumstances compel them to starve a little. Geographically, America has room for the entire population of Europe and more; economically, however, she is filled up. At the moment her foremost considerations are economic. And until she finds her way out of her present economic jungle, she will be most kind to the simple folk in Carniola, Bohemia, Croatia, Italy, Slovakia, and other such countries, as well as to herself, if she closes her gates to them and frankly pulls down the “Welcome” sign.



The Lion's Mouth



TRAVEL SNOBS

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

AS I have recently completed a journey of over twenty thousand miles, I feel that I am in a position to say something about travel snobs. You will have noticed already that I have turned into a travel snob myself. That mention of the distance, that dragging in of "over twenty thousand miles," gives me away. Obviously I am one of those travel snobs who like to brag of the distances they have gone, the twenty, thirty, or forty thousand milers. We are the people who have no use for short journeys. Nothing less than ten thousand miles interests us. In these days of easy and rapid travel, there is not much to boast about in traveling great distances, but, nevertheless, we do what boasting we can. Perhaps we ought to be moved to another and larger planet, such as Jupiter. What scope there would be for distance travel snobs on Jupiter!

I know a young novelist who goes round and round the world, and he says it is because he is looking for local color. As a matter of fact, he writes the same novel over and over again, and would be better off if he stayed in Kensington. He does not really want local color, but the satisfaction of having traveled enormous distances. He wants to have a set of trunks and suit-

cases thickly plastered with fantastic labels from the ends of the earth. I do not say that I am as bad as this fellow, but I feel that I could be if I let myself go, for the germ is there. It is doubtful if there is any proper cure for a distance travel snob, though the gift of a magnificent set of maps and charts might help, for the distance travel snob has a not ignoble passion for maps and charts, and he might possibly be induced to do his traveling at home, merely with a finger across the map. But in any case, we need not worry about the distance travel snob, for though there are times when he can be insufferable, he is undoubtedly the least offensive of all travel snobs.

Let us consider the other varieties. In an ascending scale of offensiveness, we come next to the speed travel snob, chiefly discovered among wealthy Americans. He is the man who asks you to guess where he was only ten days ago. On being told that you give it up, he tells you triumphantly that he was in Honolulu or Bangkok or Valparaiso. If you have any sense and know the breed, you will merely say "Oh!" or "Really!" and then quickly walk away. But if you express surprise, then you are in his toils for the next twenty minutes. He proceeds to explain exactly how it was done, how he just caught various boats and trains by the skin of his teeth, chartered airplanes, dashed over mountains in fast cars. If you are not careful, he will make you work it out for yourself. He will enlarge on the narrative at all points. "I knew if I could get down to the docks by three on Friday," he

will cry, staring hard at you, "I could make it. That meant I could catch Monday's plane, and just make the Transcontinental on Tuesday night." And then he will go on to tell you how many wires and cables and radiograms he sent, and how he thought he would never do it, and how other people were certain he could never do it, and all the time he will insist on mentioning the skin of his teeth until at last you begin to hope that at any moment the skin of his teeth will choke him.

The only way to deal with these speed travel snobs is to pretend a complete ignorance of geography and transport. When he tells you that he came from Honolulu or Bangkok in ten days, express no surprise whatever, but simply look as if you were expecting him to go on and justify his statement by something really interesting. Or you can say "Oh, yes?", raise your eyebrows, and then wait. If this does not produce the required result, then try other tactics, and swear boldly that a friend of yours came from Honolulu or Bangkok in eight days. And then go, go at once, without giving him time to ask questions and bring out time-tables. That should teach him a sharp lesson.

You need money to be a speed travel snob, and that is why there are not many of them about. We now come to some commoner and even more offensive varieties. First, there is the wonderful - little - place - that - nobody - ever - visits snob. Italy and Spain are perhaps the happiest hunting-grounds of these creatures. The species has males, but the female predominates. "My dear!" it cries, wobbling like a pinky-brown jelly. "We stayed for three months in a little place called Torpa. Right off the beaten track . . . no English or Americans . . . simply marvellous, my dear . . . absolutely unspoilt . . . the Cathedral . . . the Castle . . . the old market

. . . peasant women . . ." And on and on she burbles. There is not a returning boat train that does not deposit a dozen or so of these menaces onto the platform. They are one of the horrors of the age.

You are convinced that they are lying about their wonderful little places. You are sure that these wonderful little places are nothing but third-rate towns or villages that nobody visits because they are not worth visiting. But, if you are simple and truthful, you have to confess that you have never been there and, therefore, you have to go on listening to these daft rhapsodies and pretending to believe them. For my part, having long ceased to be simple and truthful, when I find myself faced with a hearty specimen of this variety of travel snob, I do not hesitate to lie, and to lie boldly and swiftly. "Yes, yes, yes," I cry, with a gesture of impatience, "I know Torpa (or Blatha or whatever it is). Went there a few years ago. Spent a day or two there and was terribly bored." If this does not suffice, you can then and there invent a still smaller and more wonderful little place of your own, with which to annihilate the noisy pest. It must be remembered that these wonderful-little-place snobs are on the increase, so that stern measures are necessary. Do not hesitate. As soon as they have mentioned the name of the wretched place, silence them with your fine brave lie, then bolt for cover.

Another variety, sometimes overlapping with the little-placers, is the delightful-habits-of-the-native snob. These snobs are often literary ladies and gents. They are people who jeer at their fellow-countrymen, but are always delighted with foreigners, especially remote foreigners of a different color. If the natives of England or the United States try to enjoy themselves, these snobs are the first to sneer at them. But when these snobs have

crossed a sea or two, they are wild with enthusiasm over the noisiest and stupidest holiday-making. With them, everything at home is dreadfully vulgar and everything in the distant country is gay and charming. The sight of an Italian peasant, who has had a few pulls at the wine flask and is now busy slapping himself on the chest and boasting nearly drives them crazy with delight. Such enchanting high spirits! These snobs write books about the South Seas. The natives of Tahiti have a habit, when festive, of piling themselves into rattling old cars and then going singing and shrieking round the island. The natives in some places nearer home have a similar habit of piling themselves into motor charabancs and then going singing and shouting and waving empty beer bottles. I have observed both sets of people, and there seems to me precious little difference between them, except that the home natives sing much better than those of Tahiti. But the true delightful-habits-of-the-native snob discovers a world of difference.

Many of these snobs are women, and it is curious to note the difference in their attitude towards—let us say—drunks at home and drunks among the delightful natives. If one of their servants at home is lazy or robs them, there is no end to their indignation, but they take a positive delight in being badly served or robbed by the delightful native servants. And then what fun it is to be cheated by the charming native shopkeeper! How different from the sordid practices of shopkeepers at home! What fascinatingly wrong change or short weight the enchanting native shopkeeper gives you! What graceful and romantic incivility and impudence! What dear delightful people! There is nothing to be done with these snobs. It is no use inventing still more charming and romantic natives of your own. They would only want

to compare notes about them. No, the only thing to do is to clear out as early as possible, or, if the snob is an author, to give away or burn the book.

This post-War age has brought into existence a new and horrible travel snob, with which I am already familiar, though you may not know many of him yet. He is the new-country-secret-police snob, and he is usually a journalist, hanger-on to the League of Nations, or assistant professor of modern history in some deplorable university. The point about him is that he always travels in these new States that were created by the Treaty of Versailles, and that when he is in these countries, he is always spied upon by the secret police. You may ask why such an insignificant person should be followed by the secret police. He never tells you exactly why, but the inference is that he is not an insignificant person, that since he wrote that article on Jugoslavia or that lecture on the Polish Corridor all the secret police in Central Europe have been waiting for him. He sees himself as the hero of a sensational novel of international intrigue. His travels abroad are worlds away from the travels of ordinary tourists, your travels and mine. He knows for certain that his bags were searched that night in Danzig. Then there was that mysterious fellow in the café in Trieste. And who was it refused to let him that car in Serajevo? Why were his passports held up for five days in Prague? And so it goes on.

These wild snobs return home, to sit complacently smoking their very foreign cigarettes and taking up your time with their legends and irritating you by their insufferable airs of superiority. They are a menace to the great cause of international peace. They are conceited asses, and they are bores. But only the plainest speaking, of a kind from which we all shrink, would put an end to their stories.

We ought to put up a hand, lean forward, and quietly say, "My dear chap, you are deceiving yourself in the most ridiculous way. I admit that secret police are very silly, but even they are not silly enough to care tuppence about you, for the fact is you are nobody in particular. Your bags were not touched in Danzig. The mysterious fellow in Trieste was probably a commercial traveler. Your passports were held up in Prague because a clerk forgot them. You really must stop imagining things in this way. Next time you go abroad, behave like a sensible tourist. That is all you are—or at least, would be, if you had any sense. And now—good-night." That is what we ought to say, but we never do.

Last of all, there is the discomfort travel snob. Many people in my trade, I regret to say, are discomfort travel snobs. You see, it is possible in these days to go all over the world and travel in reasonable comfort, to have clean sheets, three fairly good meals a day, and other pleasures of civilization. This excellent state of affairs has unfortunately bred the discomfort travel snob. He or she (and there seem to be as many of one sex as the other) insists upon making travel as uncomfortable as possible. The discomfort snob likes to make voyages in rickety canoes or in schooners, where there is no food fit to eat and you share a bunk with a Chinese cook. The discomfort snob will never take a train or a car if there is a flea-bitten mule to be had, and enjoys nothing better than being eaten alive by mosquitoes. To go without a hot bath for four weeks and sleep in your clothes for five is a discomfort snob's idea of a good holiday. Life is not worth living, apparently, until your boot soles are gone, you have blisters on both feet, and there are still twenty-five miles of mountain or jungle to be crossed. British and American Consuls, all over the

world, know the discomfort snob only too well, for time after time, they are compelled to rescue these absurd creatures from the worst results of their folly and vanity.

What makes these people so tiresome is that they are not content to travel in their own silly way and let it go at that. They must sneer at other people who do not happen to share this passion for discomfort. They write little books or articles in which they jeer at "tourists in floating hotels" and the like. The sight of some clean clothes, the very smell of a decent meal, drives them to fury. They seem to imagine that it is a crime both to travel and at the same time enjoy good food and eight hours' sleep every night in a bed. To those of us who do not happen to be discomfort snobs, it is a piece of luck if a ship happens to be a floating hotel, and most honest sailors share the same opinion. What I can enjoy in discomfort I can enjoy still more in comfort. If self-mortification is the object, then there might be something to be said for these bad modes of travel. But that is rarely the object. It is all snobbery and vanity, and the sooner it is recognized as such, the better. Meanwhile, I do not think I shall travel extensively again for some time. It might be amusing to turn into a refuse-to-travel, stay-at-home, East-West-Home's-Best snob.



THE MESSENGER OF EVIL

BY E. R. WITMER

ALL my life I have had a weakness for a picture which tells a story. It is an unworthy weakness, which I forbear to mention to my

artistic friends; but I am not as ashamed of it as I should be. If it did nothing else, it gave me some of the most exciting moments of my childhood.

One of these recurrent thrills emanated from a meretricious French painting which told its story with a violence calculated to impress the very young. It represented a monarch, presumably oriental, and certainly not constitutional, looking darkly at the prostrate, naked figure of a negro lying dead at his feet. The explanation given in answer to my questions was that the negro had been the bearer of bad news. Therefore he had been slain.

I was sympathetic—sympathetic that is, with the dead slave. "Anthony and Cleopatra" I had never read; and Kipling's grim "Ballad of the King's Jest" was as yet unwritten. This melodramatic picture was my first approach to a situation since grown familiar. As the years brought me my measure of ill tidings, my sympathies shifted from the messenger to the king. He was to be pitied, and also to be envied. If to him, as to the rest of mankind, came the words he did not wish to hear, he could at least express his discontent after a fashion denied to the repressed and statute-ruled civilization of to-day.

It was this mental bias which made me an interested audience when by chance the ancient drama was reenacted recently before my eyes. The actors were three ecstatic little boys engaged in damming up part of a brook. Their gay, excited voices floated up to me where I sat hidden from sight:

"Hey, Tom, throw that here!"

"Give me the stick. I can reach it."

"Golly, what a whopper! We'll have to shove it over."

"Look out there. Here she goes!"

I could feel the splendor of the hour,

the high friendly note of mutual purpose, the delight in the magnitude, the difficulty, the iniquitous wetness of the work. Why, then, witnessing such felicity, should there have come to me the shadow of fear, the faint far-off echo of Ortrud's somber motif? Another minute, and I knew.

Advancing briskly and full of purpose down the path, came a little girl wearing a red sweater and a red tam-o'shanter. She paused within twenty safe paces of the absorbed trio and shrilled importunately, "Freddie, your mother says to come home right away."

The little boys raised their heads. There was no mistaking the victim of the assault. It was the smallest of the three, and he turned a convulsed countenance toward the messenger. His friends yelled their rage and defiance, "Get out!" "Shut your mouth!" "It's a damn lie!" But Red Cap, who had probably anticipated these insults, chose to ignore them. She concentrated her attention upon Freddie. "All right," she said. "Remember. I gave you the message."

The unhappy child, dragged from paradise to earth, hesitated a moment. "It's a lie," he muttered in a broken voice, unlike the healthy, cocksure bellow of his friends. "It's not. It's the truth. You'll see," said Red Cap darkly, and turned to depart.

That "you'll see" had a sound that Freddie did not like. His late allies, oblivious of his woe, were once more absorbed in their work. He stood, revolving chances in his little head, then murmuring weakly, "Well, I guess I'd better go and find out," he turned his back on joy and freedom, and began the wooded ascent to the lane.

But at sight of the little figure bobbing victoriously ahead of him, a new doubt dawned in his mind, a new hope in his heart. He stopped short in his tracks. "You lied," he shouted.

"You ain't been to our house. I saw you come out of your own gate." Red Cap, unperturbed as Fate (she was Fate), played her last card. "Your mother 'phoned to my mother to tell you," she said.

Freddie's shoulders sagged. He was beaten. A tide of bitterness flooded his soul. Not for him the justifiable behavior of the unconstitutional monarch. Words were the only weapons he dared to use, and words were inadequate. Searching for the most hateful epithet in his vocabulary, he produced the least appropriate, and hurled it at the messenger of evil. "You dumb egg!" he cried.



TRAIN TIME

BY ELIZABETH MYERS

MEDORA is a most delightful person, a born hostess and a joy to be with when I run into town. In her fascinating penthouse, neighbor to the moon, Medora is at her best dispensing hospitality as lavishly as did the good old Romans in those legendary good old days.

But I, also, have a lovely bit of a home of which I am justly proud. It is Georgian; one of those pure types that looks so simple but which costs like fury. It is in the uplands of Westchester—just fifty minutes from Forty-Second Street.

"But, my darling," Medora pleads when I suggest that the country is looking its best and that she simply *must* come out, "You live so far away. It is ever so much simpler for you to come in to me. You are in town all the time."

That isn't the idea at all. I ex-

plain to her that I want to be able to have the pleasure of entertaining her in *my* little home and to show her some of the beauties of *my* place. I tell her that she is being selfish in wanting everything to be on her side. Surely she can't object to a short train ride of only fifty minutes!

"It isn't so much the train," Medora says. "It's the frightful expenditure of energy in catching it. Coming out to you for the weeniest visit means that I've got to spend at least three hours in transit. No, my sweet, you come in to me. After all, the main thing is that we be together."

Now, mind you, I wouldn't say a word if Medora were one of those helpless creatures who never by any chance leave their native heath. Medora is a much-traveled person. She goes far and often. She sets sail for foreign lands as casually as I commute to the city. But send Medora into the suburbs, and that is something else again. There is only one thought on her mind from the time she sets out and that is—"what if I miss that return train?" Since I am unable to fathom it all, I put it down to a sort of urban complex—complexes solve so much.

So Medora stalls. She makes thin excuses, then finishes up, "After all, what does it matter in whose home we meet—yours or mine? It's the meeting that counts, isn't it?"

She won't get my point, and I tell her so. I show her that I am hurt. The upshot of it is that she finally, and reluctantly, settles on a day.

"That is, of course," she amends hastily, "providing that the day is fine." And I know that she is praying that it will rain cats and dogs.

We decide, eventually, on May twentieth. If you recall, it was one of Heaven's own.

My tulips are standing tall and gloriously brilliant in their round bed on my lawn. On either side of the

garage the lilac bushes drip perfume—my iris are flaunting themselves as self-consciously as peacocks. Casting a rosy hue, the red dogwood tree has reached its zenith. All this beauty, I feel, *must* get under Medora's skin, or she isn't human. I give my car an extra rub. In five minutes I am at the station as the train pulls in.

I see Medora's stunning hat of flamingo red before I see Medora. She is searching wildly for me. Her face expresses a justification of the fear that I have not come down to meet her. She is carrying an umbrella.

"Whatever for?" I ask after we have kissed.

"Well," she explains, "I thought it best to bring one. You never can tell what it is going to do in the country."

It is great having Medora. I'll show her that a day in the country has it all over one in the city.

"Now, my dear," Medora begins as we start off, "before we go any farther let's settle on what train I can take back. I've just *got* to be home by half past five at the latest."

It is like a douse of cold water.

"But why? You promised to spend the day with me. Why can't you make it a little later?"

Medora's reason is a good one. She is an adept in that line.

"All right," I concede quickly, since she appears to feel injured at my raising an objection. I am determined that there shall be no clouds to mar our day. "If you feel you must. But we'll have plenty of time to talk about trains later on." This seems to satisfy her until we reach home.

Although Medora thrills audibly over flowers and has them strewn about her rooms in lovely vases, I have come to realize that she enjoys them more as seen from a florist's window on the Avenue than growing out in the open in garden plots. Nevertheless, I am determined that Medora *shall* appreci-

ate the results of my many backaches and fond tending, as I pilot her about.

"They are perfectly luscious," Medora agrees. I look at her. She has a far-away expression, but not the dreamy kind that beauty evokes. Medora does not *see* my garden; her mind is on other things.

"My dear," she says, as I am pointing out a particularly glorious tulip, "let's settle about that darn train and get it over with." And there, amid my slighted posies, she hauls out a time-table.

"I should think this daylight-saving business would get all you poor commuters simply dotty. I know I'd lose my reason if I had to go in and out every day. Now this 2:45, what does it mean? Is it 1:45 daylight saving or 3:45?"

I see that this has to be settled once and for all and have it out of the way. I tell her it means 3:45.

"If you are quite certain of it, then that is the train I'll have to take."

I tell her not to be foolish. The next one will get her back in ample time. I tell her that she is not being fair to me, that it will spoil the day for both of us. If she has to leave so early why, I say, did she bother to come out at all? We have words. Words always mean that Medora comes out on top. I am disappointed and hurt and I let it be shown. Medora seems blissfully unaware of my state of mind.

Up in my bedroom Medora starts expanding in the jolly way she has, and I begin to feel that all is well.

"Come," I say, seeing that she is not divesting herself of her hat, "I've admired it long enough. Let me have it." For a moment Medora looks at me as though I had brought her up here to rob her of it.

"Oh, no," she exclaims. "It's so light. I think I'll keep it on if you don't mind."

But I do mind. I mind very much and I tell her so. You can't have a cozy chat with a person who looks as though she were about to depart at any minute.

"Now, don't be silly," says Medora, "My hair's in a mess."

We have more words and she backs away as though she were afraid that I'll snatch the wretched thing from her head. I have no such intention. It ends up, of course, with her keeping it on. She sits in my comfy, low-ceiled living room like a random caller, and when luncheon is announced—a luncheon upon which I had given much thought as to what would tempt her—she draws up to the table as if it were a most formal affair.

After luncheon I suggest a drive. Medora agrees reluctantly.

"I'd adore to," she says. "That is, if you are quite sure you can get me back in time for that train. I am relying on you, you know."

I smile at her through set jaws and make the promise. The day, itself, at any rate, is still Heaven perfect!

It is about two o'clock when we set out. This will give us a good hour and a half on the road. I have in mind an especial spot. At a quarter past two I catch Medora looking at her watch. She laughs a bit guiltily. At half past two she looks at it again and reminds me, in a studied, offhand way, that we must not forget we have to make that 3:45. I have not forgotten—not for one single moment.

This lovely countryside, the fleecy little clouds patched onto a heaven of velvet blue, are only dreams. Life, reality, is nothing but an inflexible time-table upon which, in blood-red numbers, is marked 2:45. However, I must not let it get me. I am still determined that Medora shall take away some lovely picture, whether she

wants to or not, for remembrance. She surely cannot be dead to all this beauty. I drive valiantly on through winding lanes, past fields of grazing cows, along shaded archways of stately elms; a left turn and a glorious picture breaks into view. A grove of pines, tall, dark, scanty, sloping gently down to a lake. A bit of Adirondaeks in suburban Westchester.

"Listen," Medora is saying, and I see a strained look come over her face, "this is just too perfect, but don't you think you had better turn back now?"

We get back with three-quarters of an hour to spare. I suggest that we have a cup of tea, but Medora, who is never able to do without her tea in the city, assures me positively that she just couldn't touch a drop—not after such a wonderful luncheon—and all!

Waiting at the station, Medora is a changed person. She is once more gay and vivacious, full of plans when I am to come in to her. It is as though a load had dropped from her shoulders.

As the train comes in sight her face positively lights up. She is like a person marooned on a desert isle who sees a sail at last.

"Good-by, darling," cooes Medora, kissing me warmly and jumping out of my car. "I've had a heavenly time."

"Liar," I call after her, but she doesn't hear me in the roar of the approaching train.

Medora is a delightful person. I really have great times when I am with her in the city. But I have taken a solemn vow that never, never, never will I ask her to come out to see me again, and yet I know that when next spring comes around I'll see to it that she does.

After all, there is something due me—this hospitality business can't be all on one side.



CONCERNING MR. WICKERSHAM

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

COMPLAINT has been made that injustice was done to Mr. Wickersham in the Easy Chair of this Magazine for August.

Commenting on some remarks of his at Syracuse, where Senator Morrow also made remarks, and from that to considering Mr. Wickersham as Chairman of the famous Wickersham Commission, it was suggested that he had tempered his views, especially about Prohibition, because, in a measure, he represented Mr. Hoover, and Mr. Hoover was an aspirant for re-election. It was remarked in the Easy Chair that "while it seems so likely that in their views about rum intelligent and experienced men like Mr. Morrow and Mr. Wickersham must really think a good deal alike, one finds that on occasion Mr. Morrow says what he thinks, whereas Mr. Wickersham seems to say what he thinks is suitable."

So it seemed, but appearances in that case seem not to have been true to fact. For in fact it does not follow that because men are intelligent and experienced they will reach the same conclusion on controversial subjects. Mr. Morrow is a Republican; Mr. Wickersham is a Republican. They are both, as aforesaid, intelligent and experienced and presumably amiable besides, but they do not think alike about Prohibition and possibly they differ about many other matters that press just

now for discussion. Mr. Root is also a Republican, also intelligent, also experienced, and by no means unamiable. To the best of this writer's recollection he is dissatisfied with the Eighteenth Amendment and all its works. If that is so he does not agree with Mr. Wickersham, and if that is not so he does not agree with Mr. Morrow, so we see that intelligent and experienced men differ in their opinions on practical subjects.

What do our opinions come from anyhow? Do we make them up for ourselves or are they handed to us? There are our conscious opinions and our unconscious opinions, which latter we seem to be born with. When we say our prayers do we expect our opinions to be influenced by that exercise? If so, how? By suggestions from the invisible world? It is a pious thought of considerable validity that we get such suggestions. Maybe Mr. Wickersham is better at getting them than Mr. Morrow, but in the opinion of this present pulpit his leaning towards Prohibition is not of celestial inspiration at all but is a poor, material, carnal leaning. However, if he has it, he has it, and is doubtless sincere in expressing it, and if he shares his views to help out Mr. Hoover, that no doubt is unconscious action of his mind.

At best, our mental apparatuses are a good deal mixed. We have the con-

scious, the unconscious, the subconscious—but that leads towards psychology. Being subject to so many controls, we ought to be very tolerant about opinions and not let our affections be too much determined by them. If Mr. Wickersham is really a Dry, masked in large mustache and kind manners, why that is all right. There have to be Drys, and as to any mistakes about him, they are worth correcting, for here we have had him for months with our meals and between meals, in the headlines of the papers, in long columns of his committee's reports, and in the telephone book where a station bears his illustrious name. That Mr. Morrow's remarks seem to the reader bolder than Mr. Wickersham's may merely be because of the difference in their minds. Senator Morrow would seem to be a Liberal (if that means anything); Mr. Wickersham, like Bishop Cannon, Bishop Manning, and perhaps President Hoover, seems to be, at this time at least, a conservative. Senator Morrow says: Send the rum question back to the States! Mr. Wickersham says: No, not yet! Try enforcement a while longer. As far as that goes, Senator Morrow stands for free will and Mr. Wickersham for authority. One recalls a story that went about that when there was a discussion in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine about the retention of Doctor Robbins as Dean of the Cathedral and seven clerical trustees voted to keep him, Mr. Wickersham voted to the contrary and was credited with bringing with him three other lay voters, which availed to get Doctor Robbins fired. So in this case, if the story is true, one finds Mr. Wickersham on the side of authority, and in the matter of the Wet and Dry issue, which was the one important controversial matter that the Wickersham Commission had to deal with, one may realize that Mr. Hoover picked his man with an ex-

cellent discretion, selecting a gentleman of distinction, no stranger to amenities or unacquainted with rum, who yet would incline to support the *status quo* and enforce a law that is.

ALL of this is more interesting in itself because Mr. Wickersham is very well known and much regarded, and because the Wet and Dry situation is full of dynamite, but it is most interesting as an instance and example of what is going on all over the world. In all the wrangling over great questions, in Church, in State, in business, the big fight is between those who are for the largest practicable allowance of free will in human life and those who are more solicitous for authority and order.

Mr. Wickersham's Commission reported that most of the Federal prisons were quite unfit to take proper care of young prisoners. We all know that most prisons fall down on their job. We also know that the chief reason why prison conditions are so bad just now is because of overcrowding due to Prohibition enforcement. There are two ways of improving this situation—one is to enlarge the prisons, build more, contrive to have them give better service, and the other is to diminish their population.

In religion, in government, in business there seems just now to be a drift away from authority and organization. People who must have religion and do not succeed in getting it from the churches often find it elsewhere. If they look, they do. An exercise recommended to inquiring minds is to read the reports in New York papers on Monday of the sermons preached the day before. Even in August, which is the time of this writing, there is preaching going quite strong in New York, especially up by Columbia College where is Fosdick's tall tower and the Church of the Union Theological Semi-

nary, also the Cathedral of St. John, but report says (not personally verified by this writer) that the largest and most eager crowds are to be found sitting under Doctor Fosdick or some preacher at the Union Seminary. The other day it was Dean Wicks of Princeton who talked about the natural and spiritual forces. Spiritual forces (so-called, he said, because they move the spirits of men) were the controlling factors in man's relationship to the universe—the power which keeps all our race headed upward and finds lives in every generation through which to hold and draw the rest. The same day one finds Doctor Fosdick quoting Doctor Jacks to effect that “there are two kinds of religion—authorized and unauthorized. The authorized is official religion, its formularies, ecclesiasticisms, priestcrafts, hierarchies. But always underneath the authorized version and springing up through it has been the unauthorized.” The clergy is a good deal disparaged in these days and sometimes disparaged by the clergy, but there are first-class preachers now operating, some in the pulpit, some out, but a fair proportion of them in. One finds the same truths seeping through from the most unexpected sources.

As to this matter of the minds that are out for free will and those who are more impressed by the need of restraint, it is fortunate, of course, that we do not all see things alike. The traditional clock needs a pendulum, which is kindly contributed by the conservatives. Nevertheless, the great education comes from the exercise of choice between what is good and what is bad, what is profitable and what is otherwise. The use of rules, of laws which forbid, is really to safeguard free will from hindrance by evil doers. If our world were so contrived that good and evil were always plain, and if we had no choice except to follow the good,

it would not be a useful school for us. We advance, we grow, we learn, by the exercise of our own wills. To be sure we can be taught; to be sure while we are still immature we can be shielded from mischiefs, but we cannot profitably go through life tied to somebody's apron strings. Our first parents, as told in the Book of Genesis in the Holy Bible, emerged from innocence to the knowledge of good and evil. That has been commonly recorded as a setback for the human race. Of course it was the great and inevitable and indispensable step forward that raised us from the animal to the human state and got us going towards the superman state and the status and divinity of our Maker. Our brethren who are such great sticklers for correct deportment, and think that a good deal is accomplished when we go in when it rains and turn our toes out as directed by our betters, seem to overlook this enormous principle that the thing to be taught is the spirit and what you make the body do is of secondary concern unless the spirit that is in it directs it. They quote the Saviour's command to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's but their conception of what is Cæsar's is disputable. They quote the same authority as an example of meekness, nonresistance, and obedience and do not seem to realize that He was of all men the Great Radical whose errand was to upset the existing order and to open a new path to mankind. Proceedings in the furthering of this purpose have been going on for centuries but never more actively than now, and for us the vast contention over Prohibition is just a part of them.

OF COURSE Prohibition has done good, quite a lot. Possibly the experiment was necessary in order to knock the liquor power out of politics. It was a power without a conscience

seeking nothing but its own profit. It was beaten and it ought to stay beaten. The Anti-Saloon League, if it had stuck to what its name stood for, might have been justified, but it has gone far beyond that and aims to make all men teetotalers or else violators of law. Such a choice should never have been imposed. It is prosecuted now by fanatical people who have deficient understanding of life and some of whom greatly love power and the exercise of it. The agents who oppose it most effectively have been, sad to say, the bootleggers. The time may come when there will be statues set up, particularly in the Eastern States, to the bootleggers who made a fight for free will against the organized forces of compulsion. The great issue is not rum at all; it is whether or not our lives are to be regulated by such agencies as the W. C. T. U. and Bishop Cannon, both of them great lovers of power, with the whole force of the Federal Courts and police of the United States to help them impose their will on their fellow citizens.

This is a great issue. Let us not repine that it takes so long to work it out, for it is probably worth all the trouble. Embattled Drys have crowded all the prisons and brought law into greater contempt than it has sustained in this country for several generations, but on the other hand they have done some good—they have substituted candy stores on the street corners of New York for saloons, and that is a moderate improvement, though it has been accompanied by an immense production of speakeasies and a vast amount of very harmful distribution of poisonous drinks. Our Dry movement has also had an effect on all the world. It has brought attention to the evils of rum and scared all nations by the fear that if they do

not deal with them intelligently they may be in for Prohibition themselves. That is quite important. In England one reads drinks have been cut down about half. Canada is conducting a series of experiments in intelligent abatement. Give the Drys credit for that, but at the same time remind them that if they crowd human nature too hard the reaction may come like a flood and sweep away for the time being all the good they have accomplished. Some symptoms of modification in enforcement imply that some of the Drys are aware of this danger. The conclusion that grape concentrates had better be left alone is a sign of that. A good many people now get fairly good drinks from this source without the fear of going to jail. So there is a fair basis for hope that a solution of the Prohibition problem will be reached without standing many useful citizens against walls to have their views corrected by machine guns in the hands of Prohibition officials.

One possible help to an early solution of the drink problem is that there are other extremely important problems now waiting for solution in the world. When the times are so bad, unemployment so prevalent, European finances in so precarious a state, and such queer operations of governments going on in so many countries, the difficulty of concentrating the whole mind of the United States on rum is considerably increased. Somehow the world has got to get out of the woods, and how large a flask it will carry in its hip pocket when it emerges is really not the most important question that exists. To eat is even more important than to drink and concern about the distribution of food may modify usefully the turmoil about the distribution of beverages.



WANDA GAG

LAMPLIGHT

By Wanda Gag

Courtesy of the Weishe Gallery



Harpers *Magazine*

THIS COMING ERA OF LEISURE

WILL IT BE WORTH HAVING?

BY FLOYD H. ALLPORT

LOOKING out of my window on Tuesday mornings, I see a little procession of men with dusty aprons marching down the street beside a truck laden with ashes. They are a riotous crew, exchanging loud banter as they drag out my ash-tins, dump them, and return them ostentatiously and with loud reverberations to my doorstep. The can is not laboriously lifted but is thrown and caught, and its contents skillfully distributed, with one series of dextrous movements. A spirited team-work pervades the performance. Here are rhythm, bodily exercise, co-operation, rivalry, display, and even a little of the spice of hazard; while through it all runs the worker's ancient prerogative of airing his reflections as well as his grievances upon life at large.

As they disappear down the street there flashes before me a vision of the

oil heater recently installed in my neighbor's cellar. I see oil heaters replacing furnaces in many homes. I think of the time when I, too, may have one of these modern conveniences. I see myself sitting in my chair free from the worry and perspiration of my daily struggle with my furnace. I am richer every day by a quarter of an hour. Then there comes the picture of the leader of the ash-brigade piloting a lonely oil truck from house to house. Other members of the crew I see toiling in foundries where there is no time to talk and little possibility of hearing words which are uttered. They are running machines for making oil burners, tending oil drills, or switching tank cars, their movements responding not to those of their fellows, but to the revolutions of the machinery. I do not see them working long, however, at these tasks. They go off, instead, for hours

of golden leisure. What will they be doing with their golden hours? What shall I be doing with my fifteen minutes? Shall we be any wiser, better, or happier than upon this Tuesday morning when the ash truck rumbles down my street?

I have talked with professors of economics on the subject of modern business methods. They argue that a rapid circulation of goods and money means prosperity. Augmented production and sales bring increased returns from industry, employment for all, higher wages, and larger salaries. The purchasing power of the public is thereby enhanced and still greater business is called for. By this merry circle production and consumption are believed to pursue each other up the spiral stairway of human happiness. I remonstrate that I do not quite see the point of this; for it seems to me merely a case of making everyone work harder and faster. We are sacrificing our comfort to a needless economic urge.

Not so, reply the economists. They then explain how with labor-saving machinery and methods of organization the work of the world is being done more quickly and easily every day. The long, tedious hours of the sweat shop are rapidly becoming things of the past. In coming generations the day's work will be done in two or three hours, and the rest of the workers' time will be given to recreation, to travel, to the humane arts, and to the enjoyment of life generally. The acceleration of business and industry will produce an era of ennobling leisure.

My doubts, alas, remain. But before we can either accept or reject this doctrine, we must define more sharply some of the issues which it raises. Let us concede at once that there are many beneficent aspects of our present highly mechanized civilization. The

relief of the housewife and the farmer from the heavier drudgery of yesterday is a service for which we cannot be too grateful. The advancement of science is also rendering men's bodies secure from disease and is safeguarding their animals and their crops. We now know how to combat many of the hardships which made the lives of our forefathers a precarious and often an unequal struggle. Whatever may be our final verdict regarding the machine, in whatever direction we may change and refocus our efforts, we shall probably never wish to return to that primitive scene. The solution of our present problems will not be a reaction to the illusion of a golden past.

The true issue calls for a critical survey of what we have, keeping the benefits, rejecting the dross, and working out a policy for a directed, rather than a fortuitous, development. Fundamental to this problem are two contrasting theories of leisure. According to the first of these, which I shall call the *biological* theory, work and play cannot be sharply separated. Leisure is not so much a time of freedom from the tasks we have to do, but the lighter and more enjoyable aspects of those tasks. Advocates of biological leisure are interested in increasing not the amount of time in which our bodies shall be free from all productive labor, but rather the enjoyment of productive activities themselves, once they are released from strain, monotony, accident, and disease. Hence the advocate of biological leisure would use machinery and applied science not primarily to replace human work, but to render the organism as it performs its tasks more healthy and secure. He aims for a wholesome balance between expenditure of energy and the variety, rest, and recreation necessary to keep the organism fit. His goal is not more efficient machinery, but more efficient men and women: and by this he means

greater efficiency not for their employers, but for themselves.

The other conception of leisure, on the contrary, maintains that the routine labor of life has always been a kind of necessary evil. It is, at best, uninspiring, drudging, and monotonous. The smaller, therefore, the compass to which it can be compressed, the freer we shall be for more interesting pursuits. Work and play dwell, in this view, in different spheres. The commonplace labors of life must be done for us, otherwise the nobler achievements can never be gained. We shall soon approach the day, the advocates of this theory believe, when a few hours (or perhaps minutes) per day given over to the running of machines ought to satisfy all biological needs; and the rest of our time will be our own. I shall call this view the *technological* theory of leisure.

Upon the biological theory, leisure is to be earned and paid for as we go. The enjoyment of a period of rest as we survey a garden well tilled is, in this view, dependent in considerable measure upon the labor we have gone through in tilling it. The vista from the summit of a mountain cannot be separated from the exhilaration of the climb. The pleasures of life come to us in and through the bodily exercise and adjustment upon which we, as organisms, depend, just as we appreciate more deeply the rose because we must guard against the thorn. The proponents of the technological theory, on the other hand, are more enamored of progress. Why, they say, should a man be content with a view of his little garden when he can walk about vast acreages tilled for him by tractors and harvested by machinery? Why take the trouble of an arduous climb when, with our automobiles, we can comfortably visit as many mountains in a week as we used to visit in a year? If a view from a mountain top is good,

then a view from two, three, or a hundred mountain tops is better. We do not have to pay for our leisure enjoyments as we go; we can, through the invention of machinery, pay for them in advance. The day when man has to be burdened with the labor of making a living is rapidly passing. We can have the rose without the thorn.

II

Concerning the theory of biological leisure little more needs to be said. We are already in a fair way to attain it. We still need research in hygiene, disease prevention, de-centralization of industry, the elimination of the fatigue and the din of urban life, the discovery of an intelligent manner of distributing the world's goods, and the disbanding of nations as armed, sovereign powers. All this, however, is related to native human desires, to the aiding of the biological functions natural to men and women. It has little to do with the technological leisurist's program, a plan which aims far beyond the making of a life of work livable and happy, to the elimination of work itself. His theory rests, instead, upon the blind faith that every effort-saving machine which can be invented and marketed brings us so much nearer to the millennium. It is this latter theory which I propose to challenge.

First, however, let us inquire how the technological enthusiast is aiming to carry out his plan. Notwithstanding the talk which one hears nowadays about social planning, most technological advocates seem still to cling to the formula that the goal is to be reached through the free play of business enterprise in stimulating invention.

There would be little question of our attaining sufficient mastery of nature to be free from toil the greater part of the day if only inventions

and manufactures were limited to those which are really fundamental. If everyone could be paid directly and amply in food, clothing, and shelter in exchange for his share in running the machines which produced these commodities, and without the intervention of monetary wages and the possibility of overproduction and disastrous unemployment, there would be abundant and happy leisure for all. Leisure would flow directly from and be closely related to work. But our ruling conception of progress seems to be of a different character. It is always business, as well as leisure, which we are seeking. Whereas the exponent of biological leisure is content to take the rewards of industrial machines directly, the technological enthusiast prefers to take them in money. For money means increased manufacturing, more business, higher wages and salaries, and therefore (as he thinks) greater ultimate leisure for all. The only flaw in the program is that money can create not only more leisure but more work. New products of industry stimulate new desires, create a more elaborate standard of living, and arouse a struggle for economic prestige and consumptive rivalry. Inventions and production are thus accelerated in turn, and the vicious circle leads us away from the goal of leisure toward that of bigger business. Most men were probably pleased at the time saved for them by the safety razor, in that it freed them from long waits in barber shops or encounters with the whetstone. But the technological leisurist would have us scrap all our present safety razors. We must now purchase a new type which will save us ten seconds more by allowing us to clean it without taking it apart. The harvester and the threshing machine have eliminated many a hot, weary hour with the scythe and flail. But with millions of men unemployed and the grain market flooded,

we are expected to be enthusiastic over a *super-harvester* which takes over all the wheat-gathering operations previously performed by human hands.

Aside from the lack of economy of such a scheme, a tension and excitement are produced which are the opposite of the mood of leisure. If business is to be accelerated to the point where the machines will replace almost the entire labor of the human race, a high level of commercial stimulation must be maintained. Were our salesmen to abate their activities, we should slump back to the purchase only of necessities or of a few of the simpler luxuries, business would suffer, and the whole march toward the final conquest of nature would be halted. Working with so much at stake in investments and large orders, business people inevitably become nervous. Depressions, which seem bound to occur, are sources of worry; while the hours of idleness which follow are not periods of constructive leisure, but of unemployment with its accompanying poverty and despair. We must, therefore, goad ourselves to such a point that, when the time comes to enjoy the leisure we have earned, we are too weary for any but the most trivial pursuits. The recreations of the "tired business man" have become a proverbial expression for the banal.

In order to learn how to spend leisure time we must first get ourselves into a leisurely attitude. Mr. Sinclair Lewis has vividly pictured the struggle of a man to solve, in the rush of business life, a problem for which only a long period of tranquil reflection would have sufficed. Babbitt, being troubled in conscience by certain of his moral lapses, has dropped into secure spiritual comfort and intercession from his pastor. We see this bustling clergyman as he kneels beside the penitent in energetic prayer, while from between his fingers he keeps an eye upon his watch so that he will not miss an im-

portant luncheon engagement. Needless to say, the sinner emerged from this encounter with no true insight and with no solution. For the joy and contentment which we hope to gain through leisure time there must likewise be more than a posture adopted on the moment. There must not be glances from between our fingers at the piling up of profits, but a steadfast gaze and a singleness of purpose. Unless the seeker for universal leisure can contrive some other method than the acceleration of business enterprise, his hope of finding it is likely to be an idle dream.

III

There also arises the problem of how a technological leisure, if it were forthcoming, could be spent. Unless that ruthless destruction, which has so far seemed indispensable to our industrial program, can be checked, by the time we arrive at the goal there will be practically no environment remaining in which free time can be profitably spent. Consider, for example, those primordial human enjoyments, the fellowship with nature and the love of sport. There will be still preserved the mountains and the sea, and probably also the spectacular forests, canyons, and waterfalls of our national reserves. But the local woods and streams, the farms and villages which have been the charm of the countryside for those who cannot travel afar, will be largely despoiled and depopulated through industry. Wild birds and animals are now being destroyed or driven away by growing towns and by the inroads of the automobile. Concrete highways, though affording a fleeting view of the country to many motorists, have injured the beauty of the country itself. Just as walking has given way to less healthful motoring, so rowing and canoeing are succumbing to the noisy, more thrilling speed-boat. Great cities, the homes,

we are told, of our future civilization, have destroyed unnumbered possibilities for the pursuits of leisure. With the entire seaboard available, millions of city-dwellers must snatch their respite upon a shore as congested as a city street, from which they must return in stifling subways to be buried again where no sight or sound of nature can reach them. In riding along metropolitan elevateds one can see wisps of cherished vegetation hanging from the fire-escapes of hundreds of upper story tenements. Such are the materials for leisure left by a civilization through which leisure itself is to come to pass.

Education in schools and colleges, drifting away from the pure sciences and the liberal arts, is turning in the direction of technical and vocational training. We are training our young people increasingly for that residuum of supervision of machines which is to remain when the goal is reached; but we are neglecting our major responsibility of training for leisure itself. Music and the drama are also suffering in character of popular participation, if not in extent. Mechanized production and transmission are eliminating the practicability of music as a common profession. The sensational talking motion picture has discouraged the art of genuine drama, and has replaced troops of actors by the mass production of their sounds and shadows. Thus far the milieu of the technological era has been able to yield scarcely any authentic artistic productions except those of protest directed against the age itself. Great drama is going back to a pre-technological folk culture for its setting.

The same deplorable changes may be noted in social intercourse. Conversations, neighborhood visits, family outings, entertainments at home, sewing circles, literary clubs, and even the well-worn chairs for loungers at the country store were all occasions and places for

the enjoyment of yesterday's leisure moments. But in our drive toward technological leisure we have now become too busy to keep up these old contacts. On the highway we used to meet men and women. Whether on foot, on horseback, in buggies, or even on bicycles, it was always *persons* whom we encountered. Now we do not meet individuals, but automobiles (and to-morrow, airplanes)—grim, impersonal machines which we try to crowd past, unmindful of our fellow-being concealed behind the glass and metal. Courtesies and amenities, though natural between men, are lost upon machines. Even such social life as we have preserved has been despoiled of much of its earlier value. Through a strange irony, it was a salesman who told me that he dreaded to go to a certain large city, because while there it would be impossible for him to have any friends. If anyone were to take an interest in him he would at once suspect that that person was trying to sell him something. The decline of social relationships in the broader sense holds true also for family life. Formerly it was unusual to have to seek one's fortune away from the locality in which one was reared. Today it is not the family location which determinestheplaceofresidence, butthe possibility of obtaining a job or discovering some new field for business enterprise.

The preceding picture, it is true, is highly generalized, and the reader will speedily point to exceptions. Nevertheless, the basic trends of the technological era are those described. If it is necessary, in order to reach our goal, to continue to put technological progress ahead of every other consideration, there will be left scarcely any resources through which our millennium of leisure can be happily spent. We shall have lost not only our work but our play as well. We shall have become strangers to the materials of leisure.

IV

There is, however, a more fundamental weakness in the theory of technological leisure than the threatened decline of its material resources. For in addition to these, certain inner, psychological requirements must be met. Under a system requiring only one or two hours of work per day the meaning of life itself is bound to alter. Impelling interests which formerly actuated human conduct will be lost. There will be imperiled not merely the things to use in leisure time, but the motives also for using them.

The apostle of enterprise at once objects that this would probably not be true. We cannot foretell, he says, what new vision human beings may acquire and what pursuits they may find when once they are liberated from the bondage of toil. Perhaps; but one who bases a social policy upon such a promise carries on his shoulders, it seems to me, a considerable burden of proof. When pressed for some suggestion as to what our future interests may be, the technologist has only vague phrases, such as the cultivation of the higher, nobler, or more creative portions of our natures. He does not show how such a development is to take place. History thus far has not shown that as men emerge into a new era of culture there appears a new set of fundamental purposes or values. Art goes back to the cave-dwellers and is practically universal among primitive peoples. Curiosity concerning nature is reflected in the many mythological cults which preceded the development of science. Religion and altruistic motives are probably as old as the race. There seems to be no tribe of men, however primitive, who do not give a portion of their time to athletic sports and social intercourse. The degree of cultural advancement of any age naturally determines the way in which these

interests are followed; but the interests and motives themselves are a part of man's unchanging natural endowment.

But why, asks the technologist, can these basic enjoyments not be preserved? Why should they not flourish even better in an age of perfect leisure?

Let us try to imagine what the pursuit of man's traditional leisure interests would be like in the age of his complete emancipation from work. First, as to the enjoyment of nature: suppose that in the hours which are to be entirely our own we should leave our model apartments, kitchen-aids, and perfect plumbing, and hie ourselves to the open country, the woods, and the mountains. The question arises what we should do in such places. Suppose that we took along our mechanical equipment and carried on our perfect existence while sitting under the trees, or in our automobiles or yachts. In this case we should have no really participating enjoyment of nature; we would be simply moving our technological living to a different spot. If, on the other hand, we should give up all our mechanical servants and meet the environment with only our hands and a few simple tools, we should be experiencing nature deeply and intimately; but our leisure would be getting us into no end of trouble with the civilization which we had temporarily left but through which our leisure is to be subsidized. We could not, as a people, live on food raised in our primitive gardens, nor upon the fish or game which we might catch; for that would throw out of gear the system of mass production and exchange upon which technological leisure must depend. We should be committing the heresy, or indeed the treason, of going to work. Furthermore, as we became enamored of the crude life and its simple implements, the mechanical complexities of the machine age would seem irrelevant, if not actually contradictory, to our

newly chosen life. The highest perfection in plumbing would not seem so important when the larger portion of our time would be enjoyed without any plumbing at all. Under such conditions we should find ourselves relinquishing the passive, technological existence and going back, of our own accord, to an active leisure of the sort which I have called biological.

Although admitting that an informal intimacy with nature would be somewhat handicapped by the ultimate machine age, the technologist might point to the study of nature itself as a logical interest for the leisure of the future. We live, he observes, in the age of science; and our mechanical genius will endow us with ever keener instruments for opening up worlds of which we have not yet dreamed. But here again some troubling doubts arise. The technologist is mistaken regarding our era. This is not properly an age of science at all, in the sense of a popular and disinterested love of studying nature. It is, rather, an age of engineering and invention. There is little tendency in modern technology to direct popular interest toward the investigation of natural laws for the love of that study itself, but only for the application of those laws to the processes of industry. But granting that the scientific attitude be fostered, what widespread opportunity for the study of nature will remain in that era when we shall have lost touch, in our daily living, with nature itself? What starting point can be found amid the world of metal and concrete which we have interposed between the seeker and that untouched flow of natural events in which alone the universe can be encountered? Franklin could not have flown his kite on Sixth Avenue; nor could Newton have fathomed the universal principle of gravitation through watching elevators go up and down. The universe of the scientist, so far as the

experience of the modern city-dweller is concerned, is becoming the curiosity shop of a bygone day. In exploiting nature for profit we have destroyed the laboratory in which nature can be found. It is useless to argue that we have had our Newton and our Franklin when the world was simpler, and that we do not need them now. There are probably innumerable discoveries still awaiting us for which we need the imagination, training, and zeal which direct contact with nature alone can give. Our children, the scientists of the future, must have this environment if the love of scientific investigation is to survive.

As with science so it will be with the fine arts. Passive reception of music is of course facilitated by the radio. But for a vital participation we need to do more than merely to submit ourselves to the mechanical transmission of sounds. We shall need to have recourse again to the simple instruments of the pre-technological age. Should we return to singing, to the piano and the violin, as we must if music is to become our occupation and not our plaything, there will have to be a shift of emphasis from our present preoccupation with technologically transmitted sound. In painting and literature there will remain, in an age of perfect mechanical adjustment, the possibility of beauty of sight and sound; but it is likely to be the beauty of pure sensationalism or the striving for the bizarre, for a fundamental part of the subject matter of these arts will have disappeared. The struggles arising from human efforts toward biological adaptation have inspired masterpieces in word and picture throughout the history of mankind. In an age of secure and effortless leisure such art, apart from its antiquarian interest, will be seen no more.

Social relationships, likewise, will become barren of much of their earlier motive. Individuals will be sharers in

one another's thrills. There will still be the excitement of rivalry and, between the sexes, erotic stimulation. The joy of laboring and striving together, however, will have faded. There will be little interest remaining in the problems of men and women; for there will be no problems, except perhaps those of a psychological and spiritual sort, and here the need may be so great and universal that there will be no way out. In journeying about there will be little to see, because the bringing about of a mechanically perfect adjustment will have standardized the cultures of all peoples. Travel will be reduced to a process of hurtling through space. Religion and philosophy, in an age of mastery of nature, will be likely to take on a self-satisfied character. An arrogant humanism may reign, driving out the humble inquiry, resignation, and fortitude which have enriched great personalities of the past.

The acceleration of invention up to the point where all things shall have been placed under man's feet may involve, therefore, a destruction of more than the materials of leisure. It will probably remove from life the very interests which vitalize and enrich experience. The so-called higher, or creative, forms of expression, our intellectual, moral, and æsthetic pursuits are, after all, rooted in the full biological experience of human kind. We cannot abstract them from that reality and pursue them upon Olympus, while giving over to mechanical contrivances the struggles for our organic adjustment. For in such a society life will have lost many of the very meanings by which the arts are nourished. The rose which has been stripped of its thorn is no longer completely the rose.

V

But let us turn from specific interests to the psychological nature of interest

itself. There are at the beginning of life no manifest tendencies toward the higher culture. Newborn babies apparently do not philosophize or mold their confused world into images of the beautiful. Theirs are passive, perhaps wondering, impressions; and their earliest acts are of a purely biological sort. They whine and mouth their fingers when hungry; they cry with colic, and writhe and struggle against an annoying safety pin or an oppressive blanket. Their sole æsthetic pleasure, if such it could be called, seems to lie in being tickled. Upon these simple, though on the whole useful, reflexes there is gradually built up a series of complex habits. The child not only cries when hungry but learns to coax for food in a particular way, and to manipulate his nursing bottle. These acts, a primitive sort of work, become suffused for him with interest because they are connected with the satisfaction of an elemental want, with the direct sustenance of life. Later the child learns to ask for food in words, and to secure by that method the fulfillment of his other creature wants as well. Walking, running, climbing, constructing, and later learning a trade or profession are also activities which, at different stages, arouse the child's insatiable interest because they too arise as a development by exercise of the native biological tendencies of infancy. The process is, of course, more complicated than I have described, and individual peculiarities of talent also enter in. But this much is clear: a primary reason why our characteristic activities are acquired, and why they retain throughout life their absorbing interest, is because they are grounded, both originally and continuously, in satisfactions which are the very laws of organic life. Without this principle of learning through continuous adaptation it would be hard to imagine what the interests of living creatures would be like, or

whether, indeed, their life would have any content at all.

Now it is the proposal of the technological leisurist to undermine all this process of learning and acquiring interests by satisfying all organic needs in advance and with only a minimum of routine action upon the part of the individual. Such learning and work as will be required will be of a listless, stereotyped sort, unrelated to the biological structure or the emotional equipment of the worker. Work will require only the repetitive running of machines and not the continuous and increasing development of bodily skills. Its pattern will be laid down by another, not planned for ourselves. Except for the few contrivers of remaining inventions, it will offer no stimulus of social recognition. There will be little likelihood of developing the natural gifts which are peculiar to individuals; for a system which runs with perfect precision can be no respecter of persons. Considered as a means of developing human potentialities, the life-supporting work of the world will have to be written off as a total loss.

But worse than that, since work, through its connection with organic adjustment, is the primary activity through which interest can be elicited, its separation from the rest of life would leave the organism listless and cold. It would not merely destroy the possibility of special lines of interest, but would threaten the experience of interest itself. The spoon-feeding sometimes practiced upon the children of wealthy parents would then be extended to humanity at large. We should be like children for whom have been provided a corps of mechanical servants even more prompt and efficient than misguided parents; we should be in danger of becoming a race of morons well fitted to enjoy the age of the perfect labor-saving machine.

The goal of the elimination of labor,

or the separation of it from the so-called higher activities, is, as a working philosophy, fundamentally wrong. Its fallacy lies in the ignoring of human nature and the assumption that, by sheer inventive genius, man can rise to heights in which he will be more than, or at least different from, man. In conquering nature about us we are on the verge of denying human nature.

The champion of technological leisure will doubtless hedge a little, and will say that there is no use in going to such extremes. No one intends, he will say, to thwart or deny human nature, but only to free it from its present handicaps, and to give man's ingenuity a chance for unhampered progress. Why worry, he will argue, about such a distant and fanciful outcome while there is now so much to be done to make life even tolerable? But this reply is disingenuous and lacking in insight. In saying that in working for the complete control of nature by machines he wishes only to make our present life more livable, he is begging the question and trying to slip over to the biological position. He cannot so easily evade the fact that it is technological and not biological leisure which he has been espousing. And one who advocates a policy which, when made thoroughgoing, will land us in a morass, takes upon himself the responsibility of caution. I do not fear the immediate biological degeneration of the race. There is still interesting physical work in the world to do and probably will be for some time to come. But I am deeply concerned about the unscrupulous advertising, as a justification for present business and technological methods, of an ideal which, when fully realized, would mean the destruction of that which life holds dear. This, it seems to me, is the impelling reason for looking ahead at the logical, even though distant, outcome of the technological leisurist's program.

VI

We have spoken thus far as if the development of machinery for supplanting human effort would rob life of all its interests. While this prediction seems justified for our present creative pursuits, it is not accurate in its most sweeping sense. There would remain a certain class of pleasures of whose consummation the present is already giving some hint. These interests lie in speed and power, not the power of our physical bodies but of our servants, the machines. There might be the excitement also of competition for profits, and perhaps for recognition as inventors or wielders of new sources of power. We should multiply also the kaleidoscopic sensations which our present mechanical devices for amusement and recreation afford. But life in a machine age, to use Mr. Stuart Chase's expression, is tenuous. An earthquake, a bomb dropped in a city's water main, a strike of operators of a food-transporting or other vital public service may plunge a vast population into panic, misery, or destruction. Without in the least assuring ourselves of the diminution of our human tendency to fight, we are encouraging the invention of the means of destroying life upon an ever-increasing scale. Tenuousness, however, is not the production of the machine age alone. It existed in ancient Greece and Rome, and will exist wherever the power of biological adaptation of individuals is delegated to other agencies, whether these agencies be other individuals in the capacity of slaves, or machines. Just as the Greeks were conquered by the Romans and Rome, in turn, was sacked by barbarians, so our civilization, too, may disappear through some cataclysm of that nature which we are now trying contemptuously to subdue. Machinery can adjust us adequately to the ordinary routine of events; but only

the organism has the power of weathering nature's sudden and critical changes. Having discarded our humbler habits of organic adaptation, we are in danger of losing our plasticity in the face of a rapidly changing environment. We shall find ourselves with neither the resources nor the philosophy to weather the catastrophes which may lie just ahead.

VII

Here, then, are the two ideals of leisure. The biological method, familiar to us in the past, is slow, humble, effortful, and compliant with nature rather than ascendant over it. The technological program, proposed for the future, is heroic and imperious toward nature. The one prospect offers the immediate enjoyments of nature; the other the pleasures fabricated by the machine. The one invites us to a participation in the creation of beauty; the other pours upon our senses a flood of variegated, though sometimes beautiful, sensations. The one encourages reflection and knowledge for its own sake; the other standardizes intellectual training for practical ends. The one gives us science, the other technology. We mingle, upon the one hand, with whole personalities living in face-to-face communities; while upon the other we are immersed in powerful, impersonal organizations and meet our fellows only in those segmental relationships into which specialization has divided life. In biological leisure sport has meant the development of the body through the movement of its parts. The sport of the machine age means the movement of the body as a whole through space. The one values the acquisition of the strength and skill of our bodies, the other the power and intricacy of our machinery. Biological leisure develops interests bound up with the satisfaction of organic needs, a leisure

integrated with life. Technological leisure tends toward external pleasures detached from life as biologically conceived. The one way has led successive generations of men from infancy to their estate as learning and thinking creatures, and has given a zest to those vital activities for which we are organically endowed. The other forsakes this struggle for adaptation and leads us into an environment where human nature has little chance of showing itself as anything different from a mechanical pattern of events. The one method has developed individuals, the other machines. The one plan, though commonplace, is tried and sure; the other, abounding in high adventure, assumes our ability to become more than men, and stakes the whole security of mankind upon that one magnificent but perilous wager.

Some may think the council of clinging stubbornly to the old ideal of biological leisure is too conservative. Perhaps the technological leisurist was right in assuring us that there are unknown realms ahead into which the human spirit may soar once we have cast aside our limitations. But is the champion of modern industry and invention ready to assume the responsibility for this outcome? Can he give us any inkling of what the newer humanity will be like? In spite of the cocksureness of most of our industrial leaders, I do not believe that they have even begun to face the problem intelligently. Their threadbare slogan, "training for leisure time," shows that they still regard the matter merely as the filling in of an idle period. The notion that, by the aid of night classes and adult extension courses, they can, from their present perspective, train workers for this unknown leisure is purely gratuitous. Having put vacant time into life, they imagine that they can put life back into the vacancy they have created. But it will not be a

question merely of finding new occupations to fill the free spaces in life as we now know it. We must discover what this new life will be for the sake of which our leisure shall have been won. In spite of the astonishing advances which we are making in our culture, we have never yet been able to make the slightest alteration in the human nature to which this culture must somehow be adapted. The program which will divorce human zeal from this biological context, carries with it, as long as men are human, the duty of providing some new setting, and of showing how we may still employ those emotional energies which throughout the ages have made life real and vital. A new purpose and style of living must be accomplished, a change so sweeping as to produce a veritable new genus of mankind.

Granting that he is willing, is the

prophet of the technological era able to take upon himself this burden? Has he himself acquired a magnificence of character and a set of values appropriate to a life emancipated from creature concerns? And most important of all, is he praying fervently and whole-heartedly for man's universal redemption; or is he glancing through his fingers at the mounting profits of the machine?

We stand already upon the threshold of that leisure whose glory and fulfillment are seen within our lives as natural beings. It is a leisure in which we can still feel kinship with that long line of earth's creatures of which we form a part. Shall we forsake this prospect for what may turn out to be a mirage in the desert, for a vision which may fade away as we approach, leaving only the hot sands over which we shall have toiled in vain?





THE CHALLENGE TO ISRAEL

BY WILLIAM ORTON

PRACTICALLY every article on the Jewish question gives offense. This one, far from being an exception, is likely to offend more than most. Let me state, therefore, at the outset that it is not the sort of subject one writes about for fun. Or for money. There are plenty of other subjects, controversial subjects, in which the limits of possible injury to either side are fairly understood, and no vital hurt is likely to befall. But this subject is different. It is like one of those quarrels between lovers arising from some trifle that suddenly flares up in symbolic significance of deep and radical division, in which love and life may irretrievably go down. None the less, every student of Western culture, especially American culture, has at some time to wrestle with it. The existence of the Jewish people is a perpetual challenge to the Gentile world. The subject follows where other subjects are left behind. It will not be ignored.

I look out through the pine trunks of the high wood in which I write, out over farmlands and townships and the distant river, to where the hills range couchant in their eternally arrested leap toward the west. A train is crawling by the river; very faintly the noise of it comes through sunny space to me in my sea of rocks and last year's leaves. Now the smoke is gone; the noontide silence falls again . . . and my mind goes back to those other hills, six thousand miles away, from which the patriarch first looked westward toward

the sea, and to the blessing his ordeal in those same hills won for him. "In blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven . . . and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Does it sound, here in twentieth-century America, a little ironical?

Well, we have stopped killing Jews because we do not like their faces. And very gradually and partially both they and we are ceasing to teach hate and contempt for one another to our children. For these achievements, negative as they are, let us be thankful. But it almost seems as if, for every mitigation of the estranging factors in the conscious sphere, they assert themselves the more powerfully in the sub-rational ways of group and individual living: It is all to the good, no doubt, that the problem should be aired; but all the while it is growing in magnitude and in complexity, and I doubt whether all the discussion makes much impression on it. It is not that sort of a problem. If it were, it would have been solved long ago.

Instead, the pressure on the Jewish people in America all the time is increasing. The average Gentile does not know how insistent, how ubiquitous this pressure is. He does not have to know. But let him reflect, and much of it becomes knowledge so common as to be taken for granted. He instantly—and as a rule, obviously—tightens up when he finds himself in business dealings with a Jew. The Jewish trades-

man is under a handicap as to good-will which often he makes up by other means, willy-nilly. Non-Jews perpetuate the distinction by their unwillingness to work with or for him. His Gentile customers assume an apologetic attitude to one another and seldom recommend him to their acquaintances. But suppose our tradesman prospers none the less and cherishes ambitions for his children. Bright children they are likely to be, and for that reason alone subject to some suffering from the herd-mindedness of the average classroom. But in addition, they have had from earliest years the sense of separation ground into them, positively in the home, negatively everywhere else. They cannot from earliest years forget that this is not their civilization, not their nation, not their social system—because nobody gives them a chance to forget. If it is to a private, instead of to a public school, that the children are to go—children of professional parents, let us say—their father will have the problem of finding not only a community in which he will be welcome to make a home but a residence near some school that will accept his offspring. How much of an added restriction that is, only those who have tried it realize.

None the less, let the children emerge still able and undaunted and aspire to college. If they, or their parents for them, cherish social and cultural ambitions (the two can hardly be separated, nor perhaps should they be) the best they can hope for is to be accepted in a liberal college as Jews—but always as Jews: in a sense, or to a degree, different from that applying to other foreigners. The physiognomic distinction may or may not be patent; the difference derives from all that goes with that distinction on both sides. Certain select circles will be closed, not to the Jew as an individual—whatever kind he may be—but to the Jew as a Jew. The matter is fardone as it is

for no other group whatever. A Nordic may, and frequently does, possess in full measure the less agreeable traits of mind and manner usually associated with one race only; but to the Nordic they will not be an insuperable social barrier—he will be given the chance, and a variety of incentives, to tone them down, with social success quite easily in view. But let a Jew exhibit exactly the same psychology—the matter is ended: he is a Jew, and that is all there is to it.

With college over, the question of career becomes urgent. And here we strike the gravest fact of all. While the Jewish rate of increase holds its own with that of other stocks, the sphere of possible employment has undergone a marked and deliberate restriction in recent years. To which of the professions shall the young Jew turn with—let us not say an even chance, let us say a sporting chance—of success? Perhaps the law is still open; but consider the competitive handicap if he would be a doctor, a dentist, a teacher, an accountant, anything that depends on general patronage. How much harder must he work, how much more able must he be, how much more humble pie must he eat, to get as far as his non-Jewish colleagues, merit for merit. Suppose he turns to finance. He will early discover the force of conscious anti-Semitism wherever the influence of one of our greatest banking houses may reach—and that is very far. He will discover the extent to which that policy sets the tone of conservative firms everywhere. Bitterest of all, he will find a scarcely warmer welcome from many prominent firms of Jewish ownership, which prefer to attract Gentiles, if only for shop-window purposes. If of exceptional ability, he may be hired and put to work behind the scenes, where others will pick his brains for a remuneration held down by the narrowness of his alternative

employments. Possibly—probably indeed—he will concentrate with success on the sole task of making money; what else can he make? From the standpoint of life, of personality, he will be luckiest if he can find a vocation that he can pursue mainly alone. We hear much, and from Jews themselves, of the ineradicable individualism of the Jew; but who can say how much of it is a forced habit, forced by the growing sentiment of extrusion? And the number of strictly individual vocations in America is shrinking at a tremendous pace: not merely in business, finance, and the professions, but in art, letters, and science as well. The consequences are visible in the concentration of Jewish economic life in a few—a very few—secondary trades, and in the increasing severity of the struggle for career in the world at large. Other consequences which we shall presently consider are less visible. Let us glance first at certain other, less visible, factors in the segregation.

No one may ignore the rise, or resurgence, of intellectual anti-Semitism since the War, with the Hitler movement in Germany as the peak of it. Every war brings some such resurgence, for the simple reason that the Jew is not good army material. As Maurice Samuel very candidly remarks, all this army business looks comic to the Jew, comic, not to say vile. War as the great game (which it is) appeals to him less than any other game. He never really appreciates its rules or its purposes, makes a difficult soldier and a tenacious pacifist, and is naturally about as congenial to the army man as is a camel to a horse. Still worse, he tends naturally to reject the entire conceptual outfit by which the Nordic renders war acceptable to himself—and to his womenfolk; and in such a matter rejection savors of treachery. Accordingly, the suspicion of treachery rises spontaneously about

the Jew in every national crisis, and fastens as if by magnetism on the smallest unorthodox act he may be tempted to commit. Consequently when, as in Russia, we find Jews suddenly acting by the light that is in them, treachery is the first and most fatal cry.

Somewhat the same tendencies appear in the economic sphere. American as well as other states may indulge in defalcation or repudiation without incurring irredeemable moral stigma; but let Jews repudiate, and the very ministers will join the mob and pelt them with Bibles. Of course they will. The rules of the game *are* liable to be ignored by the Jew; the systems of Western economics and politics *are* in some measure matters of indifference to him. What more natural than that he should be subject to exceptional suspicion, exceptional hostility from people who value their own systems so much, or trust them so little, as to hate the very possibility of change?

II

But there are other and more fundamental factors at work than the sporadic outbreaks of conscious anti-Semitism: forces of the blood, stronger and deeper than those brittle phantoms that we call ideas. And though these forces manifest themselves in conceptual forms, it is well to remember their origins lie deeper than the plane of argument. It is well to remember, because the circumstances of our time are bearing down upon the very roots of the schism between Jewish and Gentile spirituality.

In trying to set forth the deeper levels of that schism, let me say frankly that I am speaking only to the initiates of either side. What I have to say there will be many on either side to contradict: that I know well. But even among those who will understand,

some will regret that these things were not left unsaid, thinking no good can come of saying them. And these I hold in all respect, while it is to them I appeal. They may be right: no good may come; but on the bare chance of better luck I, for my generation, must risk the offense. There is upon us a profound historical crisis that none who becomes conscious of it can ignore; and though any one individual may be wrong, as a man sees the matter so he must speak—be the cost to him what it may.

Let me put the thing in a series of contrasts. First, then, there is the contrast between the palpable loss of faith by the Nordics in their own culture and the Jewish genius for faith in theirs. I am not thinking merely of the campaigns of the radicals of each country directed to specific political or economic issues; such movements there will always be. It is the lack of positive conviction, of creative conviction, behind them that is alone significant in this connection. And not behind them only, nor mainly. Everywhere Western industrial democracy is on the defensive, not merely against its enemies without, but against the corrosion that is devouring its heart from within; and more significant than the complaints of the radicals are the increasing signs of uneasiness among the leaders in business, in politics, in diplomacy, in thought. The mighty ruthlessness of the constructive period is gone, and with it the leadership of those days. Policy is everywhere vacillating, diplomacy spineless and mildly liberal—whether from fear or good intentions—and the courage of genuine conviction conspicuously absent. Postwar America has produced a literature of discontent that is almost unparalleled; but even more striking than its volume is its lack of affirmation.

The mere fact that men are discussing the survival of our culture as an

open question is more significant than what they say; but their conclusions tend to become more and more pessimistic. "The established order suffers from a chronic and growing *malaise*," writes that ex-champion of the Nordic, Mr. Lothrop Stoddard. "There is increasing dissatisfaction with what is, coupled with a restless and rather aimless search after the new. Faith decays. Lastly, men lose interest in many things hitherto deemed of vital import. . . . An impressive body of evidence from several distinct angles clearly tends to show that our civilization is nearing its end." Not merely its accomplishments, but its ideals begin to pall. The sense of direction grows faint within us. The hands that built the machine are too weary to control it, the eyes too dim to hold the distant vision. Noisily and with frenetic capers we reaffirm our pride in our achievement; but the voices lack conviction, the gestures seem a little ridiculous even while we make them.

If we choose to look deeper, the best that science and philosophy have left to offer is a sterile neo-Stoicism. It is the fashion to disparage Spengler—as good a way as any other of evading the tremendous truth that is in him; but among more popular writers one may search a long time in vain for the note of confidence, of reassurance. Bertrand Russell's position, for instance, finely as he puts it in "A Free Man's Worship," is hardly a sustaining one for the average man. Nor does John Dewey's *Quest for Certainty* attain any final goal. "At the best, all our endeavors look toward the future and never attain certainty. The lesson of probability holds for all forms of activity as truly as for the experimental operations of science, and even more poignantly and tragically." Philosophy must abandon "its guardianship of fixed realities, values and ideals" and find its role in application to the practical issues of a

life from which the *raison d'être* has imperceptibly departed. It is true that science, having finally dissipated the world of everyday experience and expanded the universe in inconceivable dimensions, ends by assuring the layman that he may consider himself still at liberty to believe in some kind of a god if he happens to be that kind of a person; but for the sort of faith men live by, neither it nor philosophy has any firm ground to offer. Nor is there any longer in the Western mind the strength to utter a *credo quia absurdum*.

And is the Jew differently placed or constituted in this respect? It is both his curse and his blessing that he is. Stripped through the centuries of every chance to pin his hope on transitory values, purged by sword and fire of all the vested interests of corporate living, the Jew has a direct hold on life itself where the Nordic clutches it only with an apparatus of concepts, institutions, rationalized ends and purposes. For this reason it is not, generally speaking, within the power of the Jewish mind—as it certainly is within that of the Gentile—to undermine the incentives to living. The thought of the Jew may be somber, pessimistic, tragic; it is hardly ever decadent. His blood believes, let brain do what it may. Let him think and talk and live and die an apostate, the race in him utters from day to day its pragmatic affirmation. You will hear shrewd and cynical appraisal of men and motives oftener from Jewish lips than from Gentile; but you will seldom hear, even of this civilization, the doubt, the disparagement, the denial of its hopes and ends that are common among Gentile intellectuals. As many Jews as Gentiles, no doubt, reject it; but the Jewish rejection will more frequently have the strength of passion and hatred where the Gentile gets no farther than distaste, aversion, disillusion.

For some of this difference race is

no doubt responsible; for some of it, history. I am not concerned here with causes. The dynamic outcome of the two factors is an element of Jewish psychology that I am tempted to call, at the risk of a contradiction in terms, pragmatic idealism. Pragmatic, because the experience of the Jews has been such that at no time did their faith, their hope, dare get far away from the brute facts of circumstance and human nature; idealism, for lack of a better word, to imply the spirit that still finds life worth while when all its extrinsic sanctions have been denied or torn away.

It is in virtue of this quality that the Jew has never been tempted to hope or believe *too much*. Give the Gentile a bit of new truth, and what does he do with it? Not content with merely living it, he must needs spin out of it a whole series of concepts and theorems, which presently he will institutionalize and fashion into a System. With this System he will transform cultures, build empires, found schools of thought or religion or jurisprudence, and run energetically about the world proclaiming that all who do not believe in his System are damned irrevocably to a specially constructed part of the System called Hell (every System has its Hell). That is the way of life—for the Gentile. Consider what he did with the prophet of Galilee. Christianity never bothered itself much about understanding the poor prophet—and now it dare not. All it saw was the starting point for a new System, for the most staggering superstructure of metaphysics and theology that ever dazed mankind—but a System, none the less, that made history. Now the System fails, breaks up, collapses, as sooner or later Systems do. The Jew quietly goes on living, unshaken, not even disillusioned—and is hated for it. But the Jew was never tempted to put his faith in the extravagances of any such System. Three

gods in one, vicarious atonements, transubstantiations, prelection, redemption, damnation—the Jew could not attain such heights of Gentile architecture, though he tried hard at various times and places. He sat in the cellar, or the dungeon, or the gutter—waiting and reviled. His god did not dwell on the summit of any such System. His god sat in the gutter with him. For it may truly be said that where the Nordic god is authority and sanction for the Nordic System, the Jewish god is just a necessary postulate to the Jewish way of living and feeling. The god of the Jew is the way, the truth, *and the life*. The god of the Nordic is the rationalization of the Nordic will to power, the ultimate excuse for doing what that will to power dictates. Those who reject such things are forced to deny him. The Jew does not have to deny his god in order to achieve freedom.

III

A similar contrast is revealed in a comparison of the Jewish ethic, not with that of Jesus, which is in the main a part of it, but with that of Christianity. The Jewish ethic is distinguished by its realism, its intense humanism. It grows out of experience and history, not out of metaphysics and theology. It does not demand the impossible in compliance with the postulates of an ultra-human system. It parts company from the Christian, not with Jesus, but with the abnormal—supernormal, if you like—Paul. For it is inspired by too deep a knowledge, too profound a love of ordinary human nature ever to nail it on a cross of incompatible facts and aspirations.

True enough that the Christian record is studded with jewels which stand out in fantastic brilliance against the sense of sin and shortcoming which is necessary to keep the Christian soul

at tension. But the heroes of the Jewish ethic do not have to be saints and ascetics; and the man or woman of to-day has more to learn from Gluckel Hameln than from Saint Theresa. The Jewish symbolism speaks of a broad humanity rather than a narrow sainthood, of a pattern that accepts on equal terms all the fructifying possibilities of human nature. It does not inculcate the nerve-racking tension of Christian idealism—compare, if you doubt it, the atmosphere of a “good” Christian family with that of a corresponding Jewish one. And for that reason the Jewish ethic shows a vitality, a persistence, in high contrast with that of the Christian West. Again, the dynamic West must deny its tradition in order to achieve freedom: the Jew can move and breathe freely in his own tradition without the agony—maybe the spiritual suicide—of abjuration.

There follows a momentous consequence. Gentile, particularly Nordic institutions, human enough in their origin, become under the architectural impulse of the West parts of the elaborate conceptual and social System that is Nordic civilization, with the result that as the breakup of that System approaches, they also suffer tremendous strain and are in fact faced with probable dissolution, notwithstanding that no substitutes may be discernible for the enduring needs they originally satisfied. Such imperiled institutions are, as is well known, marriage, parenthood, the family. Their disappearance is everywhere discussed, and in the great cities is actually in progress. The prospect is viewed both with equanimity and with apprehension, but it is nowhere denied. Among many other observers, Bertrand Russell, in a recent essay, admits it very frankly. Except within an economically privileged minority—which perhaps will not be indefinitely tolerated—

the family, he thinks, is likely to die out: "biologically, this seems inevitable." Sex love will become "less interesting," men's emotional life will suffer, and there will be "a great divorce from the literature and art of all previous ages." While not all observers concur in the latter part of this prophecy, there is an almost eager acceptance among sociologists of its major premise. Indeed, so far as a large part of America is concerned, the family is already a superstition rather than a fact.

Now whether all this is desirable is not the point. The point is that here lies yet another contrast between the attenuated structure of Western civilization and the extreme tenacity of the Jewish. Environmental conditions, social pressures, are not so very different to-day for Jew and Gentile; but the institutional responses are decidedly different. To take a quite common example, the reluctance of most Jews to marry Gentiles is not solely due to extrinsic considerations. It is because, however liberal may be their ideas, something in them is profoundly aware of the different temper (Spengler might say, the different *date*) of the two cultures, profoundly uneasy at the prospect of diverting their own bloodstream to what is felt to be an institutionally weaker strain.

For after all, the dynamic of ideas is secondary to the dynamic of the blood. What will happen to a culture under given circumstances is not determined solely by those circumstances, it is determined by the nature of the life-impulse which that culture preserves and transmits. If Western culture is now desperately at the mercy of machine technic, that is not the fault of machine technic; it is because somewhere within that culture itself is a failure, a collapse, a spreading death. And the sign of it is everywhere. The woman of Western culture is the sym-

bol of its doom; for within herself she is already destroyed. The mystery our pseudo-scientists call sex—that universe of psychic and somatic potentiality that forms the foundation for the male dynamic—is for Western woman an embarrassment, a superfluity. Not less physically the she-animal than before, she has exchanged the blood-knowledge that the she-animal exists to transmit for the Western brain-knowledge that is fully explicit only when it is dead; and with her distinctly female inheritance neither she nor anyone else knows now what to do. Ceasing to be, in the cosmic sense, woman, and unable to become man, she remains sterile and disintegrate, "emancipated" from too much, puzzled by what seems a malign and futile destiny, symbol of a culture from whose veins the meaning has departed. Yet on none of its achievements does the West so preen itself as the "emancipation" of its women; and in no respect does the race-experience of other cultures show a wisdom so much the deeper. The Jew, weaned on that older wisdom, may be pardoned a quiet smile as he contemplates a land so hard ridden, and so little blessed, by its women as that flower of the West, America.

IV

So much—let it suffice—by way of hint at those deeper forces I spoke of as intensifying in this age the Jew-Gentile problem. But the problem is not to be solved, or understood, merely by enumerating them. There are psychological factors supervening which the Western mind, with its brain-logic, can more easily comprehend, since they are mainly the outcome of history and circumstance rather than of race. Let us look at a few of them.

For a number of weeks now I have been, as they say, living in suit-cases. I have had a variety of rooms in a

variety of places, some of them friendly rooms in which I could work without too much difficulty, some of them elaborately indifferent or frigidly hostile. If I strike a friendly room (it is, by the way, generally the cheap rooms that are friendly) I get out the few bits of things that are specifically me (readers who have traveled a good deal will know what I mean) and become tolerably at ease with myself. If the luck is against me I waste some time wondering what is the matter and just what can be done to put it right, before the room finally expels me—a depressing experience that I cannot always explain to my friends or my hosts, whom in consequence I frequently annoy. But none of these rooms is mine. None—“be it ever so humble”—is what I would have made it. . . . When I was at Cambridge I belonged to a club called The Ishmaelites, whose only obvious justification was the indulgence of certain simple appetites plus an unusually flagrant blazer, but whose real basis was that it consisted solely of stray people who stood in pretty much the relation to the university that the name implied. Perhaps if we had been Jews we should have been ardent Zionists. As it was, I think we were merely a mild joke among clubs and occasionally a collective nuisance to the authorities. Such people always are.

Now magnify this type of experience several million times and run it back over nigh on two thousand years. Postulate, at the root of it, a blood that is one of the purest in the world, and a tradition that has survived several civilizations and is in at least some respects stronger than the one in which it lives now. Throw in, for good measure, a fiercely cherished memory of enmity and oppression triumphantly endured through many centuries. Add to all that the intolerable humiliation of being tolerated, the perennial affront

of being patronized. And then state, if you can, in words of one syllable, the sort of psychological outcome you have to deal with!

Good heavens—watch the poor British scholar when after an exhausting tour of the States he goes up from Portland on the Vancouver boat and comes across the obviously British bobby on Victoria Island. “Mine!” he feels, and his soul expands within him. Watch the small-town American when his delighted eyes rediscover Woolworth’s in the heart of London, or contemplate pityingly the English fumbling with the new traffic lights in Oxford Street. “Mine!” he feels, and his soul expands within him. . . . What is it like, do you suppose, gentle reader, to go through life, through generations of life, without once finding occasion for that simple ego-maximation, that natural and naïve release of self-esteem, in the outward and visible trappings of the world one lives in? How intense, do you suppose, is likely to be the throwback upon all that is peculiarly one’s own in the inward things? How jealously, can you imagine, will the tradition of those things be guarded, how passionate a reassurance will it harbor, how unfathomably deep a pride?

Therein lies the real danger to Zionism: that as release it may be too successful, and add yet another neo-nationalism to a world that is already distraught with too many. Rabbi Schulman, preaching in New York last spring, was frank as to the peril of it. “As Israel is scattered and dispersed, as the destiny of the overwhelming majority of Jews is to remain in the midst of peoples of different racial heritage, and as even if the hopes of the neo-nationalists were realized only a very small minority of the Jews could live a national life on their own soil, the theory of nationalistic self-isolation is not only false as to Jewish ideals, but

is disastrous as to Jewish rights and interests." But he might have added—perhaps in his heart he did—a prayer for the success of the Zionists in their real, their unheard-of enterprise: the creation of a living, toiling community that shall be primarily a symbol, in precisely the same sense in which bits of colored cloth are symbols to other peoples. Even so conceived, one may doubt whether Zionism will be enough. But whatever else there may be—and it is the purport of this paper to suggest something else—will not demand less faith or less fortitude.

Faith, fortitude—the very words are a challenge. And I see as I write them the slow smile dawn on Jewish lips, half pitiful, half sardonic, as if to say, Where will this fellow blunder next? I know—who does not?—that baffling paradox in Jewish eyes, uniquely blent of pity and irony, arrogance and humility, abnegation and invincible disdain.

"In them shall all the nations of the earth be blessed"—it is the young generation of Jews rather than of Gentiles that is embarrassed by the idealistic tradition. The Gentile can simply dismiss it: refuse, or find himself comfortably unable, to accept it. The Jew of to-day, unable either to accept or reject it, takes refuge under a cultured and immaculate skepticism. For he is tempted, much of the time successfully, to play the game of adjustment for its own sake. It is second nature to him. Faith in the heritage, the destiny, of the race becomes mere confidence in the cleverness with which he can avail himself of the situation as it is, and ends perhaps in a denial of the possibility, even the desirability of change. What was wisdom in the old generation becomes craft in the young. Pride in that craft, a secret and nihilistic pride, fulfils the place of pride in that wisdom—almost, but never quite. If only their race would let them go; but it will not, altogether.

It clutches unexpectedly, wrecking where it has been ignored. That is why the "assimilated" Jew is seldom entirely happy—because assimilation is essentially a negative gesture, and the blood is affronted. That is the peril of many a mixed marriage entered upon as a compromise, a surrender, rather than as an alliance, a new challenge to destiny. The Jewish heart is then secretly shamed by the children. In such situations faith and courage fail. And last—for only at that point can it enter—comes the inward peril that Lewisohn alone, I think, has dared to point out: "We must expel from blood and brain the most terrible of all the results of our long persecution—a shadow of our persecutors' estimate of us. Not our greatest have quite escaped that curse." But under that curse one can achieve nothing. What, in any case, is there to achieve?

V

The achievement—let me state it baldly—is the salvaging of Western civilization. That is the challenge to Israel.

The word diaspora, I read, has two meanings. It may mean, as our Bible has it (Deut. xxviii, 25) a "tossing to and fro among all the kingdoms." It may mean, in the Septuagint version of the passage, a sowing as of seed: that seed in which all the nations of the earth shall be blessed. All the nations of the earth—not Jews as such, not Gentiles as such: the full humanity of the Messianic vision. Is there faith in Israel, is there need in Christendom, to reap that harvest?

As to the former, it is not mine to judge. I can only affirm, as a student of these things, that there are yet alive in Israel powers and possibilities of which the Western world stands in sorest need. Among these I have chosen three for emphasis. First, its

theism: as I think, the only theism that is still possible to Western man—a pragmatic theism, in which the god is literally a way of life. For Israel never insisted that other people subscribe to its *beliefs*, nor were its own sins ever matters merely of a wrong idea. Its errors were always of the deed, its mandates always of the life among men. "He judged the cause of the poor and needy. Was not this to know me, saith the Lord?"

Second, therefore, its humanism—if that term may be broad enough for an ethic that cares even for the animals. Israel was foremost in the fight for humanism in the strict historical sense. But along with the passion for disinterested thought she has retained, in Einstein as in Spinoza, the keen sense of life in the concrete, the keen concern for the day-to-day welfare of ordinary men and women: a concern immeasurably keener than that of those beneficent governments which slaughter millions of them for their own good in the name of abstract ideas and the precise interpretation of phrases.

Third, therefore, its social stamina. It has been said that the Jew can judge, but not create, values. Yet in those values which, as institutions, make for social solidarity, Israel, despite its class distinctions, its own caste system, is richer than we. Naturally so; since its life as a society is less dependent upon extrinsic factors, and the forms of that life are less in bondage to a conceptual system which those factors are rapidly demolishing. Israel—chaotic, slipshod, disorderly, as it appears to the efficient Nordic—has yet the life of an organism: Western society takes on more and more the aspect of a machine, held together by the brute pressures of necessity, drenched in the tears and blood of the humankind it ought to cherish and foster. How much even of the palliatives that temper the fate of its unfortunates does it not owe to the

Jewish sense of pity, the Jewish concern for suffering men and women?

There are things Israel cannot do, necessary things, in which the Nordic has excelled and of which Israel reaps the benefit. The architectural impulse, the urge to plan and design and abstract order—these are essential wherever huge masses of people have to live and work together. But untempered they end, as they have ended, in a generalized notion of mankind itself, a reduction of flesh and blood to mere averages, formulæ, stereotypes, terms in a series, a dismemberment of the concrete individual person by countless batteries of calculating machines. How much of modern fiction and modern drama are an exposition of precisely that theme!

There are qualities of which Israel stands in need if ever its vision, and ours, is to be realized: nerve—I will not say courage, for that may be passive; a dash of the gambler; the physical intrepidity of the pioneer that will not reckon costs or risks too closely; these also being things that untempered may make—have made, times out of number—for inhumanity. Why does it seem fantastic to suggest that from Israel may come, can come, the inward guidance of which Western civilization stands in need? Why this instinctive incredulity on both sides? . . .

The Israel you write of—it is Jews who will say this—is the idealized Israel of an ancient dream. Look around you at the Israel of reality, of twentieth-century New York. Where, even in the best of it—formalistic old, or liberalizing new—will you find the substance of that dream to-day? And why, in any case, should Jews bother themselves with any such world mission? Is not their own existence problem enough for them?

True enough that the thing must begin, as it has begun, with a acceptance by the Jews themselves of

their own tradition: a reëxpression, a reinterpretation, for themselves of their own culture. So much is already in progress, on a scale actually comparable with the golden age in Spain. Only here and there, as yet, is that renaissance conceived in its relation to the Western world. For the most part, as yet, it is a reassertion—sometimes an aggressive, an exclusive reassertion—of Jewish genius, for Jews. And that is the immediate necessity. Beyond that it is not necessary now to speculate. For a destiny evaded is a doom; and the instinct of the race is yet alive.

It proceeds by no rational dialectic. To argue the larger case would be presumption. It is not in payment of

any debt that the Jewish redemption of Western culture can be urged. There can be only one debt: the debt indicated in Lewisohn's fine phrase, "Being a Jew is what he owes mankind." It is not in virtue of any claim the world can make upon them. It is *because* they have been despised and rejected of men; *because* they have suffered and sacrificed as no race has had to suffer or sacrifice; *because* there is even yet so little room for them, so slender a security, in the richest nation of the earth—that they will come at last bringing new blessing to the world that has reviled them, offering that which cannot be taken from them to those that sit in darkness and the shadow of death.

CERTAINTY

BY DOROTHY SEAGER

I *SHOULD* not be startled
To see you in my door,
Crying, "I have come to stay."
Nothing more.

*I should only let you in
Quietly and say,
"The fire still burns. I heard your steps
For a long way."*



BLACK AND WHITE

A SPANISH EPISODE

BY HARRY KURZ

I AM in a sullen gray-canvas interior that bounces about as it is trundled on springless axles along a byway much rougher than our cross-country dirt roads. Outside, as I gaze through the flap in the rear, is a white, dazzling, sun-baked weariness of hilly clay and rock; inside with me is a soft gloom that helps to live. The road is wrinkled with ruts and sprinkled with stones that make our wheels whine with complaint. I have learned through muscle weariness not to sit with all my might on a chair in a Spanish cart. Instead, like any gypsy hag, I sprawl on a bag of mule feed over which I have thrown a blanket. Whatever happens to one of the wheels happens also to me, but muted. Outside the world is burning and jolting. Here within there is grayness and softness. I close my eyes and let Trompette's mules bear me to Galisteo.

Galisteo, about which the folk couplet says that the girls are pretty but untidy. The rhythm of the lines keeps time with the rounding groan of the great cartwheels:

Las mozas de Galisteo
Buena vista y mal aseo.

It is a town of witchcraft and sudden knife-thrusts and a place with a bridgeless river and a riverless bridge. This I was told in answer to my curious inquiry. A stream runs through the pueblo. In the spring it is a furious

torrent, in the summer a dry bed. Early one year long ago, the waters overran the banks and lapped the top of the arches of the bridge near the church. The waters kept spreading and finally threatened to sap the foundations of the sacred edifice. To save it from toppling, a new channel for the river was dug, completely deflecting its course. To this day this different river remains without a bridge, while the old arch lifelessly spans a cobbly bed dry as tinder.

Girls pretty but untidy, rivers without bridges, bridges without rivers, torrents and dry beds—all sudden shifts in a hidden land of contrasts.

The tossing world outside the inelastic cart has become surprisingly noisy. I peer out of the flap in the rear and see a lurid mass of orange in the sky. It swoops toward us, rapidly filling the air with clouds of blowing blackish dust that turn the bright world unexpectedly into a dun-colored mist choking us. Trompette has halted the mules and breaks into loud prayers, offering the Virgin a peseta if he gets out of this safely. The wind moves the cart along upon the animals which are forced to step onward, but their obstinacy saves us from rolling off the steepish road. For six minutes pandemonium moans over us, and the very ground beneath us totters. Then there is a hush, and I look out. The desolate landscape has become almost

bright again with not a soul, not a house in sight anywhere. It seems hard to believe that a moment ago this clear atmosphere behind us was so solid with dusty danger.

We wait a while longer to rest the animals and to let the wind before us die down. Trompete is unnerved. He is worried at my insistence on going to Galisteo. He warns me once more pleadingly against its inhabitants, a crude inhospitable brood suspicious of outsiders, a people famous for knife-thrusts and very fond of duels. I know there is no practice of assassination in the pueblos, as is the case with the southern Italian *vendetta*, for in Spain the peasants do not carry dirks. Instead, a man fights face to face with his adversary, using the razor-sharp pruning knife with sudden upward thrusts into the abdomen, as a bull gores. The knife is worn ready to hand on the side of the leg between stocking and drawers. The struggle is generally to the death, whether it be a dispute over a girl or an inheritance or the stealing of water for irrigation in a land always threatened with drought. Trompete insists that in Galisteo they fight just for the sake of fighting. Two champions will be pitted together merely to decide which is the better valiant. No one ever intervenes between two men engaged in a duel, for there is a common unwritten law in these matters which is strictly followed in every detail by the adversaries who trust in each other's fair play. All that Trompete summons in eloquent warning convinces me that the pueblo for which I am bound should have some extraordinary adventure to offer me in exchange for this hot dusty struggle to the place.

Gradually dusk falls as we near the sudden upturning road that leads into the pueblo on the hill summit. Trompete reluctantly drops me here and keeps on to a valley town where he has

business. I go up the winding cobbled way on foot, passing between dim flourishing vineyards on either side until I find myself at one end of the main street of the place. It is nearly night. I think of the heat and light of the day and marvel at the abrupt cold and gloom of the night. Ahead of me the houses have a few twinkling lamps that beckon to the stranger. Surely I shall find a welcome somewhere. Wild and strange as the pueblo seems, it is good to be again where the walls of human habitation rise, where there are tiles, as the Spanish properly say.

The low houses are of rough dark stone with queer ample bands of white-wash outlining the solitary window of each front. Broadly black and white, the jambs and lintels streak along the dim way. They are very drunken houses, leaning giddily sideways or lurching forward or back. In the twilight they seem very gossipy as one wall sighs to the other across the street of the immemorial things they have witnessed sheltering successive generations of dwellers. Suddenly the sigh changes to fuss and clatter.

A host of black crouching forms with white eyes near the ground is coming up the way I have just traversed. There is much busy grunting among them, short and loud, as they tread the cobbles. Their great dark skins form a dense, heavy, low cloud, broken only by pairs of fantastic glinting eyes. I flatten myself against the wall as they pass followed by their keeper, who clatters along taller than his herd. The pueblo, silent as death a moment ago, is now full of stir and bustle. The hogs gossip and grunt and scold and squeal. A door suddenly opens, and into it the swineherd disappears. The hogs are left alone in the village street.

Then I behold an amusing thing. The animals scatter noisily, forming little impatient groups at the various

doorways. Here and there they stand, rooting and pawing and nuzzling together. A coterie near me looks for all the world like a society of fat clubmen with three ridges across the backs of their necks, discussing moodily the problems of the world. All along the street they loiter, talking hoggishly of what concerns them, till presently doors open and bands of yellow light crisscross into the gloom alternately. It is fascinating to watch this sudden shattering of the dark, the disappearance of the clubmen into their spacious openings, and the subsequent obscurity that cloaks the street once more and restores it to me.

Before the last group of four-footed loiterers has vanished, I have sung out my greeting at a threshold.

"Hail Mary most pure!"

"Of the Immaculate Conception" comes the answer promptly from the man within.

"Is there an inn here?"

"No, the pueblo has no inn."

"Where could a traveler put up for the night?"

"We have no place here. You might ask at the house of Máximo Fuerte, eight doors farther, on this side."

"A thousand thanks."

"Nothing. Go with God."

The night outside seems darker after my bath in the yellow flare of the lamp. It is night indeed. The men of the village have come in from labor in the vineyards and fields, using the last shred of day to return to their homes. The swineherd has left the ultimate darkness to me, something unusable in pueblo living. There time is hourless, consisting only of night and day, of white and black, two slender strips of eternity resembling life and death. For these people who are alternately cast into these contrasting bands of existence there is no conception of the passing hours. There is only night and

day. The night is for procreation and sleep, therefore its flight need not be measured. The sun, which rarely fails in this country, is the real timepiece for the village folk. Morning and afternoon are established, both in winter and in summer, by the shadows cast in the bowered patio where the women sit, or in the corral behind where the animals are tethered. The sun, instead of our tiny gilt-encased mechanisms, is here the mainspring of all human activity, as it should be in simple living; and these village folk, aware of this, ignore such new-fangled notions issuing from Madrid as daylight saving. The governmental hour does not concern them, for even the railroad does not touch their vicinity. In the city the church bell calls to mass at the rigid hours set for worship, and the only other thing that begins on time in Spain is the bullfight. By these two consecrated ceremonials urban residents may set their watches. But the village lives by the sun and is as regular in its round as he is in his. There are no hours here, but instead there is work and sleep. At the pause between these two sun-ordered divisions, when hunger turns men to food, I have reached the village. The moment is propitious.

With these musings I go on to Máximo Fuerte's house. I recognize it not only because of its numerical location from the doorway of my inquiry, but also because it is wider than the others I have passed. In front besides its doorway, it has two windows staring at me clownishly from broad whitewashed rims, whereas the other houses have only one, and some only a door. I knock on the great iron bosses decorating the massive old wood. I can see that the room at the side is dimmed as a lamp is borrowed to be used for the intruder. A man opens for me. I have a sudden respect for this peasant in whose home I ask for

shelter for the night. He stands there massively as I make my request. "You are in your house, Señor," he says, and leads the way.

We cross a narrow patio at the end of which I dimly perceive the entrance to the animal corral and come at once into the wide, lamplit room. I bow to the wife and greet two young children, all seated at the round table which holds their food. I beg them not to interrupt their meal, while my host takes me past a raised platform of stone, the *hogar*, with its embers still red against the fireback, through two bedrooms one behind the other, into a third still farther behind where a miserable cot stands pushed against a dank wall. There is no window and never any daylight in this hole, yet I am grateful even for this shelter revealed by a lit candle on a tiny, rickety table. I am given some sheets and a jug of water, and in a few moments, with my face and hands washed, I am at home.

My host has urged me to come to the meal when I am ready. I am glad to leave the close air of my dim, chill alcove and to bask in the warmth of the *salón* and the cordial hospitality of my new friends. I am cheered by my sudden shift from the homeless waif of a few moments ago to this role of honored guest. The outside gloom does not penetrate here where there is color and warmth. It is good to look at the embers of the kitchen hearth on their stone platform set against the deep black chimney, with a wisp of white smoke threading its curly way up the roomy exit above. I know how that black chimney, wide and yawning just over the fire, tapers high toward the sky, with meats to be smoked hanging on its sooty walls. This is the *hogar*, the hearth. The Spanish have no word for home, but *hogar* is its equivalent and it means more than dwelling. This word includes

not only the house but also the family and the comfort and the sense of mutual possession of persons and things. We say loosely in English that we are going home even when we refer to a room in a hotel. The *hogar* could never be degraded to include such impersonal accidental shelter. As I watch the wife of Don Máximo busy with her household duties, I feel distilling itself gratefully within me the full gentle significance of the *hogar*. I am reminded of my Spanish friend, a disappointed lover, who lamented on my shoulder, saying, "When she married another, I suffered a very deep wound which it took a long time to heal because in her I did not seek the woman but rather the wife and the sweet atmosphere of the *hogar*."

Doña Valbuena is busy mumbling over the fire while I talk with her husband and the two children, who watch with frankness and curiosity every gesture and movement of the foreigner. I have declined the family *paella*, knowing from experience that the rancid oil in which the rice is cooked always makes me ill. Instead I ask for a glass of goat's milk and a pair of eggs boiled three minutes, well pronounced. That is in fact why Don Máximo's wife is mumbling in my behalf her *credo in Deum Patrem omnipotentem*. It takes a minute to say the phrases, and at the end of her third statement of her accepting *vitam æternam, Amen*, the eggs will be ready. Thus does the absence of a watch bring humanity closer to God. And while I eat my frugal but safe fare and break the hard white Moorish loaf, taking care to keep its upper side up as politeness dictates, we talk. They ask many questions about America, and I ask much about Galisteo. In confidence and friendliness they have taken the stranger in and made him one of them. They have let him partake not only of their cheer and the intimacy

of the home, but have offered him freely of the primal necessities of life, bread, wine, and oil, equally essential to the physical and the spiritual life. The Church uses all three in its sacraments and takes its full share from a population not over-supplied with these basic elements of food. Yet my host gives of them generously to the stranger who knocked at his gate. My moments of quiet sympathetic intimacy in the *hogar* have something sacred in them, and I enjoy them deeply and long to make them endure. The eventful day now seems safely ended. Quiet and contentment spread their soft blanket over us. In me there is a great peace. Black and white all day long, but now nothing but yellow cheer.

A knock at the door. Don Máximo starts as if he had forgotten something in the interest created by my arrival.

"Don't worry," he assures the family at this unwonted interruption as he takes one of the lamps. Presently he reappears with another man, slender but tall and well knit. It is Juan, a neighbor of the village. He gives "good evenings" to the family and to me. The wife offers him food; for no Spaniard, be he noble or peasant, ever eats in the presence of another without first offering to share his meal. Juan thanks her and says to Máximo:

"Don't hurry, there is no rush, but when you are through we'll take up the matter we spoke of to-day."

"No time like the present," answers my host, "let us go into the corral"—and turning to me, with infinite courtesy, he adds, "Señor, you will forgive me, but I must tend to certain matters with my neighbor. I beg a thousand pardons for thus leaving you."

"But why must you go out?" interposes Valbuena. "Can't you do your talking here? Not that I am interested in what you have to say. But the señor stranger should not be left."

"Shut your mouth, woman, this is none of your business. The good señor understands and excuses me." And again turning to me, Don Máximo adds, "You are in your house, Señor. If you are fatigued, you may wish to retire. Feel free to do so. And may you rest well."

"It is true, Don Máximo, that I am tired," I answer, rising, "and I shall turn in at once."

My host seems relieved, as he and his neighbor ceremoniously wish me good nights. They accept my cigarettes, the three of us smile to one another as we light them, and I disappear into my cavern.

And now I must relate what I learned the next day, for I knew nothing more until I woke in the morning when I heard the cries of the woman.

The men had gone out. Doña Valbuena heard their voices for a while in the patio without understanding what they were saying. One of the men laughed, and that laugh remained with her as a poignant memory. She washed the dishes and put the children to bed in the room in front of mine. Then she bethought herself of the men. They had been gone a long time. They were very quiet, and she had not heard a sound for an hour. She decided that they must have gone out. It was queer she had not heard them. She yawned. It was the hour for bed. Máximo would come in his own good time. She retired.

Before daybreak she awoke. She was alone. For the first time fear took hold of her. She left her bed and went out into the patio, wondering. It was empty. In the dark she groped her way to the door of the corral and tried to open it. It was barred from the other side. The men must be in there, for there was no other outlet, and Máximo had said last night they were going to the corral. She called to her

husband. There was no answer. She shrieked his name. Still the silence. She shook the door violently. It did not budge.

Her cries awoke me, for my room adjoined the corral. I slipped on clothing and ran quickly through the rooms into the patio. Valbuena was bursting through the front entrance with some neighbors. Terror-stricken she had rushed outside to summon aid. One neighbor called others. The men came running in excitedly and threw their weight against the barred corral door. From their talk I gathered they knew that there had been a quarrel between Máximo and Juan the day before.

One related the incident. It was the time of the vintage. There were two grape baskets side by side in the vineyards. One of them was broken. Each of the two men claimed the whole one. There were words, there was anger. Máximo was a quiet man, hard to move, tenacious. Juan was quick of temper and sharp of tongue, not an easy man to get along with but on the whole well liked for his ready wit. Máximo was more respected than liked. He seized the good basket, disdaining to argue. Juan lost his temper and spoke an unforgivable insult. Máximo straightened his back and looked the other man fairly in the eyes. "It is time to begin work now," he said quietly, "but I'll settle this with you to-night. You will come to my house after the meal. It will be easier there to clear up our scores." "To-night, after the meal, at your house. I shall come," the other rejoined. Máximo firmly took the sound basket and walked to his vines.

All this I learned while men went in search of an iron bar to batter down the corral door.

It is still very dark, though dawn cannot be far off. The patio is now

filled with the village folk who alternately stare at me and watch the splintering door. Here and there a fluttering candle or an agitated lamp casts a quavering yellow light on faces strange with intentness. I am reminded of Rembrandt canvases with their sudden darting into paleness of marvelous physiognomies attached to bodies that vanish into impenetrable dark. There it is again, the dread sense of black and white, rendered almost unbearable by the premonition of tragedy nearby.

The door breaks. Its hanging boards are thrust aside, and we surge into the corral. A candle in a woman's hand near me throws its light upon a donkey and a goat, eyeing us in surprise. The pigs in their corner stir uneasily. The lamps soon gather at the other end of the yard and reveal in their yellow flame two dead men lying side by side on the ground.

It is indeed Máximo whom I recognize in the semigloom, with a slash across his cheek that has drenched his face with glistening red. A lurid gray gradually filters into the yard as we remain speechless beside the two bodies. Slowly they emerge from obscurity, their clothing in shreds mercifully hiding the gaping knife-thrusts they have inflicted on each other. My heart is wrung as I stand there in hushed remembrance of my urbane host of the evening before. "You are in your house," he had said with that flower of courtesy indicative of perfect poise as he stepped on his way out to what he knew might be death. Hardly a glance at his family as he went forth to cleanse away the insult spoken against the house.

Honor! the noble relationship that word betokens receives a singular emphasis as the hesitant dimness of dawn blends into a soft weeping grayness. The two prone figures are revealed not starkly but magnanimously.

They are lying foot to foot, the right ankle of one tied tightly to the right ankle of the other with the strings of their hempen-soled shoes. One of these men had had such complete trust in the honor of the other that he had bent down in the black night of the corral to tie their feet together so that they might not miss each other in the dark, while the enemy stood erect

over him with weapon ready to draw. They had used their sharp pruning knives which they always carry sheathed in their leg-bands. With his knife the day before, Máximo had pruned his vines. With it he had cut his bread in my presence. With it he had obeyed the immemorial command that honor blackened be made white again.

OLD MEN ON PARK BENCHES

BY DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

IT IS a thing to break the heart upon,
Watching the old men gathering in the park
When spring is on the earth bright with the sun,
Hearing their idle prattle from dawn till dark.
Whittling the hours away beneath blue skies
With clouds full-masted like a fleet of ships,
Always I see lost dreams burn in their eyes,
Hear echoes of lost songs upon their lips.
As robins watch them curiously and pass
From bough to bough, red with a blossom's flame
And the old men stare into the waking grass,
Youth must return, a dim-remembered name.
Must I know too, the word each daylight brings:
Life does not need them in its scheme of things?



THE CRISIS IN REAL ESTATE

BY ARTHUR C. HOLDEN

WHEN the bottom drops out of the stock market there is a great hue and cry from the investors and speculators whose fabulous profits vanish into thin air. It is a painful experience, but it is over quickly. Everyone knows at the end of each day just what has happened and just how much the securities which he owns are worth.

When the bottom drops out of the real estate market there is almost no way of telling exactly what is going on, because there is no market for the exchange of real estate organized with the same efficiency as is the securities market. In fact there are few securities issued or even few great corporations in existence which make it their business to administer real estate.

In spite of the harm that ignorant men have suffered through speculation, so great is the service which the New York Stock Exchange renders to the nation that every financier will defend it when it is attacked. He will tell you that in order to keep the credit of the nation liquid it is absolutely essential to maintain an active market for the securities which represent the capital which is invested in industry. He will tell you, too, that the fluctuation in the price of these securities and the records which are kept of these fluctuations in price are of the utmost value, because, after all, prices for securities represent the market's estimates of the capitalized value of the earning power of industry. Any change in business

conditions is immediately reflected in the market, and capital is readily attracted to industry when it is needed, because all or part of this capital may easily be withdrawn when needed elsewhere and replaced by other capital simply by a sale recorded on the exchange.

It is strange that the American financiers who have built up the Stock Exchange, and the great body of American corporations whose securities are sold on the Exchange, have ascribed so little importance to the absence from that Exchange of any securities which represent real estate. Almost any financier will tell you that real estate is different, that it is not readily marketable, and that it would be impractical to operate an exchange for real estate of a type similar to the New York Stock Exchange. Without an organized market, real estate securities cannot be sold, and real estate itself can be sold only on an advancing price. When credits contract, people stop selling real estate simply because there are no buyers. As a result the capital which is invested in real estate is frozen and cannot be withdrawn. To put it in the vernacular of the Stock Exchange, there are bulls and plenty of lambs but no bears. The lambs gambol, but they are not shorn; they are sweated. They are told that if they fail to make a sale they "still have their real estate." The question is, what can they do with it? In times like the present, with credits contracting and rents falling, owners of real estate have

something to worry about; for in order to meet payments for taxes, interest, amortization, and upkeep they find themselves in the position of putting more and more money into the land instead of being able to take it out.

In periods of prosperity nobody worries about the uses of real estate. So long as there is active demand for land, and land is selling rapidly enough so that the average man can keep selling the land he buys and make a profit on it, he does not have to worry as to the use he makes of it. Nevertheless, it is true that basically the value of land is derived from the use that can be made of it. Ultimately the price paid for land must be earned back by the yield that the land will make.

Now there is a curious impression in the popular mind that no matter how much one pays for land it will ultimately be worth more in price, and that if it is held long enough it can be sold at a profit. Marvelous stories are told of how rich one's great-uncle would have been if he had kept his farm which to-day is part of the business section of a modern city. In 1922 the Arner report on land values in New York City was published which took five representative parcels of land and showed that in forty years the value had multiplied many times. Yet consider this fact: the actual cost to the owner of carrying the land during this period, including interest and taxes, amounted to an average of approximately seventy per cent in excess of the price at which the land could possibly have been sold in 1921. Perhaps, after all, our great-grandfathers and our great-uncles sold their farms because they could not afford to carry them and were, therefore, content with what was really a reasonable and assured profit. The actual story of what it cost the owners who did not sell to keep their land confirms this supposition.

Few people who buy real estate,

however, are armed with facts. They have no record of the past earnings of the real estate they are buying, nor have they any access to definite figures as to the total amount it is possible for all real estate to earn within a given year. They merely have a "hunch" that the land is going to increase in price and will, therefore, be salable, or they have an idea that they can immediately improve it and make it more salable.

If there were a well-organized market for real estate (the New York Real Estate Securities Exchange, though about two years old, has exerted very little influence) wherein the securities representing real estate could be sold, as a requisite part of such a market valuable statistical information would be available. For example, if a man wishes to buy the securities of an automobile company he can immediately obtain statistics as to the sales and profits of that company in the past year, and in addition he can obtain a definite forecast of the output of the entire industry as well as of the outlook for the market for automobiles. Information such as this is available to any purchaser of securities in the New York Stock Exchange. Although the information is not always correctly interpreted and very frequently it is overlooked, it is there none the less.

Back in 1929 the price of securities on the New York Stock Exchange had been advancing so steadily that it appeared that the bull market was reasonably permanent. The public went into this market and bought very much in the same way that it has always been accustomed to buy real estate—simply on a "hunch" that values would continue to increase. People believed that the stocks which were purchased could be sold at a profit after holding them for a reasonable length of time. In those days of frenzied buying many of the people

who held stocks were quite oblivious of the fact that the earnings reports of the corporations whose securities they owned showed that at the prevailing market price, the companies were not earning more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent or 2 per cent or 3 per cent on the price paid for the stock. The public did not care very much about the income so long as the attractive possibility kept unfolding of a rising price for the stock itself. The men one met in Pullman cars were saying that "no one could estimate the wealth of these United States" and that the earning power of our corporations would somehow increase enough to justify the price they paid for the securities.

Ultimately, however, the investing public was compelled to come down to earth. The facts were readily available in the public reports of the great corporations. Security values readjusted themselves on the basis of the reasonable capitalization of earning power. Deflation reduced security prices to one-half, one-third and in some cases a quarter of former prices.

In the case of real estate, on the other hand, there was no such rapid readjustment. There was no recorded basis on which a readjustment could be made. It is true that the total annual income earned by real estate in the past might have been recorded. Real estate, however, has been too absorbed in the immediate profits realized on sales to bother about economic facts. Before any correct analysis of the situation can be made it is necessary to gather some evidence of what has happened in the field of real estate and then to inquire into the type of reorganization necessary in order to avert catastrophe.

II

Broadly speaking, the present downward movement in real estate began in

1920 and 1921 in the great farming states, when the pressure for greater and greater agricultural production which had come as a result of the War was brought to an end by a resumption of production in Europe. As a result of wartime pressure, agricultural values had risen. Farms in the Middle West had been improved, and money had been borrowed on mortgages to finance many of the improvements. When the country found itself, to its surprise, with an unsold agricultural surplus on its hands, and the income from agriculture was sharply cut down, farm values themselves inevitably fell. Immediately both the farmers who had capitalized their farms at too high a figure and those who had loaned money to farmers on mortgage found themselves in difficulty. The result was a series of bank failures in the Middle West during the long period of readjustment in the price of farm land.

The stock market collapse in the fall of 1929 exposed further weaknesses among the banks. When liquid capital was needed suddenly and security values shrank, the banks were unable to turn their real estate investments into liquid credits. They could not readily borrow upon real estate, and as a result these banks failed because they could not meet their immediate obligations. The largest bank to close its doors in 1930 was the Bank of the United States in New York City. This institution was heavily interested in real estate. It had made a practice of loaning to subsidiary corporations which dealt in real estate, treating the securities of those companies as though they were quick assets on which it was possible to realize. But in reality the investments were of a type which depended upon speculative sale, and the equity faded away when the possibility of a quick turn-over vanished, leaving the bank holding unmarketable paper.

Let us go back briefly over the de-

velopments in the real estate market which brought about this situation. Even after the market for agricultural land had actually begun to fall—in other words, during the middle years of the past decade—the market for city land still continued to be active and the price of urban and suburban land continued to rise. Our great industrial development during the War and the housing shortage following the War had created an immense demand for homes. During the War virtually all construction except that of industrial plants had been at a standstill. Desirable sites in the better parts of most of our cities as well as newly opened-up sites in the outskirts were very much in demand and were dealt in by operators, the investing public in general, and large numbers of individual home seekers. The advancing price of city land made it easy to finance building enterprises by capitalizing the higher price of the land and borrowing on this price in order to erect new buildings. Buildings continued to be erected on the land which was actively dealt in, and the rents for these buildings were calculated upon the return which was considered necessary for the high-priced land plus the high cost of construction. No estimates were made of how long the market would last for the high-priced product. Much land was bought on a basis which made it impossible to carry unless immediately improved with a new building capable of returning the income desired. The man who bought a lot in the booming Grand Central District of New York, for example, was not content to put up a twenty-story building upon it; he put up a forty-story building; not because an actual shortage of office space in the neighborhood demanded so much additional space, but because only by running the building up to forty stories could he figure an adequate return on

the money he had sunk in the property. This movement for new and expensive construction continued even after the market for selling land had begun to weaken in the closing years of the decade.

Only gradually did the building movement abate. The first signs of slackening appeared when the so called "speculative" home builder found it difficult to unload his product; in 1928 and 1929, before the panic, many "developments" faced a declining demand. But it was not until after the break in the stock market that it was apparent that more homes had been produced for the higher-income groups than could be put to economic use. The great market crash was also blamed for the decline in business which made it impossible to fill the space provided in the new office buildings.

Over-production in the building industry has produced dislocation throughout the entire field of real estate. New buildings because of their superior facilities have attracted the tenants from old buildings. The old buildings have depreciated in value and competed again for tenants at reduced rentals, and the earning power of both old and new buildings has, therefore, fallen below expectations.

Thus real estate now finds itself capitalized on the basis of what was considered its salable value in the boom years. But as there is no quick market for land, as sales can be made only when the price of real estate is advancing, the capital invested in real estate is now dangerously frozen. The seriousness of the situation is evidenced by the great increase in the number of foreclosures of mortgage loans and by the insistence of the banks upon more conservative valuations in making loans. It is evidenced also by the collapse of many banks whose assets have been frozen in real estate and by recent drastic proposals such as that

for the formation of a central mortgage bank under government auspices.

The situation is paradoxical. On the one hand there is far more money piling up in banks and other institutions that are accustomed to invest in mortgages than it is possible to loan out in the present state of the building industry. Yet on the other hand there is an absolute dearth of equity money, and there is no incentive to develop real estate because of the uncertainty of an adequate return. As a result the interest rate of mortgages has been falling. Five years ago mortgage bond companies were putting out mortgages bearing the rate of $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent interest, and the prevailing rate of institutional mortgages was 5 per cent. Recently institutional mortgages on desirable real estate have commonly been made at $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, while some of the highest class are now being made at as low as $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Perhaps the most apparent and immediate result of the critical situation in real estate has been the widespread decline in rents. From this the general rent-paying public has undoubtedly benefited. Because of the failure of properties to sell, there has been an increase in the number offered for rent. The rent roll of the nation is in the final analysis the true index of the value at which the real estate of the nation may safely be capitalized. Even though the rent roll is reduced, it represents one of the largest sources of income for invested capital. The great number of bank failures due to assets frozen in real estate is caused by the fact that these assets have represented speculative or fictitious values rather than the real capitalized value based upon earning power.

In some quarters the legend persists that "as soon as prosperity returns" the bull market both in securities and real estate will be resumed and will bring an increase of capital values

which will save the situation. The impression prevails that some day, somehow, prosperity will return, though it is unknown just how much damage will be done in the meanwhile owing to the readjustment necessitated by the operation of economic forces. But it will be a fictitious and dangerous prosperity if it leads us to overlook once more the hard fact that the real value of land depends upon its earning power, not upon what someone may pay for it in the hope of a speculative profit.

III

Our immediate business is to find a way out of the difficulty. The readjustment in capital values so far as industry is concerned has already taken place. In large measure the readjustment of the values of agricultural land is well on its way, although in many parts of the country, especially in sections bordering on large cities, the nominal value of agricultural land is still out of line with its possible earning power. This deflation of the value of agricultural land has caused untold suffering to the farmer and has in many cases stripped him of his operating capital. If the movement is to continue until it affects high-priced city land and suburban land, our credit system, which is based upon capital values, faces a more serious contraction than it has yet experienced. The shock of the deflation in security values in 1929 and 1930 has already contracted credit to a point where buying power has been so greatly curtailed as to affect the prosperity of the nation. A further impairment of buying power at the present time would be calamitous. A rude awakening may await us, yet no one dares openly to advocate the "wholesale deflation" of capital values in land because of the serious consequences that might follow.

Nevertheless, in spite of the accumu-

lation of unsalable properties, the belief still persists in the minds of most of us that the value we have put upon land in the past will ultimately be justified. Our faith in the phenomenon of an inevitable advance in the price of land is almost childlike. So eager has the public been to acquire land and hold it for this advance in price that it has been willing to prepare land for use in quantity far in advance of present needs. Only a few years ago enough lots were said to have been laid out for building in the Chicago district in a single year to take care of the normal growth of the city for twenty years to come, and enough lots were said to have been laid out on Long Island between Patchogue and the city line to accommodate in single-family houses the entire population of the five boroughs of New York. A part of the great expense that we are put to in carrying land is due to this premature preparation of new lands.

Again and again it has been said that there is only a given amount of land in the world, and that as population increases land is bound to increase in value. But such a generalization completely ignores the fact that modern ingenuity has made a single acre of farm land do the work of many acres by means of intensive cultivation. It ignores also the great irrigation projects which have brought arid and waste lands into use. It ignores the achievements of modern transportation and modern engineering skill. Rapid transit has made it possible to spread the cities over great areas, and the skyscraper has made it possible to concentrate an enormous population within a small area. The result has been the discovery that the possibilities of land utilization are practically infinite instead of limited. There may be only a given amount of land in the world, but it is susceptible of increasingly intensive use. What, then, becomes

of the argument for an inevitable increase in value?

If the public appreciated this fact it would have less enthusiasm for holding land merely for an increase in price. The use to which land may be put is the true test of its value, and rent is the measure of the value of use. The old theory that the value of land was derived from its market price based upon current sales must be discarded.

There are no statistics available which give any idea of the total amount of capital invested in real estate or which distinguish those investments which are making an adequate return from those which it is costing money to carry. An immense total of investments was made in unimproved and partially improved land at the time of the bull movement in the stock market by individual owners who paid out their capital for land as the first step to home ownership. Most of these investors in real estate are worse off to-day than if they had kept their money in the savings banks, because they cannot obtain capital with which to develop their land. The undeveloped land is draining not only their resources but the resources of the municipalities which have made expensive improvements in public facilities for land only partially utilized—paving streets and building sidewalks and sewers and water-supply systems and gas mains to serve tracts of land which are still only partially built upon. Had the home-seekers, instead of tying up their capital in ownership, paid a rent based on the value of the use of the land, the expense of carrying the land would have been self-evident, and both the private and public capital that was ultimately frozen might have been applied towards immediately usable improvements. If we could get over our fetish worship of the principle of land ownership and be content to pay for land a rent which actually

expressed the value of the use which we made of it, we should easily rid ourselves of the unnatural burden which the nation has been carrying by paying toll upon inflated land values and land carried out of use.

It will not be easy for Americans to do this. We have an inherited prejudice against the rental system. Both the original immigrants who came from England and the later immigrants who came from Ireland and from the continent of Europe had suffered from a system of land tenure under which the tenant had been subject to abuse and exploitation by powerful land-owners. The almost free land of the new continent seemed to them to bring them deliverance from bondage. Americans have been both prodigal in the use of their land and greedy for the possession of it. Their zeal for ownership has been in large part responsible for the continuously active market for trading in land. This pressure has had its effect in forcing prices higher and higher until they have got out of line with real value. Americans are apt to look back upon this period of land speculation as one of liberation and enrichment and to recall the European days when their ancestors were tenants as days of bondage and impoverishment.

But America is no longer an undeveloped nation. It is now a nation of built-up cities and towns and farms. The buildings which we now have are good for further service, but this service can only be paid for not on the basis of reproduction cost or on the basis of land price, but on the basis of efficient use. Most of our older buildings have been constructed for sale rather than for the most permanent use. For instance, there are miles of closely built apartment houses in the Borough of the Bronx, New York City, which to-day are not earning an adequate return either on their original

cost or on the price at which they are held. They are so crowded together that they shut out one another's light and air and create congestion; they have existed by tricks of financing and re-financing whereby successive owners have got their money out by piling up mortgage debts against the property. Each successive owner expected that the ever-increasing price of land would furnish him the means of escaping the consequences of the original mistakes of design and construction and the consequences of successive mistakes of administration.

If we are to look to the future for a change, we must remember that whatever we build must compete with these depreciated older buildings for their tenants. This competition will be on the basis of both price and desirability. If we will design for permanent desirability and permanent use instead of for quick sale and turnover, the savings that can be made in our present wasteful system of land administration alone will be sufficient to revolutionize the conditions under which we live.

Let the public once recognize the emptiness and the danger of exploitation of land, let it once understand what economic rent is, and the public will insist upon paying only for the economic use it gets out of real estate.

There is excellent precedent for the shift from a sale basis to a rental basis in marketing a capital product. The great movement all over the country towards what are known as "time payments" is a manifestation of this tendency to shift from a sale to a rental basis. There is a psychological satisfaction in the ownership of a new automobile, but when it is bought on a time-payment basis one is virtually paying rent for the car. The owner feels that the use he is getting out of the car is worth the payments he has to meet. When the car wears out the

manufacturer has learned to take it back off the market and substitute a new car for which new time payments are arranged.

The United Shoe Machinery Corporation, which manufactures a capital product, has long maintained a policy of putting out its machinery exclusively on a rental basis. As a result, this rent is economically adjusted to the use made of the machinery, the life of the machinery, and the cost of production. Had the Corporation based its production upon sales it might have fallen into the error of manufacturing too rapidly for economic use. High-pressure salesmanship has its dangers in any industry which is producing capital goods. Machinery is not consumed. It remains in use and can successfully compete with new machinery until it is worn out. There are too many people in the real estate business who believe that buildings are salable commodities which are consumed. They forget that buildings, like machinery, remain in use and compete with new buildings until they are outworn. It cannot be too often emphasized that rent is the fairest index of the use of a capital commodity. It is a protection against destructive overproduction and against disastrous overcapitalization.

The American public has been deceived by propaganda which plays upon the psychological desire of every man to "own his own home." The American householder has been victimized and exploited by the creation of a false market which has been built up not on value alone, but on the fear that a man cannot have a home unless he owns it. A false price for land has been built up on the sentiment for home owning and on the fear that land will escape him.

America has suffered from too much individualism in land ownership. We are now facing the problem of reassembling plottage so that it may be

economically and adequately developed and administered. There is a great opportunity to-day in the hands of those who have been loaning money on mortgages. They have the power to threaten the landholder with loss of his equity. They may use this power to compel readjustment of our land system upon sound economic principles.

In a sense those who lend money on mortgage occupy a position similar to those who hold the bonds of our great corporations. For the latter, however, there is a ready and active market, while for real estate mortgages there is practically no ready method for exchange. The security behind the corporation bonds is the physical property of the corporation, but in addition there is the intangible, though very real, security of a going concern efficiently administered and capable of earning income. With real estate the security behind the mortgage is the physical property, but there is no such effective administrative organization behind it. The corporation which issues bonds is responsible for both principal and interest. In a sense so is the owner of real estate responsible both for the principal and interest of a mortgage when he is bonded, but the real estate itself may be producing no income whatsoever, or income inadequate to carry the mortgage. The bond of an industrial corporation is a better security than would be a mortgage on the mere physical properties of the corporation. So lax, on the other hand, is the administration of real estate that when real estate is owned by a corporation, that corporation is in most cases merely a hollow shell whose corporate bond is worthless. The bond of the realty corporation has little security behind it except the supposition that the land itself is salable for a price adequate to pay the debt.

Those whose assets are frozen to-day in real estate must open their eyes to the abuse from which real estate has suffered and for which not only the realty interest but the whole nation is now paying dearly by the further contraction of credit. The only avenue of escape is to stabilize the income from realty, and to administer real property for the income to be derived from it instead of trying to exploit it and unload it on someone else. The whole structure of real estate administration must be reorganized. Equities may be pooled in trusts and yet the property enjoyed by individuals, as at present, through the payment by them to the realty trust of the fair value of the usufruct, or in other words, a true rental equivalent. The securities of great realty trusts economically and wisely administered would be readily salable to the public. Both their stocks and bonds would enjoy a liquid market.

The human instinct to speculate is irrepressible. The harm which is done by speculation in stocks and bonds is as nothing when compared to the harm which is done by speculative trading in real estate. The sale of corporation stocks and bonds does not affect the administration of a property nor does it affect the capital structure, whereas every realty sale brings both

a change in administration and a change in capitalization. If real estate can be efficiently operated, the securities representing real estate will appreciate in value. There would, however, be no necessity or even temptation for a sale of the realty itself, because the basis for the increase in the value of the securities would be increased earning power, not mere exploitation. How far we are to-day from such a reorganization of real estate it is impossible to tell. Yet there is nothing impossible about such a development. It is the logical way out of our present dilemma.

Realty interests must recognize that an assured return of three per cent on their present book valuations is a better proposition in the long run than economic anarchy. Prodigal methods of development which are bringing far more land into use than can be used, thus in reality lowering instead of increasing values, have sapped the credits built up by industrious toil. We cannot depend indefinitely on ballyhoo to keep a docile and credulous public buying land at inflated values. The whole house of cards is almost ready to come tumbling down. Reorganization is imperative. The only sound basis is one which contemplates a fair payment for the usufruct and throws out foolish sentimentality about ownership.



TWO CITIZEN CRABS OF NONSUCH

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

IF WE live out our span of life on the earth without ever knowing a crab intimately we have missed having a jolly friendship. Life is a little incomplete if we can look back and recall these small people only as supplying the course after soup and with the Chablis. The ancient astrologers honored Cancer by making it one-twelfth of the celestial zodiac—the sign of the summer solstice; but to the majority of human beings crabs are merely creatures which skitter over the rocks, and, being rather unknown, are, therefore, to be exclaimed at and feared. Indeed they have even been branded with an opprobrious term in our language—*crabbed*, one who is sore-tempered and peevish.

Often I am asked, "What is a crab, anyhow?" and it is difficult to answer. We might say that it is a spider which lives in the sea, or a lobster which forever sits upon its folded tail or, to be Grecianly repetitious, we could call a crab a Brachyuran. The matter of the tail is of importance in much the same way that the short skirt is related to the old-fashioned crinoline. Lobsters are conservative old crustaceans, creeping along with half-extended bodies. When danger threatens, however, they become suddenly galvanized into swift action. They forget their modesty and pick up their skirts to run, the long tail lashes forward, and they shoot backward into probable safety. The ancestors of the crab through all the long ages have gone the way of the bent tail,

and kept it curled beneath them until it has diminished and passed from active use. This girding up of the tail end or telson, has left them balanced upon long active legs, their eyesight has improved tremendously, and to the ganglia of many has come an irresistible ambition for life elsewhere than in the water—the same ambition which once drove our ancestors out of the mud and slime into the clean air on the dry land.

When crabs have acquired our friendship we realize the possibility of becoming fond of the most outrageous creatures from Mars. For we soon come to overlook the structure of crabs, their outer facies, stalked eyes, numerous legs, their sidewise gait, the unyielding external skeleton, and in species and even individuals we perceive personality and a ridiculously manlike outlook on life. They are far and away the most human of all sea creatures. In addition to their very real cleverness in methods of attack, concealment, escape, and their quick recognition of friendly advances, there are two characteristics amazingly and comically anthropomorphic. Their eyes are on the end of stalks yet they have a way of twisting and looking at us, or of peering out from their shallow trenches precisely as a person looks out from half-closed lids.

Most convincingly human is the pair of claw legs not used for locomotion, but as in ourselves, acting as arms, hands, and fingers, which in a multitude

of ways simulate the movements and functions of our own upper limbs.

On Nonsuch Island, Bermuda, and in the waters round about, there are quite fifty species of crabs. Each has its particular niche in life and fills it to the best of its ability, but only a bare half-dozen stand out with any distinctness to our human vision and imagination. Once crabs had become crabs there seemed to be no limit to their evolution—to the niches into which they could successfully mold themselves. It was like the gift of flight to insects, of song to birds, and of brain to man. Just as every individual Babbitt is a relative success in his own small, particular field, so we might reverse our glasses and see worthy accomplishment in every species of crab. But let us rather sweep the field with a coarse net and see what comes up, and select only those exceptional ones which catch the eye at first glance.

II

The original home of all crabs (and for that matter of all human beings) is the sea, and to-day there are tiny crabs which spend their lives floating and swimming on the surface hundreds of miles out at sea, and there are giants with a ten-foot spread of legs which stalk about in utter darkness on the bottom of the abyssal depths. Nonsuch crabs show every extreme phase of life. In the water there are Floaters, Swimmers, and Bottom Walkers; on land there are Cliff Dwellers, Sand Livers, Nomad Hillmen, and Homesteaders.

I once saw men in shell-holes menaced by a flock of swooping, peering planes, by a deadly horizontal stratum of machine-gun bullets a yard above the ground, and worst of all, as dusk closed down, by the ghastly Very lights which seem to pierce to one's soul. Their only hope of life was to look more like bits of the shell-hole than the shell-hole itself.

I recalled this in the middle of the Sargassum Sea, over a thousand miles from any dry land, when I used to scoop up on deck netfuls of the golden weed, apparently a pure culture of algæ, to see it produce, like a conjurer's rabbits from a hat, a score of little animals of a half dozen wholly unrelated groups who had made this weed their permanent shell-hole of life. In form, color, pattern, and even in motion they were botanized; algæ—bits of the sargassum—angular, golden, mottled, and with a weaving, bending movement as of seaweed rocked by the waves.

Most abundant was a small crab, a chunky, four-square chap, hardly a half-inch across, who but for the grace of eyes, mouth, muscles, and ganglia might have been a stray torn shred of gulfweed. This was my first introduction to the well-named Little Wanderer of the Sargassum—*Planes minutus*.

Planes has played a part in history—all unknowingly. Christopher Columbus was a great man but no carcinologist, and in the dark, discouraged days when his crew began to murmur and demand to be allowed to turn homewards, the discovery of crabs among the passing weed perhaps carried more weight than we know. More scientific men than Columbus would have thought that weed-inhabiting crabs must be indicative of adjacent shores.

Bermuda is not at the very center of the Sargassum Sea but it is close to it, and so it is to be expected that day after day, golden patches or fields of the weed drift past, or are blown upon the beaches of Nonsuch. Here, untold hosts of the little wandering crabs find their nemesis. The fish, the big swimming crabs, and even the slow-moving shell-less snails seem to sense the approach of disaster, and desert the masses of weed as they drift shoreward. But *Planes* are loyal to the last, and every windrow of weed thrown up

on the sand shelters dozens of them. They live on for a time with no hope, for when their floating home is again launched by a high tide, it is dead, and sinks at once. And on the shore, birds of all kinds gather and some, like the turnstones, have learned to push and roll the weed over and over, butting it with their heads, so that the sanctuary of untold generations of crabs becomes useless.

There is a bond between the weed and the crab, more ancient than the similarity in color and pattern. While the Sargassum Sea is now a going concern, made up (according to a recent estimate) of not less than twenty million tons of weed, this seaweed differs from most algæ by having no roots and developing no spores or organs of reproduction. It exists, then, by an endless growth, a perpetual increase of leaves and air-filled floats. But no matter for how many centuries this has been going on, there is no doubt but that the first weed was torn by storms from the rocks and reefs of the West Indies, and swept by wind and currents out into the great dead center of two and a half million square miles over which it is scattered to-day. So the floating vegetation originally was a rock grower.

While the Wanderer Crab spends its life far from land, sighting it only by accident, yet it, too, is not a swimmer by blood, for all its ancestors and many of its living relatives are Cliff Dwellers such as the scarlet *Grapsus*. But it has long since exchanged mineral for vegetable protection. A lumberman might be most expert in riding logs down a series of rapids, but he would cut a poor figure and would soon lose his life competing with a Swiss mountain climber. So although the Sargassum crab may be stranded at the very foot of rocks over which his cousins are scampering, he can only hold tight to the last to his bit of weed.

When we come to examine *Planes* more closely we find an exquisite adjustment to the exigencies of his life. As soon as a fish begins to become less conservative and starts climbing among the fronds of algæ or creeping along the bottom or even clambering out upon the shore, his fins begin to suffer. But somewhere between the climbing out and the tearing of the webs Nature steps in and in her deliberate and mysterious manner remolds the webs into palms and the rays into fingers, and the mental adjustment to the new habit and habitat is consolidated by the all-important physical one. *Planes'* ancestors as Cliff Dwellers needed only thin legs and ankles, and *Planes* as a Weed Climber would hardly need any radical change, no more than a rock-living baboon would require among swaying, yielding branches. But when one's whole material world is afloat, and subject to constant buffeting and upsetting by waves it would go hard with the first crab fitted with mountain-climbing legs when hurled off his vegetable raft. On the other hand if Nature had done the obvious thing and provided him with broad, spatulate, oarlike swimming legs, he would be as much at home in the interstices of the weed as a bat in a tangled thicket, or spaghetti on a spoon.

We find a clever compromise. The posterior legs of *Planes* are very slightly flattened, muscle being hardly needed in traversing weed under water: four fathoms down I can pull myself through coral branches with a crooked finger, whereas in a tree, both hands and feet are necessary for progress. And along the anterior surface of each of the limbs of *Planes* is a broad, bladelike row of feather hairs, slender stems like pliable spun glass with innumerable short barbs, interlocking, yet lying down at a touch when pressed endwise. They offer no resistance when their owner is creeping through the tangled foliage,

but when a sudden wave projects him into mid-ocean with two miles of water beneath and ravenous fish in the middle distance, he strikes out, and more skillfully than any man-driven, eight-oared barge, *Planes* rows swiftly up and back to sanctuary, feathering his oars (*mea culpa*) as he goes.

Some of the Wanderer Crabs we collect are small, others have attained the full adult stature of three-fourths of an inch; structurally all are as alike as one and fifty shadows. In color and pattern, however, they allow no chance of accumulated memory in their enemies. A fish may nose out one *Planes*, but none of the half dozen left in the same patch of weed bears any close resemblance to its dead brothers, so each must be detected or passed by on the merits or demerits of its own particular weed resemblance. *Planes* can have a background suiting of pale yellow green or orange or dark brown or olive green, and his squarish little back can be slightly mottled, or etched with an infinity of brown and yellow patterns. There may be transverse lines over the eyes, with dim rectangles or squares or triangles on mid-back; some have ikon-like traceries, or tapestry palimpsests—scores of patterns, any one of which would suffice for a crab with a less kaleidoscopic habitat. Just when we smugly feel that we appreciate to the full this variety of tint and hue, and concede a rather condescending approval of its function, we come across a little *Planes* with an oblong of glistening frost—a milky white blob of enamel laid across his shoulders.

In the hand or under our lens this spells conspicuousness and sets our placid theories at naught, until examination of the first sargassum branch which comes to hand reveals the irregular but very abundant spots of the white, crystalline homes of bryozoa or moss-animals which encrust the floats and fronds. Our shell-hole mimics are

outdoing themselves. I collect a hundred crabs and find that about fifty are pretending to be bryozoans as well as weed. This resemblance tells us another fact—that moss animals inhabited sargassum weed ages before *Planes* came on the scene.

Just as a glistening mirror eclipses its frame, so in the white-spotted crabs we forget not only the mottlings of color and the pattern, but even the outline of the crab fades from optical dominance and we see only square, rounded, oval, rectangular, double or dumb-bell-shaped white spots. Under water another resemblance leaps to the eye—the ever-ready banks of swimming feather-blades bear a most perfect resemblance to occasional masses of hydroids, those mothers and daughters of jellyfish, whose slender little palm-tree oases sprout from the edges of the fronds.

Of the doings and adventures, dangers and joys of the Wanderer Crabs in their home in open ocean none may write. A biographical diary of *Planes* would surely be an epic. In early July I found numerous females with large masses of eggs held safe beneath the abdomen, and when I came to examine them closely there was the imprint of sargassum sanctuary etched upon the little crabs even before birth. Some of the wriggling embryos were straw yellow, others orange, others dark olive. The eyes were most conspicuous and invariably dark sepia brown, their relatively great size showing how important they must be to the new-hatched larvæ. The newly-deposited spawn is always bright orange and when we press back the little circular disk of the crab's abdomen, it looks like a delicately fashioned plate heaped high with a pile of diminutive cumquats. Each egg is only a fiftieth of an inch in diameter, but in the exquisite machinery of development it is perfection, while in value to the coming gen-

eration of Wanderer Crabs its diameter is that of the Earth itself.

I have never seen the first or zoëa or "life" stage, but it is doubtless the usual giant-headed, spiny, long-tailed changeling which is the childhood of most crabs. This is the most critical time in all the growth of the Wanderer, for zoëa is a swimming animal, and as man in his extreme youth is a quadruped and creeps about the floor on hands and knees, so crabs when they leave the egg revert to swimming ancestors. In a single branch of gulf-weed as large as a man's head I have found six crabs with eggs, and as the average number of eggs is about six hundred, there would in time be thirty-six hundred zoëas swimming busily about. In spite of spines these bits of natatory life are toothsome morsels for any enemy of size, and it is probably a fortunate brood which numbers a half dozen survivors at the time of the last moult. This, in technical parlance, is the megalops stage, and it always seems to me to correspond to the gawky period of youth, when by length of trousers, hands in pockets and a very disagreeable cigar the boy attempts to attain his idea of manhood.

Megalops has forever put behind him his infancy swims. Of equal value with his eyes is the cloak of invisibility which will lead many deadly enemies to pass him by, and in this youthful stage of development we see already well-established, the beginnings of the mottlings, marblings, and the pale enamel of the crab to come. His joy and pride must be his bare limbs, still free from the feather-blades of the adult, and his amazing claws which are long, curved, and sharp-toothed like his pincers. There is no doubt that the god of crabs intends to conserve his remnant of a half dozen. It would need a hurricane to dislodge this youngster when once he has taken hold upon the weed. Like a stubborn,

adolescent mustache which exists chiefly in the imagination of its owner, the elongated abdomen must be a continual worry to Megalops. He strives to keep it bent and curled under, but it is constantly slipping and flattening into a hateful, lobsterine straightness. One more moult and the carapace widens to full shield-shape, the claws are reduced, the feather-blades appear, and the unmistakable crab insignia—the concealed abdomen—becomes an accomplished fact. The biblical parable is reversed in the case of these crabs: those which found their homes upon rocks are confined to the narrow insular borders of the tropics, while our *Planes*, whose home is infinitely less enduring than sand, live abundantly from Nova Scotia to the Straits of Magellan, and from California to New Zealand. It is one of the most successful crabs in the world, and, like the hoatzin of neo-tropical river banks, as long as its unique haunts continue, its race is safe from extinction.

Nevertheless, when fated drives *Planes* and his particular bit of material cosmos ashore on Nonsuch, then nemesis closes down. No prayers to great Cancer high overhead in the heavens will avail. Day by day as the foliage blackens, his livery of mottled gold becomes more conspicuous; as the fronds dry, his gills ache for the flowing salt, and sooner or later on his trips into the water and back he is seen by hostile bird or crab or fish, or, stricken by the alien air and sand, he sinks down, slain by the inconceivably slight chance of having been cast upon the only bit of dry land in all the expanse of millions of miles of kindly, weed-strewn ocean.

III

As I write, sitting in my laboratory nearly one hundred feet above the sea on my little outlying Bermuda Island of Nonsuch, a crab has climbed the

rough wall and is clinging half-way to the ceiling. At odd moments I have tried to fathom this unreasonable exhibition of Excelsiorism, but have failed utterly.

The most reasonable explanation is that it corresponds to a dog turning around several times before he lies down, or the matutinal, utterly ineffective wing-flapping of the domestic rooster before crowing. At a certain season of the year, our purple land crabs are troubled with an ancestral memory of the necessity of leaving the sea and reascending to the highest possible points of safety. And here on Nonsuch there is a single annual impulse, irresistible on the part of females whose breeding season has just passed, to climb trees, porches, buildings, roofs, even chimneys. There they remain with just about as much reason as human tree-roosting record seekers, until they are blown down, or become tired, or the ancestral instinct loses its grip.

As a matter of fact one might remain for many weeks on Nonsuch without seeing one of these land crabs which are among the island's most numerous inhabitants. Only the multitude of holes indicates that there is a race of mysterious troglodytes inhabiting every diggable square yard. A combination of rain and warmth seems to be the open sesame, and one day in early spring word passes around by some method more mysterious than wireless, and at the entrance of hundreds of holes can be seen a glint of scarlet. For a few days the crabs are shy and pop in and out of their tunnels as I go by.

Then simultaneously fear passes from all the crabs and in the shade of the cedars, scores of the jolly little chaps scramble about. Pigmentally they are most artistic additions to the dark green of their background, for their bodies are tinted with warm orange and yellow, set off by a cape of rich

plum color, shading into purplish black, the legs being bright red. They dig deep for succulent grass roots and spend much of their time pulling off the stems and mumbling the broken ends like children with all-day-suckers. They are comical enough at best, but when a crab holds a straw in one of his claws and sucks vigorously at it, all he needs is a country store and a bottle of pop in front of him to personify utter rural idleness. They sometimes pull at a grass stem so hard that when it gives way unexpectedly they tumble over backwards. After one such accident I saw a neighboring male rush at his companion, but the other was up and on guard in an instant. Both threatened with a movement curiously like the preparatory weaving of a boxer's arms—it was the upward feint of a fiddler crab executed circularly.

I cut off the retreat of one of these crabs as I walked along a cedar-lined path. For a moment he stood his ground and from a two-inch height he threatened me with waving claws. But I defied him and placed my foot over his hole. Only one trick of escape remained—to sidle beneath a patch of grass and try to become a bit of parti-colored shadow. I closed down on him and held both claws helpless between finger and thumb. Like Humpty Dumpty, he has a cephalothorax, that is, his head is merged immovably into his shoulders and body. He could not turn his neck and look at me, but Nature plays fair, and he cocked up his periscope eyes and twiddled them inquiringly. At a touch they swiveled down into ready-made troughs, all lined with a circle of stiff eyewinkers or sweepers which, like our own, clear the eye of sand or other debris. With us, however, a proper eyelid slips down and over the eye. In the case of my captive the entire crab became momentarily the eyelid and winker and moved up over the eye.

For a minute my crab was motionless, then with a mighty twist he somersaulted backward into freedom, leaving both great claws in my hand. His second line of defense was played: he had relinquished his weapons to lighten his flight. Knowing that in the end I should set him free, I was merciless now and pounced upon him before he could scuttle into his hole. I had nothing more to fear from his pincers and turned him over and over, examining every detail of his armor, while he lay motionless, shamed by the theft of his sword and lance. Finally I raised the infolded abdomen. This is a crab's most vital of vital spots and when he felt his most vulnerable organs exposed he called upon a third, and last, and wholly unexpected resource. From out of some concealed gland there poured a black liquor, such as locusts distill, but before it could spread, or drop down, he began to send a stream of air into it and it rose and rose, and from black became sepia, then pale brown, then an iridescent tan reflecting every hue of the spectrum. Still it increased until the whole crab and my finger were wholly concealed beneath a sphere of golden bubbles. I touched my tongue to it and detected an unpleasant, acrid taste, and I knew that if I were an enemy of lesser stature, with a more perfect sense of taste or smell than we mortal men possess, I should have been unable to devour him, and should probably have dropped him at once.

I pretended I was all that, and placed him gently near his hole. He side-tracked to the entrance, then turned, raised both eyes to the utmost height and wriggled the low stumps of the vanished arms and claws which rested safely in my pocket. Like the forever unknown gesture of the missing arm of the gladiator's torso, I could but wonder whether his was intended to be one of final defiance or a salute of gratitude before he slipped slowly from my sight. I

well knew that any sympathy would be wasted upon my armless victim. I examined the stumps and found them dry and already shriveled. At this very moment strange internal forces had begun work in the crab, carrying infinitesimal tissue material, and in the course of the coming few weeks new claws would sprout. No plan or blueprint was needed. In the orderly alchemy of the crab's blood, cell would be placed inevitably upon cell, none wasted, none awry. Finally he would be ready again to face me should I pass that way, with his armor intact, ready again with all his little plays for life.

We have only our own human race to blame if we endow our land crab with considerable conceit. I do not intend low puns when I emphasize the fact that *Gecarcinus lateralis* is a climber and has won a place above the salt. Let us think of her early on a summer morning curled tightly in the small chamber at the end of her burrow. It is pitch dark, but these small people of the earth have not yet deadened their perceptions so that they have to renew the youth of their senses by means of wires or wireless, bells and clocks. That is our prerogative.

So somehow she knows it is dawn, and, as she is not nearly as nocturnal as she is thought to be, she scrambles sideways the three or four feet to the sharp upward bend, and then up to the outer world. The entrance is at the edge of a fifty-foot cliff, and she can look down on the old ocean, just as the wife of a successful Italian contractor might drive down from Fifth Avenue and look with lorgnette at Mott or Pell Street. She probably cannot hear the songs of the little vireos or detect the scarlet and yellow of the goldfinches looping past, but if she knew what conceit was she could feel certain that she was a member of the terrestrial, air-breathing FFN. But as so often happens to those not to the manor

born, at critical moments a slip occurs, the horns and hoofs are for a second's fraction exposed; so even with land crabs there is a price to pay. Nature has decreed that for a race of creatures to be worthy of such drastic progress, the young may not be born to all the shelter and ease to which its parents have won, but must, at least to a slight degree, go through the motions of the transition from water to air. The salamander has its newt, the frog its tadpole, and the land crab has its aquatic zoëa.

Fate had planned through all the eons of life on the earth, since the land crab's ancestors and my own were one, that on this day of this year I should reach the entrance of the tunnel at the exact moment of her emergence. From the date of our common ancestor this would doubtless be something like B.C. 999,998,070 plus, as we artlessly reckon time, A.D. 1931. At any rate here we were face to face, and I saw at a glance that this was not only a large, brilliantly marked land crab, but that a great mass of eggs was guarded beneath the absurdly small tail flap. My own especial ancestors had left the ancient watery medium eons of years before those of my crab, and so I was much more at home on land than she; also I had gained in stature and in cephalic ganglion content. So I pitted my activity and cunning against hers and won. Then I carried her gently to my laboratory and installed her in an aquarium upon several inches of earth and sand, and in the corner I placed a small dish of fresh water. In the latter action I made a mistake. I cannot keep in mind the almost utter lack of natural fresh water receptacles on

Nonsuch, and when I offered Her Crabship fresh water it was the unconscious gesture of one terrestrial being to another.

At midnight I bethought me of my lady land crab and visited the aquarium. There was no sign of her for she had dug herself a tunnel, descended it and somehow closed it after her. The water in the dish had been the irresistible stimulus at the critical moment—every egg had been deposited in it and the great majority of embryos had felt the ancestral demand for this fluid and had burst their bonds—the soft egg tissues lying limp and torn. Out the youngsters had come, full of that hope and vigor which we, through our last one thousand generations of ease and over-comforts, possess only in a pale diluted amount. The liquid was of the right temperature and consistency, but some vital thing was lacking, and after a few futile kicks and leaps all had succumbed and settled to the bottom, dead. This marked another bond between the little crabs and ourselves for immeasurably removed from the old watery life as we are, yet if the humors of our eye have run out or we have lost much blood a skillful surgeon can replace our optical or our life fluids with salt water which in time will be absorbed and replaced. If fresh water be used it is poison, and blindness or death may result.

All the litter of purple land crabs perished, and I felt very sad. So primed were the little chaps for instant reaction to liquid of any kind, that of a dozen eggs taken from the parent and placed in formalin, eight hatched into perfect zoëas within the first three minutes, before the toxicity could be felt.



WHERE THE MONEY GOES

WHAT TWENTY NEW YORK FAMILIES DO WITH THEIR INCOMES

BY AGNES ROGERS HYDE

HOW to live on one's income is a subject that is perpetually fascinating, no matter how baffling it sometimes becomes. To save here so that we may spend there; to indulge ourselves in one direction even if we must skimp in another; what to do with Uncle Abner's unexpected legacy; how to meet the staggering dentist bill—the problems of what to do with our money are literally those of everyday life. Not a day passes, for most of us, that we do not have to decide whether or not we can afford one thing or another. These problems are not only as constant as death and taxes, but they belong to no one kind or condition of man. The question whether or not Sophia should have a new hat if it means that Stephen will then have to do without his skates is no less burning than the choice between building a tennis court or a swimming pool.

Moreover, not only is the question of how we spend our own money of great importance to us, but the way other people spend theirs seldom fails to awaken our lively interest. I do not mean the petty and vulgar speculations on the improvidence of the Smiths who give a large party when everybody in town knows they haven't paid the butcher in six months, or the disapproval of Mrs. Brown when her neighbor emerges in an expensive new fur coat although "we have the same laundress, my dear, and I know posi-

tively that they have only one clean towel a week apiece."

There is no taint of prying into our friends' affairs in an impersonal consideration of how people situated more or less like ourselves have gone about this exciting business of apportioning their money. There is, instead, considerable profit in discovering how they have approached, and with what success they have solved, the universal problem of getting as much as possible—in material comfort, peace of mind, and general richness of living—for their money.

This article attempts to show how twenty families are doing it.

The statistical value of the testimony is practically nil. For that matter, I may quote Miss Edith Vyse of the Wanamaker Home Budget Service, who declares that she would be unwilling to generalize from the spending habits of the nearly four thousand families whose records are on file in her department. But I am not after statistics. I will cheerfully leave them to the foundations and other charitable organizations who go in for that sort of thing. The purpose of this article is to give you the actual expenditures of twenty families who live in or near New York and who are faced with the same daily problems that most of us struggle with; and what value it may have must lie in the detail with which

it is illustrated—what certain people have decided is essential for their well-being, what sacrifices they make, what indulgences they permit themselves, the means they have adopted for the end in view, their own attitude toward money, and how far they have contrived to be masters rather than slaves of their incomes.

These people who so patiently and so helpfully collaborated in the preparation of this article (under the promise of strict anonymity) all live in New York itself, or in neighboring suburbs from which the husbands go daily to work in the city. That they all live in the same general locality is important only for purposes of comparison. Except for certain items the size of which may be peculiar to New York—rent, domestic service, food, etc.—they might be living in or near any large city in the United States. (It is instructive, however, to compare the following figures with the notions so generally cherished outside of New York as to the extravagance of New Yorkers and the frightful cost of living there.)

With three exceptions, these families all include children of school age or younger. In each case, the husband is the only wage-earner. None of the wives are business or professional women, although some of them have money of their own. Twelve of the men have salaried positions in large corporations, three of them are partners in businesses of their own, three are professional men, and two are writers. They are people of moderate means. With the exception of one income of fifty thousand dollars, the incomes range from four to fifteen thousand dollars a year.

I have avoided including any families whose incomes are supplemented by frequent and substantial gifts. It is possible to find young couples presumably living on a modest income who drive about in a lovely new Packard and spend

the summer luxuriating on Father's yacht; but while their way of living is undoubtedly most agreeable for them, it does not exactly indicate how one may expect to get along on five thousand a year.

The families we are considering, or about to consider, are representative people with no extraordinary financial complications. They are not eccentric, nor are they extremists, but are generally regarded by their friends and associates as typical normal people, the kind of people whom the average magazine reader would unquestionably recognize as friends and neighbors. And, although they number but twenty, it is safe to assume that there are many thousands like them.

Since the purpose of this inquiry was to discover not only what was spent but why it was spent, a number of questions were included which did not apply directly to actual expenditures, but which revealed individual points of view. The financial conditions under which these people grew up—whether they were living with more or less comfort before they were married; whether or not they expected to inherit much money, and how the expectation affected them; what their pet extravagances and pet economies were; what they would regard as flagrant extravagances for themselves; what sort of, and how much entertaining they did; whether or not husband and wife agreed on the disposition of the income; where they would expand first if they had more money; what they would consider the ideal income for their needs and tastes—the answers to these questions were in many cases far more enlightening than the monthly bills for clothing and gasoline.

II

Some tabulation appears to be inescapable. Those readers upon whom

any list of figures produces the sensation of having been hit at the base of the brain by a heavy blunt instrument may pass over the following table rapidly in the assurance that it is the only one. Those who are inclined to linger over such lists may derive a certain interest from observing that the I's, with an income between \$8,000 and \$11,000, spend nothing whatever on domestic service and give away \$600 yearly, or that the R family, who have between \$12,000 and \$15,000, spend \$1,600 a year on clothes and salt away not one penny in savings or insurance.

The disposition of the entire income of each family would be unnecessarily formidable, but the variations under certain headings are so significant that I am listing them for convenient reference. The families have been divided arbitrarily into groups according to income. In the first group the income ranges from \$4,000 to \$7,000; in the second, from \$8,000 to \$11,000; and in the third, from \$12,000 to \$15,000. The amounts represent the yearly expenditures.

this study is confined to families of moderate incomes, the inclusion of one family at a much higher income level is germane only when used as an occasional check against certain of the others' expenditures.

In practically all studies of the spending habits of people at this income level, the expenditures under the headings of shelter, food, and clothes show less variation than those under other headings. In this respect these twenty families run true to type. Rent—either the check one sends to the landlord or the interest on the house that is lived in by its owner—is so major an item that it receives serious consideration. People are not prone to spend disproportionate sums for the places in which they live. Moreover, since the amount is fixed, there is little chance for an unexpected financial blow from that quarter.

These families, considering the fact that rents in and about New York are admittedly high, are not spending extravagant sums for their housing. In fact their expenditures for rent are

GROUP 1

No. in family	Rent or interest	Service	Food	Clothes	Health	Dependents and charity	Liquor	Auto	Books	School	Clubs and amuse.	Insurance and savings
A 4	\$960	\$114	\$672	\$300	\$80	\$170	0	0	0	0	\$100	\$2190
P 3	804	114	720	360	100	0	35	0	25	0	300	1320
C 7	1800	636	1920	300	550	0	150	200	35	0	100	0
D 5	800	0	1700	400	70	25	35	700	80	0	300	1200
E 3	1200	114	750	400	105	100	50	200	10	0	150	1200
F 4	900	114	780	425	100	50	40	300	25	0	200	1000

GROUP 2

G 4	1225	204	786	400	65	375	50	500	25	0	300	2200
H 4	1200	300	1010	400	350	100	50	910	70	0	500	3000
I 4	900	0	720	400	150	600	0	633	40	0	55	2250
J 3	1500	336	720	450	175	45	0	750	122	0	250	2500
K 3	1800	606	786	500	200	0	300	700	0	0	1500	0
L 3	2100	960	1200	400	225	600	55	500	30	0	415	1000
M 2	1800	1200	1200	1500	150	100	200	0	30	0	500	500

GROUP 3

N 4	1500	1296	1860	800	450	1200	40	200	6	0	500	2150
O 2	1800	600	2400	500	200	200	0	356	75	0	250	3800
P 4	1900	2880	2400	900	325	200	0	200	35	450	725	4000
Q 4	1800	960	1680	400	225	450	0	666	35	0	550	4800
R 2	1680	1200	1680	1600	175	1200	50	0	210	0	600	0
S 4	2400	1900	1900	800	550	50	200	400	75	0	800	3000

I have omitted from the above table the expenditures of the T family, whose income is about \$50,000 a year. Since

well below the quarter of the income (for families with \$6,000 to \$10,000) suggested by the Wanamaker Home

Budget Service, although they are slightly above the figures given by Jessica B. Peixotto in her "Getting and Spending at the Professional Standard of Living," an investigation conducted among the faculty of the University of California.

It is significant to see what a difference there is in rents between apartments in New York and houses in the suburbs. The B's in the first group are able to find a two-room apartment with a tiny kitchen for \$804 a year only by moving so far uptown that Mr. B spends two hours every day on the subway between his home and his office. The L's think themselves extremely lucky to have discovered five rooms and a real kitchen (having a window makes it a real kitchen) in an unfashionable part of Manhattan for \$175 a month. On the other hand, the highest rent paid for a house in the suburbs by any of these families is \$1,800 a year, and one family spends for its house only \$960.

Only seven of the twenty families live in New York City, but the reasons given by the remaining thirteen for their choice of the suburbs were not only economic. In every case they said that they had moved out because of the children. Three of the seven who lived in the city declared that they would have to move to the country as soon as the babies grew older. One woman, whose husband owns the New York house in which they live, said that their major financial problem was the expense of moving the whole household to a rented house in the country for the summer. She could not bear the thought of her young children in the city during the hot weather, but this exodus cost them not less than \$1,500 a year.

The suburbs are so generally chosen by families with children because living space is cheaper, because good public schools are available, because the chil-

dren can play in safety outside the house, and because the summer problem is solved.

The cost of upkeep of the house or apartment varies greatly only because house owners have to do their own building and repairing, and tenants have such things done for them. Among the house owners the sum spent annually runs from \$150 to \$350, with the exception of one man whose pet economy it is to do all his own painting and carpentry and another who spends over \$500 because he "just can't help planning things to have done on the place." Likewise the figures under the headings of heat, light, telephone, etc., remain fairly steadfast. With the exception of one family which groans under a yearly bill of \$900 because they were persuaded to put in some very fancy electrical equipment in a town where the power rate is high, the expenses for the whole twenty families range only from \$250 to \$335. This would seem to indicate, in passing, that the frugal habit of turning off electric lights is not so saving as other forms of economy.

Food is another major item which does not betray any great extravagance in the household expenditures of our twenty families. True, the C's and D's—both in the first group—spend \$1,900 and \$1,700, but these are households of seven and five individuals respectively, and this does not indicate a plethora of filet mignon or asparagus out of season; for Miss Peixotto allows \$900 as the lowest sum which will provide a "frugal and sustaining" diet for a family of four, and the Wanamaker budget suggests \$1,700 for the family with \$10,000 a year.

With a few exceptions, the expenditures under this heading rise fairly steadily as the incomes rise, and it is worthy of our consideration that the family with \$50,000 a year, in which there are five children, spends only

\$2,735 for food. The A's, who miraculously feed a family of four on \$672 a year, show likewise a comparatively small entry under rent, service, clothing, and doctor's bills.

It may be pure coincidence—although I am inclined to think otherwise—that the families in which the wife was reared in surroundings more luxurious than those in which she now finds herself, find it hard to economize strictly in food. They seem to feel that if they buy any but the best grade of food they are somehow losing caste. Not that these women insist upon Lucullan fare, nor that they demand delicacies out of season. They will consume the less expensive cuts of meat and eat turnips by the peck, but they will cheerfully perform any amount of manual labor rather than give the family any but the best butter or the freshest of fresh white eggs.

When it comes to clothing, here again we find a heading which shows very little deviation, and practically no extravagance. The twenty families under consideration spend very little for clothing. One family of seven—the C's—who report only \$300 for this item, acknowledge with gratitude that many of the children's clothes are presented by a fond grandmother. A few of the other women receive an occasional present of a dress or hat, but nothing that amounts to a substantial allowance.

In comparison with other figures on clothing expenditures, our families seem to be economizing rigorously in this direction. The average expenditure for clothes by the faculty group studied by Miss Peixotto—and it must be remembered that their entire median expenditure is less than \$5,000 (nearly at the bottom of our income range)—is somewhat under \$500, which Miss Peixotto considers extremely low. The professional group studied by the Heller Committee of the University of

California, typified by a family of four with an income of \$6,500, spends \$893.44 for clothing. The Wanamaker Budget suggests for a family with \$10,000 a year, an expenditure of \$1,500. In our group, however, only six of the twenty families spend more than \$500 a year for clothes.

It may not be irrelevant at this point to see what an authoritative fashion magazine has to say on the subject of what a well-dressed woman spends for her clothes. Within the past year this magazine presented its readers with five budgets for clothing, the lowest being for \$1,200 a year and the highest for \$12,000. In submitting the first budget, the editors state, "The woman who dresses on a very limited income—perhaps as little as twelve hundred dollars a year—has a very difficult problem, for she cannot afford a single mistake."

Bergdorf Goodman is quoted as estimating the wardrobe for a single day (excluding jewellery and furs, but including accessories) suitable for a fashionable woman at \$1,929.25—if she will buy clothes that are ready to wear. If she prefers to have her clothes made to order, a day's wardrobe, according to Bergdorf Goodman, will cost \$2,869.25. Those soaring figures throw into relief the economy of our twenty families; it is noteworthy, for instance, that the wife in the family whose income is \$50,000 allots herself only \$550 a year for her clothes and miscellaneous personal expenses.

None of the women in the families interviewed feels that she is well dressed, although several of them believe that they do very well for the money they spend. A number of them—fourteen, to be exact—gave \$15 as the price they paid for many of their dresses, and \$10 as the usual price for a hat. Most of them buy their clothes at sales. Surprisingly enough, five of the men volunteered the information that they do not like their wives'

clothes and wish they would spend more on them. "My wife hates to spend money on clothes," "I finally broke my wife of the habit of buying cheap shoes," "I got so tired of seeing my wife in ugly hats that I finally took her shopping and made her buy three good ones at one time"—comments such as these came entirely unsolicited and were delivered with some heat.

The men's expenses for clothes run along with considerable uniformity. In the first group, they buy two suits a year for \$35 or \$40, and one overcoat—usually at a sale. In the second, they buy two suits a year, but pay \$60 or \$75 for each. In the third, they buy two or three suits a year, and pay \$75 or \$80. None of the women had any comment to make on her husband's style of dress, or showed any evidence of having given it any thought. Apparently the garb of the male is a matter of no particular concern to his family.

Under the heading of service one sees much more variation. For, after all, while it is impossible to live on nuts and berries, sleep in the park, or clothe oneself with leaves, one *can* do one's own cooking and sweeping, and save a considerable sum by so doing, since \$700 a year is very nearly the lowest wage in this part of the country for a full-time servant. Two of the women spend not one cent for domestic help. Eight of them (including one in the third income group) have part-time maids, women who come once or twice a week to help with the heavy cleaning. Seven of the families employ one full-time maid; one has two servants; and two have three. Only the P's (in the third group) and the \$50,000 a year family have a nurse for the children. Domestic service among these families is definitely classed as a luxury. It is, moreover, a flexible luxury. It is in this direction that these families expanded first as their incomes increased,

and where they would expand if their incomes increased still further. It is also here that most of them would cut down if they were forced to retrench.

In all the families the laundry is sent out, but three of the women only recently gave up doing the washing for the family, one of them admitting that in the past year she had grown very lazy and had given up not only the laundry but some of the baking too!

III

Under the mysterious title of Advancement, the budget makers are accustomed to lump such departments of household finance as health, education, recreation, charity, generally ending the list with an "etc." Families which spend approximately the same amounts for food, clothing, and rent spend startlingly varied amounts for "Advancement." And no wonder, for it is here that fate may take a hand—in the form of doctor's bills—and, more frequently, temperament, since individual tastes bring individual financial problems.

Schooling, curiously enough, appears as an economic factor in only two families. The P's, with one child at school, spend \$450 on tuition and supplementary lessons—dancing in this case. The T's, with three children in school, spend nearly three thousand dollars a year on their children's education. Of the eighteen other families, ten send their children to the public schools, and eight have no children of school age.

Here is a striking contrast to the Yale faculty group studied by Henderson and Davis. Among the Yale professors, the education of the children is one of the sources of real financial strain. One has a strong sense in reading that instructive report that most of the professors and their wives give up all manner of comforts in order to pro-

vide an expensive education for their children. One Yale professor with an income of \$12,000 is quoted as saying that he has been "drained dry by the education of his children, although the wife and family have done most of the housework."

It must not be assumed that all of the children now in public school will complete their education at the government's expense. Many of the parents of these children plan to send them to private school for a few years before entering college.

The children in our families are not, then, a source of great expense aside from their food and clothes and the extra space which they require in living quarters. However, all the families in the first group would like to have more children but feel they cannot afford them. (One of these families has a savings account for another baby.) Four families in the second group would like to have more children, but do not because of economic pressure, and three families in the third group made the same statement.

Doctors' and dentists' bills range from \$70 to \$550 in the first group, and the T's spend several thousand yearly in this grim fashion. None of the families, except the T's, suggested that they believed they had undergone unusually heavy medical expenses. On the contrary, most of them said that they were unusually lucky in having very few illnesses. In seven of the families the dentists' bills were much larger than the doctors' bills. Six people said that they thought expensive doctors were best—positively. Seven said just as positively "no." The others said "not necessarily," but added that in case of an operation or serious illness that they would try to get the best specialist available, and that they would not consider expense.

Playing golf and going to the theater tie for first place among the

amusements, each being mentioned ten times. Tennis and boating come next, with six votes each. Three mention gardening; two, concerts; and each of the following—hunting, bowling, archery, and stamp collecting—has one devotee. Boating is the most expensive of the sports and archery the least expensive. Four of the golfers play exclusively on public courses.

Entertaining is done almost invariably at home. Having friends for dinner seems to be the universal form that social intercourse takes among these families. It varies from once a week to once a month, and bridge usually follows. Most of the people living outside New York have weekend guests the year round, but more frequently in the summer. Two of the families living in town give large cocktail parties during the winter. Only three of the families feel that they can afford to invite people to the theater, and this they do very seldom. Three others mention dinner parties at the country club on Saturday nights when there is dancing, but otherwise there is no entertaining done outside the home.

No one in the first group belongs to any clubs. Four in the second group belong to at least one club, and all in the third group have club memberships. The man whose club dues are the highest and who belongs to the most fashionable clubs spends no money whatever on liquor, and, although he is an active sportsman, never gambles, contrary to the popular notion of how a "prominent clubman" spends his money. In the whole group, except from a few people who play bridge for very low stakes, there is no gambling to speak of.

The liquor item, as might be expected, shows a high degree of elasticity. Six of the families spend no money on liquor: two of them from principle and the others because this is an easy way for them to economize. Mr. C.,

on the other hand, feels embarrassed at spending as little as \$150 a year while all of his friends spend much more. He feels that is not holding up his end. Mr. K., who spends \$300 yearly on liquor, says that he has cut his bills for alcohol nearly in half recently.

Travel is an item that appears in the family accounts of only two of the twenty families. Most of the others would like to travel, but cannot contrive to fit it into their way of living. It is a pleasure that they are postponing "until I have the time and the money." Most of them want to travel comfortably or not at all, and the desire to see new and strange places is either lacking in them or else the very idea of travel is associated in their minds with moneyed leisure and, therefore, seems beyond their means.

The frequent explanation for staying at home—"I can't get away from the office"—arouses the suspicion that many of these men are laboring under the conviction that promotion depends largely upon a daily appearance at business, and that they fear that taking time off would be interpreted as lack of interest. It is, however, true that most of them have their expenses adjusted so closely to their salaries that a long absence at their own expense would work havoc with the family finances.

The conventional two weeks' summer vacation, therefore, is the only time when these families set out to see the world, and since you cannot get very far in a fortnight, the journey cannot be an extended one. About two hundred dollars is the sum generally spent on this excursion.

In the first and second income groups several mention—without undue enthusiasm, it must be admitted—that the summer vacation consists of getting into the car and going to visit the parents of either the husband or the

wife. In each case this move is dictated by a combination of economy and duty, and in each case some misgivings were expressed as to how much the outing was enjoyed by the son- or daughter-in-law. The vacation seems to be one part of these people's lives which causes definite dissatisfaction. That, perhaps, is not hard to understand, since usually one expects too much of a holiday; yet in so far as these twenty families are representative, their failure to travel and their unsatisfactory vacations suggest that many New Yorkers of moderate incomes are hard put to it to secure holidays of complete ease and change.

Automobiles and their upkeep are unquestionably a major item for most of these families. The American family must have its car. Only four of the twenty families have no automobile, and two of these are saving in order to buy one. Six of the seven families in the second group buy a new car every three or four years, paying from \$1,500 to \$2,000 for them, and spending about \$200 yearly on their upkeep. In only one of these six families is there a full-time maid, although all of them have young children. In other words, the wives willingly do most of their work and take complete charge of their children as a matter of course, whereas the lack of an automobile would be to them a deprivation of the grimmest sort.

The notion that New Yorkers are a thriftless lot, spending their money on the principle of "easy come, easy go" is knocked into a cocked hat by the families under consideration. Only three of the twenty report no savings. One of them is a family that has expensive tastes, five children, and an income of less than seven thousand dollars. The second is deliberately not saving because the husband is the son of a wealthy man and feels that the chances of his being some day possessed

of an exceedingly comfortable unearned income is good enough to gamble on. The husband in the third family is a promoter who from time to time makes a pile of money, and goes through the lean years with the conviction that he will presently be rich again. Temperamentally, he is opposed to saving: when he has money he sees no need for saving; when he hasn't, he is looking forward to the next killing.

All the rest are saving relentlessly—proudly or doggedly, as the case may be—with one goal: to establish enough capital to be independent in their old age, and to live after sixty-five or seventy on a scale that will equal or approximate their present one. The salaried men know that their earning power will decrease, and the writers are even more convinced of the uncertainty of their future incomes.

Those who are saving from a quarter to a third of their incomes are playing for security; and of all luxuries, that of security is the most expensive. It does not require much figuring to determine what economies are practiced by a family of four with an income of \$5,340 who contrive to put away in insurance and investments over \$2,000 a year. The particular family that pursues this Spartan course foregoes a motor car, all travel, all theaters, and all books and magazines. They spend only \$672 a year on food, \$300 on clothes, and \$100 on amusements and recreation. A cleaning woman once a week is the only domestic help the mother with two children permits herself. It is not surprising that she has no interests outside her house. (The husband commented on this fact with rueful surprise. It apparently hadn't occurred to him before.) Do they think of themselves as poor? Not in the least! They think they are doing very well indeed. Their main interest in life is working for the sum of \$100,000 which the husband has decided they

must have as capital by the time he is sixty-five. After all, that is a concrete ambition.

Another man who expects to save enough to provide himself with four thousand dollars a year at the age of retirement said gaily, "Why, my wife and I can live like millionaires on that." He does not wish to leave his sons much money because he thinks it would weaken them, but he is far from ungenerous: he gives \$600 a year to the church.

On the other hand, the man whose income is fifty thousand a year confesses to a good deal of uneasiness over the difficulty of saving enough to insure a comfortable life in his later years, and to help his children. He does not expect the children's expenses to end with their graduation, but to continue indefinitely, and on a rising scale.

Every parent expressed a horror of being a drag on his children in the future, and many of them spoke with deep feeling on the subject.

IV

One third of the families work from budgets. "It makes saving easier," they say, or "You know where you are," or "It's more fun when you're poor to make a game out of it." The budgets vary from the envelope system to less formal arrangements. With two exceptions, the other families keep strict household accounts. In every case, this is the husband's idea. He is the one who devises the system which the family shall follow and he is the one who likes to see on paper just where the money is going. The wife is too accustomed to struggling with the household expenditures to get much satisfaction out of seeing the figures at the end of the month. Moreover, she is often too busy during the day to enjoy stopping and finding the book and jotting down

the entries—a fact which seems to surprise her husband.

These men show considerable naïveté in wondering why it is that their wives do not think it is fun to keep books. That is not the only example of naïveté—one man said in all seriousness that he gives his wife \$100 a month which she can spend any way she likes provided only she pays for the food, ice, maid, laundry, church, gifts, and clothes for herself and the children!

The actual handling of the money is usually the same: the husband gives the wife an allowance with which to pay the household bills, dress herself and the children, and pay her personal expenses. The husband pays all major bills, makes whatever large purchases the family decides upon, and handles all investments. All twenty report that they carry as few charge accounts as possible, and what bills they have are paid promptly.

It is significant to see that in every case the wife is aware of the exact amount of the family income. Although, in every case, both husband and wife have personal expenditures which they do not feel obliged to report to each other, there is no secrecy about the amount of money that is available. The old-fashioned reticence which forbade a wife's knowing the exact amount of her husband's income is entirely lacking.

Three of the families said that they think about money and discuss it as little as possible—that they spend it when they have it, and try to be philosophical about doing without things when they haven't money. With all the others, however, it looms large on the domestic horizon as a factor to be reckoned with and talked about almost constantly.

After interviewing these twenty families, I am strongly of the opinion—and in this I am supported by Miss Vyse—that money as such is seldom a

source of wrangling or discontent among married people. In not one of these families, although there were many who confessed that money was a constant source of anxiety and worry, do the husband and wife quarrel over the family expenditures. One or the other may be more extravagant or more thrifty, one may enjoy bookkeeping and the other despise it, but in every case there is a degree of philosophy and a complete harmony about the subject. When wives and husbands actually quarrel about money, I firmly believe it is merely a symptom of some more fundamental discord.

V

All but one reported that their incomes had increased during the past few years (this, needless to say, refers to the period just previous to 1931), and the increase was spent in the following directions: more domestic service (7), more savings (6), more children (4), larger living space (3), better clothes (3), buying things for the house (3), a car (2), and more charity (1).

If their incomes were to increase still further, the next expansion would be for: more domestic service (6), larger living space (5), travel (5), better vacations (5), more savings (4), private schools (3), more amusements, particularly the theater (3).

The one family whose income had decreased considerably had met the loss by sending the children to public school and by exchanging an expensive car for a cheap one.

When asked what they considered flagrant extravagances—luxuries they would enjoy but wouldn't consider indulging in—these families suggested the following items: theaters and night clubs (6), expensive cars (4), big liquor bills (3), vacations without pay (3), expensive clothes (3), expensive clubs (2), costly boats (2), frequent taxis (2).

And these economies were condemned as false economy: cheap food (6), giving up all amusements (5), a poor place to live (4), overwork by the wife (3), and shabby clothes (2).

All twenty families were asked to name what they considered the ideal income for their needs and tastes. One man refused to fix a sum as he said that he was sure that his ideas would expand as his income increased. One man in the second group was contented with his present income and wanted nothing more. One in the third group named a sum smaller than he now has *provided it was certain*, and another family in that group said that they were perfectly satisfied with their present income but that they were worried for fear that it would be reduced.

Of the rest, the "ideal income" as set by the members of the first group divides itself into \$15,000 (2), \$10,000 (2), and \$20,000 (1). In the second group, \$25,000 (3), \$30,000 (1), \$20,000 (1), \$15,000 (1), and \$10,000 (1). In the third group two said \$20,000 and two \$25,000.

In talking to these people, one is struck anew by the relativity of wealth. Why does one man with \$6,000 a year think of himself as rich while another with twice that amount feels that he is desperately poor? It seems to me that the sensation of poverty frequently comes from a refusal to face facts. There are many people with fastidious taste who are offended by wealth as a standard and yet who themselves want things that it takes money to buy. There's cold comfort in despising money when it's the only medium of exchange we have for material things. It may be very lofty to despise it, but it is also pretty uncomfortable.

A background of luxury, it also appears, is poor equipment for a life in which economy must be rigidly practiced. We hear often enough of the daughters of the rich who marry their

hearts' choice and live contentedly and gaily in a small apartment doing their own work. We nod approvingly and say how wonderful it all is. And so it is, but doing one's own cooking with the zest and enthusiasm of a new game is quite understandable when one is sustained by the comfortable assurance that the dentist's bill will be paid for, that there is a comfortable house in the country for long visits in the hot summer, and that mother will insist upon, and pay for, the baby's arrival in the best hospital. Moreover, if Bill loses his job there will be a place for him in the bank. The situation is entirely altered when there isn't any bank, when parents not only have no money to spare but must be helped themselves.

There was no trace of shirking or complaining on the part of the women who had come from wealthy homes, no discontent or lack of hard and conscientious work, but they all said that it had taken them years to learn what economy was. They had had no experience in doing without things, nor did they understand at first what one could do without. The couple brought up on a farm where living was hard and money scarce had the advantage over them from the start. A vacuum cleaner is no labor-saving device to the girl who has never had to make her bed, but to one who is accustomed to a long intimacy with scrubbing pail and brush, it represents cushioned ease.

It is not the physical work which wears down the resistance of the comfortably reared, but the necessity for the constant thought of economy. "I don't mind doing the cooking and washing," one woman exclaimed, "but what irks me beyond endurance is remembering to turn out the lights!"

VI

It seems safe to conclude that the popular notion of New Yorkers as

spending their money on clothes and night clubs, with the women spending their afternoons playing bridge, and the word thrift noticeably absent from their bright lexicon, is founded upon the behavior of a group that is more spectacularly evident than numerous. There is certainly a vast number of persons living in that city who spend their money much as these people do, and much as people everywhere else spend theirs—except for the fact that New York rents are on the high side.

One fact emerges definitely from this inquiry: an income of \$10,000 a year provides for very little material luxury if one is attempting to create enough capital to provide a secure living in one's old age. Travel, private schools, easy entertaining, books, freedom from housework and the daily care of children, the theater, music—these things must be eschewed or indulged in very sparingly at such an income level.

Judging from these histories, wealth seems to consist of a *freedom from money*, and you can achieve that only by having a certain amount that is not mortgaged ahead. The people who feel richest with a moderate income are those who have effected a certain flexibility and a fluid adjustment

between fixed expenses and income. They have established a scale of living which they follow automatically and which permits of some money in the hand. The family with one maid and a small apartment who go to the theater whenever they want are going to feel wealthier than the family in a house with three servants who can't afford to have cream for breakfast.

The real beauty of money in the hand is that when an emergency occurs one is not thrown completely off one's economic balance. And—this I believe to be the important point—the emergency need not be a disaster, it may be something pleasant. It may be one of those vacation trips which most of these twenty families found it so difficult to arrange for. One of the "rich" men I talked to said that in his family, they kept an emergency fund which was drawn on according to circumstances. An illness was no more of an excuse to draw upon that money than was a holiday in the West Indies with all the family enjoying the best of health. It is just as well to remember that the necessities of life are not always dismal, and to have something put by not only for a rainy, but also for a sunny day.



POSTERITY AND MR. PRIDDLE

A STORY

BY ELMER DAVIS

MR. HUBERT PRIDDLE, retired zinc broker, had reached the age of fifty-eight before he felt any concern about his standing with posterity. A widower with no posterity of his own, he clipped his coupons, minded his own business, and found sufficient occupation for what he never thought of calling his declining years in golf, solitaire, and Masonry.

Solitaire and Masonry can be practiced in any setting, but golf must follow the sun; which was why Mr. Priddle found himself, on a certain February morning, smoking his after-breakfast cigar in a rocking chair on the porch of a hotel in Miami. In the rocker beside him sat Cozzens, the retired newspaper editor from Philadelphia, who grinned as Mr. Priddle opened the *New York Times*.

"Still finding out what happened day before yesterday?" he inquired.

"I'd rather have the *Times* two days late than any other paper this morning," rejoined the imperturbable Priddle. "Thing about the *Times*, you can believe what you see in it. None of these fakes and distortions. I like the editorial page, too; you get a sane point of view there. This morning, for instance, they say—"

He ceased. His jaw dropped. His eye had slipped past the editorials to the page opposite, where the obituaries were on display.

"Cozzens!" he said thickly. "Am I crazy? Or—or am I—"

Mr. Cozzens followed his pointing finger to a story headed:

HUBERT PRIDDLE, ZINC
BROKER, DIES AT SARANAC

West Side Civic Leader Passes
Away in 59th Year

WAS HIGH IN MASONRY

Advocated Bare-Legs-Will-Win-the-
War Movement in 1918

"Bare legs will win the War?" said Cozzens. "How did you figure that out?"

"Oh, damn that!" Mr. Priddle snorted. "Cozzens, how could this have happened? And in the *Times*, of all papers!"

"Somebody must have made a mistake."

"I know they made a mistake!" Mr. Priddle's grizzled mustache was bristling; his florid face was dark red. "But what— How on earth—"

"Well, they must have mixed you up with some other Priddle."

"But this is me! They've got all the facts—born in Rochester, 1873; Cornell '94; past master of Josaphat Lodge, F. & A. M.; all about my wife; even that I was president of the Schuyler-Endicott Civic Association. But I'm not dead! Damn it, Cozzens, you know I'm not dead!"

"They could have got all those facts out of *Who's Who in America*. I suppose you're in that?"

"Not exactly," Mr. Priddle confessed. "But there's a volume called *Who's Who in Non-Ferrous Metals*. I paid twenty-five dollars for a copy of that after I'd looked over the notice they gave me."

"And they probably gave a copy to every newspaper library," Mr. Cozzens supplied. "When they got your death notice the papers looked you up, and found— No, Priddle, I know you're not dead. They got somebody else's death notice, somehow."

"Of course!" said Mr. Priddle. "There was a fellow named Herbert Priddle used to live in the next apartment house. He was No. 357 West, and I was No. 367. We used to get each other's mail all the time, and I was bothered a good deal by 'phone calls for him—I was in the book and he wasn't. And seems to me I heard he'd gone to Saranac sometime last fall."

"Then that's it, undoubtedly. The death notice probably came from Saranac. A careless reporter looked in the 'phone book and found your name and didn't notice that neither the name nor the address was quite right. Things like that do happen, even on the best papers. And then he goes and looks in the morgue—the place where they file clippings about everybody who ever had a story in the paper. He didn't find anything about Herbert Priddle; but he found an envelope about Hubert Priddle, with— Let's see just what they say about you, after all."

Mr. Priddle's enfeebled hands abandoned the paper; Cozzens took it, glanced through the bare chronicle of Mr. Priddle's career, and found strange news below.

On August 12, 1918, Mr. Priddle advanced the suggestion that women should

leave off stockings to further the winning of the War. He had been aroused by a reported shortage of silk for the manufacture of observation balloons, and asked if the lives of our boys at the front must be imperiled for the gratification of women's vanity. Asked if he would advise the substitution of cotton stockings for silk, Mr. Priddle said that he understood that cotton was needed for the manufacture of high explosives, and that truly patriotic women should have no objection to going bare-legged for the duration of the emergency, or at least until cold weather set in.

Much comment was aroused by Mr. Priddle's proposal, which was approved by some leaders in women's war work but was generally condemned in the silk trade and by clergymen.

"Interesting idea," said Cozzens. "Very interesting. Must have been a good local story back in those days."

"Cozzens, it's an outrage! It's bad enough to say I'm dead; but to— to revive a story like this and make me a laughing stock—"

"Then you really said it?" Cozzens queried.

"Yes. I said it . . . But— Hell, Cozzens, it isn't as if this was the only idea I ever had on public questions! I subscribe to the *Literary Digest* and the Book-of-the-Month Club, and keep up with things that are going on, and have opinions about them. Only I never shoot off my mouth and get my opinions in the paper."

"I see. . . . How did this happen to get in?"

"Well—" Mr. Priddle flushed. "You remember we were all a little off our balance in 1918. One day one of these Inquiring Reporters—you know, the fellows who pick out five people at random and ask them all the same question—stopped me on lower Broadway at the lunch hour. The question he was asking that day was what further sacrifice by the civilian population would promote the winning of the War. And— Well, it was the lunch hour,

and Broadway was full of girls. Full of silk legs. I—I was younger then; I noticed such things more than I do now. And that was about the time all the girls had started wearing silk—stenographers and so on, spending war wages . . . Well, anyway, this reporter asked me his question, and I just blurted out what was on the top of my mind. Never thought any more about it till the other papers took it up next day and started sending reporters around to ask me to develop my idea. . . . Well, thank God, there was another offensive before long, and people forgot all about it. How the *Times* could have raked it up, after all these years . . . ”

“They had it in the morgue,” Cozzens explained. “Everything that gets printed about anybody is clipped and filed away in the morgue. And I suppose that was about all they had on you, except that biography from *Who's Who in Non-Ferrous Metals*. You never broke into print much, I take it?”

“That was the first time I ever talked to a reporter. And after that I was afraid to talk to them, even if they came from trade papers.”

“I see. . . . Well, here's what happened, Priddle. They confuse this unknown and negligible Herbert Priddle with you. They look you up in the morgue and find you're a prominent man—president of a local civic association, and so on.”

“But that civic association doesn't amount to anything. A few of us fellows on the West Side got together three or four years ago with the idea of putting up a kick about tax assessments. For some reason they elected me president; but then the district leader promised to take care of the assessments, and we never had another meeting.”

“But it sounded well,” said Cozzens. “The president of the Schuyler-Endi-

cott Civic Association must have seemed a pretty big man. So the obit editor of the *Times* decided that he wanted half a column about you, with a spread head.”

Mr. Cozzens did not mention what was apparent to the expert eye—that it had been a dull morning for the obituary page. Most of the decedents were veteran mail clerks, widows of suburban mayors, members of long-forgotten French cabinets, or last survivors of up-state posts of the G.A.R. Among such minnows Mr. Priddle must have seemed a whale.

“They wanted half a column,” Cozzens repeated, “but the facts wouldn't stretch out that far. And they couldn't find anything else about you except some clippings on your idea that bare legs would win the War. That might not be the only idea you ever had, but it was the only one that ever got into print; so they had to fill out with that. Funny, eh?”

“It's not funny in the least!” Mr. Priddle announced. “When I've had opinions for the last forty years and kept them to myself because I thought nobody'd be interested; then to have this piece of hot-weather silliness set out as the only thing I ever said that was fit to print—”

“It was no worse than a lot of ideas that got over in 1918,” Cozzens soothed him. “Of course it's a pity. If you'd been used to shooting off your mouth on every occasion, like a few dozen people I could name, the newspaper morgues would have had fat envelopes full of clippings about you; and the chances are they'd never have run on to this story at all. . . . However, it's all done now. Wire the *Times* you're not dead, and they'll print a retraction; and maybe fire the man who wrote the story.”

“I shouldn't want them to do that,” said Mr. Priddle thoughtfully. “After all, it's taught me a lesson.”

The *Times* printed a handsome retraction; Mr. Cozzens read it. But for some days after that he saw no more of Mr. Priddle, either on the golf course or in a rocking chair on the hotel porch. And when at last Mr. Priddle turned up again he announced:

"I've been writing letters. Sending telegrams. Answering old friends who thought they were being funny—asking me how dead I was, and what war bare legs were winning now. You'd think grown-up men would have more sense. . . . However," said Mr. Priddle, "I want your advice, Cozzens, on a technical matter. Er—how does one go about breaking into print?"

"Why do you want to?" Cozzens countered. Mr. Priddle flushed.

"Well, Cozzens—some day the *Times* is going to print my obituary again. It—it will be true, that time; and I'd hate to have them drag out that old story and reprint it just because they had nothing else. I mean . . . now that I know they consider me worthy of extended mention, I'd like to be sure that the article will represent me as I really am—my opinions on public questions, and so on. If I only knew how to get the papers to print them . . ."

"Why, that's easy enough. You're still president of the Schuyler-Endicott Civic Association, and the papers don't know that it doesn't amount to a damn. You've noticed that when a great man dies the papers print a string of what they call tributes—remarks about his life and works, from all sorts of people who sound as if they were somebody. Anybody can break in on that—the more the better. So the next time somebody dies like Edison, or Sam Untermyer, or Justice Holmes, think up a couple of hundred words about what a great man he was and then call up the papers and tell them that Mr. Hubert Priddle, president of the

Schuyler-Endicott Civic Association, wants to add his tribute. If the legislature votes to investigate the Mayor, or somebody makes a transatlantic flight, call up the papers and give them your comment. Never mind how obvious it is."

"But do you mean to say that if I called up the *Times* and told them what I thought about Edison, they'd print it?"

"If you said you were president of the Schuyler-Endicott Civic Association they'd print it. What's more," said Cozzens, "if you keep on doing that it won't be long before the papers are calling you up and asking you for your tributes. When a great man dies a reporter is assigned to collect tributes; and sometimes—especially on Saturday afternoon—they're hard to get. But make yourself known as one of the stand-bys who always have a tribute on tap, and they'll be calling you up, grateful to you for keeping them from falling down on the story."

"But—" Mr. Priddle's eyes were sad, for he had just seen the fading of a bright ideal. "But wouldn't that seem rather undignified?"

"Not half so undignified," said Cozzens, "as dying again and leaving the papers with nothing to say about you, except that once upon a time you thought that bare legs would win the War."

From that moment there began a great and appalling change in the life of Mr. Hubert Priddle, who had always minded his own business and never thrust himself into public notice. He shook in his shoes the first time he called up the *Times*, to offer the tribute of the president of the Schuyler-Endicott Civic Association to the late president of the Charity Organization Society; but an attentive reporter took down what he said, and it was all in the paper the next morning. A day

or so later the mail brought an invitation to subscribe to a clipping bureau.

Mr. Priddle subscribed, and found the service well worth the money. His noble eulogy on the late Senator Salpinger was quoted as far west as Portland, Oregon; his views on the new tariff bill, reported in the New York papers, evoked an editorial in the McKeesport (Pa.) *Tribune*. No longer did he need to offer his views to the papers; when anything happened they called him up, sure of a comment from that old stand-by, the president of the Schuyler-Endicott Civic Association. Gradually he found himself becoming a public figure; he was invited to dinners of the Merchants' Association, of the Town Hall Club; he was included in Committees of One Thousand. One day O. O. McIntyre, jotting down the personages encountered in his wanderings about town, included "Hubert Priddle, sage of the West Side, drinking orange juice at Nedick's."

Mr. Priddle did not know O. O. McIntyre and had never drunk orange juice at Nedick's; but he cheerfully paid for the forty-seven replicas of that notice which his clipping bureau discovered in out-of-town papers where McIntyre's column was syndicated. By its very fictitiousness the item proved that he was become a personage of consequence, even of legend; no longer a mere civic leader, but a figure not to be omitted from any chronicle of wanderings about the town.

It was, indeed, disturbing that the figure, the personage, had grown to such stature as to eclipse the old Hubert Priddle—the original Hubert Priddle who had minded his own business, taken his pleasure from golf and solitaire and Masonry, and been indifferent to the opinion of posterity. He seldom played golf now, or even solitaire; he was too busy pasting clippings in huge scrap books, polishing his phrases of

eulogy against the time when some other distinguished person would die, and the papers would look to him for his tribute. He rarely went to lodge any more; his old friends, respectable but obscure West Side business men, seemed ill at ease in the presence of one whose lightest opinion seemed worthy of quotation in the papers.

In his retirement he had found his life work—the creation of a portrait, the shaping of a statue of Hubert Priddle to be left to posterity. The thoughts that he had once kept to himself because he felt that nobody would be interested in them were spread now in the columns of the press; from them posterity could picture a twentieth-century Pepys, a man aware of the currents of his time, appreciative of its greatness, alive to the significance of every new movement. . . .

But would posterity be permitted to see that picture after all? As year followed year uncertainty grew on Mr. Priddle; he was keeping all these clippings, but were the papers keeping them, making up their full and rounded record of the sort of man Hubert Priddle had been? Uncertainty swelled to a gnawing worry and that to an obsession from which he did not know how to free himself—till somebody told him that any reputable citizen would be permitted to inspect the clippings in a newspaper morgue.

That very evening Mr. Priddle betook himself to the *Times* office. They received him politely; they took him into a room where drawer upon drawer was stuffed with clippings; over an employee's shoulder, they let him read an index card—"PRIDDLE, HUBERT, civic leader; 453678." A moment later, Envelope No. 453678 was laid in his hand—a thick envelope, stuffed and overflowing. The *Times* had nobly atoned for its single lapse; it had printed everything he said, and kept it for the record.

The hour he spent with those clippings was the happiest of Mr. Priddle's life. Not till he reached the very bottom of the stack did he come upon some yellow and crumbling slips of paper dated August 1918, about bare legs and the winning of the War. . . . He looked furtively about; no one was near, no one was noticing him. He thrust the yellow clippings hastily into his pocket, returned the envelope at the desk, and went out into the night with the serene conviction that all was well. Let the end come when it would, now; it would only crown the work. Everything he had ever said for publication was on record—everything but one; materials from which the reporter who would some day

compile his obituary—a full column this time, no doubt—could leave to posterity a picture of Hubert Priddle as he had really been.

Engrossed in that bright prospect as he crossed Times Square in the night traffic, he never saw the taxi swinging around a corner that struck him, knocked him headlong, passed over him. Even if he had seen it, in that ecstatic moment of fulfilment he might not have cared.

But on that same night died Clara Bow, and Calvin Coolidge. . . .

"Priddle?" said the obituary editor of the *Times*. "Hell, we haven't got any space to-night to waste on that old windbag. Write me a short paragraph, and I'll run it under a one-line head."

ON THE SHORE

BY LINDLEY WILLIAMS HUBBELL

HERE, on this abandoned beach, I could learn to forego
 The beauty of cities that have done me such grievous wrong.
 With the low voice of the surf always at my ears,
 I could relinquish song.

Hearing all night the wave breaking on rock,
 I could forget that I ever knew
 The ill-timed laugh and the inconsequent word
 And all the importunate crew

Of the wise and the sick of heart. Here in this place,
 Seeing at morning the green wave crested with white,
 I would unlearn the barren wisdom of cities,
 Lest it undo me quite.



THE FRENCH MIND AND THE AMERICAN

AN INTERPRETATION IN TIME OF DISCORD

BY BERNARD FAÏ

TO-DAY, little more than a decade after the war enthusiasm, Americans are struck by the hostility against their country which they sense in Europe. Being highly sensitive, they perhaps exaggerate the importance of this feeling; nevertheless, they cannot be blamed for taking note of it.

They accuse, first of all, politics. Is it not politics that has opened up a chasm between France and the United States? By refusing to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, the United States disappointed and disconcerted French public opinion; by exacting payment of war debts, the American Government has gone back on promises—made perhaps lightly but, nevertheless, very solemnly, through the whole length and breadth of France, by American public men whom the French population had taken seriously. It is useless to insist that in such cases the only authority is the Government, for it is precisely in the name of this Government that these men had spoken. By wishing to impose on France naval disarmament and by isolating her at the Washington Conference, the American Government has unconsciously given an impression of hostility towards France. Had the United States not easily come to an understanding with England over the mutual dominion of the seas, while attempting to thrust France into fifth place, on the same level with her Medi-

terranean rival? Finally, this impression of ill-will has only recently been aggravated by President Hoover's latest gesture. The United States, which as a nation had done nothing to collaborate in the resurrection of devastated France, which as a nation had done nothing to sustain the franc when it was falling—but had attempted on the contrary to exploit this critical moment to oblige France to recognize and pay her war debts—that same United States suddenly roused itself to help the Germans and to bestow on them a munificent largess—very much at the expense of France.

This is the point of view of the French voting public in general.

It has not forgotten American intervention, but it no longer understands it. This accumulation of facts leads it to think that for some mysterious reason—jealousy, anger, or tactlessness—the United States has a grudge against France.

On the other hand, many Americans consider France the great spoilsport of the post-war period; the nation which, after deriving the greatest profit and revenue, the greatest benefits from the War, has never for a moment ceased by its exigencies to obstruct all efforts to solve peace problems. There is, therefore, on both sides about an equal measure of bitterness. Doubtless it is nobody's fault. Nevertheless, later, when history shall have given us the

correct focus, the two nations will realize the error of their ways and what a comparatively slight effort would have sufficed to arrive at a truer knowledge of each other.

Neither France nor America realizes that the War of 1914-18 has given birth to a new world, in which the two nations occupy entirely different positions from those they held in 1913.

France has become the most solid nation of the European continent. The United States has become the only powerful and vital empire of the whole world.

Before 1913, France, fine and proud, held among her rivals a most honorable place. She could reasonably aspire to the very first rank, there to remain among her equals. She was one of the indispensable props that sustained Europe. She owed to her ancient culture, to her excellent organization, and to her wealth the enviable position which she had always defended against all comers.

After 1919, France, with the best army in the world, the most brilliant staff of statesmen and politicians in Europe, seemed the principal bulwark of European civilization. Her financial recovery was the finishing touch. While England stumbles among the ruins of her empire, pulled in every direction by her turbulent and exacting children, while vanquished Germany toils in vain to reconstruct an aristocracy (which apparently she cannot do without), while chaotic Central Europe strives unsuccessfully to get its bearings, while the brilliant and brilliantly led Italy still struggles to free herself of her economic fetters, France alone enjoys a complete political, diplomatic, economic, industrial, and military independence. Her middle class, in spite of all attacks, has remained the most coherent and the most stable of all the pre-war governing groups.

France, with her strong army, with

her ancient culture—at once artistic and skeptical, mystic and practical—with her peasants solidly rooted to their farms, and her bourgeoisie well entrenched behind its counters, constitutes the stoutest bulwark against Russia, the Russian army, Russian propaganda, and the Communist mirage. Moscow is aware of this, but not New York.

American politics prevents this knowledge; there are too many American citizens of German blood, too many whose ancestors and whose mentality are Italian, whose souls are Irish. There smoulder in the United States, in the midst of the genuine Americans, all the national animosities of Europe, aimed one and all at France, the typically bourgeois, rich, and cultivated nation. The social and intellectual higher classes of the United States have no part in this feeling or this attitude, but they are in the minority. They have no influence on the political habits of Congress; they are not responsible for presidential decisions or for senatorial harangues.

These conflicts of interest are all the more painful to the French because, on the whole, they are ignorant of conditions in the United States. The histories they study were written before 1916. In their minds the German Empire, the Austrian Empire, the enormous Russian Empire, the British Empire still exist. America in their eyes is to this day a distant agricultural and commercial republic, a refuge for the scourings of Europe, whence emerges a long-lost uncle, wealthy, but tiresome to the day of his death. The French voter, more idealistic, or prouder, or less enlightened than his English or German neighbors, does not yet realize the "political weight" of the United States; and he is always surprised to find this distant people in his way. He fails to understand why a nation that no one threatens should need

so powerful a fleet. He is irritated to see every important decision which is taken or considered in Europe submitted to the arbitration of this stranger. Thus in the domain of politics a series of antagonisms has developed that governments do their best to mask, that diplomats strive to hide, but that the representatives of the people are all too well aware of, frequently exploit, and do not do enough to allay. They might at least perceive the elementary truth that, in the year of grace 1931, France and the United States are the two nations that have the greatest number of interests in common. They are separated by no radical difference of political doctrine; they are not rivals in the economic field, and their enemies are the same. Wealthy and solid nations, sufficient unto themselves, both have everything to fear from turbulence, wars, revolutions, invasions, and migrations. They require peace to live happily; both need a *status quo* for the development of their prosperity. Destiny has chosen them as the two great defenders of established order. Both strive to develop human property and individuality in the midst of a skeptical or hostile world, both represent the ancient tradition of Europe against barbarity.

The interior politics of France and of America thus fan the flame of an apparent bitterness between the two nations and accentuate some few real factors of discord—the latter, however, of no great importance. The real rift lies elsewhere.

II

The Frenchman, whether Catholic or Free Thinker, has his face set toward the Mediterranean. His culture has been handed down to him through the ages from the traditions of Rome, as the Papacy received them from Ancient Rome, or as the scholars of the Renaissance interpreted them after 1450.

The revolutions of 1789 and 1830, and even that of 1848, drew their Republican enthusiasm from Latin examples, Livy, Cicero, and the other writers of the Roman Republic. The Latin language still remains in France, even after so many social transformations and political convulsions, an essential element of culture, the recognized stamp of intellectual distinction. However much the conclusions reached by their differing mentalities may vary—Christian faith or unbelief, tradition or Rationalism—all Frenchmen cling to the same fundamental principle: Rome is to them all the great source of wisdom, logic, and experience. Monsieur Leon Blum, Monsieur Herriot, Monsieur Tardieu, Monsieur Poincaré, the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, and the Duc de Guise are all in accord in this. No honeymoon trip of the French middle-class or aristocracy is complete without a journey to Italy; Italian pictures have always constituted the backbone of public and private collections in France; and the French have always understood the music from beyond the Alps better than that imported from across the Rhine. French law was cast in the mold of Roman law. One of the oldest proverbs of France says: "All roads lead to Rome"; certainly all the roads of France do.

This Mediterranean culture has penetrated a mixed people in which different strains of blood have converged. It has lost its brilliancy, but has gained in precision, richness, and complexity. The Frenchman has inherited from the Latin the instinct of exactitude, precision, and logic; but some restlessness, arising from an unknown source, has endowed him with an original psychological instinct, and so he has developed a very individual gift for introspection and analysis. The Frenchman is a Mediterranean with a bent towards pessimism. He

has a critical brain. Naturally skeptical, he has a very lively sense of fatality. In his effort to exorcise destiny, he employs all his skill and all the resources of his mind. When it is a question of analyzing passions, struggling against them, and handling them skilfully, he reveals himself an unsurpassable moralist and psychologist. To attain knowledge of the universe and of himself is his greatest pleasure. Moreover, he considers this knowledge his best weapon. No pleasure is complete for a Frenchman if he has not dissected it and grasped its significance, no passion is unbearable if he can speak of it, explain it, and transform it into food for meditation. Many Frenchmen would be willing to declare that the world was created by God solely in order that man might feel it, understand it, and explain it.

In contrast to the French, the United States presents an Atlantic and Nordic social picture. In the New World the Anglo Saxons and their allies have been the victors in military and political struggles and in social competition. They have imposed their language, they have established their religion—the Christianity of the North—they have diffused their customs and their attitude everywhere. The American point of view and American sensibility are based on the English, and every period of American history has shown this Nordic orientation. New England led the War of Independence; organized American industry, won the Civil War, built up the enormous American economic power around the great banks of New York and Boston, and scattered factories along the Atlantic seaboard. It was she who gave the tone to the culture of Harvard and Yale, and determined the type of the American university. Whether he comes from Italy or Russia, the American always strives to appear, and even to be, a man from the North.

But in reality he is a transplanted Northerner. He has passed abruptly from the temperate zone to a subtropical region in which a generous but violent soil has developed in him very particular instincts, and where, at the price of his toil, a virgin nature has lavished on him infinite gifts. He has kept the desire for action of the Northern races, their instinctive dislike for gesticulation and superfluous words. But he has developed an optimism and a daring that the Englishman of the old country does not possess. If the Frenchman be a Mediterranean inclined to pessimism, the American is a Nordic optimist. When the Frenchman, struck by Fate, attempts to wheedle or ward off Destiny with words, the American holds his peace, so as not to increase his misery by talking, and thereby at least saves his dignity. The difference between them is radical. If American pagans like Walt Whitman exist, their paganism will in no sense be Greek or Roman. It will be rather the paganism of desolate plains, of cool forests, and of great restless cities. Thus the two countries, the two sensibilities, differ in the quality of their culture and of their education.

We may ask ourselves if this all matters. It does matter. In a country like France culture is an institution, important, sacred, and certainly more influential than the army, the law, or the ministry. The French Academy carries, in spite of its apparent loss of prestige, an enormous moral weight in the eyes of the general mass of Frenchmen. Membership in it is still the best advertisement that a writer can obtain. It is the most efficacious and least disputed weapon of propaganda. The Academy struggles with all its force against the diminution of Mediterranean influence in France. Many of its best brains profess an instinctive fear of the United States, for the simple reason that they fail to place it in the

picture of the Latin world. England at least had the good fortune to be conquered by the Emperor Claudius, but the United States! . . . It is not an exaggeration to state that at least two-thirds of the French, who do not know the United States, deliberately feed their instinctive antipathy toward it from a sense of loyalty to the ancient Latin cult. Anything that does not drink from this century-old source seems to them lacking in culture, moral vitality, and logic. It is easy to realize this from Georges Duhamel's book which had such an enormous success in French Academic circles. How is it possible to enjoy landscapes without ruins; cities without ancient monuments, public buildings without Latin inscriptions, a code of law bereft of Roman logic, a culture unhallowed by the great shadow of Virgil, the eloquence of Cicero, the charm of Horace?

III

The mental habits of the two peoples are at opposite poles. For a country like France, where education is organized, directed, and superintended by the State, where the government itself fixes the curricula, where all the people are molded by the same intellectual training, the point is an important one. America doubtless possesses nothing like it, and it would seem that her intellectual structure and logical methods ought to be more elastic and more varied. This is not so; like all peoples of recent formation, whose unity is threatened by various and varied elements, America encourages a strict intellectual conformity, at least in the masses, who, patriotic as they are, loving their country and devoted to its service, rally readily around what they hear described as the "American Spirit."

These contrasts of thought are also not without their echo in social life.

Every international discussion proves how difficult it is for the negotiators to understand each other and demonstrates with what acrimony the newspapers tend to disagree. In fact, in the political and philosophical field Franco-American lack of understanding frequently takes on a still different appearance; it often has the aspect of a conflict between two irreconcilable tendencies: the Frenchman always feels he has been tricked if he fails to impose his complex and precise formula covering all possible contingencies. The American is irritated if he feels he is being fettered by too rigid and too detailed a contract. To him the ideal arrangement is that which leaves free play to initiative and does not pretend to constrict life within too definite limits. The Frenchman, on the contrary, mistrusts the tricks of Destiny, and when he has to deal with it takes all possible precautions. Whether the League of Nations, debts, or moratoria are at stake, his attitude is always the same.

In short, the Frenchman's education casts him, above all, in the mold of his Roman pedagogues—that is to say, makes of him a logician and an intellectual. There are, thank God, French artists, and not a few, just as there have been admirable periods of artistic production in the history of the French nation; nevertheless, the national spirit is rather more inclined towards the acquisition of knowledge than artistic production. Art, one might say, is France's pet luxury, knowledge is the practical implement she never lays aside. To the French everything must be tinged with intellect; the discussions of old women at street corners are full of maxims, and the arguments in men's clubs are heavy with theories.

This is particularly noticeable in politics. French politics simply overflows with doctrines. Each party fights in the name of some immortal

principle, and the parties themselves are innumerable, ranging from Communists to Monarchists; there are Communist-Socialists, Socialist-Communists, Unified Socialists, French Socialists, Independent Socialists, Radical Socialists, Socialist-Radicals, etc., etc. Each party has its own clear and logical program, which includes a theory of the past, present, and future society. It is not uncommon for the same party to have various programs, one for the initiate, one for the layman, one for propaganda, and one for practical application. The different groups would not at any price—and could not even if threatened by death—rally around the same ideas. French politics is extraordinarily lavish of ideas. Therefore, the French look with condescending pity on American politics, so miserly of words. For the last twenty years both the Democratic and Republican Parties have led a sluggish intellectual life. Now and again they have adopted some rallying "slogan"; but the idea behind these is practical, rather than intellectual. Only hard facts attract and hold American politicians. When they are drawn towards an idea they prefer to present it under a moral light as a principle or as a result of direct experience, thus reducing to a minimum any display of logic and dialectics.

Whereas in international political discussions the French always strive to reach a rational and complex formula, the American strains every nerve to remain within tangible and practical limits: both are thus devoured by suspicion of each other. The American notes with annoyance any efforts to entice him into fields unfamiliar and, therefore, distasteful to him. The Frenchman, on the other hand, notes with irritation that he is left to struggle with formulæ, the flimsiness and simplicity of which do not in the least appeal to his type of mind. Public opinion in the two respective nations,

therefore, generally finds it extremely difficult to establish a sympathetic meeting-ground. This would inevitably happen, even if journalists were to abstain from adding the spice of complications, difficulties, and dilemmas to their articles and dispatches. French opinion is instinctively drawn towards wide perspectives and wants to include the world and grasp its meaning at a single glance; American public opinion prefers hard facts and the prospect of a certain flexibility of action. The one always tends towards philosophy, and the other would prefer to strike an artistic attitude.

It might seem paradoxical to maintain that the American is more drawn to the artistic than to the philosophical form of civilization, but he is of all modern peoples the most greedy for display and plastic beauty: beautiful bodies, beautiful houses, enormous and glittering cities, magnificent shows, grandiose parades, gigantic processions. Still too young to possess a long artistic tradition, he indulges more deeply than any other nationality in the luxurious pleasures of the eye. Five or six centuries hence, art critics and historians will perceive that the United States of the twentieth century possessed an immoderate appetite for material beauty and a veritable passion for physical beauty. They will compare it with Byzantium rather than with Athens the subtle, or with Rome the logical.

France is aware of the suspicion with which so many Americans regard the abstract, and she holds this against them. Generally, their passion for beauty is but little understood; for the traditions of Latin paganism and the habits of Catholic liturgy make the truly original elements of the American world difficult to comprehend. Few Americans, even, are conscious of it. Charlie Chaplin fancies himself a thinker, and Douglas Fairbanks does not hesitate to express "ideas." In

the presence of such an astounding lack of self-knowledge, the foreigner's perplexity is comprehensible.

To speak frankly, the modern American has found a substitute for ideas which allows him to do without either beauty or wisdom: statistics. Bristling with figures as infallible as they are unintelligible, positive and at the same time incomplete, statistics hold in American conversation the same place that the paradox holds in French life. Both are equally irritating, equally stimulating, and equally sterile. Figures are the besetting sin of all American debate, just as deduction is the sin of all French discussion. Statistics please the American mind as a schematic construction in which words have no part. Condensing all the trickery of past idioms, this manner of expression contains perhaps the embryo of a future language. This manner of expression is not entirely alien to the French, but they dislike it for its lack of color. It is too contrary to the literary spirit. They cultivate it only as an exotic fruit, and serve it as one serves a rare morsel at formal dinners.

Thus in the whole field of reasoning the misunderstanding between the two great peoples continues.

IV

The bitter post-war period, poisoned by Bolshevism, jealousy, and discord, has shaken the faith of France in herself and her principles by depriving her of all taste for the modern world, by accentuating the intellectual contrasts with America. The United States became the pet aversion of all who desired to draw together France and Russia, all those who dreamed of an intimate Franco-German entente, and of many of those who detest the present for love of the past. It would be useless to conceal that there exists in France to-day a considerable num-

ber of people who look upon the United States as the symbol of a hateful future and the agent of an atrocious universal metamorphosis. It is easy for them to prove that the optimistic tendency of the United States looks to the future with enthusiasm; that its spirit, hostile to abstract ideas, troubles itself little to weigh the import of contemporary theories. As these critics have no real knowledge of the New World and fail to appreciate it, it is easy for them to assert that it is ugly and that everything connected with it is hopelessly repulsive.

France and America are two great proud and complex nations that historical traditions, interests, and a craving for novelty will ever draw more and more together, but that mental, ethnic, and geographic contrasts will always tend to separate. At critical moments in the history of the world it is probable and desirable that they should again stand shoulder to shoulder. In ordinary times it would be contrary to human nature and to the normal course of human events if they were to find themselves always in accord. Language, the sea, their daily preoccupations are bound to erect between the two nations barriers difficult to surmount. After all, would a too close accord, resulting in a too great similitude in the masses, be desirable? It is doubtful. The value of white humanity lies in its variety. Every nation needs a different logic and a different discipline in order to solve the problems peculiar to itself and to its position. All influences, no matter what they are, when they go beyond a certain point are deleterious; if civilization is destined ever to disappear it will vanish because it will have lost its reason to exist, and because diversity—supreme aim of all living beings—will have died out.

On the other hand, nothing contributes more to the happiness of humanity than for great civilizations

to co-operate adequately. It is indispensable for France and the United States to possess an élite capable of understanding and of interpreting to each other their respective countries, of forming an organization indispensable for collaboration in difficult moments. Artists, men of letters, diplomats, leaders of industry, and great promoters are in duty bound to contribute. No one can take their place,

because while governments have the power to conceal friction, they never have the power to eliminate it.

The future of Franco-American relations depends on the preservation and renewal of this choice few. It is a matter of vital interest to both nations and to the world itself, which in its economy has need of Franco-American co-operation: it cannot, in sober fact, dispense with it.

THE STRANGER

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

TELL me, who was this wintry man
Who through the twilight swiftly ran

*Down with the brook the twilit hill
And passed the house immense and still?*

*Who was this man without a face
Who like a shadow swept this place*

*As swiftly as a falling flake
Descending to the frozen lake?*

*I watched his footsteps slowly part
The waves of ice like waves of wheat
And heard the echo of his feet
And the loud beating of his heart*

*Till in the moon's tempestuous glow
He vanished like dissolving snow,*

*And only the soft stirring leaf
Retained the echo of his grief.*



THE IMPENDING RADIO WAR

BY JAMES RORTY

THE late Doctor Michelson was once asked why he wasted so much time measuring the speed of light.

"Because it's such good fun," replied the genial physicist.

Perhaps the scientific workers who developed and perfected the radio tube were equally guileless as to motive. But in terms of social consequences, these playboys of the laboratories brought into the world hopes, apprehensions, marvels, and grotesqueries greater than they could have anticipated. Recently one of the most eminent of them—Dr. Lee De Forest—was moved to comment upon the present status of radio:

"Why should anyone want to buy a radio or new tubes for an old set?" declaimed the irate inventor, "when nine-tenths of what one can hear is the continual drivel of second-rate jazz, sickening crooning by degenerate sax players, interrupted by blatant sales talk, meaningless but maddening station announcements, impudent commands to buy or try, actually imposed over a background of what might alone have been good music? Get out into the sticks, away from your fine symphony orchestra pickups, and listen for twenty-four hours to what eighty per cent of American listeners have to endure! Then you'll learn what is wrong with the radio industry. It isn't hard times. It is broadcasters' greed—which is worse. The radio public simply isn't listening in."

Doctor De Forest, of course, is a prejudiced witness. He has been fighting the Radio Corporation of America for years, and recently won two important court victories, as a result of which the powerful National Broadcasting Company seemed momentarily in danger of being chased off the air. One also doubts that Doctor De Forest really believes the problem of radio is so simple that it would be solved if the greedy broadcasters turned altruistic and gave all they had to the poor suffering radio public. The problem of the control and administration of radio broadcasting is approximately coextensive with the problem of controlling and administering the modern world in the economic and cultural interests of the people who inhabit it. In this country especially, the ether has become a great mirror in which the social, political, and cultural anomalies of our "business man's civilization" are grotesquely magnified. Granted that the radio is socially and politically one of the most revolutionary additions to the pool of human resources in all history—how does one go about integrating it with a civilization which itself functions with increasing difficulty and precariousness? The work of cleaning up the air has to be done on the ground. Again, the ether is a mirror; this confusion of voices out of the air merely echoes our terrestrial confusion.

At bottom the issue is part of the larger conflict between exploitation for private profit and the increasingly

articulate movement for public ownership and operation of essential public services. In this conflict the citadel of radio is the key position, because the control of radio means increasingly the control of public opinion.

Big business knows this. So do the educators who are sponsoring the Fess Bill, introduced in Congress last spring. This bill assigns fifteen per cent of the available radio channels for the exclusive use of educational broadcasters; and the commercial broadcasters are fighting it wholeheartedly. In all probability the battle will be waged in full force this fall, and its result is quite unpredictable. The purpose of this article is to present the issues and to indicate briefly some of their wider social implications.

The records of the Federal Radio Commission show that in May, 1927, when the present radio law went into effect, there were a total of 94 educational institutions licensed to broadcast. On March 9, 1931, the number had been reduced to 49. According to the National Committee on Education by Radio, 23 educational broadcasting stations were forced to close their doors between January 1st and August 1st, 1930. At present, out of a total of 400 units available to the United States, educational stations occupy only 23.16 units, or one-sixteenth of the available frequencies. In short, educators and educational institutions who desire to make independent use of the radio as an educational instrumentality are facing strangulation. They must either fight or acquiesce in the present trend, which, if continued, will give the commercial broadcasters complete control of the air—the educators being invited to feed the Great Radio Audience such education as the commercial stations consider worth broadcasting, at hours which do not conflict with the vested interests of tooth-pastes and automobile tires or with the careers of

such established radio personalities as Amos 'n' Andy, Phil Cook, and Peggy Winthrop.

The educators—their militant wing at least—have chosen to fight. They have, in fact, been fighting for years a losing guerrilla warfare against the encroachments of commercial broadcasters. But about a year ago, following a conference presided over by United States Commissioner of Education William John Cooper, they organized and threw down the gage of battle embodied in their official endorsement of the Fess Bill, which is here quoted:

Not less than 15 per cent, reckoned with due weight to all factors determining effective service, of the radio broadcasting facilities which are or may become subject to the control of and allocation by the Federal Radio Commission, shall be reserved for educational broadcasting exclusively and allocated when and if applications are made therefor to educational agencies of the Federal or State governments and to educational institutions chartered by the United States or by the respective States or territories.

At this conference the National Committee on Education by Radio was created to carry on the work. Represented on this committee are the National Education Association, the National Council of State Superintendents, the National Association of State Universities, the Association of College and University Broadcasting Stations, the National University Extension Association, the National Catholic Educational Association, the American Council on Education, the Jesuit Education Association, and the Association of Land Grant Colleges and Universities. Joy Elmer Morgan, editor of the *Journal of the National Education Association*, is chairman of this committee. Its work is financed by the Payne Fund for a term of five years.

At the first Assembly of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Educa-

tion, held last May in New York, Doctor Morgan said:

As a result of radio broadcasting there will probably develop during the twentieth century either chaos or a world order of civilization. Whether it shall be one or the other will depend largely upon whether broadcasting be used as a tool of education or as an instrument of selfish greed. So far our American radio interests have thrown their major influence on the side of greed. In striking contrast to the leading countries of Europe, they have preferred a hasty mushroom development to a slower and sounder development.

There has not been in the entire history of the United States an example of mismanagement and lack of vision so colossal and far-reaching in its consequences as our turning of the radio channels almost exclusively into commercial hands. The mismanagement of the public domain out of which our Western States were carved was bad enough, but we did have the vision to reserve certain sections for schools. Our failure to take possession of our mineral and oil resources for the common good has contributed to extensive waste of our natural resources and to excessive wealth on the one hand and to poverty on the other. The giving away of much of our water power—a resource almost as necessary during the years ahead as air—was even worse than our land policy or our squandering of mineral and oil resources. But all of these fade into insignificance when compared with the giving away of radio frequencies of untold value with no thought of compensation or no reservation, as in the case of the public domain, for the uses of education.

Let us turn now to the battalions of the opposition by which these educational militants are confronted. On June 1, 1931, there were in the United States 609 licensed stations divided in a ratio of one to sixteen between the educational and the commercial broadcasters. The strongest of the latter group are affiliated in two great chains with the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting

Company. NBC owns three broadcasting stations: WEAf and WJZ in New York and WRC in Washington, D. C.; it operates four other stations: WTAM in Cleveland, WENR in Chicago, KOA in Denver, and KGO in Oakland, California; in addition it serves 69 independently owned stations. NBC is a one hundred per cent owned subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America, which manufactures radio equipment and pools the patents of General Electric, Westinghouse, and American Telephone & Telegraph. Obviously the educational militants are facing a closely affiliated group representing the dominant power and communications interests of America. Deny's National Advertising Records show that in 1930 a sum of over eighteen million dollars, excluding contract discounts and advertising agency commissions, was spent by clients of NBC for the use of its facilities; in addition these clients spent four million dollars through the National Broadcasting Company and approximately two million dollars through outside channels for talent on their NBC programs. Additional revenue comes to NBC through the sale of artists and orchestras for broadcasting, personal appearances, theatrical engagements, moving pictures, talking movies, etc., and through the sale of sustaining programs.

II

Here, then, we have real business, big business. Do we also have education and culture? The commercial broadcasters insist that we do, and receive considerable support in this contention from the conservative wing of the educational profession, which the educational militants must also either convert or fight. On NBC's Advisory Council appear such distinguished names as the late Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, Walter Damrosch, William

Green, Dr. Charles S. MacFarland, Mrs. John D. Sherman, Dwight W. Morrow, Morgan J. O'Brien, Francis D. Farrell, and Elihu Root. There are committees representing NBC's service to education, agriculture, labor, music, religion, and women's activities. No committee representing its service to business would appear to be needed. Two hundred and sixty-three clients used NBC facilities in 1930, an increase of 64 over the previous year. Included in the opposition, at least in so far as the current fight on the Fess Bill is concerned, we must list also the majority of the Federal Radio Commission, which actively represents the point of view of the distinguished promoter, business man and engineer who now occupies the White House. In an address delivered at the Second Annual Institute for Education by Radio, on June 8, 1931, Commissioner Harold A. Lafount undertook to controvert the charge that the educational broadcasters are being forced off the air.

The 49 educational institutions now licensed to broadcast have been assigned 3,669.2 hours per week, of which they actually use 1,229.23 hours—one-third of the time which has been made available to them, only 283.85 hours per week being devoted to education.

Available facilities for radio broadcasting being so limited, the public interest requires that each assignment be utilized to its utmost capacity, and the Commission has no choice in the matter. But even if the radio act did not so require, ordinary fairness and plain justice dictate that educators make full use of the facilities they already have assigned to them before demanding more.

The Commissioner goes on to point out that since the Commission became the licensing authority, educational broadcasts (largely by the commercial stations) have increased from almost nothing to almost a tenth of the total time used by all broadcasting stations

now on the air. He further declares that the reduction in the number of educational stations since 1927 has occurred by virtue of the voluntary assignment or surrender by educational stations of their licenses, because they were unable financially to maintain them or because they did not have sufficient program material to continue operation.

On the surface this official statement is rather convincing. It does not, however, sufficiently portray the actualities of the situation. What has really happened, according to the militants, is that the educational stations have steadily been obliged to accept less desirable frequencies, the more desirable being assigned to commercial groups. They have also been obliged first to divide time with commercial stations, later to reduce their share, and finally, harried by their commercial rivals, have been obliged to defend their right to broadcast at all in expensive hearings before the Commission in Washington.

Unquestionably the educational stations have been inadequately financed. It is at least arguable that they should be better financed, and that a preliminary to the reorganization of education by radio might well be the legal recognition of the importance of independent, non-commercial broadcasting embodied in the Fess Bill. As to the "voluntariness" of the educational stations' surrender, the sponsorship of the Fess Bill by nine educational associations is a sufficient answer.

There are, however, educators who have accepted the existing organization of broadcasting to the extent at least of working with it and through it. They, too, are organized. The National Advisory Council on Radio in Education is financed jointly by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and the Carnegie Corporation. Its president is Dr. Robert A. Millikan and its vice-presi-

dent is Dr. Livingston Farrand. The educational militants charge that this organization is merely a smoke screen for the commercial broadcasters, although the National Council has taken no position regarding the Fess Bill, and in fact officially abstains from legislative activity. Its objectives, as stated in its constitution, emphasize fact-finding and fact-dissemination; it undertakes to "mobilize the best educational thought of the country to devise, develop, and sponsor suitable programs, to be brought into fruitful contact with the most appropriate facilities in order that eventually the Council may be recognized as the mouthpiece of American education in respect to educational broadcasting." Officially it suspends judgment on the question of private versus public ownership and operation of broadcasting facilities, remarking that "as yet no one is prepared or competent to say whether or not this (the announced educational program of the Council) will eventually force the Council to discuss the mechanisms necessary for educational broadcasting, and whether their ownership should be in commercial hands, in the hands of educational institutions, or in the hands of non-profit co-operative federations, or perhaps in all."

Meanwhile the Council sponsors educational talks delivered over commercial stations, delves for facts, technical and otherwise, and holds conferences. Its membership consists predominantly of educators, but includes also representatives of the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting Company. It believes, rightly enough, that the commercial broadcasters should be given a hearing, especially as they have repeatedly protested their devotion to the cause of education and culture, and have in fact offered educators all the free time on the air they are prepared to use. The attitude of the commercial

broadcasters has been repeatedly expressed, both in print and at educational conferences. It may be roughly paraphrased as follows:

"What do you mean, 'education'? Do you mean the incompetent, prolix mouthing of educational dodoes, completely lacking in showmanship, to which nobody listens; to which comparatively few people *can* listen, because the educational stations have neither sufficient power nor an adequate technical staff? Is education conceivable without an interested audience? Well, we have built up great audiences, and we have learned how to hold them. Furthermore we are interested in education too—*real* education, the kind the people want. We'll *give* educators all the time on the air they can use, provided they will agree not to bore too great a proportion of our audiences too much."

Note the possessive in front of the word audiences. The commercial broadcasters speak for an established business representing the investment of many millions of dollars—for a "vested interest," actual and difficult to dislodge; this in spite of the fact that existing radio law reserves our national quota of broadcasting channels as public property and licenses their use, subject to revocation practically at will by the Federal Radio Commission. This body has discretionary power, subject to court review, to interpret and apply the principle of "public interest, convenience, and necessity" which the law embodies.

The commercial broadcasters also speak, and with some real claim to authority, for the science and art of broadcasting as it has developed to date. There is, of course, such a thing as good and bad radio technic, good and bad "showmanship." The commercial broadcasters can fairly claim a hearing for their views as to what will and will not succeed in holding a

mass audience. Nevertheless, certain premises of their argument are highly questionable. To get a clear view of how this concept of "public interest, convenience, and necessity" might logically be applied to radio, one must start with definitions. For convenience, let us accept as both sufficiently broad and sufficiently accurate the definition of radio education offered by Professor W. W. Charters, director of the Bureau of Educational Research of Ohio State University. Professor Charters says that "an educational program is one whose purpose is to raise standards of taste, to increase range of valuable information, or to stimulate audiences to undertake worth-while activities." Such a program obviously serves the "public interest and necessity." But what about the converse of the picture, the programs which do not raise standards of taste, which do not increase the range of valuable information, which do not stimulate audiences to undertake worth-while activities? Such programs—and it may fairly be alleged that they include a heavy percentage of the advertising programs now being broadcast—are, by definition, not educational. Neither, apparently, do they serve the "public interest and necessity" if this concept embodies any positive and creative policy whatever.

In other words, if the militant educators were logical, they might assert a claim, not to fifteen per cent of the air, but to all of it. They would hardly be justified in asserting this claim in behalf of professional educators as a group. But by what process of reasoning can it be denied that this public property—the ether—should be used for social purposes, that is to say, educational purposes according to Professor Charters' definition?

In Great Britain the radio is so used by the British Broadcasting Company, a government-controlled monop-

oly which permits no advertising on the air and supports itself by an annual license fee paid by the owners of receiving sets, half of which goes directly to the government. In Germany, in Austria, and in fact quite generally on the Continent, the national governments have tended to use their property in the ether for educational as distinguished from commercial purposes. In Russia education is of course frankly tendential, and every instrument of communication, radio included, is made to serve the purposes of the state, which is identical with the present leadership of the Communist Party.

In America, however, we have a different tradition, as was pointed out by Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, in an address before the first annual assembly of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education. Said Doctor Wilbur:

With our conception of government, the private initiative of those interested scientifically and commercially in the exploitation of radio has had practically free range. If there had been an unlimited opportunity for everyone to get on the air without interference with others, it is probable that only the abuses that arose would have been the subject of governmental action.

One could scarcely ask for a franker statement of the laissez-faire position, which is of course characteristic both of Doctor Wilbur and of the present administration in general. At the same conference the position of the commercial broadcasters was energetically presented by Henry Adams Bellows, vice-president of the Columbia Broadcasting system and former member of the Federal Radio Commission. It is that public interest and necessity with respect both to classroom education and to adult education is best served by educators who accept and use the free time offered by commercial stations; that an arbitrary allocation of fifteen per cent of the air to educational

broadcasting stations would reduce, rather than fortify the net educational effectiveness of radio.

Mr. Bellows also permits himself to play with definitions. "Public interest," he says, "is the foundation on which the entire Radio Act of 1927 is built up, in so far as it relates to broadcasting. It is likewise the sole foundation for the commercial success of any broadcasting station or chain. All that a station has to sell is its ability to reach a listening audience, a greater or smaller number of people who are, with a considerable degree of regularity, interested in its programs."

Note the subtle but fundamental shift in the meaning of the word "interest." So interpreted, the worst imbecilities of current sponsored programs are justified on the ground that they are popular—that they command an "interested" audience. Could one ask for a more convincing illustration of what Henry Adams, forty years ago, called "The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma"? Could one ask for a more radical reversing of the educational process, both in philosophy and practice?

Of course the true "interest" of our people—rehabilitating the meaning of the word as it was used in the Radio Act—can be interpreted not by a surrender to current standards of taste, but by an assertion of leadership which is the very essence of the educator's function. When this idea of "let the people rule" is uncritically applied in education, what happens is that first education perishes and eventually civilization perishes.

There would seem to be other unconscious sophistries in Mr. Bellows' argument. His apparently sincere belief that the Great Radio Audience, by applauding what it likes and denouncing what it dislikes, is itself capable of successfully asserting the "public interest" as opposed to the

private interest of radio advertisers and commercial broadcasters, is not warranted by the evidence to date. It is true that the commercial broadcasters have not dared and do not dare to sell all their time—that comparatively few broadcasting stations have sold more than forty per cent of their total time on the air. But what time? The hours from six to eleven p.m. are far more valuable, both for adult education and for advertisers, than the daytime hours. And in the evening the advertisers swamp everything. Nor is Mr. Bellows' analogy with newspapers and magazines (he points out that they carry four, ten, and twenty times as much advertising as reading matter) in the least valid. It is vastly easier for the eye to exclude the advertising sections of publications until it chooses to turn to them than for the ear to exclude the exhortation proffered by the radio announcer in behalf of the advertiser.

In justice to the commercial broadcasters it may be admitted that they try to reduce the sales talk on the air to a minimum; but they don't succeed, and probably won't so long as the advertiser, using the bait of a profitable contract, holds the whip hand, and so long as the Federal Radio Commission is debarred by law from exercising the function of censorship. Says Mr. Bellows:

It is preposterous to put the blame for blatant advertising on the broadcasters, whose dream of paradise is a world in which advertisers are content with mere credit announcements at the beginning and end of each program. No advertiser is so foolish as knowingly to offend any considerable part of his audience.

The preposterousness of this last sentence is sufficiently obvious. Radio advertisers consistently offend large sections of their audiences—the most civilized sections—people who are properly and sensibly cynical about

radio advertising from much weary listening to it; so cynical are they that their usual comment is not to write a protesting letter to the broadcasting station but to tune out the station and in many cases to secede from the Great Radio Audience. Would the commercial broadcasters risk a radio plebiscite as to whether or not the Great Radio Audience desires the restriction which Mr. Bellows himself apparently desires?

As to the preposterousness of blaming the commercial broadcasters, what is to prevent them from entering their "paradise" to-morrow by mutual agreement upon the limitation which Doctor Bellows proposes? The Canadian commercial broadcasters entered precisely such a paradise on February 15 last, after which no advertising has been permitted other than mention of the sponsor's name, address, and nature of his business or product. Their precipitant ascension to the realms of the blessed occurred a few months after a government commission had recommended public ownership of radio facilities; and the two phenomena may conceivably have some causal relationship.

The American commercial broadcasters remain wistful, but terrestrial. Their wings are clipped by the economic determinism which obliges them to sell as much time to advertisers as possible, to avoid offending advertisers who are powerful, and to offend the notoriously complaisant American public as much as the public will stand.

However, when such typical sophistries of the commercial broadcasters have been rejected, there remains something to be said for them; it is true that the sustaining programs of the chains and of some individual broadcasters, even in "the sticks," include excellent features, many of them of genuine educational value; it is true that most stations have more unsold time—not the most valuable hours,

however—than they know what to do with; it is true that they have fairly consistently offered to turn over this time without charge to educational institutions; it may even be true, as Mr. Bellows alleges, that "the State Universities could have, without cost to them, five times as many hours on commercial broadcasting stations as they are now using and win the undying gratitude of the broadcasters to boot, if they were only equipped to put on reasonably interesting programs."

At this point, of course, the educators begin to froth at the mouth and with some reason. By what right does the commercial broadcaster claim to determine what is or is not a "reasonably interesting program"? Can education function properly on the air as an appendage of tooth-paste-sponsored jazz and vaudeville monologues, when the most valuable hours are reserved for entertainment and sales talk, much of which is de-educational if anything; when the educators are subjected to arbitrary censorship if their broadcasts affect adversely the interests of advertisers?

Mr. Bellows challenges the American Medical Association to establish a nation-wide radio service in the interests of public health and implies that commercial broadcasters would gladly contribute their facilities for such a purpose. An educational health broadcast might well start in by debunking the claims of tooth-paste, antiseptic, cosmetic, and food advertisers who are now clouding the air with half-truths and outright deceptions. Would the commercial broadcasters be hospitable to such a program? Could they deny that it would be genuinely educational and in the public interest?

III

It should be apparent, even from this cursory sketching of the radio picture,

how sharply the socially creative use of this instrumentality challenges our traditional concept of the state and its functions. Perhaps if our educators were bolder, they would say "The state—that is us" just as the Russian Communist party proclaims "Education—that's ours." If our educators should suddenly become hundred-percenters after this fashion they would be no more arrogant than the business fraternity which, in the persons of commercial broadcasters and advertisers, asserts squatters' property rights to the ears and minds of our people, recognizing only the obligation to keep them "interested" in their own selfish interests!

And yet—would the educators be likely in the end to give us anything much better than we are getting? Education in America is economically determined like everything else. Educators are not free—except to sweat and fume in the vacuum of "methodology" which occupies nine-tenths of the discussion at educational conferences and in the professional educational journals. When an educator asserts genuine freedom he promptly collides with some vested economic interest; this is inevitably so because the essence of his function is a measurement and choice of cultural values which takes him outside the charmed circle of the schools into the fermenting chaos of contemporary social conflict. Education, properly defined, is the totality of environmental pressures affecting the individual and the social group. Formal education in the schools is merely a part, in fact, a minor part, of a dynamic evolutionary or revolutionary process dominated in this era, and especially in this country, by the accelerated march of physical science, which thus far, as Vernon Parrington puts it, has been "the drab and slut of industrialism." Sooner or later our educators will have to face the chal-

lenge posed by the question: "Education—for what?" Do our educators purpose merely to educate people, both children and adults, so that they can adapt agilely to a business man's civilization in which the fertility of applied science results not in a general increase of well-being, but in a mounting curve of "technological" unemployment, a permanent economic insecurity, and a consequently reduced standard of living? Such was the "realistic" program presented by no less an authority than Dean Russell of Teachers College, Columbia, at the 1931 convention of the American Association for Adult Education, which met in the same hall just preceding the first annual assembly of the National Council on Radio in Education already referred to.

If educators are shackled to the *status quo* of our business man's civilization, as they pretty much are by their own confession, are they likely to make any more creative use of the new instrumentality of radio than they have made of the older instrumentalities of classroom and lecture platform? One suspects that the public discussion which will be aroused when the Fess Bill comes up in Congress is likely to prove an ordeal not merely for the radio industry but for the educators. "Pro Bono Publico" will write in that, while he hates the drivel that comes in on the air, he regards with dismay the prospect of fifteen per cent of the radio time being given over to "education." "God help us," Pro Bono Publico will moan, "isn't it possible to be amused, entertained in a semi-civilized way without being educated? Is there no choice between hearing about yeast and being lectured to by professors?"

There will be other conscientious objectors. Conceivably such unprofessorial literary eminences as Theodore Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis will inquire

tartly by what right these educational dodoes pretend to speak for American culture? Perhaps the Authors' League will want to have its say, and the National Academy of Design, fiercely pursued by the Modern Art Association; also, of course, the National Manufacturers' Association, the American Federation of Labor, and who not? There is every indication that we shall have a loud and complicated dog-fight, which may, however, prove to be not wholly unprofitable. At least, the broad issue will be raised, the issue being whether or not a more or less mythical political democracy, holding the bag of an unplanned, traditionally exploitative capitalist economy, can pull radio out of that bag and make it approximately functional in the interests of progress and civilization. Facing this issue, the staidest citizens are likely to go bolshevik. Indeed, so conservative an organization as the National Congress of Parents and Teachers recently faced this issue approximately and stepped completely off the capitalist reservation in a resolution which reads as follows:

We believe that radio broadcasting is an extension of the home, that it is a form of education; that the broadcasting channels should forever remain in the hands of the public; that the facilities should be fairly divided between national, state, and county government; that they should be owned and operated at public expense and free from commercial advertising.

The radio broadcaster an extension of the home! So, by the same token, is the grocer, the plumber, the butcher, the candlestick maker, and the gasoline filling stations now operated by competing chains. The Parent-Teacher Association is uncompromisingly idealistic, not to say socialistic, and its program is ideally simple. It does not, however, undertake to answer the question: Where do we go from here?

Time and the play of conflicting interests, economic and professional, will answer this question. Rather than to venture upon the futile risks of prophecy, it will perhaps be more serviceable if the writer confines himself to stating with brief comment some of the concrete questions which have been or are likely to be raised, both in and out of Congress, in connection with pending radio legislation.

IV

First, what have the educational broadcasters done thus far to justify their claim to fifteen per cent of the air?

In classroom radio education the most conspicuous success to date has been achieved by the Ohio School of the Air, which broadcasts over station WEAO of Ohio State University and WLW, the 50-kilowatt station of the Crossley Radio Corporation. After eighteen months of operation, its programs were being heard by upward of half a million persons in 27 States. A recently undertaken census of the opinions of teachers in some of the city schools utilizing the broadcasts showed that a substantial majority favored their continuation. Broadcasts go on the air every school day between the hours of two and three o'clock. The State Department of Education keeps a careful check on the progress of the air school, collating the reports of the teachers as to the effectiveness of the programs.

The Ohio School of the Air has succeeded, in the judgment of many educators, and sufficiently so in the minds of the people of the State, so that the legislature was induced to pass a \$40,000 appropriation to cover the administrative costs over a two year period. At present writing, however, the School is facing a cut in its appropriation which threatens seriously to handicap its work.

Other State universities have done and are doing creditable work. They would like to do more; they not only resent the policies of the present Federal Radio Commission—they question the present theory and practice of Federal control. In applications to the Commission the old cry of "States' rights" is being raised. For example, Wisconsin's brief, asking for permission to consolidate two State-owned stations, pointed out that "the power to govern, control, and regulate public school systems and educational facilities is one of the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, and is reserved to the States respectively or to the people. Since the State has this power, it follows that it also has the right to make use of such facilities as it chooses to more efficiently carry out its plans and programs. The State has chosen to use radio."

Wisconsin chose, and the Federal Radio Commission disposed—adversely—of its application. It is impossible to discuss here the merits of the Commission's decision in this or other individual cases. But regardless of their disposition, the States' rights issue will probably figure prominently in Congressional debates.

How much has been done by the educators who have accepted and used the commercial broadcasters' offers of free time—as, incidentally, the Ohio School of the Air was obliged to do in part?

It would appear from the Commission's figures that more has been done, quantitatively at least, than by the independently owned and operated educational stations. The American School of the Air and the California School of the Air are outstanding examples in this field. In general, both appear to have been intelligently conducted. But the questions of own-

ership, control, and censorship will not down. Even if, instead of accepting free time, educational stations were financially able to buy time on the air from commercial stations, it may be doubted that such an arrangement would be permanently satisfactory. Says Mr. H. V. Kaltenborn, editor of the *Newspaper of the Air*:

Paying for time on commercial stations would not give the educational programs complete right of way. Stations would insist that the programs must interest most of their listeners, lest competing stations win them away. Nor will stations offend important advertisers by denying them the right to broadcast on particular days.

Proper recognition, of course, should be given to the experiments, chiefly in the field of adult education, which have been initiated by the commercial broadcasters themselves. For example, the 1931 report of the Advisory Council of the National Broadcasting Company lists 27 sustaining educational programs which it is now conducting, with most of which the reader is probably familiar. Many of these programs are excellent, and it would appear that the NBC officials in charge are capable, earnest, and resourceful in carrying a fully appreciated load of public responsibility. They sweeten the air appreciably—at the same time that it is being increasingly soured by the pressure of hard-pressed radio advertisers to sell, sell, at any cost.

Another section of the radio battle involves the experts. It has to do with the shifting technical base upon which the whole science and art of broadcasting is built.

Doctor Millikan, in the first address of a radio series sponsored by the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education, has declared that the steady accumulation of new discovery and application in the field of electronics will result in making a monopoly of the air both technically and economically

impossible. This assertion is probably based, first, on the fact that synchronization, although still in its experimental stages, promises shortly to relieve materially the present congestion of the air; second, that micro-wave transmission, recently demonstrated across the English Channel by engineers of the International Telephone and Telegraph Company, promises to increase enormously the number of broadcasting stations which can be operated without mutual interference. Micro-wave broadcasting appears likely to be relatively simple and inexpensive in its requirement of technical apparatus both for broadcasting and for reception; it has certain technical advantages, the chief of which is freedom from static; it has certain technical limitations, chief of which is the fact that the wave-lengths below ten meters approximate the characteristics of light waves and travel in the line of sight; the development of micro-wave broadcasting will bring television materially nearer because of its enormous increase of the available frequency bands; its possibilities when applied to local educational broadcasting for urban school systems are equally apparent.

There is, finally, the somewhat neglected fact that radio broadcasting is not the only genie spawned by the new science of electronics. Another considerable revolution, which has already transpired, is the vocalization of the movies. The application of sound pictures to education has barely been started. A percentage of informed people, both educators and engineers, are of the opinion that as an educational instrumentality, sound pictures have greater potentialities than the radio. After all, the objective from a civilized point of view is not the capture and uncritical use of new mechanisms, but the furthering of education and culture by means of any and all available means.

V

The question of censorship is equally complex. Even though one may agree with Doctor Millikan that the fear of monopoly can easily be exaggerated, it is obvious that the ether can never be as free as, say, the soap-box or even newsprint. In a theoretical democracy, governmental ownership and control would alter the problem without solving it. For example, in England it is often charged that the programs of the British Broadcasting Company, a government instrumentality, are censored to the point of innocuousness, in so far as the discussion of social and political questions is concerned. This would seem to be more or less inevitable. The British dodge the issue by devoting 60 per cent of their time on national broadcasts and 84 per cent of their time on London regional broadcasts, to music. In America censorship by the commercial broadcasters is, of course, a fact, as the writer can testify from personal experience. In rehearsing a program of poetry for broadcasting over station WJZ the writer was counseled by the program director to omit certain poems dealing with sex and religion on the entirely justifiable ground that to have broadcast those particular poems would have endangered the continuation of a valuable sustaining program. I accepted this censorship cheerfully. The same sort of thing happens all the time in relations with magazine editors and is nothing to get especially excited about. It might well have happened if I had been broadcasting for an educational station. On the whole, however, if any censorship is necessary, I should prefer a public rather than a private censor.

Now as to "broadcaster's greed," to which Doctor De Forest so savagely objects. The phenomenon is real and earnest and not exceptional in our

civilization. I quote from an editorial article in the July, 1931, issue of *Electronics*, entitled "Broadcasters Who Still Bask in a Bull Market."

While other values go down, prices quoted on broadcast stations keep going up—in the owner's minds at least. For example, a nice 100-watt broadcaster, sharing time with three others, of similar third-class quality, and reaching its cultural climax with a singing turn of two superannuated vaudevillians, can be purchased for \$85,000. (This station's haywire apparatus originally cost \$900 to hook together.)

A 500-watt Newark station is now being "offered" at \$160,000 whereas a year ago its owner was tearfully begging for bids at \$50,000. A New York 1000-watter is, by its management, "conservatively valued at \$250,000."

Owners of a certain 5,000-watt metropolitan station recently turned down a cool three million for the plant and good will, although four years ago the same station's total equipment comprised \$10,000 worth of copper coils and gadgets on a roof. Dizzy dreams of inflation like this make one wonder who, after all, got stung when WEAU changed hands, back in 1926, with a grandiose gesture of "a million dollars," which at the time everybody felt was a walkaway for the rich A. T. & T. at the expense of the newborn and helpless NBC. Now figure out for yourself whether the then inexperienced Deac. Aylesworth was buying a gold brick or a blue chip!

The editor of *Electronics* is Mr. O. H. Caldwell, a former Federal Radio Commissioner, and the tone of his magazine's comment is typical of trade discussion. From this point of view—which is the traditional "American" point of view—radio is a combined show and gadget business. The show business promotes the gadget business, and both are profitable, or would be if the business men weren't continually cutting one another's throat. The idea that business is merely a somewhat obsolescent mechanism for serving

human needs is, with certain notable exceptions, quite beyond their comprehension. Business is a *Ding an sich*—holy and unassailable. The educators should be proud to serve it—some of our most eminent educators, as they point out, do serve it. As for the insurrection represented by the Fess Bill, the educational militants who sponsor it are labeled fanatical, impractical, demagogic.

When it breaks in Congress, the radio war will be a holy war. The educators are bitter, determined, and not without allies, the newspaper business being what it is to-day. The commercial broadcasters are bitter, virtuous, and inspired by a flaming conviction: "The Show Business for Business Men." They will also come provided with a capacious war chest, so that they may win—this time. If they do they will merely have to fight again, on this or some other front.

Across our northern border, our Canadian neighbors will watch this battle with ironical amusement and a not wholly detached interest. The Canadian Radio League has been fighting for government ownership and operation of broadcasting stations—already recommended by a government commission—and the American commercial broadcasters, it is charged, have been sabotaging their campaign from across the border. The Canadian educators are also militant. In an address delivered before the Second Annual Institute for Education by Radio at Columbus, Ohio, on June 8, Mr. Graham Spry, President of the Canadian Radio League, said some unpleasant things about the tactics of the Canadian commercial broadcasters who have been fighting the League.

"Commercial interests," concluded Mr. Spry, "cannot be chastened. They must be subdued."



FOR IGNOBLE PACIFISM

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

WHEN the late unpleasantness broke out in Europe, seventeen years ago—Lord, how time does fly!—my native State of North Carolina was still full of Confederate veterans; and as a very young man, I was astonished, and a little shocked, to find as America grew steadily more uproarious, that the old boys, almost to a man, were snorting pacifists. I could not understand it then. But a little later, when we took a hand, I toured France as a member of Sir John Pershing's personally-conducted party; and now I know what the graybeards were talking about.

At that, I admit I didn't win the War. I merely attended it. As we say in North Carolina, nary a German soldier did I kill. I never even shot at one. I was one of the lucky dogs who were detailed to duty around the edges of the disputation; so I have no conception of what was endured by the men who won Cantigny, and Kemmel Hill, and Soissons, and the Argonne. All that I saw was the lighter side of war.

Still, I have a fairly intimate knowledge of the humorous incidents that characterize an active campaign. I have experienced the delights of sleeping in the mud and waking up with hoarfrost an eighth of an inch long on my shoes; and of marching under a full pack with flu shaking my bones and my temperature running one hundred three and a half, and thanking God for the privilege of finding a bunk in a

cow-stable. I know what a merry jest it is to have your fingers frostbitten until the flesh comes sloughing off, and how it feels to go three months without a bath, while *pediculus vestimenti* thrives and increases marvelously. I know how laughable it is to have shells land close enough to jar the ground under your feet, and to dive headfirst for cover at the drone of an airplane motor, and to have your village machine-gunned by an enemy aviator. I have known the pleasure of serving under brutal and incompetent officers, and of having to be servile, because he wore eagles on his shoulders, to a man whom I would kick down the steps if he tried to enter my house in time of peace. I have seen burial parties, and hospital trains coming back from the front.

Therefore, although my failure to engage in any of the big fights leaves me little more than a pseudo-veteran, I do know something about war. And I do not like it. Indeed, when the next one comes along it will take a corporal and seven strong men to get me into a uniform.

For what did we, who served in the ranks, get out of this last one? What have we, thirteen years after the Armistice, that we, the common people, who are not statesmen and not international bankers, but who fought the War—what have we now that we won by our efforts in 1917-18? "Count your many blessings, name them one by one." The second biggest navy

in the world, with the biggest appropriation to keep it up. Income taxes. Taxes on theater tickets. Taxes on tobacco. The American Legion and other Red-hunters. The espionage act. Criminal syndicalism laws. Communists. Prohibition. Hoover.

Yet when anyone accuses me of being a pacifist, I deny the soft impeachment. I took no part in the "No More War" demonstrations of a few years ago, not being a member of the National League of Women Voters, of the Young Women's Christian Association, of the National Council of Jewish Women, of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, of the Business and Professional Women's Clubs, of the Congress of Mothers, of the Parent-Teacher Association, of the Women's Committee for World Disarmament, of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, or of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which were the organizations that had the matter in charge. In fact, I am not a woman. I am a man, and, it is much to be feared, an anti-social one. If I could find a downright ignoble pacifist organization I might join it; but the existing ones are far too noble for me.

Mind you, I have no objection to fighting. I know by experience that a first-class fist-and-skull argument frequently can

Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous
stuff

Which weighs upon the heart,

and my opinion of the man who has come to voting age without ever having given battle is but small. But what has modern war to do with fighting? Although I know hundreds of veterans, I have never yet encountered one who had stood up to a German, man to man, and whipped him. A few aviators are the only men I know who can

say with certainty that they have brought down a German, even by the aid of chemically propelled leaden pellets. Pumping the bolt of a Springfield rifle with nothing for a target but some distant whiffs of dust, or feeding shells into a 75, hour after hour, with only a set of co-ordinates for guidance is not the sort of fighting that is good for a man. A warm appreciation of the value of belligerence is not at all inconsistent with pacifism, as regards organized warfare.

But to belong to a pacifist organization these days it is necessary to join the ladies and I, for one, am profoundly suspicious of feminine pacifism. Six years ago Jeannette Rankin said, at a luncheon of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, "If women decide they want world peace, world peace will be accomplished." No doubt. And if the admirals on the General Board of the Navy decided to sink all the battleships, all the battleships would be sunk. But it isn't in them to do it, and I doubt that it lies within women's power to desire world peace very ardently. Let us not forget that many thousands of women had the time of their lives during the late disturbance. Brass buttons, chin-straps, and spurs still have power to flutter the maiden heart, and a formal guard mount is a pretty sight to watch. A field hospital is not so pretty, but it is one place where women have that which the Wife of Bath declared was the supreme desire of all womankind, dominion over men. An army nurse on duty has the authority of a commissioned officer. It is courtmartial for an enlisted man to disobey her.

Therefore, without attempting for a moment to impeach the sincerity of the ladies, I regard them in the role of pacifists much as I regard Christian bishops in the same role—all right until the bugles begin to sing, but certain at

the first notes of "assembly" to fall in line and begin to whoop for Mars. And when I say "ladies" in this connection, I do not restrict the word to those with the biological characteristics of the female. I include, as well, those not uncommon perfect ladies who are adorned with trousers and whiskers and deep bass voices, and who frequently acquire kudos, if not cash, by leading pacifist movements in time of peace, but whose principles, when war breaks out, will prove to be as readily convertible as Mussolini's socialism.

For all these people are stuffed with high moral principles, and it is precisely on high moral principles that all wars are fought. At least it is on these principles that all the silly wars are fought. When Brigadier-General Fries, then chief of the Chemical Warfare Service, roundly declared a few years ago, "America has always been right in wars it has been forced to fight," he received many gibes; but he can prove his case by any textbook of history used in the common schools. The only trouble is, the enemy was right, too, as he can prove by his textbooks, written by historians as eminent as our own. As regards the late War, it is pretty generally understood now that everybody was right except Portugal; and all that is needed now to close the incident is for a new Pish-Tush to skip off the stage singing,

And we are right, I think you'll say,
To argue in this kind of way.

And I am right,

And you are right,

And all is right—too-looral-lay!

Yet the dead men insist on remaining dead, my fingers ache again at every cold snap, prohibition remains with us, and Hoover is still President. The fact that the War was fought on the highest moral principles all around doesn't alter the fact that it was a silly

business, costing enormously more than it was worth. Therefore, when I am invited to join a pacifist organization on the ground that it is based upon the highest moral principles, I seem to get a whiff of the stench of the Western Front and hurriedly decline.

II

Yet somehow I believe my objection to war is deeper rooted than that of most of the bishops and most of the ladies. After all, ignoble principles are not easily convertible. A man's tender consideration for his own hide is not to be dissipated, even by bugle calls; and I sometimes think a pacifist organization based upon that principle would be a lasting one. The answer to that is, of course, that the men whose hides are endangered are not the men who make the decisions involving peace and war. If they had been, it is pretty safe to say that America's one hundred and three wars would have numbered, probably, not over fifty or sixty, and these would have been Indian campaigns, which paid. It is significant that not even our most ardent patriots to-day attempt to argue that the Indian campaigns were all based on high moral principles; yet it is obvious that these were our only wars that brought in more than they cost and, therefore, were a paying investment.

Your typical pacifist, however, lumps these wars in with all others and condemns war *in toto*. In that he goes too far. His moral principles get the better of his respect for facts, which is frequently the way moral principles work, and one reason why they are productive of so many wars.

Suppose governments threw moral principle overboard altogether and never waged a war save upon plainly ignoble motives—what would happen? Why it is clear that nobody would

ever fight anybody else who could fight back; for if you pick an opponent who can fight, under modern conditions no one can hope to win a tithe of what the fight will cost him. In that case defensive armament would really defend, and we should have lasting peace among the great powers.

Members of the Army and Navy—notoriously ingenuous men—have a vague idea that this is what really happens. They are continually assuring us that if our battalions and men-o'-war are numerous and strong, no one will think of attacking us. That would be true if the decisions for war or peace were always made upon ignoble principles, that is to say, upon a cool-headed estimate of the probable gain to be hoped from victory balanced against the probable cost to be incurred in fighting. If that were the process we should never think of attacking, for instance, Japan, in spite of the fact that the ratio of our naval strength to hers is as ten to six; for the business of whipping a nation with even that much strength would inevitably cost far more than could possibly be gained by it.

What army and navy officers constantly overlook is the fact that when the crisis arrives statesmen invariably abandon common sense and act on high moral principle, to the ruin of their countries. To illustrate, let us suppose that we fell into an argument with Japan over the possession of some such scrap of the earth's surface as the Island of Yap. As long as statesmen were governed by the ignoble sentiment of Safety First there could be no question of war. Everyone would have in mind the fact that the price of a couple of broadsides from the battle fleet would be more than the whole place is worth. But who can imagine that they would be so guided? As soon as the crisis became acute the question of relative values would

be abandoned to give place to the high moral principle of protection of the nation's dignity, which cannot, of course, be measured in money. And we should be betrayed into the imbecility of fighting a war over Yap.

So pacifism, thoroughly sound and sensible if based upon ignoble sentiments, becomes a flat denial of plain facts, that is, a negation of sense, once it becomes involved with high moral principles. To repudiate wars against strong enemies on the ground that it is idiotic to fight a strong nation is thoroughly sensible, if unromantic. But to repudiate war in general on the ground that it is always stupid and wasteful is simply silly. In all the world there exists no great nation that has not been built up by wars. The United States, to be specific, has fought one hundred and three, not counting the present war in Nicaragua. The vast majority of these, so far from being silly and wasteful, were highly profitable, since they secured our continental domain, which is worth infinitely more than all they cost. But if all war is to be repudiated, then we must repudiate wars against people who can't fight much, as well as those against people who can fight. We must repudiate the campaigns against the Indians as well as the campaign against the Germans. We must repudiate the process by which the nation was built.

It is not pleasant to remember that Columbia's throne is a pyramid of skulls, but there are the one hundred and three wars to prove it. In this respect we are no worse than any other nation, and better than some; but to deny that we, like the other world powers, have profited exceedingly by war is to deny the plain fact. It is only when we fight a strong opponent that both sides lose.

But pacifism, as it is now organized in this country, does deny the facts. It prefers high moral principle to

facts, and therein it falls into the identical trap in which war-making statesmen are taken. Why should a plain man, whose sole objection to war is its character as the summation and crown of all nuisances, regard the pacifists with any more enthusiasm than he has for the statesmen? They are both full of gassy nonsense which makes them equally unsafe guides.

I like to toy with the idea of a pacifist organization got up by no lady and by no chevalier, but by a lewd fellow of the baser sort. It would have for its first objective the absolute prohibition of war under any circumstances against people who can fight. It would oppose such wars, not on the ground that they are murderous, or on the ground that they are unjust, but on the one point that they are supremely idiotic. It would have for its second objective the absolute prohibition of conscription. This would compel the government to offer soldiers in the ranks a reward somewhat commensurate with the risk they run. It would not prevent wars but it would make them more expensive and less profitable, and it would confine war-making to the warlike. If the Government planned a campaign against Mexico—as it is pretty sure to do some day—it could undoubtedly raise half a million men by offering every survivor one hundred acres of Mexican land after the conquest. To fulfill this promise would take a little over a tenth of the area of the country, leaving nine-tenths to defray the other costs of the war; but nobody should be compelled to take part in the conquest unless he felt like gambling his life against the stakes offered. Finally, this organization would strive to fix the penalty of death for any statesman who, whether by error or by design, entered into a war which after five years from the date of the beginning of hostilities was still unprofitable.

This scheme, I assert without fear of successful contradiction, is ignoble in every detail. There is not a moral principle in it anywhere. But the way it would head off wars cannot, in my opinion, be approached by any of the methods proposed by any of the existing pacifist organizations. Among our major conflicts it would have obviated the possibility of the War of 1812, the Civil War, the Spanish War, and the War of 1917-18. Only the Revolution and the Mexican War, both of which paid handsomely, would have been permissible under it. Yet it would have prevented none of the campaigns by means of which we obliterated the Noble Red Man and expropriated his territory. Nor would it prevent us in the future from taking over as many banana republics as we think we may require. It would merely tend to restrain us from taking them over too soon and from taking over any of which we cannot make good use. That is to say, it would tend to restrain conquest based on megalomania, while only slightly hampering conquest based on sound economic considerations.

Conquest based on sound economic considerations never has been restrained. When the time came when we could really use Texas, we took it; and when the time came when we could use Panama we took it. When and if the time comes when we can use Mexico to real advantage there is not the slightest doubt that we shall move down in force. Perhaps that time may never come. Under a reasonable economic and social order in the world it probably would not come, for under such an organization Mexico might be made more profitable to us under control of her present population than under our control; but the establishment of reasonable and just trade relations, the elimination of juridical anachronisms, and the ex-

tirpation of racial and national prejudices are matters of practical statecraft not undertaken in any pacifist program with which I am acquainted. Could we eliminate tariffs, chauvinists, fanatics, and plain crooks there would be little or nothing for pacifists to do; but we must just take the world as it is, not as it should be, and the real reason our battalions remain north of the Rio Grande is that relatively few of us can see, as yet, how we could use Mexico profitably enough to compensate us for the expense of the conquest.

If the time ever comes when it is plainly apparent to a large percentage of our business leaders that Mexico could be used to really great advantage, the political independence of the Mexicans will not be worth a plugged nickel. Ignoble pacifism would not, in that case, prevent the conquest; but it would postpone it, because it would run up the expense of the war by insisting that the invading army be adequately paid for its services. Fur-

thermore, it would send us into the country frankly as conquerors who are after the money, and not as agents of the higher civilization intent on inculcating high moral principles in a backward people with the aid of shrapnel, poison gas, and machine guns. Doubtless it is a quaint and old-fashioned prejudice that makes the ignoble pacifists object to their country's lying like Munchausen whenever it goes forth to war; but the fact remains that they do object.

The present opposition to all wars whatever is not getting very far; but I believe that immense numbers of people, including a considerable proportion of Sir John's tourists, could be interested in a pacifism that set some limits to its nobility. No war at all may be the ideal. But as a practical program why should we not, to begin with, demand fewer wars and franker ones, smaller and sounder wars, murder for profit, not for pleasure? For surely it is better to be a hijacker than a sadist.





DOCTOR MARTINO

A STORY

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

HUBERT JARROD met Louise King at a Christmas house-party in Saint Louis. He had stopped there on his way home to Oklahoma to oblige, with his aura of oil wells and Yale, the sister of a class-mate. Or so he told himself, or so he perhaps believed. He had planned to stop off at Saint Louis two days and he stayed out the full week, going on to Tulsa overnight to spend Christmas Day with his mother and then returning, "to play around a little more with my swamp angel" he told himself. He thought about her quite a lot on the return train—a thin, tense, dark girl. "That to come out of Mississippi," he thought. "Because she's got it: a kid born and bred in a Mississippi swamp." He did not mean sex appeal. He could not have been fooled by that alone, who had been three years now at New Haven, belonging to the right clubs and all and with money to spend. And besides, Louise was a little on the epicene. What he meant was a quality of which he was not yet consciously aware: a beyond-looking, a passionate sense for and belief in immanent change to which the rhinoceroslike sufficiency of his Yale and oil-well veneer was a little impervious at first. All he remarked at first was the expectation, the seeking which he immediately took to himself.

Apparently he was not wrong. He saw her first across the dinner-table.

They had not yet been introduced, yet ten minutes after they left the table she had spoken to him, and ten minutes after that they had slipped out of the house and were in a taxi, and she had supplied the address.

He could not have told himself how it happened, for all his practice, his experience in surreptitiousness. Perhaps he was too busy looking at her; perhaps he was just beginning to be aware that the beyond-looking, the tense expectation, was also beyond him—his youth, his looks, the oil wells and Yale. Because the address she had given was not toward any lights or music apparently, and she sitting beside him, furred and shapeless, her breath vaporizing faster than if she had been trying to bring to life a dead cigarette. He watched the dark houses, the dark, mean streets. "Where are we going?" he said.

She didn't answer, didn't look at him, sitting a little forward on the seat. "Mamma didn't want to come," she said.

"Your mother?"

"She's with me. Back there at the party. You haven't met her yet."

"Oh. So that's what you are slipping away from. I flattered myself. I thought I was the reason." She was sitting forward, small, tense, watching the dark houses: a district half dwellings and half small shops. "Your mother won't let him come to call on you?"

She didn't answer, but leaned forward. Suddenly she tapped on the glass. "Here, driver!" she said. "Right here." The cab stopped. She turned to face Jarrod, who sat back in his corner, muffled, his face cold. "I'm sorry. I know it's a rotten trick. But I had to."

"Not at all," Jarrod said. "Don't mention it."

"I know it's rotten. But I just had to. If you just understood."

"Sure," Jarrod said. "Do you want me to come back and get you? I'd better not go back to the party alone."

"You come in with me."

"Come in?"

"Yes. It'll be all right. I know you can't understand. But it'll be all right. You come in too."

He looked at her face. "I believe you really mean it," he said. "I guess not. But I won't let you down. You set a time, and I'll come back."

"Don't you trust me?"

"Why should I? It's no business of mine. I never saw you before tonight. I'm glad to oblige you. Too bad I am leaving to-morrow. But I guess you can find somebody else to use. You go on in; I'll come back for you."

He left her there and returned in two hours. She must have been waiting just inside the door, because the cab had hardly stopped before the door opened and she ran down the steps and sprang into the cab before he could dismount. "Thank you," she said. "Thank you. You were kind. You were so kind."

When the cab stopped beneath the porte-cochère of the house from which music now came, neither of them moved at once. Neither of them made the first move at all, yet a moment later they kissed. Her mouth was still, cold. "I like you," she said. "I do like you."

Before the week was out Jarrod

offered to serve her again so, but she refused, quietly. "Why?" he said. "Don't you want to see him again?" But she wouldn't say, and he had met Mrs. King by that time and he said to himself, "The old girl is after me, anyway." He saw that at once; he took that also as the meed due his oil wells and his Yale nimbus, since three years at New Haven, leading no classes and winning no football games, had done nothing to dispossess him of the belief that he was the natural prey of all mothers of daughters. But he didn't flee, not even after he found, a few evenings later, Louise again unaccountably absent and knew that she had gone, using someone else for the stalking horse, to that quiet house in the dingy street. "Well, I'm done," he said to himself. "I'm through now." But still he didn't flee, perhaps because she had used someone else this time. "She cares that much, anyway," he said to himself.

When he returned to New Haven he had Louise's promise to come to the spring prom. He knew now that Mrs. King would come too. He didn't mind that; one day he suddenly realized that he was glad. Then he knew that it was because he too knew, believed, that Louise needed looking after; that he had already surrendered unconditionally to one woman of them, he who had never once mentioned love to himself, to any woman. He remembered that quality of beyond-looking and that dark, dingy house in Saint Louis, and he thought, "Well, we have her. We have the old woman." And one day he believed that he had found the reason if not the answer. It was in class, in psychology, and he found himself sitting bolt upright, looking at the instructor. The instructor was talking about women, about young girls in particular, about that strange, mysterious phase in which they live for a while. "A

blind spot, like that which racing aviators enter when making a fast turn. When what they see is neither good nor evil, and so what they do is likely to be either one. Probably more likely to be evil, since the very evilness of evil stems from its own fact, while good is an absence of fact. A time, an hour, in which they themselves are victims of that by means of which they victimize."

That night he sat before his fire for some time, not studying, not doing anything. "We've got to be married soon," he said. "Soon."

Mrs. King and Louise arrived for the prom. Mrs. King was a gray woman, with a cold, severe face, not harsh, but watchful, alert. It was as though Jarrod saw Louise, too, for the first time. Until then he had not been aware that he was conscious of the beyond-looking quality. It was only now that he saw it by realizing how it had become tenser, as though it were now both dread and desire; as though with the approach of summer she were approaching a climax, a crisis. So he thought that she was ill.

"Maybe we ought to be married right away," he said to Mrs. King. "I don't want a degree, anyway." They were allies now, not yet antagonists, though he had not told her of the two Saint Louis expeditions, the one he knew of and the one he suspected. It was as though he did not need to tell her. It was as though he knew that she knew; that she knew he knew she knew.

"Yes," she said. "At once."

But that was as far as it got, though when Louise and Mrs. King left New Haven, Louise had his ring. But it was not on her hand, and on her face was that strained, secret, beyond-looking expression which he now knew was beyond him too, and the effigy and shape which the oil wells and Yale had made. "Till July, then," he said.

"Yes," she said. "I'll write. I'll write you when to come."

And that was all. He went back to his clubs, his classes; in psychology especially he listened. "It seems I'm going to need psychology," he thought, thinking of the dark small house in Saint Louis, the blank, dark door through which, running, she had disappeared. That was it: a man he had never seen, never heard of, shut up in a little dingy house on a back street on Christmas eve. He thought, fretfully, "And me young, with money, a Yale man. And I don't even know his name."

Once a week he wrote to Louise; perhaps twice a month he received replies—brief, cold notes mailed always at a different place—resorts and hotels—until mid-June, within a week of Commencement and his degree. Then he received a wire. It was from Mrs. King. It said *Come at once* and the location was Cranston's Wells, Mississippi. It was a town he had never heard of.

That was Friday; thirty minutes later his roommate came in and found him packing. "Going to town?" the roommate said.

"Yes," Jarrod said.

"I'll go with you. I need a little relaxation myself, before facing the cheering throngs at the Dean's altar."

"No," Jarrod said. "This is business."

"Sure," the roommate said. "I know a business woman in New York, myself. There's more than one in that town."

"No," Jarrod said. "Not this time."

"Beano," the roommate said.

The place was a resort owned by a neat, small, gray spinster who had inherited it, and some of the guests as well, from her father thirty years ago—a rambling frame hotel and a housed spring where old men with pouched eyes and parchment skin and old women

dropsical with good living gathered from the neighboring Alabama and Mississippi towns to drink the iron-impregnated waters. This was the place where Louise had been spending her summers since she was born; and from the veranda of the hotel where the idle old women with their idle magazines and embroidery and their bright shawls had been watching each summer the comedy of which he was just learning, he could see the tips of the crepe myrtle copse hiding the bench on which the man whom he had come to fear, and whose face he had not even seen, had been sitting all day long for three months each summer for more than fifteen years.

So he stood beside the neat, gray proprietress on the top step in the early sunlight, while the old women went to and fro between house and spring, watching him with covert, secret, bright, curious looks. "Watching Louise's young man compete with a dead man and a horse," Jarrod thought.

But his face did not show this. It showed nothing at all, not even a great deal of intelligence as, tall, erect, in flannels and a tweed jacket in the Mississippi June, where the other men wore linen when they wore coats at all, he talked with the proprietress about the man whose face he had not seen and whose name he had just learned.

"It's his heart," the proprietress said to Jarrod. "He has to be careful. He had to give up his practice and everything. He hasn't any people and he has just enough money to come down here every summer and spend the summer sitting on his bench; we call it Doctor Martino's bench. Each summer I think it will be the last time; that we shan't see him again. But each May I get the message from him, the reservation. And do you know what I think? I think that it is Louise King that keeps him alive. And that Alvina King is a fool."

"How a fool?" Jarrod said.

The proprietress was watching him—this was the morning after his arrival; looking down at her he thought at first, "She is wondering how much I have heard, how much they have told me." Then he thought, "No. It's because she stays busy. Not like them, those others with their magazines. She has to stay too busy keeping them fed to have learned who I am, or to have been thinking all this time what the others have been thinking."

She was watching him. "How long have you known Louise?"

"Not long. I met her at a dance at school."

"Oh. Well, I think that the Lord has taken pity on Doctor Martino and He is letting him use Louise's heart, somehow. That's what I think. And you can laugh if you want to."

"I'm not laughing," Jarrod said. "Tell me about him."

She told him, watching his face, her air bright, birdlike, telling him about how the man had appeared one June, in his crumpled linen and panama hat, and about his eyes. ("They looked like shoe-buttons. And when he moved it was as slow as if he had to keep on telling himself, even after he had started moving, 'Go on, now; keep on moving, now.'") And about how he signed the book in script almost too small to read: Jules Martino, Saint Louis, Missouri. And how after that year he came back each June, to sit all day long on the bench in the crepe myrtle copse, where the old negro porter would fetch him his mail: the two medical journals, the Saint Louis paper, and the two letters from Louise King—the one in June saying that she would arrive next week, and the one in late August saying that she had reached home. But the proprietress didn't tell how she would walk a little way down the path three or four times a day to see if he were all right, and he

not aware of it; and watching her while she talked, Jarrod thought, "What rivers has he made *you* swim, I wonder?"

"He had been coming here for three years," the proprietress said, "without knowing anybody, without seeming to want to know anybody, before even I found out about his heart. But he kept on coming (I forgot to say that Alvina King was already spending the summer here, right after Louise was born) and then I noticed how he would always be sitting where he could watch Louise playing, and so I thought that maybe he had lost his child. That was before he told me that he had never married and he didn't have any family at all. I thought that was what attracted him to Louise. And so I would watch him while he watched Louise growing up. I would see them talking, and him watching her year after year, and so after a while I said to myself, 'He wants to be married. He's waiting for Louise to grow up.' That's what I thought then." The proprietress was not looking at Jarrod now. She laughed a little. "My Lord, I've thought a lot of foolishness in my time."

"I don't know that that was so foolish," Jarrod said.

"Maybe not. Louise would make anybody a wife to be proud of. And him being all alone, without anybody to look after him when he got old." The proprietress was beyond fifty herself. "I reckon I've passed the time when I believe it's important whether women get married or not. I reckon, running this place single-handed this way, I've come to believe it ain't very important what anybody does, as long as they are fed good and have a comfortable bed." She ceased. For a time she seemed to muse upon the shade-dappled park, the old women clotting within the marquee above the spring.

"Did he make her do things, then?" Jarrod said.

"You've been listening to Alvina King," the proprietress said. "He never made her do anything. How could he? He never left that bench. He never leaves it. He would just sit there and watch her playing, until she began to get too old to play in the dirt. Then they would talk, sitting on the bench there. How could he make her do things, even if he had wanted to?"

"I think you are right," Jarrod said. "Tell me about when she swam the river."

"Oh, yes. She was always afraid of water. But one summer she learned to swim, learned by herself, in the pool. He wasn't even there. Nor at the river either. He didn't know about that until we knew it. He just told her not to be afraid, ever. And what's the harm in that, will you tell me?"

"None," Jarrod said.

"No," the proprietress said, as though she were not listening, had not heard him. "So she came in and told me, and I said, 'With the snakes and all, weren't you afraid?' And she said:

"'Yes. I was afraid. That's why I did it.'

"'Why you did it?' I said. And she said:

"'When you are afraid to do something you know that you are alive. But when you are afraid to do what you are afraid of you are dead.'

"'I know where you got that,' I said. 'I'll be bound he didn't swim the river too.' And she said:

"'He didn't have to. Every time he wakes up in the morning he does what I had to swim the river to do. This is what I got for doing it: see?' And she took something on a string out of the front of her dress and showed it to me. It was a rabbit made out of metal or something, about an inch tall, like you

buy in the ten-cent stores. He had given it to her.

"What does that mean?" I said.

"That's my being afraid," she said. 'A rabbit: don't you see? But it's brass now; the shape of being afraid, in brass that nothing can hurt. As long as I keep it I am not even afraid of being afraid.'

"And if you are afraid," I said, 'then what?'

"Then I'll give it back to him," she said. And what's the harm in that, pray tell me? even though Alvina King always has been a fool. Because Louise came back in about an hour. She had been crying. She had the rabbit in her hand. 'Will you keep this for me?' she said. 'Don't let anybody have it except me. Not anybody. Will you promise?'

"And I promised, and I put the rabbit away for her. She asked me for it just before they left. That was when Alvina said they were not coming back the next summer. 'This foolishness is going to end,' she said. 'He will get her killed; he is a menace.'

"And, sure enough, next summer they didn't come. I heard that Louise was sick, and I knew why. I knew that Alvina had driven her into sickness, into bed. But Doctor Jules came in June. 'Louise has been right sick,' I told him.

"Yes," he said; 'I know.' So I thought he had heard, that she had written to him. But then I thought how she must have been too sick to write, and that that fool mother of hers anyway . . ." The proprietress was watching Jarrod. "Because she wouldn't have to write him."

"Wouldn't have to?"

"He knew she was sick. He knew it. She didn't have to write him. Now you'll laugh."

"I'm not laughing. How did he know?"

"He knew. Because I knew he

knew; and so when he didn't go on back to Saint Louis, I knew that she would come. And so in August they did come. Louise had grown a lot taller, thinner, and that afternoon I saw them standing together for the first time. She was almost as tall as he was. That was when I first saw that Louise was a woman. And now Alvina worrying about that horse that Louise says she's going to ride."

"It's already killed one man," Jarrod said.

"Automobiles have killed more than that. But you ride in an automobile, yourself. You came in one. It never hurt her when she swam that river, did it?"

"But this is different. How do you know it won't hurt her?"

"I just know."

"How know?"

"You go out there where you can see that bench. Don't bother him; just go and look at him. Then you'll know too."

"Well, I'd want a little more assurance than that," Jarrod said.

He had returned to Mrs. King. With Louise he had had one interview, brief, violent, bitter. That was the night before; to-day she had disappeared. "Yet he is still sitting there on that bench," Jarrod thought. "She's not even with him. They don't even seem to have to be together: he can tell all the way from Mississippi to Saint Louis when she is sick. Well, I know who's in the blind spot now."

Mrs. King was in her room. "It seems that my worst competitor is that horse," Jarrod said.

"Can't you see he is making her ride it for the same reason he made her swim that snake-filled river? To show that he can, to humiliate me?"

"What can I do?" Jarrod said. "I tried to talk to her last night. But you saw where I got."

"If I were a man, I shouldn't have

to ask what to do. If I saw the girl I was engaged to being ruined, ruined by a man, any man, and a man I never saw before and don't even know who he is—old or not old; heart or no heart . . .”

“I'll talk to her again.”

“Talk?” Mrs. King said. “Talk? Do you think I sent you that message to hurry down here just to talk to her?”

“You wait, now,” Jarrod said. “It'll be all right. I'll attend to this.”

He had to do a good bit of waiting, himself. It was nearly noon when Louise entered the empty lobby where he sat. He rose. “Well?”

They looked at each other. “Well?”

“Are you still going to ride that horse this afternoon?” Jarrod asked.

“I thought we settled this last night. But you're still meddling. I didn't send for you to come down here.”

“But I'm here. I never thought, though, that I was being sent for to compete with a horse.” She watched him, her eyes hard. “With worse than a horse. With a damned dead man. A man that's been dead for twenty years; he says so himself, they tell me. And he ought to know, being a doctor, a heart specialist. I suppose you keep him alive by scaring him—like strychnine, Florence Nightingale.” She watched him, her face quite still, quite cold. “I'm not jealous,” he went on. “Not of that bird. But when I see him making you ride that horse that has already killed . . .” He looked down at her cold face. “Don't you want to marry me, Louise?”

She ceased to look at him. “It's because we are young yet. We have so much time, all the rest of time. And maybe next year even, this very day next year, with everything pretty and warm and green, and he will be . . . You don't understand. I didn't at first, when he first told me how it was

to live day after day with a match box full of dynamite caps in your breast pocket. Then he told me one day, when I was big enough to understand, how there is nothing in the world but living, being alive, knowing you are alive. And to be afraid is to know you are alive, but to do what you are afraid of, then you *live*. He says it's better even to be afraid than to be dead. He told me all that while he was still afraid, before he gave up the being afraid and he knew he was alive without living. And now he has even given that up, and now he is just afraid. So what can I do?”

“Yes. And I can wait, because I haven't got a match box of dynamite caps in my shirt. Or a box of conjuring powder, either.”

“I don't expect you to see. I didn't send for you. I didn't want to get you mixed up in it.”

“You never thought of that when you took my ring. Besides, you had already got me mixed up in it, the first night I ever saw you. You never minded then. So now I know a lot I didn't know before. And what does he think about that ring, by the way?” She didn't answer. She was not looking at him; neither was her face averted. After a time he said, “I see. He doesn't know about the ring. You never showed it to him.” Still she didn't answer, looking neither at him nor away. “All right,” he said. “I'll give you one more chance.”

She looked at him. “One more chance for what?” Then she said, “Oh. The ring. You want it back.” He watched her, erect, expressionless, while she drew from inside her dress a slender cord on which was suspended the ring and a second object which he recognized in the flicking movement which broke the cord, to be the tiny metal rabbit of which the proprietress had told him. Then it was gone, and her hand flicked again, and something

struck him a hard, stinging blow on the cheek. She was already running toward the stairs. After a time he stooped and picked up the ring from the floor. He looked about the lobby. "They're all down at the spring," he thought, holding the ring on his palm. "That's what people come here for: to drink water."

They were there, clotting in the marquee above the well, with their bright shawls and magazines. As he approached, Mrs. King came quickly out of the group, carrying one of the stained tumblers in her hand. "Yes?" she said. "Yes?" Jarrod extended his hand on which the ring lay. Mrs. King looked down at the ring, her face cold, quiet, outraged. "Sometimes I wonder if she can be my daughter. What will you do now?"

Jarrod, too, looked down at the ring, his face also cold, still. "At first I thought I just had to compete with a horse," he said. "But it seems there is more going on here than I knew of, than I was told of."

"Fiddlesticks," Mrs. King said. "Have you been listening to that fool Lily Cranston, to these other old fools here?"

"Not to learn any more than everybody else seems to have known all the time. But then, I'm only the man she was engaged to marry." He looked down at the ring. "What do you think I had better do now?"

"If you're a man that has to stop to ask advice from a woman in a case like this, then you'd better take the advice and take your ring and go on back to Nebraska or Kansas or wherever it is."

"Oklahoma," Jarrod said sullenly. He closed his hand on the ring. "He'll be on that bench," he said.

"Why shouldn't he?" Mrs. King said. "He has no one to fear here."

But Jarrod was already moving away. "You go on to Louise," he said. "I'll attend to this."

Mrs. King watched him go on down the path. Then she turned herself and flung the stained tumbler into an oleander bush and went to the hotel, walking fast, and mounted the stairs. Louise was in her room, dressing. "So you gave Hubert back his ring," Mrs. King said. "That man will be pleased now. You will have no secret from him now, if the ring ever was a secret. Since you don't seem to have any private affairs where he is concerned; don't appear to desire any—"

"Stop," Louise said. "You can't talk to me like that."

"Ah. He would be proud of that, too, to have heard that from his pupil."

"He wouldn't let me down. But you let me down. He wouldn't let me down." She stood thin and taut, her hands clenched at her sides. Suddenly she began to cry, her face lifted, the tears rolling down her cheeks. "I worry and I worry and I don't know what to do. And now you let me down, my own mother."

Mrs. King sat on the bed. Louise stood in her underthings, the garments she had removed scattered here and there, on the bed and on the chairs. On the table beside the bed lay the little metal rabbit; Mrs. King looked at it for a moment. "Don't you want to marry Hubert?" she said.

"Didn't I promise him, you and him both? Didn't I take his ring? But you won't let me alone. He won't give me time, a chance. And now you let me down, too. Everybody lets me down except Doctor Jules."

Mrs. King watched her, cold, immobile. "I believe that fool Lily Cranston is right. I believe that man has some criminal power over you. I just thank God he has not used it for anything except to try to make you kill yourself, make a fool of yourself. Not yet, that is—"

"Stop," Louise said; "stop!" She

continued to say "Stop. Stop," even when Mrs. King walked up and touched her. "But you let me down! And now Hubert has let me down. He told you about that horse after he had promised me he wouldn't."

"I knew that already. That's why I sent for him. I could do nothing with you. Besides, it's anybody's business to keep you from riding it."

"You can't keep me. You may keep me locked up in this room to-day, but you can't always. Because you are older than I am. You'll have to die first, even if it takes a hundred years. And I'll come back and ride that horse if it takes a thousand years."

"Maybe I won't be here then," Mrs. King said. "But neither will he. I can outlive him. And I can keep you locked up in this room for one day, anyway."

Fifteen minutes later the ancient porter knocked at the locked door. Mrs. King went and opened it. "Mr. Jarrod wants to see you downstairs," the porter said.

She locked the door behind her. Jarrod was in the lobby. It was empty. "Yes?" Mrs. King said. "Yes?"

"He said that if Louise would tell him herself she wants to marry me. Send him a sign."

"A sign?" They both spoke quietly, a little tensely, though quite calm, quite grave.

"Yes. I showed him the ring, and him sitting there on that bench, in that suit looking like he had been sleeping in it all summer, and his eyes watching me like he didn't believe she had ever seen the ring. Then he said, 'Ah. You have the ring. Your proof seems to be in the hands of the wrong party. If you and Louise are engaged, she should have the ring. Or am I just old fashioned?' And me standing there like a fool and him looking at the ring like it might have come from Woolworth's. He never even offered to touch it."

"You showed him the ring? The ring? You fool. What—"

"Yes. I don't know. It was just the way he sat there, the way he makes her do things, I guess. It was like he was laughing at me, like he knew all the time there was nothing I could do, nothing I could think of doing about it he had not already thought about; that he knew he could always get between us before—in time . . ."

"Then what? What kind of a sign did he say?"

"He didn't say. He just said a sign, from her hand to his. That he could believe, since my having the ring had exploded my proof. And then I caught my hand just before it hit him—and him sitting there. He didn't move; he just sat there with his eyes closed and the sweat popping out on his face. And then he opened his eyes and said, 'Now, strike me.'"

"Wait," Mrs. King said. Jarrod had not moved. Mrs. King gazed across the empty lobby, tapping her teeth with her fingernail. "Proof," she said. "A sign." She moved. "You wait here." She went back up the stairs; a heavy woman, moving with that indomitable, locomotivelike celerity. She was not gone long. "Louise is asleep," she said, for no reason that Jarrod could have discerned, even if he had been listening. She held her closed hand out. "Can you have your car ready in twenty minutes?"

"Yes. But what—?"

"And your bags packed. I'll see to everything else."

"And Louise— You mean—"

"You can be married in Meridian; you will be there in an hour."

"Married? Has Louise—?"

"I have a sign from her that he will believe. You get your things all ready and don't you tell anyone where you are going, do you hear?"

"Yes. Yes. And Louise has—?"

"Not a soul. Here"—she put something into his hand. "Get your things ready, then take this and give it to him. He may insist on seeing her. But I'll attend to that. You just be ready. Maybe he'll just write a note, anyway. You do what I told you." She turned back toward the stairs, fast, with that controlled swiftness, and disappeared. Then Jarrod opened his hand and looked at the object which she had given him. It was the metal rabbit. It had been gilded once, but that was years ago, and it now lay on his palm in mute and tarnished oxidation. When he left the room he was not exactly running either. But he was going fast.

But when he re-entered the lobby fifteen minutes later, he was running. Mrs. King was waiting for him.

"He wrote the note," Jarrod said. "One to Louise, and one to leave here for Miss Cranston. He told me I could read the one to Louise." But Mrs. King had already taken it from his hand and opened it. "He said I could read it," Jarrod said. He was breathing hard, fast. "He watched me do it, sitting there on that bench; he hadn't moved even his hands since I was there before, and then he said, 'Young Mr. Jarrod, you have been conquered by a woman, as I have been. But with this difference: it will be a long time yet before you will realize that you have been slain.' And I said, 'If Louise is to do the slaying, I intend to die every day for the rest of my life or hers.' And he said, 'Ah; Louise. Were you speaking of Louise?' And I said, 'Dead.' I said, 'Dead.' I said, 'Dead.'"

But Mrs. King was not there. She was already half way up the stairs. She entered the room. Louise turned on the bed, her face swollen, with tears or with sleep. Mrs. King handed her the note. "There, honey. What did I tell you? He was just making a fool

of you. Just using you to pass the time with."

The car was going fast when it turned into the highroad. "Hurry," Louise said. The car increased speed; she looked back once toward the hotel, the park massed with oleander and crepe myrtle, then she crouched still lower in the seat beside Jarrod. "Faster," she said.

"I say faster, too," Jarrod said. He glanced down at her; then he looked down at her again. She was crying. "Are you that glad?" he said.

"I've lost something," she said, crying quietly. "Something I've had a long time, given to me when I was a child. And now I've lost it. I had it just this morning, and now I can't find it."

"Lost it?" he said. "Given to you. . . ." His foot lifted; the car began to slow. "Why, you sent . . ."

"No, no!" Louise said. "Don't stop! Don't turn back! Go on!"

The car was coasting now, slowing, the brakes not yet on. "Why, you . . . She said you were asleep." He put his foot on the brakes.

"No, no!" Louise cried. She had been sitting forward; she did not seem to have heard him at all. "Don't turn back! Go on! Go on!"

"And he knew," Jarrod thought. "Sitting there on the bench, he knew. When he said what he said—that I would not know that I had been slain."

The car was almost stopped. "Go on!" Louise cried. "Go on!" He was looking down at her. Her eyes looked as if they were blind; her face was pale, white, her mouth open, shaped to an agony of despair and a surrender in particular which, had he been older, he would have realized that he would never see again on any face. Then he watched his hand set the lever back into gear, and his foot come down again on the throttle. "He said it

himself," Jarrod thought: "to be afraid, and yet to do. He said it himself: there's nothing in the world but being alive, knowing you are alive."

"Faster!" Louise cried. "Faster!" The car rushed on; the house, the broad veranda where the bright shawls were now sibilant, fell behind.

In that gathering of wide summer dresses, of sucked old breaths and gabbling female staccato, the proprietress stood on the veranda with the second note in her hand. "Married?" she said. "Married?" As if she were someone else, she watched herself open the note and read it again. It did not take long:

Lily:

Don't worry about me for a while longer. I'll sit here until supper time. Don't worry about me.

J. M.

"Don't worry *about* me," she said. "*About* me." She went into the lobby, where the old negro was pottering with a broom. "And Mr. Jarrod gave you this?"

"Yessum. Give it to me runnin' and tole me to git his bags into de cyar, and next I know, here Miss Louise and him whoosh! outen de drive and up de big road like a patter-roller."

"And they went toward Meridian?"

"Yessum. Right past de bench whar Doctor Jules settin'."

"Married," the proprietress said. "Married." Still carrying the note, she left the house and followed the path until she came in sight of the bench on which sat a motionless figure in white. She stopped again and re-read the note; again she looked up the path toward the bench which faced the road. Then she returned to the house. The women had now dispersed into chairs, though

their voices still filled the veranda, sibilant, inextricable one from another; they ceased suddenly as the proprietress approached and entered the house again. She entered the house, walking fast. That was about an hour to sundown.

Dusk was beginning to fall when she entered the kitchen. The porter was now sitting on a chair beside the stove, talking to the cook. The proprietress stopped in the door. "Uncle Charley," she said, "Go and tell Doctor Jules supper will be ready soon."

The porter rose and left the kitchen by the side door. When he passed the veranda, the proprietress stood on the top step. She watched him go on and disappear up the path toward the bench. A woman passed and spoke to her, but she made no reply; it was as though she had not heard, watching the shrubbery beyond which the negro had disappeared. And when he reappeared, the guests on the veranda saw her already in motion, descending the steps before they were even aware that the negro was running, and they sat suddenly hushed and forward and watched her pass the negro without stopping, her skirts lifted from her trim, school-mistress ankles and feet, and disappear up the path herself, running too. They were still sitting forward, hushed, when she too reappeared; they watched her come through the dusk and mount the porch, with on her face also a look of having seen something which she knew to be true but which she was not quite yet ready to believe. Perhaps that was why her voice was quite quiet when she addressed one of the guests by name, calling her "honey":

"Doctor Martino has just died. Will you telephone to town for me?"



THE ENGLISH BOYS GO OFF TO SCHOOL

BY MARY BORDEN

ONE of the fundamental ideas underlying English life is the idea that parents should not bring up their children. It is seldom admitted, even more rarely advanced as dogma. Indeed, so blind are the English to their own social attitude, so little given to analyzing or observing their own thoughts, so widespread is their habit of taking almost everything they are used to for granted, that Bernard Shaw when he advanced this as a social theory was attacked and derided, especially by those who most consistently practiced it.

When it was offered to them as a new idea, presented, above all, as a Socialist's conception, a definite statement concerning a definite scheme of reform, the Dichards of England were horrified. The proud peers and the prouder prelates of the established Church were outraged. But Shaw, when he stated in bold words his belief that the State, not parents, should be made responsible for the health and education of the young, was enunciating no new revolutionary principle but one that had been silently laid down long, long ago by these very aristocrats, and as silently accepted by the mass of the people as the foundation stone of a system.

Indeed, it must have been a very old idea, born out of the grand egotism of parents long before Queen Elizabeth's time; for Harrow was founded in 1571, Eton in 1440 by Henry VI, and Winchester, oldest of all, in 1387 by that

great educationalist, William of Wykeham. Older it is than Winchester, at any rate, since without its support none of these schools could have grown and flourished.

True, there had been before 1387 a monastic school at Winchester. The Church in those early days had been the sole guardian of culture, and the great schools of England owe their beginning to the Church. It was, nevertheless, the idea of which I am talking that supported the Church in its educational efforts, nourished these institutions with large donations, growing in strength as the centuries passed, and has resulted in the most elaborate system of boys' schools in the world.

Girls were always different. Boys must be fitted to manage large estates, go into the Army or the Church, and defend the right of property. Girls must be fitted for marriage. Their minds were not taken seriously. They were brought up at home either because they weren't considered worth the expense of a good education or because erudition was no great attraction to a possible husband. As for the graces of womanhood, they could be taught quite as well at almost no cost at home. There the girl would have before her eyes the living example of what a lady should be and, lest she miss the point, a very genteel person called a governess would be asked constantly to remind her that she was so and so's daughter. Being brought up at home did not necessarily imply for such a

girl any great intimacy with her parents. Living in her father's house, she did not live with her father or mother. They lived a brilliant, hard-going, widespread life that she could not possibly share—a life of heavy grandeur, heavy and late dinners, heavy gambling, and heavy responsibilities. She lived in the schoolroom, cut off from the pomp and circumstance, the sport and the politics and the dissipation—a sheltered place. The grander the house and the more exciting the life that went on in it, the quieter it was and the more distant. It was the governess's duty to preserve the distance between her charge and the social life of the latter's parents; for the parents were wise. They knew their life would not be at all good for their daughter, so they kept her apart from it. The idea of modifying it in any way so that she might, with impunity, share in it did not occur to them.

Many of the most interesting women in England to-day will tell you that they had no education and were "brought up in the schoolroom." That phrase means a great deal, but it does not refer to an apartment liberally equipped with books. The schoolroom in an English country house is the most delightful place in the world, but it is not a family seat of learning. It is more like a combination of junk shop, club, and den of very young bandits. It is so delightful and so loved that it often remains when its inmates have grown up, married, and gone out into the world to install other equally shabby, cozy, delicious schoolrooms for their own children. And these will, as if by magic, become exact reproductions of their forerunners. The same battered furniture will accumulate in them, the same worn rugs and old toys and innumerable relics of unrecognizable significance. The same generous tea table will be spread with the same large, brown teapot dominat-

ing the board under its tufted and stained tea cozy, and the fire glowing in the grate will be the same generous fire on which the same iron kettle will be put to boil. And the married daughters who come home for Christmas, with or without their children, will congregate round it and say, "Oh! do let's have tea in the schoolroom." They love the place. How can they not love it? It represented their world for seventeen years. Not till they were ready to be presented to probable and eligible husbands did they descend from it into the drawing-room or dine in the dining room. The English girls of my generation and all who went before, though they lived at home, were allowed to come downstairs after tea for an hour; otherwise their contacts with their parents were brief and took place entirely out of doors.

I am speaking, of course, of the landed gentry. In the professional and middle class the state of affairs was, and is, rather different. It is a question of income and of place. For people who lived modestly in cities or large towns the problem of educating children was simpler, and the family life resulting was one of comparative intimacy. But it is not by the will of the middle class that the great schools of England have come into being. These grew out of the need of the country squire who would rather have died than move into town. Indeed, the idea of sacrificing his winter hunting and his autumn shooting, of separating himself from his garden in early spring when the planting was to be done or from his farms in the lambing season for the sake of his children would never have occurred to him. To put it that the breeding of his live stock and the care of his crops come first, his children second, would not be fantastic. It simply means that he did not consider their upbringing his particular

job. He didn't understand it and he couldn't be bothered with it; he had too much else to do. Besides, what were nurses for and tutors and schoolmasters? He would give his children the best of everything children ought to have and employ professionals to teach them. Cricket and boxing—he'd perhaps give his boys a hand there and teach them to ride. In any case they must ride, the girls too, and he'd give them ponies. Fine young animals was what he wanted them to be.

He thought of them with the lambs, the calves, the goslings, the piglets, and the ponies. He gave them these for their own and he expected them to share his passion for all natural living things. They did. Any child would. The English children born and bred in the country are to my mind the luckiest youngsters in the world, and their lives up to the age of nine the happiest, healthiest, freest, and sanest that I know.

II

When I think of the life of a child brought up on the tenth, fifteenth, or twentieth floor of a New York apartment house, my heart fails me. Only the first floors would be worse, for there the sun does not penetrate or the fresh air of heaven circulate. Sun and air you can get in New York for your boys and girls if you climb high enough, but what else that is natural and necessary to the growth of any young creature? There is not a green thing to be seen from those dizzy nursery windows. Only tall towers, with needle spires of steel or blocks of masonry and miles of corrugated roof—a landscape of stone and iron. I wonder what fancies this breeds in a child's imagination, what dreams it brings him at night and what, I wonder, does he think about it at the end of the day when he lies in bed, remembering, before he drops off asleep. Pictures

pass before him; the scenes of the day that he instinctively beautifies, creates into legends and fairy tales, links up with God and the mysterious world of the stars—pictures of thousands of automobiles pouring down streets deep as cañons, of derricks and steam hammers, grinding and pounding away down in yawning chasms between perpendicular walls of cement; terrific monsters, these, more terrible and more exciting than any dragon in any old picture book. And he saw in the morning some tiny men, clinging to a steel scaffolding high up in the sky; and the window cleaner came to clean the nursery windows and hung over space outside the window sill, strapped into a sort of swing, his legs dangling. Suppose he dropped! Gee! To-morrow is Saturday, and he is going to the movies. He's going to see "Hell's Angels" or "The Big House" or Maurice Chevalier. He'd like to be an aviator when he grows up and have an airplane of his own and fly the Atlantic like Lindbergh. Dad has promised him a new radio for Christmas. When he's sixteen he'll have his own automobile; but that's a long time to wait. Maybe he won't wait; maybe he'll run away, get nabbed by the gangsters (not gypsies—he never heard of them, but he knows all about racketeers). Maybe Al Capone will save him from being put on the spot or taken for a ride and enroll him in his gang. That would be awful; that would be wonderful. His eyes grow dim with fear and delight in the small, darkened box of a bedroom that is suspended so high above the earth. He has a sense of suffocation, of being cramped, imprisoned, and breathless, but he does not know why. He does not understand what is the matter with him or what he is missing. It does not occur to him that he is a starved, stunted, not quite normal child; and if he is wakened by nightmares, he does not wonder or

question, he merely suffers agonies of terror as he is going to suffer agonies of nerves when he grows up.

I dined in New York not many weeks ago with some American cousins. It was a family dinner, and the daughter was at the table. She is a big, healthy, very attractive girl of fifteen and goes to one of the best, most fashionable, and most expensive schools for girls in New York. Her manners were good, much better than I was accustomed to on the part of very youthful Americans. She seemed, indeed, very glad to meet me and quite content to dine with us and she listened, with an unusual expression of interest, to our conversation. It turned on the racketeers of Chicago and seemed to please her, for her round, rosy, vivid face began to bubble with enthusiasm and, at last, she interrupted:

"Oh!" she burst in with a huge sigh of longing, "I would love to see a real murder. I'd just love to hear that funny, gurgling sound they make in their throats when they die!" And she looked at us all, her eyes brimming with voluptuous merriment, and gurgled herself deliciously.

Her mother reproved her, but she did not accept the reproof, nor did the sight of her shocked English cousin disturb her. She insisted on explaining very enthusiastically that really she meant just what she said. Later, when she had gone to bed, her mother said to me, "All the girls in her school talk like that."

She was neither starved nor stunted, but she had, I submit, a somewhat unhealthy appetite for sensation.

Luckily, great strides have been made in the education offered to girls in England. It is still somewhat unusual for any but girls who must work for their living to go to Oxford or Cambridge, but it is not considered eccentric. For my own girls I had little difficulty in finding schools that pre-

pared them for the university. It was when I got to grips with the tyrannical system for boys which those high-handed, careless, country squires of another century had brought into existence that I rebelled.

Eton? Yes. I agreed that my boy should go there, so he was put down for Eton the week he was born. That seemed a little odd but not frightening, since, after all, he wouldn't be going for thirteen years. They sounded deliciously long. Suddenly, seven of them had passed and my friends, one and all, began to ask me what preparatory school he was going to. "You'll have to send him when he's nine, you know, and most heads of good schools want them at eight."

"Well, no head of any school can have mine," I blustered, and then, when these people kept on at me, kept telling me that if he didn't go to a good preparatory school he'd either have an awful time at Eton or not get in at all, I began to argue, and that way lay my undoing. For there was only one answer to every argument:

"We all do it. All his friends will be going. You can't make him a freak, my dear, just because you're fond of him."

"But he'll still be a baby," I cried, "with quite round cheeks and a curly mouth. How can I send such a little chap out into the world?"

"If you don't," they said, "he may blame you. Then you'll be sorry."

And so reluctantly, oh very reluctantly, we went—just another couple of modern parents who didn't want to be rid of their boy—and looked at preparatory schools and chose one and put him down to go there when he was nine. "But not one day sooner," I cried again, driven to my last ditch, and I stuck to that. Nor shall I ever forget that day at Victoria Station when we went to see him off and found a long platform filled with parents just

like ourselves and very small boys in gray flannels, every one of us, parents and boys, pretending hard not to mind. The strain was awful. It was almost as bad as seeing men off on those other trains that used to leave in 1914-18, and in some ways it was worse, for it would have been a dreadful disgrace to a boy if he or his mother should break down. One's life depended on a dry eyelid and a stiff upper lip, no matter how soft and curly the mouth might be or how very young and innocent the eyes, and it was final. There was no coming back, in the real sense, from this adventure. They were going into a new world that would change them into men, and the change would gradually take place without our being able to watch, interfere, or help. All we could do now was count the days till the holidays and put our trust in the school.

I am glad now that I did it. I think if you get a really good school that it is, on the whole, the right thing for a normal little boy, who, like mine, would have had to live in London and go to a day school. He was getting too big for London. Life in London irked him. He hated going for walks or riding in the Park and the tendency was to make London life tolerable for him by many treats and many toys just as American parents do with the little boys who are cooped up in boxes high above stone streets and iron roofs.

School meant for him the country, and now that he is there that is the one thing he admits makes it much nicer than home. He can and he does rush out the moment his class is over to the cricket or football field to see the hills of Hampshire rolling away to the horizon. Otherwise, except for the feeling of being in the open and the fun of games, he does not realize how much he enjoys school; but I realize it, and when I remember his teas in the schoolroom with his nurse or with me

and contrast with them the dining hall at school, I cannot but admit that tea at school is a great lark compared to tea at home; and all those boys, bursting with life, bubbling with laughter, swapping with great enjoyment infantile jokes of extreme pointlessness and devouring mountains of bread and butter, make me feel that I am a very dull, heavy creature, too heavy on my feet, too heavy and too stiff in the joints of mind and body to be a fit companion for a youngster nine years old.

Also, he was getting too much for me, too big for me and too obstreperous and too cunning. He could see through me. He had learned exactly how to handle me. I was becoming as wax in his hands.

I think if you are very fond of someone very young you are probably not the best person to look after him. I think that you hesitate when quick decisions are required and make many mistakes out of fear, and I think that too much affection is suffocating anyhow to a little boy.

Often, oh very often, I think of them, those ninety small boys off there in Hampshire, all going to bed in their striped flannel pajamas. Surely a small boy in pajamas and jaeger dressing gown, strutting about with his hands in his pockets, is the most attractive sight in the world. Ninety of them, all together, ragging, throwing pillows, totally unaware of their charm. All that charm wasted, and ninety women deprived of the joy, the thrill, the exquisite, ravishing sight. The Head of the school says good-night to them. He goes the rounds every night and stops at the foot of each bed and speaks to each drowsy face. He is a good man. It is his vocation to look after small boys. My boy worships him, and I trust him and I know he is better at bringing up children than I am. And so, you see, I have come

round. I no longer rebel. I think the English idea is good for the children and bad only for the parents, and for them it is bad both ways. For the parents who do not care much it is bad to be relieved of all bother and respon-

sibility, and for the parents who care too much it is not good to be deprived for so long of what they love most on earth. But I believe that the youngsters who escape from either kind are, on the whole, fortunate.

SEASON

BY CLARA SHANAFELT

T*THIS is the time when elms wear most profoundly
Their air of revery,
Drooping over the tarnished slopes of late summer,
Above stone walls and terraced lawns and gardens,
And against the aster-blue profiles of distant mountains,
In elegiac grace, exquisite and aloof.*

*It is a time when meadows are composed
In dreaming gardens of dim pearl, opaque rose, bright gold, and violet—
Goldenrod, Joe Pye, ironweed, and boneset,
Their curded cymes and panicles pierced by the slender spears
Of water reeds,
Where a brook creeps stealthily, unseen and mute
Breathing a scent of mint—
Enchanted gardens that linger week on week,
Unchanging and at peace.*

*It is a pause of the year,
Of landscapes painted and still,
Voiceless but for the low syncopation of insects
Plucking their one dry string;
A gracious cæsura balancing
The spoken and the unspoken syllables of time.
No bird sings now to break the grave suspense
With an unseasonable eloquence.*

*It is the August also of my life,
And I, too, stand for a moment on a height,
Like an elm tree musing, a dark arrested fountain,
Over a far prospect, where a river swings in silent silver arcs,
And those two restless hounds, mind and heart,
Lie quiet at my feet.*



THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION, 1931

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR MR. HOOVER

BY GEORGE R. LEIGHTON

ON THURSDAY, October 24th, 1929, the stately mansion of eternal prosperity collapsed with a mighty crash. Thirteen days later, on the 6th of November, there issued from the White House the following extraordinary document:

THANKSGIVING—1929

By the President of the United States of America

A PROCLAMATION

At this season of the year, when the harvest has been gathered in, the thoughts of our forefathers turned toward God with thanksgiving for the blessings of plenty and provision against the needs of winter. They came by custom to look to the Chief Magistrate to set apart a day of prayer and praise, whereon their thanks as a united people might be given with one voice in unison. God has greatly blessed us as a nation in the year now drawing to a close. The earth has yielded an abundant harvest in most parts of our country. The fruits of industry have been unexampled in quantity and value. Both capital and labor have enjoyed an exceptional prosperity.

Assurances of peace at home and abroad have been strengthened and enlarged. Progress has been made in provision against preventable disasters from flood and pestilence. Enlightenment has grown apace in new revelations of scientific truth and in diffusion of knowledge. Educational opportunities have steadily enlarged. Enduring advances have been gained in the protection of the public health. Childhood is measurably more secure. New experiences and new knowledge in many

fields have been recorded, from which a deeper wisdom may grow. We should accept these blessings with resolution to devote them to service of Almighty God.

Now, therefore, I, Herbert Hoover, President of the United States of America, do appoint and set aside Thursday, the 28th day of November, as a day of national thanksgiving, and do recommend that all our people on that day rest from their daily work, that they should extend to others less fortunately placed a share in their abundance, and that they gather at their accustomed places of worship, there to render up thanks to Almighty God for His many blessings upon them, for His forbearance and goodness.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the great seal of the United States. *Etc., etc., etc.*

We were a little too close to the stock market uproar to appreciate the sardonic humor in "new experiences and new knowledge in many fields have been recorded from which a deeper wisdom may grow." We did not realize that many men who rested "on that day from their daily work" would be still resting two years later. We were comfortably assured that sixty days would be the utmost reach of economic difficulty; things would be looking bright by New Years.

Twelve months later Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's resplendent poster of a militant Liberty with a flaming torch blazoning the legend, "Business Is Good. Keep It So. Nothing Can

Stop Us," was still to be seen on the billboards, but wind and weather had treated the poster harshly, and there were no new ones to take its place. Still from Washington came heartening voices; in the spring all would be well, the unemployment figures were shrinking. So, on November 7, 1930, as Harvest Home drew near, the President once more called upon his fellow-citizens to give thanks to God for the blessings showered upon them:

By the President of the United States of America

A PROCLAMATION

Notwithstanding that our forefathers endured the hardships and privations of primitive life, surrounded by dangers and solaced only with meager comforts, they nevertheless bequeathed to us a custom of devoting one day of every year to universal thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessing of life itself and the means to sustain it, for the sanctuary of home and the joys that pervade it, and for the mercies of His protection from accident, sickness and death.

Our country has many causes for Thanksgiving. We have been blessed with distinctive evidence of Divine favor. As a nation, we have suffered far less than other peoples from the present world difficulties. We have been free from civil and industrial discord. The outlook for peace between nations has been strengthened.

In a large view we have made progress upon the enduring structure of our institutions. The arts and sciences that enrich our lives and enlarge our control of nature have been notably advanced. Education has been further extended. We have made gains in the prevention of disease and the protection of childhood.

Now, therefore, I, Herbert Hoover, President of the United States of America, do hereby designate Thursday, November 27, 1930, as a national day of thanksgiving, and do enjoin the people of the United States so to observe it, calling upon them to remember that many of our people are in need and suffering from causes beyond their control, and suggesting that a proper celebration of the day should include that we

make sure that every person in the community, young and old, shall have cause to give thanks for our institutions and for the neighborly sentiment of our people.

In Witness Whereof, *etc.*, *etc.*

What a melancholy must have been his when the Chief Magistrate signed that second proclamation! Perhaps his thoughts went back to his speech accepting the nomination to office: "We in America to-day are nearer to the final triumph over poverty than ever before in the history of any land. . . . We have not yet reached the goal, but, given a chance to go forward with the policies of the last eight years, we shall soon, with the help of God, be in sight of the day when poverty will be banished from this nation. There is no guaranty against poverty equal to a job for every man." A job for every man! Where now was the man whose name had blessed "the policies of the last eight years"? In peaceful retirement, undisturbed by the storm of fear and panic, he was busily occupied, day after day, turning out words of wisdom at two dollars a word. The truth had to be admitted: when Mr. Coolidge left office he had taken his prosperity with him. All that could be done now was to take the large view that "we have made progress upon the enduring structure of our institutions."

Almost a year has gone by since then, and within the next few days it will become the duty of our Chief Magistrate to issue his third proclamation of thanksgiving. He is doubtless meditating upon it now. Would it be amiss if we drew his attention to a number of things for which his countrymen are truly thankful? Doubtless while he ponders he realizes that to draft a proclamation of thanksgiving in this year of grace is a rather arduous task. Perhaps he is thinking to himself, "Advancement in the arts and sciences, yes. The protection of children and the sanctity of the home,

yes. But what more?" In his travail of spirit let us extend a helping hand. Mr. Hoover, there are a number of reasons why your fellow-countrymen are ready to give thanks.

The strange exhilaration of the boom time seems far away now. The captains and the kings of industry have ceased from talking and, in well-deserved retirement, are paying strict attention to their own business. No longer are distinguished fliers and channel swimmers received with screaming sirens, clouds of ticker tape, and crowded stands at City Hall. The Big Builder has departed from Chicago, and the promoters of Coral Gables utter never a word. We ask for bread in all truth, but our appetite for circuses is a little dull. Bandmasters and police commissioners in evening dress fade from the horizon, and in their wake go trooping a procession of stupid wastes and idiotic extravagances of mind and body. And for these blessings, unrecognized at first, we are a grateful people.

II

What complicated little souls children came to be during the dollar decade! We began to realize the criminal ignorance of our forbears where children were concerned. The exposure of the infant in ancient times was scarcely less hideous than the callous way in which our grandparents had left children to their own devices on Saturday afternoon. We discovered that children were not children at all, not offspring, not future citizens, but personalities, delicate, fragile, in constant danger of being warped into frightful distortions. A parent distressed to find that a child of twelve had difficulty in spelling words of one syllable was told that his daughter's aptitude test had clearly shown that

she had no interest in spelling, and that an insistence on study might prove dangerous. The affectionate father who listened with ill-concealed glee to his small son's account of a school battle was little short of a monster. Mothers found that, all unknowing, they had fostered the hideous oedipus complex in their children. In the face of these perils we did our best, sitting at the feet of the masters, striving to learn the secret of infant understanding. School after school arose, each with a law and gospel of its own, but all with the same aim—the development of a sound and beautiful mind in a sound and beautiful body. Hey for the personality gland and medico-recreational supervision!

Sometimes we were confused by the uproar when two schools of juvenile psychology collided, but in the main we were steadfast disciples. There were schools that fostered a child's sense of self-expression; there were schools where the word "work" was never suffered to be said aloud lest it disconcert a budding personality; there were schools that exposed the folly of obedience and self-discipline; schools that taught the joys of perfect freedom. We weren't greatly concerned when the Supreme Court once again declared the Child Labor Law unconstitutional; we were too busy to be disturbed when an American judge sentenced a boy of sixteen to a minimum term of twenty years in the penitentiary. How could we be, engrossed as we were in behaviorism and progressive education? We sought and were sure we could find a way to bring our offspring to majority clean-limbed, sweet-minded, and without a bruise. But now, unable to afford the cost of these benefits, by an inexorable pressure we are turned toward the public schools. We have long heard of their shortcomings, of overcrowding, of teachers overworked and underpaid. Minds

toughened in the past two years begin to wonder if we should not give a little more time and attention to these schools if our children must attend them.

Is there a growing conviction here and there that reading, writing and arithmetic have an importance that even eurythmics cannot cancel? We feel a little foolish now when someone says "œdipus complex." Parents learning to discipline themselves these days begin to wonder if the word is quite so loathsome as once they thought. Faintly we remember an old saw: "Every tub must sit on its own bottom"; and slowly, sadly, we come to admit that work and play, love and obedience are not incompatible, and that no gentle, easy way to maturity will ever be found for our children. They, like ourselves, must learn from experience. And if so much has been gained, we can be thankful.

III

For a time, in the golden glow of the boom, the misfit came into his own. The lazy, the indolent, the idle fed through good times, fattened further upon inhibitions. Introvert, extrovert, or invert, each became in his way a hero, the lion of the drawing-rooms. A rude, blatant, insufferable person could plead mental torment and be sympathetically excused. Even when he had departed his charm remained, for we discussed his case in all its rich and succulent details. He was inhibited from labor, decency, or good humor; therefore, we cherished him. We whispered first and then grew bolder about captives. Pallid ladies and gentlemen were suddenly discovered in Peoria, Davenport, and Wichita, and were regarded with a certain awe. Tolerance was popular. We discussed Freud and Jung. Those of us who were safely normal had no

reason to believe ourselves devoid of interest. We devoured volumes that made clear and plain the reasons for our behavior, and those of us who could not spare time for the volumes had the same food served up in spoonfuls in the evening papers. There was a psychological reason for everything we did. It was fascinating to learn why we were annoyed when a street car passenger trod upon our feet; we discovered that the very brushing of our teeth had an extraordinary significance. And oh the golden harvest the psychiatrists reaped! How many thousand indulged and discontented women spun out their trivial woes in year-long analyses. Can we not remember conversations rendered well nigh unintelligible with such phrases as "mother maga," "stream of consciousness" and "masochism"? But extravagant fees for personality guidance are impossible now. The woes of the indolent lose their charm when we confront an army that desperately wants to work but cannot. Many a complex has been flattened to a pancake in the past two years by the pressure of necessity. We have learned that explaining and diagramming our ill temper, our selfishness, and our fatuous habits will avail us nothing. There is a pleasant novelty in that almost-forgotten word, fortitude. Now when we gather with our neighbors for fireside conversation—if with luck we have a fireside—there is scarce a man or woman among us who dares to say "neurosis." And for this blessing we are thankful.

Shall we forget the days when marriage became a new and splendid thing, when the freedom of the sexes scored its triumph? The companionate marriage was in its first bloom, and frankness came into its own. There were so many first-class reasons and excuses in those days. When we heard a young wife murmur "*I want to live*" we understood what she meant. No longer need

a husband announce a sudden business trip. If he were not quite sure of himself, he could plead marital maladjustment; the more confident ones airily resigned their wives to other lovers and went off gaily to more exciting week-ends. The merry-go-round and the brass ring! Adultery quit the back streets and shady hotels and became a fine art. With the young, so jealous of their freedom, a discussion of marriage came to resemble an arms conference. Each side reserved to itself so many rights and privileges that little remained to be shared between them. Yet the risk was taken because if, despite all this barbed wire, happiness was still impossible, divorce was easy. The hubbub of Paris, Reno, and Yucatan filled the papers. If the plenitude of money was the last hope of marriage, it likewise made alimony a very simple matter. But some of those boom-time husbands now languish in jail because alimony has ceased to be simple, and there are wives who regained their independence and now regret the day the decree was granted. The sudden and precipitate drop in the number of divorces in 1930 seems to suggest that our young husbands and wives are slower to anger and more plenteous in mercy than once they were. There is less time, less money now for maladjustment; and the meetings of the family ways and means committee show an understanding not entirely concerned with money. Perhaps the spectacle of families blown to pieces in the economic hurricane has taught the more fortunate among us the virtues of forbearance. If it is true, let us be thankful.

IV

One responsibility that could not be refused in those days was the necessity of keeping up with the Joneses. High and low, we all did our best. We're not forgetting, now anyway, that there

were unemployed and hungry people through all the bonanza years, but those of us who had money or could put our hands upon it spent it where it showed most. Schools and colleges vied with one another in florid dormitories and imposing stadiums, while we vied with our neighbors in sending our children to them. At home our minds were absorbed in splendid gear. Our apparel was costly and so was our entertainment. From the need for a new automobile every year, we came to demand two and three. If the Joneses bought a sports roadster for young Sam, our Roger was bitterly aggrieved until he had his. There was so much of everything to be had, and we had so much of everything. Did we see anything wrong in the statement of a fashion expert that no woman could dress herself decently on less than fifteen hundred dollars a year, even if no allowance were made for such necessities as furs and costume jewelry? When our dwellings began to seem shabby, how grateful we were to the interior architects, decorators, and antique dealers who so blithely showed us the error of our ways. Their cousins the stylists, cousins surely by a left-handed marriage, carried applied art and psychology to its farthest reach. Can it be true that we seriously believed that kitchen ware in Chinese red would improve the disposition of the cook? The department stores had stylists to tell us about it, and their delivery carts left the skillets with us next day.

We not only kept up with the Joneses at home but we did it in business. Long years gone by we had laughed at Mr. Woolworth's Napoleonic mania and thought his First Empire office with its busts and velvet and ormolu and marble something of a joke. The joke was forgotten after a while, and at the high tide of big money we regarded with great respect

the lawyer who boasted an Adam reception room and a sanctum done in carved woods. We lived in swank, we worked in swank. No matter how little or how much we earned, there was swank to match. If a William and Mary hallway was too expensive, we could buy a super-heterodyne in a lacquered Japanese cabinet for a dollar down and a dollar forever. If we could not aspire to Lake Forest, there was something very nice a little farther down the scale. Park Avenue might be beyond us, but we were glad and grateful for the London Terrace Apartments where the doormen every day reproduced with grave fidelity the change of the guard at Buckingham Palace. It was all High Class. The Joneses were high class, and we were high class too, and withal, most damnable dull. Conversation was smothered in market, plush, and radio. A good deal of the high-class travertine has since turned out to be plaster, and we are a little soured to discover that the carved wood ceilings are only papier-maché.

But it isn't all sour grapes by any manner of means. It is true that we no longer adorn our small talk with details of our bridge winnings and losses; we must admit that our bank accounts do not allow us period rooms and costly glass. We see more baked potato and less caviar on those refectory tables. It isn't sport to be poor, but is it altogether making a virtue of necessity to learn that one can be happy without illusions bought on the installment plan? The Roxy Theater and its replicas throughout the land still stand, monuments to the flashiest age America has ever known. Our high tone, like our marble, was spurious. We know it now, and our humble pie sits well.

V

What a prodigious number of big men came to the fore in those days.

Big men in industry, in finance, in advertising, in linoleum, big men in everything. And almost all of them were talkative. They gave interviews, quoted one another, addressed dinners, and wrote books. How we worshipped the prophets of the new economic era who so infallibly piloted Radio Common to 549 and Montgomery Ward to 439½. On Sundays Doctor Cadman talked about business in religion, and on weekdays Mr. Barton talked about religion in business. We were good and we were prosperous, we had our cake and ate it too. Once upon a time we had felt very doubtful about people who bought things on the installment plan, regarding it as a vicious, shiftless habit indulged in by the lower classes who lived beyond their means. Our condescension vanished when we all began to live beyond our means. And rightly so, for big men assured us that the installment plan was basically sound.

Directly behind the big men were the experts. They covered the earth, they "expertised" everything. Every field of effort was split up into little plots and each plot given over to a forecaster, a counsellor, or a consultant. In business every detail, no matter how trivial, required the attention of an expert. It was as if men and women had entirely lost faith in their own judgment and common sense, as if the more confidence they had in prosperity, the less they had in themselves.

The giants of mass production had put a radio in every home, and nightly we listened to Assistant Secretaries of Commerce, to presidents of corporations and the heads of Bar Associations, who made us understand that at last prosperity and permanence were one and the same thing. New and imposing bank façades in limestone and granite arose all over the country, with the device of the eagle, wings spread and talons clenched, over the windows

and bronze doors. Many of the bronze doors are shut to-day, with the eagle, hard-eyed and defiant, guarding an empty vault. We are not so positive as we were about our farsighted judgment, or that of every banker. Like Enoch, once they walked with God, and still like Enoch, many of them now are not. We have seen rural banks swept out of existence, we have seen the Caldwell collapse rock the South from end to end, we have seen what alleyway huckstering can do to the Bank of United States. We have learned, by paying for our knowledge with worthless stocks and depreciated bonds, that a millennium of luxury and big money is not yet in sight. We're still solvent, but we're not stampeding at the trough these days. We're in it, and we're bending our energies toward getting out, and our efforts are notably assisted by an absence of Big Men. We are paying strict attention to plans just now, and the plan we're investigating is not the installment plan. And for these blessings we are humbly thankful.

VI

These are all superficial reasons for gratitude, perhaps. On the surface of daily life we have discovered many things to be liabilities which in the prosperous days were cultural necessities. Is there a smell of middle-class satisfaction in this attitude? If we find ourselves relieved to give up the folly of competitive spending, of show and noise, if we are happier in the belief that adversity can strengthen home ties, we are indeed to congratulate ourselves. But that is not all. If it were, the price the nation has paid would be far too dear. No civilized person can survey a horde of broken men, beaten women, and anæmic children and say, "It was worth it all if we have learned that one party an evening is more fun than three." It

is when we go deeper, when we go below the amenities of everyday living, that we find real reason for gratitude.

When distress strikes us unaware, instinctively we always turn to someone for help. The child with a hurt finger seeks his mother. If money gives out, we look to someone in the family. A wave of infantile paralysis endangers the city, and we call upon the Mayor and Health Commissioner to do something about it. A drought sweeps the state, burning the crops, and we expect the Governor and the Legislature to come to our assistance. There is a season of prolonged rains, the Mississippi floods its banks, spreading death and destruction, and we feel sure that the President and Congress will act. When an international crisis arises we turn to the Kellogg Pact, the World Court or the League. Beyond that, when all else fails, a distracted humanity can only fall upon their knees and invoke the deity: "Help, Lord, or we perish."

The sour and the cynical are tempted, at such a spectacle, to recall Elijah taunting the priests of Baal: "Cry aloud, for he is a god. Either he is talking or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked." Their attitude acknowledges the blundering of human kind and admits that no man or group of men can change things. They speak the truth and happily the truth sets them free from doing anything about it. They with the kneelers and invokers are in the same galley; they have forgotten themselves.

With our own eyes we have now seen a catastrophe shake the world. We have seen showy fronts collapse, revealing rotten foundations. We have seen trust betrayed, we have seen the pitiful flounderings and deceptions of those set in authority over us. We have seen Cabinet members jailed for bribery, we have seen a presidential

candidate defamed because he was a Catholic, while a Protestant bishop campaigning against him was buying and selling through a bucket-shop. We have seen crippled factories, labor wars, mines shut down; we have seen harvests destroyed in Texas while people starved in Arkansas; we have seen avalanches of cotton, wheat, and oil poured out, while thousands of us were hungry, cold, and unclad. We have seen at last that the plight of the Kansas wheat farmer, the textile worker, the oil driller, and the miner can arouse in us not only sympathy for him but alarm for ourselves.

We begin to understand—it comes slowly perhaps, but the understanding is coming—that a man who cannot work, who cannot feed and clothe his family, is a threat, not to our present happiness or our felicity in a future life, but to our existence here and now. We begin to understand that a mad rush for markets, a feverish overproduction of goods, and a sky-reaching system of tariff barriers are the fore-runners of ruin. We have discovered that a ruthless drive for profit will only defeat itself.

It is a question of survival, not altruism, and it comes home to us that we have no one to depend upon save ourselves. No President, no Congress, no omnipotent deity; in the last ditch we can count only on ourselves, you and I, just ourselves. None of us can know everything, none of us can do everything. Someone must carry the mail while others police the streets, run the dynamos, drive the machines, write the books, and paint the pictures. No single man can change the world, no soap-box authority can ever reform a system, but we come slowly to see that the kernel of that battered word co-operation may mean that he who ruleth his spirit is greater than he who taketh a city. If we have begun to learn that our selfishness is inextrica-

bly bound up with the selfishness of our neighbors and that the realization of our security depends in a vital and economic sense upon the security of others, we shall have begun to put co-operation into practice. The world depends on those who work; for that work we are personally responsible. No one, high or low, can escape it. And personal responsibility, the responsibility for our thought and action, cannot be delegated to anybody. The instant we realize this, in that instant our strength begins to return.

It is here that our much touted American individualism has its supreme opportunity. There will be orders to be obeyed as long as mankind lives on earth, there will be crises unforeseen that we shall have to cope with as best we can, there will be the eternal death and taxes; but that is no cause whatever for despair. Thank God, we have ourselves to depend upon. If this conviction has begun to crystallize, we can be thankful as we never have been before.

VII

With this arrival of understanding comes a sharpening of our critical powers. It becomes harder and harder for the smooth, the glib, and the pat to carry conviction. We are tired to death, Mr. Hoover, of fatuous utterance and feeble prevarication in high places. We are tired of officials who issue ridiculous statements on unemployment when we know better. We are tired of presidents of chambers of commerce who talk as if the danger of starvation for millions of men and women were a trifle, compared with the danger that a government which protects employers with a tariff may appropriate funds for ex-employees. We are tired of being told that the standard of public health was never so high as it is now, when we know

perfectly well that such is not the case. We are tired of the protests of Mr. Hamilton Fish's committee over the dumping of Soviet convict-made products in this country when it is estimated that nearly one hundred million dollars' worth of goods made by American convicts is thrown on the market each year to compete with the products of free labor. We're tired of splendid speeches about America's efforts for disarmament when we are able to see for ourselves in the annual budget that the proposed expenditures for our army and navy rise far above all the others, exceeded only by the appropriation for the Veterans' Bureau. We want the truth, Mr. Hoover. We don't believe in big rich any more.

Let there be no misunderstanding. The realization that in the last ditch we can depend only upon ourselves is not an admission of defeat, but rather the reverse. It brings with it a sense of freedom, an exhilaration that the excitement of the boom days cannot equal. We can rejoice with a high heart at our good fortune. But the nation has paid a most fearful price; our salvation has been bought with blood. Therefore, Mr. Hoover, when in the coming days you once again issue

the call to your fellow-citizens to assemble for a festival of prayer and praise, bethink you of the opportunity that lies ready to your hand. You are the Chief Executive; you, like us, can depend upon no one but yourself in the last ditch. But is it too much to expect that when we look once more for that splendid legend:

By the President of the United States
of America

A PROCLAMATION

we shall find under it a reflection of the feeling in the hearts of your countrymen, a feeling of humility and sober determination? Such a message, in such a time as this, will deserve to stand with that of one of your predecessors, an honorable gentleman, in whose memorial beside the Potomac, not far from where you now reside, you may read these words:

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us . . . that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

The Lion's Mouth



DALMATIAN DAYS

BY PHILIP CURTISS

FOR many years my life was vexed by a serious problem, one that threatened to stunt my whole career. Was it better, I asked myself, to journey afar and see foreign lands or merely to sit quietly at home and read about them?

At first glance there would have seemed to be but a single answer. Better, one would have said, to breathe for a single moment the classic air of Rome than to read all the dusty tomes that had ever been written, better to stand for a glorious hour on the heights of the Alps than to wade through oceans of word pictures, better to taste one real goulash on the shores of Wi-Fo than to sip the stale, second-hand relish of some writer's description. Having, however, tried both experiences, the real and the vicarious, I was not so certain. It *was* rather fun to order soup in Portuguese and to discover, with a thrill, that the Colosseum really looked like its pictures, but at the same time there were the endless tips, the unspeakable wash-rooms, the baking midsummer streets, the surly officials, the interminable cathedrals that, in your secret heart, you didn't really want to see. There

was the sense of guilt if you went to your room on a hot afternoon and took off your shoes when, all the time, your conscience was telling you that you ought to be putting in every minute at the Campanile. There were the picture galleries and the Wagner festival and the quaint native dances, when what you honestly wanted was a suit of white flannels and a good glass of beer.

On the other hand, if you were frankly willing to admit yourself to be a coward and a sluggard, there were no mean advantages in reading at home. Seated in my own easy chair with my pipe in my teeth, I could really enjoy Siam and if suddenly it palled on me I could immediately switch to Piccadilly. In this practice, too, there were, of course, disadvantages. You could never, in the first place, actually say that you had been to Egypt. You could never—er—well, *are* there, really, any other disadvantages?

So, for years, my weak soul tottered helplessly between my sense of romance and my sense of sloth until suddenly one happy evening I saw the answer. The people who really enjoy foreign countries are neither those who merely visit them nor those who merely read about them. The people who get the cream of the experience are those who write the books. To them alone is reserved the exquisite pleasure of trotting constantly through foreign countries without ever being obliged to look at anything they don't want to look at or to do anything they don't want to do.

At first glance this statement may seem a little perplexing, for if the casual tourist is apt to feel guilty about the Campanile, what must be the mental pressure on a travel writer? Would he dare, for example, to visit Seville without taking in all its hundred churches or Russia without talking personally to Stalin? To ask that question, however, is to miss the whole secret of modern travel writing, to fail to realize what a jolly, simple profession it has become. As the plainest illustration take the humorous or personal style of travel writing, which is also the most popular. I mean the kind of book in which Chapter III is headed "Perpignan," and opens as follows:

The moment that William Jennings Bryan—our Ford—rolled into Perpignan, I knew that something was going to happen. And happen it did. The next morning while I was endeavoring to make hard French water agree with good Yankee shaving soap, Iolanthe burst into my room with a wild light in her eye. "Christopher!" she cried. "All is over. I've lost the key to the trunk!"

Now isn't that pretty nice? Fine, spirited reading? Yet what has it got to do with Perpignan? What is there in those lines or in the whole volume that could not have happened just as well in Detroit? They do not at all show—and they do not have to show—that the writer knows his Perpignan. They merely show that he knows his stuff. No museums, no Titians, no Romanesque façades, yet he's got a book out of it—and probably paid for his trip.

Swinging, moreover, to the other extreme of the mental horizon, one finds exactly the same thing.

It was twilight (writes the sage and respected Dr. Oglethorpe Seyms—*A Philosopher's Yearbook*) when the lighter put us ashore in the blue bay of Alexandria, and in that strange Eastern background

there came suddenly to my mind a picture that had not occurred to me for at least fifty years. It brought to my thoughts a scene in the Ozarks when I could not have been more than ten years of age. My mother, a good Christian woman . . .

Again this is all very fine and uplifting, but why did he have to go to Alexandria to write that?

It is not, however, among either the humorists or the philosophers that one finds the secrets of travel-writing most subtly developed. It is the downright professionals, those happy individuals who, year after year, turn out their volumes on *Leisurely Lapland*, *Sardinian Sketches*, and *Towers of Touraine*, who have discovered the cleverest tricks. While apparently working their hardest and digging up local color by the bucketful, they are, in reality, just kicking their heels in sheer, glorious freedom and sleeping ten hours a night. The commonest way in which this is accomplished is by throwing the attention of the reader either backward or forward in point of time. Did you ever stop to realize, for example, that no first-class travel writer ever seems to hit a town at the exact height of its glory? Perhaps you thought it was accident, but just listen to this:

Passons-le-Buc (the true craftsman will write) is to-day but a shadow of its former self. A typical 1870 *maison de ville*, a hideous cement railway station which is only a flag stop on the main line to Arles, and a few wretched creatures who try to sell you "relics" manufactured in Belgium—all these present to the casual eye a dreary prospect. Even the Roman aqueduct, built by Honorius, is grass-grown and forgotten. But when one recalls what happened at Passons on that sunny morning of May 3, 1543 . . .

Well, never mind what happened on that sunny morning. The chief point is that the writer has now jockeyed you into position, so that, without

knowing it, you are going to swallow twenty-five pages on Charles the Fifth. And in the meantime he is going to his room to take off his shoes.

Even if the town is apparently up and coming, the trick will work just as well. In that case you will read:

Tourbière, my landlord told me, has never been more prosperous than since the War. A huge lampblack factory is furnishing work and wealth for thousands of peasants, and even the Roman aqueduct has been carefully restored by skilled archeologists. To my mind, however, Tourbière has lost something. Artistically it is ruined. Not all the restorations in the world can make up for the delightful, tumbling down Tourbière that it was before the War, with its charming, provincial railway station, its friendly 1870 *maison de ville*, and even the kindly, disarming vendors of relics who used to dog your tracks.

To the uninitiated this may look like genuine sentiment, but don't fool yourself. What the author is really doing is giving a blamed good reason why he didn't visit the lampblack factory—to say nothing of the aqueduct.

A variation of this trick is to center the reader's attention on a single, unimportant object so that he will forget the others, in exactly the same manner in which a magician makes you watch the matchbox in his fingers so that you will not notice that, in the meantime, the white rabbit has jumped out of the hat. Take, for instance, such passages as the following:

Most visitors to Casa Longa flock at once to the churches, the ducal palace, and the statue of Francesco Maggiore in the Piazza Sant' Angelo, but to my mind the true treasure of Casa Longa is none of these. It is a little and almost unknown *pozzino* in the outskirts of the city.

Now, on reading those words, what picture comes naturally to your mind? You see, do you not, a tireless, eager connoisseur who has run himself ragged examining, one after another, all the

churches, the palace, and the Piazza Sant' Angelo, only to reject each in turn and come at last, with a cry of delight, on that little-known *pozzino*? That is, in fact, just about what you or I would have done—we poor simps—but our author knows his business. What he has really done is to give the impression of a hard week's labor by merely focussing your attention on an old, abandoned cistern. The rest of his time in Casa Longa he probably spent at the movies. I know one author who got a tremendous reputation by beginning all his articles, "The true way to approach Mantilina is not by the railway, not by the motor road, but on foot by the ancient or western gate." He did it, too, the young rascal—walked out and walked in again.

In earlier travel books one of the favorite dodges was the inside information gag—"Through the happy chance of letters given us by friends in England, we secured an audience with Mahmet Pasha"—and naturally, having had this lofty privilege, the author could not be expected to bother about anything else. In a modified way, this device is still used. "On the train we met a wine merchant from Dîmes who gave us a very interesting view of the way in which young France regards young Germany . . ." But in this socialistic age the favorite dummy is a humble peasant.

It was on the morning of our second day at Tarragona that lucky chance sent us Vergilio and, ragged and sly though he was—and sometimes, I fear, too free with our wine bottles—yet I do not know what we should have done without him.

You bet your hat they couldn't do without him, for the next three chapters are nothing but Vergilio—all full of his "Dios mios" and his "Ay, señoras." Thirty pages that boy was worth, if he was worth a line, and all

without even troubling to leave the front doorstep.

So there you are! And now do you see why my future has brightened? To be perfectly frank, I have myself been working quietly on what I believe will be the final development of all. For as I have sat happily back for evening after evening and eagerly sketched out my prospective trip through the lesser known cities of Dalmatia, I have begun to see that there is one dandy trick that even the best of the present-day writers have not thoroughly realized. It *would* be delightful, sauntering through Dalmatia in the modern manner, doing just what I pleased and seeing just what I wished, but, at the same time, would there not be constantly the haunting specter that when I got home I should have to write the book? Why, then, not write the book first and make the trip afterwards—without a care on my mind?

With me, to see is to act—within certain limits—and, two months ago, I set to work. Within a week I had finished my first chapter, called "Ragusa," which begins, "My sister Helen likes yellow pansies." Chapter II opens with the words, "Since Montenegro became part of Serbia it has never been quite the same"; but I really hit my big moment when I say, "The true way to approach Spalato is to swim under water, holding your breath." Zara, Zaravecchia, Cattaro—one after another they are all falling into line and I never again expect to know as much about Spizza as I know at this moment. The book itself should be entirely finished by November 21, and on November 22 I sail. Free in my mind, my playtime before me, I shall step on the gangplank unless—unless—old habits get the better of me. For already the stronger side of my nature has begun to tempt me, to ask the fatal

question, "But, when the book is finished, why will you have to go?"



FRIED OR SCRAMBLED?

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

THE Salvation Army Shelter was full of men waiting for the first call to stew. Down and outs, bums, a sprinkling of crooks. Yes, it had been a hard enough winter to drive even crooks to the wood pile. I sat over in a corner making notes for my contemplated book on itinerant labor. But I had to be furtive about it. To let the derelicts surrounding me know that I was not one of them, that I was there to catalogue their distresses would have closed the door on my purpose of getting them to talk freely.

In California, the middle of March usually sees a drift of casual workers away from the cities. The logging camps open up, the ranches are filled with the eager bustle of spring, and the codfishing companies begin to think about men for the summer pack. But this year the seasonal activities had been frozen by an uncertain industrial outlook, and San Francisco was still the refuge of hundreds of destitute males.

The scene before me was almost Hogarthian; not exactly so squalid but as cluttered. Around the air-tight stove was a circle of men in bare feet, holding up the socks that they had just washed, to dry. They dangled them on sticks close to the heat. In a far corner a man cobbled the shoes he had just taken off, while a half dozen waited for him to finish so that they might fall transient heirs to the tools he was using. Before the open wicket of an office enclosure a line waited for doles of needles and thread and

buttons. Practically every man in the room was concerning himself in a greater or lesser degree with some phase of his personal appearance. At least, I told myself, they were not disheartened to a point of complete indifference.

Suddenly I was aware that a youngish man standing against the wall was watching me. I made an inconsequential note or two merely to register indifference and shoved the papers upon which I had been scribbling into my pocket. The man was still looking at me. I lighted a cigarette. The man came over. He held out his hand.

"Got a smoke?" he asked.

I produced a battered package of cigarettes and passed it to him. He helped himself and squatted down before me on the floor, encircling his knees with clasped arms.

"Reporter?" he quizzed.

"Reporter?" I echoed, pretending to miss his meaning.

He pointed to my pocket bulging with notes.

"Oh, that! . . . Can't a fellow write home?"

"Married?"

I shook my head. "I've got enough trouble without having a wife," I returned with shameless banality.

"Trouble—you said it!" His cigarette was drooping at a dispirited angle while the smoke drifted lazily out of his nostrils. He had a well-shaped hand with the long, capable fingers of a craftsman who might just miss being an artist, and a wistful gleam was in his brown eyes. He struck me as a placid nature that occasional gusts might blow into a wild disorder.

"You're married, of course," I said.

"I should say I was. That's why I'm here."

At that moment a man of about sixty joined us. I had seen him before. He was a permanent lodger at the Shelter, where they rented a few rooms at a

very nominal fee. It was said that he had a Spanish American war pension from the government and that he lived at the Shelter because he liked its stir and bustle and the changing human tides that swept in and out—a short, thick, obviously opinionated individual.

He sat down in front of me, also, and thrust a nose of trivial curiosity forward.

"Marriage—marriage!" he began, cocking his head from one side to another. "Did I hear anybody say anything about marriage?"

By this time, two or three others, seeing a group forming, came and joined us.

"Do you know anything about it?" asked the younger man.

"Do I know anything about it! I know everything about it. I've been married for thirty years."

"How come?" said the other. "You live upstairs, don't you?"

The war veteran nodded. "I haven't been home for thirteen years."

"You mean your wife is alive?"

"Of course. I hear from her every week."

"Oh, I thought you had a row with her."

"I did. Do you suppose I'd be living here if we'd been on good terms?"

The younger man looked puzzled. "And still she writes to you."

"Every Monday. Every Monday for thirteen years she has written to ask me to come home."

"I suppose you answer her."

"Regularly. I tell her the same thing. I say, 'When you admit you were wrong, I'll come home.'"

"And you've both held out for thirteen years! What did you quarrel about?"

"I don't remember."

A laugh came from the little knot of listeners.

"How do you know she was wrong, then?"

"I don't." There was another laugh. "But do you think I'm going to give in to a woman?" He was very important and cocky as he said this. "What was your trouble?"

The younger man was surprised that his secret had been discovered. "It was too silly," he answered, and his face flushed. "I liked my eggs fried, and she just kept on scrambling them."

"You shouldn't have eaten them scrambled," said the war veteran. "After the first day you should have thrown them in the sink."

"I suppose so," said the other gloomily. "I told her I didn't like them scrambled but she paid no attention. She just said, 'You'll like them after a while.' I stood it every morning for a week and then I blew up. We had an awful fight. After that she had scrambled eggs three times a day. For every meal she put scrambled eggs in front of me. Finally, one night I was so mad that I kicked the table over and left. Ran out of the house with just the clothes I've got on my back. That was in Detroit. Threw up my job, my prospects—everything. I just kept on going. I wanted to show her she couldn't worry me and get away with it."

"And here you are in San Francisco broke," chuckled the man who had held out for thirteen years. "Heard from her?"

"Sure. She wants me to come back. She says we were both silly."

"Both silly, eh! Well, wait until she says *she* was silly. That will be time enough to talk about going back."

"I dunno," said the younger man, doubtfully. "It takes two to pick a quarrel."

"Pooh! First thing you know, you'll weaken. You'll go back. And in a week you'll be eating scrambled eggs and saying you like 'em."

At that moment the food gong sounded. Everybody leaped to his feet except the man from Detroit. "*Like 'em!*" he echoed passionately. "I wish to God I could have some now! Stew . . . stew . . . stew! I'm sick of it!"

"There you go! That's how they get you. Through your guts! Be a man—like me. Some day you'll fetch her."

"You ain't fetched her yet!"

"Haven't I? Got a letter this morning. She admits she was wrong. I'm going back next week. It pays to hold out!"

"Thirteen years! Thirteen years!" repeated the young man wistfully.

The elder man threw him a look of contempt. "The trouble with you is, you're stuck on her!" he said with a sneer.

The man from Detroit sighed. "Maybe I am!" he answered. "Maybe I am!"



WANTED: NEEDLES THAT POINT NORTH

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

“**S**HAW Discovers the Almost Perfect State.”

So runs across the page the headline of the *New York Times* in which George Bernard Shaw discloses some of the impressions made, he says, upon his mind by his recent mid-summer visit to Russia.

Life to Brother Shaw is doubtless by long habit an incident to the production of copy. He lives; he notices what is going on, or he reads and reflects, and his resulting thoughts take form in writings which have come to have a value for publishers, so that enough money comes in to keep his factory going, and probably a good deal more.

Possibly he is a rich man. Apparently his books are profitable, and one hears he makes good bargains about them, and that he lives quite comfortably in London. All of which is no more than to say that Brother Shaw, living in a country under the capitalist system, adjusts himself profitably to that system.

Well, yes, to be sure! But he does not praise it much. He has never praised the system under which he has lived. In England he has been a socialist, involving some differences of theory about how to get the most out of life, and to get it no matter whom it belongs to. All that has gone well in Brother Shaw's pieces. In order

that pieces should go particularly well they should have a flavor a little different from the taste that wins general approval. If one devises compositions to be universally accepted like air or water or any other of the profuse elements, it is harder to sell them for a good price than if one is able to put a little different bite into them. Brother Shaw has always been successful in imparting a desirable variety of bite to his pieces. They are read by comparatively intelligent persons who find the views of people more stupid than themselves held up to ridicule; and of course they like that, no matter what the views happen to be.

Brother Shaw is faithful to this practice in what he has to say about Russia. He praises the Soviet government without criticism of its details. He says: This is how to do it! They understand! They have learned the secret! The governments of the countries we call civilized should go to school to Stalin. He knows how! Brother Shaw is so indiscriminate in his praises that they are really not of very much value. His assertions of fact are general and inaccurate. Lord and Lady Astor and the Marquis of Lothian were his companions of travel. A seeker for information would much prefer the Marquis of Lothian's appraisal of Russia as he saw it than Brother Shaw's; for the Marquis of

Lothian, as Philip Kerr, has been a publicist and journalist and agent for the Rhodes Scholarships, is intelligent, experienced, and tolerant, and is a member of the present (September) emergency government of England.

Brother Shaw says that while liberty in Russia is laughed at as a bourgeois superstition, in Moscow you can wear what you like, while in New York, to which Liberty welcomes mankind with her torch, no man can even choose the sort of hat he is to wear. It may be too harsh to call that a gross libel, but hatless people, both men and women, are a common sight in New York, and any kind of hat gear goes, though now and then something bullet-proof is safest.

WHAT is Shaw anyhow? A man of talent—oh, yes, but is he something better than a poseur? In these times we look at everybody whose head comes up out of the mass and wonder what he is and how serious his mind is. What we want to know of a man in times of crisis is whether the needle in his compass points north. Also we would like to know whether his clock keeps time, and that is important too, for unless it does he may be out of date, and though his needle may point right, he will hardly be valuable unless his clock keeps time. The great characters in our world are these men whose needles point north—Hindenburgs, Briands; plenty of men in England, plenty in the United States, but none that stands out quite as do these two. Consciously or otherwise, we judge men a good deal by our opinion as to where their needles point.

Consider Mr. Borah—does his needle point north? Of course the compass itself shifts and whirls according to the wind, coming back as the steersman constrains it to, and the needle itself may be shaken and shiver. Still we

see men who we are satisfied point north, and we see other men aplenty about whom we do not know. Mr. Borah—he points north very nicely now and then, but again he will seem to point die-hard, and another time White House, and still again Mormon—economically speaking. He is not a Mormon, at least not of record, but many of his constituents are. It can hardly be libelous to say that his needle seems unsteady and that it is a gamble where it will point next; and Mr. Borah is important, not only because he is chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, but because he can read and write and has thoughts and can expound them.

And consider Mr. Brisbane, the gifted paragrapher of the Hearst newspapers, described by some admiring observer as the “one man university,” a teacher, giving out of a well-stored and replenished mind; informing, edifying. Now Brother Brisbane’s clock certainly keeps time, but where does his needle point?

There is the Pope; the morning’s paper says he has fixed it up with Mussolini, and certain Catholic Societies can reopen and go on. Perhaps it will not be indecorous to offer the opinion that when the Pope has a fair chance his needle points north and when it is deflected it is because he is tied up to precedents which have gone out of date if they ever were in it. For these are curious times for the Catholic Church. In parts of Mexico there is still open disturbance. In Spain there are large difficulties unadjusted. One can imagine the Holy Father saying, “Bad mix-up in Spain! Children, let us pray!” The theory of the Holy Roman Church is that its needle points infallibly north, but it is less fortunate, or perhaps more fortunate, than Bishop Cannon and Ella Boole in that it can no longer call upon the police and the coast guard, the army

and the navy, the treasury department, and the bench to enforce its authority. Indeed, the Catholic Church seems on the way to be reduced to prayer and persuasion. Could anything more fortunate happen to it? Perhaps the Methodists will come to that presently, will come back to it, and raise up Wesleys and Whitfields again to works of reformation.

As to Presidential candidates, allowance is to be made for them. If their north is the White House, they are apt to point to that; and sometimes the White House is not the true north.

Fixed opinions and dogmas tend to swerve the needles in our compasses from the true north. One notices in the morning paper at this writing that Bishop Manning thinks that a proposed divorce canon is "shocking." But is it really shocking—whatever it is—or is it merely that the canon deviates from some point to which Bishop Manning's needle points because the organization of which he is an officer has at times held it to be true north? It may be that. Organized society always has a north of its own to which, as far as it may, it requires needles to point. It may be northerly—is apt to be, but it is apt not to be true north, and the great business of times of crisis such as is going on at this moment is to do away with the false norths that have misled us human navigators and let the true north come to its own.

ONE reads that Britain is very badly off. There are those who seem to think her bolt is shot, and she is on the down grade, and that in the present state of the world she can no longer make a living. Perhaps all that is so, for the moment, but the chances are that the English will never know it. They are very blind people and never know they are licked and have an astonishing habit of continuance.

Everybody who is gloomy about England ought to know about the theory of the British-Israel people, that the Anglo Saxons and a good many others are the descendants of the Lost Tribes, the Chosen People, unbeatable in the long run, and heirs to all the promises made to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. For years these British-Israel enthusiasts have been telling us about the Great Tribulation that would begin in 1928 and last eight years, and how England especially would get it heavily in the neck, but would survive and go on again in the front rank of the nations, and indeed lead them all. It is perfectly characteristic of England to produce such a theory and also to live up to it and see it work out.

One thing that has made this current mess in the world is the vast increase in the control of the material world and material things by man. That has not stopped; it is going on faster than ever. We shall not save ourselves by trying to live again in the 19th century where some of us were comfortable. We must look in the other direction—ten, twenty, fifty years ahead.

That is one reason why English affairs are really less desperate than they seem, for there is no race on earth, except perhaps one, more capable of taking care of itself in a changed world than the British. They will never know they are busted; they will keep right along like that old man who was so old and hale and hearty that his friends used to tell him he would have to be shot on the Day of Judgment.

SOMEHOW the news or comments about it grow mystical. This story of the Great Tribulation and the Anglo-Saxon derivation from the Lost Tribes is no new tale, not at all. It has been published to the world for at least two generations with all the energy that its believers could muster.

If there is really something to it, it helps to justify the vast amount of zeal and the considerable and very steady expenditure of money, especially in the last four hundred years, to make the story of the Israelites familiar to mankind. It is the best-diffused historical story that ever was written, has gone into almost all languages, and is distributed, both commercially and gratuitously, on a vast scale. If the Anglo Saxons and the Celts, the Normans, the Bretons, Dutch, Scandinavians, and a lot of other valuable people actually derived from the Ten Lost Tribes, the derivation and diffusion of all this Scripture really has point for us. The theory rests on archæology, history, the Bible, and the Great Pyramid, which is said, and has been said for at least sixty years, to contain a record of human history that covers six thousand years including most of this present century in which we are trying to function. Five lean years are still ahead of us, so these forecasters say, but by the fall of 1936 the worst will be over.

All these forecasts are gambles, but if that is really about what is ahead (with picturesque incidents not here specified) it is likely that a fair proportion of the readers of this magazine will survive to see better times, and they and everyone else should recognize that predictions and all mystical peradventures and deductions excuse no one from doing his job in the interval between this present moment and better times. Whatever happens in this world will happen mainly through the agency of human beings, though not in everything will that agency be visible. We are not in the

least excused from doing our best because the final control seems to be Destiny.

There was a minister in Brooklyn, the Rev. Joseph Wild, who used to preach about all these British-Israel and Pyramid prophecy matters, published books about them—one of them in 1879—and he considered that 1882 was an important date and told why that and the period between that year and 1935 would abound in calamity. He assigned to that period all the misadventures and convulsions he could think of, but he did not specify the Great War which our fiscal and economic advisers now say is what is really the matter with us. Certainly it was a bonny war, and if there had to be a purging of the world that was a good start for it. Let us see it through by all means if we can—eating moderately, drinking still more moderately, taking proper exercise, and being circumspect in conduct. Prosperity gets tiresome if too long protracted. Keeping up with the Joneses gets to be too hard work and brings too little profit. Adversity may develop immense values that prosperity may miss. The world is full of people that would amount to something if only they had to struggle. So, then, everybody ought to try to live through these present trials. No time to leave the world when such a show is being staged!

Moreover, every aspiring person ought to practice his mind in considering the incredible. It's grand for the mental faculties—like mountain climbing for the legs—and limbers up the imagination. You get nowhere in these times without imagination. If you have one, keep it lubricated.



